Ex Libris

Henry and Gwen Melchett
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
LONDON:
Printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.
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."


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.
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.
Mr. William Shakespeare's Histories

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's Histories.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

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SHAKESPEARES
HISTORIES

Published according to act of the British Parliament.
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 “Epilogve,” and, on its reverse, “The Actor’s 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 Sixt, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.
Henry the Sixt, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.
Henry the Sixt, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).
Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.
Henry the Eight—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 of Henry the Sixt, 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 render thoroughly complete the collation of the whole work.

It will be observed that this Reprint has a distinct pagination,—also a distinct set of signatures, *in fours*; both, to facilitate reference, will be continuous throughout the volume. It may be as well to remark—to prevent the chance of proofs of care being taken rather to indicate the lack 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 characteristics of the precious old book, have been reproduced in accordance with the prescribed plan "in setting forth"—*No departure from the Original.*
ThelifeanddeathofKingJohn.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Elyss, and Salisbury, with the Chatillons of France.

King John.

Ow lay Chatill, what would France with vs? Chat. Thus after greeting) spakes the King of France.

In my behaviour to the Maiestie,

The borrowed Maiestie of England heere.

Eleus. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiestie?

K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfs

Of thy deceas'd brother, Gaffreyes sonne,

Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claim:

To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poyntiers, Anuons, Tawraine, Maine,

Defiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which Iwales viurpingly thefe seeral titles,

And put the fame into yong Arthur's hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Soveraigne.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,

To enforce these rights, fo forcibly with-held,

K. Jo. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Controlemont for controlemont: fo anwer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and fo depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canft report, I will be there:

The thundre of my Cannons shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fallen preface of your owne decay:

An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembrake looke too't: farewell Chatilllon.

Exit Chat. and Elyss.

Eleus. What now my sonne, haue I not ever fald

How that ambitious Contention would not ceafe

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her sonne.

This might have beene presented, and made whole

With very eafe arguments of love,

Which now the maneage of two kingomes must

With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Eleus. Your strong possessis much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your care,

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

Enter a Sheriff.

Elyss. My Liege, here is the strangest controwersie

Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull Subject, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honor-guing-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that fame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heire?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Moft certain of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:

But for the curreinge knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eleus. Out on thee rude man, ye dont blame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Philip. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Philip. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he flandrers me with bafhardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Faire fall the bones that toke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be Judge your selfe

If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

Old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.

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

Eleus. He hath a tricke of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do ye not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. 
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard: sirra speake,
What doth move you to claim your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe face that would have all my land,
A halfe- facade, fwe hundred pound a yeare?

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

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

Rob. And once difpatch'd him in an Embassie
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
That advantage of his abience tooke the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my fathers; where
How he did preuaile, I frame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and shores
Betwene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this fame lucy gentleman was got:
Vpon his death bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and toke it on his death
That this my mothers fonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen 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. John. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this fonne,
Had of your father claim'd this fonne for his,
Inflooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calife, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Inflooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers fonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre muft have your fathers land.

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

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

Elinor. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed fonne of Cardian:
Lord of thy presence, and no land befoe.

Baft. 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 eale-skins flut, my face fo thin,
That in mine eare I durft not flitce a rofe,
Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heare to all this land,
Would I might never flitce from this place,
I would giue it every foot to have this face:
It would not be fit noble in any cafe.

Elinor. I like thee well wilt thou forfake thy fortunate,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

Baft. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fwee hundred pound a yeare,
Yet fell your face for flue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Baft. Our Country manners give our better way.
K. John. What is thy name?

Baft. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun.

Phil. Good old Sir Roberts wisse eldest fonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneels downe Philip, but rife more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Baft. Brother by th mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gane land:
Now blesse the hour by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Elinor. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandsome Richard, call me fo.

Baft. 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 flitce by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot.
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

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

Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waft gott th' way of honesty.

Erected all but bafard.
The life and death of King John.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that stately brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.

Baff. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:

Colbrand the Gant, that fame mighty man,

Is it Sir Roberts sonne that ye seek ye so?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,

Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'ft thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

Baff. James Gurnius, wilt thou give vs a leave a while?

Cour. Good leave good Philip.

Baff. Philip, ifarrow, James,

There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Vpon good Friday, and bene broke his fast :

Sir Roberts could doe well, marrie to conspice

Could get me sir Roberts could not doe it;

We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother

To whom am I beholding for those limbs?

Sir Robert never holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Haft thou confpired with thy brother too,

That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?

What means this scorne, thou most vantoward knaue?

Baff. Knight, knight good mother, Basilicco-like:

What, am I dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:

But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,

Legitimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,

Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Haft thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Baff. As faithfully as I deny the deuill.

Lady. King Richard Cordwain was thy father,

By long and vehement fult I was seued up.

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd pat my defence.

Baff. Now by this light were I to get againe,

Madam I would not with a better father:

Some finnes doe beare their pruilledge on earth,

And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,

Needs must you lay your heart at his dippose,

Subsided tribute to commanding love,

Against whose furie and vnmatched force,

The awlles Lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keeps his Princely heart from Richards hand:

He that perfec,ce robs Lions of their hearts,

May easly winne a womans: aye my mother,

With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:

Who liues and dares but faty, thou didst notwell

When I was got, Ille fendo his soule to hell.

Come Lady I will show thee to my kinne,

And they shall say, when Richard my begot,

If thou hadst fayd him nay, it had beene finne;

Who fayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exitant.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip, King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Confessore, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave Austria,

Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,

Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,

And fought the holy Warres in Palelyne,

By this brave Duke came early to his graue:

And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hether is he come,

To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,

And to rebuke the avarition

Of thy vnnatural Vice, English John,

Embrace him, lose him, give him welcome hether.

Arch. God shall forgive you Cordelions death

The rather, that you give his off-spring life,

Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:

I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,

But with a heart full of vnfaithfull loue,

Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

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

Auff. Vpon thy chekke lay I this seclus kisse,

As feake to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne

Till Angiers, and the right thou haft in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot franrnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,

Euen till that England hedged in with the maine,

That Water-walled Bulwarke, sill secure

And confident from forreine porporses,

Euen till that wmoost corner of the West

Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conf. O take his mothers thanks, a widows thanks,

Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,

To make a more requirall to your loue.

Auff. The peace of heaven is theirs ye lift their swords

In such a lust and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent

Against the browes of this refittng towne,

Call for our cheefeest men of discipline,

To call the plots of beft aduantages:

We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud,

But we will make it fubieft to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,

Left vnadu'd ye slaine your swords with bloud,

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace which here we vrg in warre,

And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,

That hot rash haffe so indiscreetly shedde.

Chat. Entrace Chatillon.

Enter Chatillon.

King. A wonder Lady do vpon thy wish

Our Messenier Chatillon is arrai'd.

What England faies, say brefely gentle Lord,

We boldly paufe for thee, Chatillon speake,

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,

And firre them vp against a mightier taske:

England impatient of your louf demands,

Hath put himselfe in Armes, the austerd winde.
The life and death of King John.

Whole leisure I have fail'd, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souliers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her Niece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Baillard of the Kings deceit,
And all their mirthful humors of the Land,
Rall, inconfiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Have foled their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In briefe, a brauer choyce of dauntleffe spirits
Then now the English bottoms have waft o're,
Did neuer flote upon the dwelling tide,
To doe offence and fate in Chrifttendome:
The interruption of their churlifh drums
Cuts off more circumference, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to flight, therefore prepare.

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

Aft. By how much unexpefted, by fo much
We muft awake indevour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baillard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our laft and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleed France, and peace abfend to heaven,
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that Englands sake,
With burdens of our armor heere we weate:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of chine;
But thou from loving England art fo farre,
That thou haft vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the fciences of pofterity.
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Jeffreyes face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abftact doth containe that large,
Which died in Jeffreyes hand of time,
Shall draw this beece into as huge a volume:
That Jeffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his fonne, England was Jeffreyes right,
And this is Jeffreyes in the name of God:
How come it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-matererit?
K. John. From whom haft thou this great commiision
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. Fro that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any beart of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and flaines of right,
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meant to chaffife it.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vfurping done.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vfurper France?
Conf. Let me make anfwer: thy vfurping fonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy baffard fhall be King,
That thou maift be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy fonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Jeffrey
Then thou and John, in manner being as like,
As rain to water, or deuell to his damme;
My boy a baffard? by my foule I thinke
His father neuer was fo true beget,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. Theris a good mother boy, that blots thy fal.
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aft. Peace.

Baft. Hear the Cryer.

Aft. What the deuell art thou?

Baft. One that will play the deuill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerbe goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile Iiome your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke to't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.

Baft. It lies as fightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides fhoes vpon an Affe:
But Affe, Ile take that barthen from your backe,
Or lay on that fhall make your shoulders cracke.

Aft. What cracker is this fame that defets our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis, determine what we fhall doe ftrait.

Low. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very fumme of all:

England and Ireland, Angiers, Tournay, Maine,
In right of Arber do I claime of thee:
Wilt thou renounce them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as foene: I do defie thee France,

Arber of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my decrees love I lieg thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Conf. Doe child, goe to yt grandame child,
Glue grandame kindome, and it grandame will
Glue ye a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arber. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyce that's made for me. (weepes)

Qu. Ms. His mother fhames him fo, poore boy hee

Con. Now fhame vpon you where thee does or no,
His grandames wronges, and not his mothers fhames
Draves thofe heauen-moving pearles ffo his poor cies,
Which heauen fhall take in nature of a fies:
I, with these Chriftall beads heauen fhall be bribe'd
To doe him futilice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monftrous flanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monftrous Inurerer of heauen and earth,
Call not me flanderer, thou and thine vfurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreffed boy; this is thy eldte fones fonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy
Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy finne-conceuing wombe.

John. Bedlam have done.

Con. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this removed iifie, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his injury
Her iurie the Beadle to her finne,
All punishd in the perfon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou vaunfulled foold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ionne.

Con. I who doubts that, A Will: a wicked will,
A womens will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, paece, or be more temperate,
It ill befcomes this presence to cry aymne
To these ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet fummon hither to the Walles
These men of Angiers, let vs hear them speake, '
Whose title they admit, Artbars or John.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the Walles?

Fra. 'Tis Francs, for England.

John. England for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

Fra. You loving men of Angiers, Artbars subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore hear vs first:
Thea flagges of France that are advanced here,
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have theire bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your Walles:
All preparation for a bloody savage.

And merces proceeding, by these French.

Comfort yours Cities ies, your winking gates:
And but for our approche, those sleeping stones,
That as a waife doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide hauccke made
For bloody power to ruff vppon your peace.

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefull with much expedient march,
Hawe brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To face vs in your Cities threatened checkes:
Behold the French amas'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a flaming feruer in your walles,
They shote but calme words, folded vp in smoke,
To make a failese error in your ears,
Which truft accordingly kinde Citizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I have faide, make anwer to vs both.

Lec in this right hand, whose protection
Is mote diuinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stans yong Plantagenet,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoys:
For this downe-troden equitie, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hopitale zeal
In the relieve of this oppressed childe,
Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd 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 muset Beare,
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'invincible clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and vn-rest reture,
With vnback'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruised'd,
We shall beare home that ludit blood againe,
Which here we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounnder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Ware,
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 behalfse which we have challengest it?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And stakke in blood to our poissifion?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

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

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we prove loyal, till that time
Hawe we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

John. Deoth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?

And if not that, I bring you WITNESSES
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Boast. Baftards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

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

Boast. Some Baftards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthei,
We for the worthei hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the finne of all those soules,
That to their everlafting reference,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull trall of our Kingdsome King
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.

Boast. Saint George that swiming'd the Dragon,
And ere since fit's on horsebacke at mine Hoffebutte doner
Teach vs some feme. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionesse,
I would let an Ox-head to your Lyons hide.
And make a monster of you.

Auft. Peace, no more.

Boast. O tremble: for you hear the Lyon roare.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'lt fit forth
In beft appointment all our Regiments.

Boast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the ref't to stand, God and our right. Exceunt
Heres 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 Arthar Duke of Britaine in,
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much workes for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons ye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widows husband groaning lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victories with little joys doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Recoyse you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence to sluer bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There thuck no plume in any English Creft,
That is removed by a flaffe of France:
Our colours do returne in those fame hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth:
And like a jolly troop of Huntmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retreye
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have anfwerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confrontet power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest. While they weigh fo even,
We hold our Towne for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, as fearefull dores.

John. France, haft thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Shall his murtherer then arise, and fell
With course disordred eu'n to confine thy shores,
Vnlefs thou let his filuer Water, keep
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not fay'd one drop of blood
In this hot trall more then we of France,
Rather loft more. And by this hand I fwear
That fwayes the earth this ftyrle over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our loft-born Armes,
Whe'l put thee downe, ginant whom thefe Armes wee
Or adde a roiall number to the dead:
(heare,
Graceing the frowle that tells of this warres loft,
With flaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baff. Ha Maflcyf: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele,
The swords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phanges,
And now he feats, mousing the fieth of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why fland thef these roiall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the flained field
You equall Potencies, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confufion of one part confirm
The others peace till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?

Hub. The king of England: when we know the king.
Fra. Know him in vs, that here hold vp his right.
John. In vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And bear possession of our Perfon heere,
Lord of our preence Angiers, and of you.
Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former scuffle in our strong berr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares refolvd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baff. By heauen, these scourles of Angiers flout you
And stand fiercely on their bartelment,
(kings,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your indifputable Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be fiefriends a-while, and both confolemently bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and Weft let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their foule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe
The fintice ribbes of this contemptuous Cite,
I'd play insensibely upon these Iades,
Even till vnfenced defolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diffeuer your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall call forth
Out of one fide her happy Minion,
To whom in favour thefhe gilte the day,
And kiffe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counsellor mighty States,
Smackes it not feomthing of the policie.

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

Baff. And if thou haft the meitte of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peccul Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these fawfie walles,
And when that we have daft'd them to the ground,
Why then defte each other, and kell-mell,
Make worke vpon our felsues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be fo: fay, where will you assault?

John. We from the Weft will fend destruction
Into this Cities before.

Auff. I from the North.

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

Baff. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Auffria and France shou't in each others mouth.
Ille firre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Hear vs, great Kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shou fliew you peace, and faire-face'd league:
Win you this Cite without stroke, or wound,
Refuce those breathing lines to dye in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the ffield.
Perfeuer not, but heare me mighty Kings.

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

Hub. That daughter there of Spaines, the Lady Blanch
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Leaves the Dolphin, and that lovely maid,
If Jullie lone should go in queft of beautie,
The life and death of King John.

Where should he finde it fairest, then in Blanch:
If zealous love should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch?
If love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
And the againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not shee:
He is the halfe part of a bleffed man,
Left to be finisht by such as shee,
And the a faire diuided excellence,
Whose fulneffe of perfection lies in him.
O two fuch fluer current when they loyne
Do glorifie the banke that bound them in:
And two fuch fhores, to twof fuch streams made one,
Two fuch controlling bounds shal be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vison shall do more then better can
To our faft closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shal we fling wide ope,
And give 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 Citi:

Baff. Heares a stay,
That makes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his raggges. Here’s a large mouth indecde,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteenth do of puppi-dogges,
What Cannoners begot this luffie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He gives the bafinado with his tongue :
Our cares are cudgeled, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fift of France :
Zounds, I was never fo bethump with words,
Since I first cal’d my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, lift to this conjuncfion, make this match
Glue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so furely yee
Thy now vnfuld affurance to the Crowne,
That you gzzarella boy shal have no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promifeth a mightie fruite.
I see a yealding in the lookes of France :
Marke how they whisper, yve them while their foules
Are capable of this ambition,
Leaf seaie now melted by the windie breath
Of loft petitions, pitie and remorse,
Coble and confcale againe to what it was.
Hub. Why anfwer not the double Mafaciles,
This friendly trative of our threatened Towne.

Fra. Speake England firft, that hath bin forward firft
To speake vnto this Citty: what fay you?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely fonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I love :
Her Dowrie shal weigh equall with a Queene :
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Payfiers,
And all that we vpon this fide the Sea,
(Except this Citty now by vs befied’d)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As the in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.
Fra. What fai’ft thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

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

Whispers with Blanch.

Baff. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang’d in the blowing wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter’d in her heart, hee doth elpie.
Himelife loves traitor, this is pittie now ;
That hang’d, and drawne, and quarter’d there shal be
In such a love, who vile a Lout as he.

Blanch. My vnderling, I am in deep refpeft of mine,
If he fee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he fee’s which moves his liking,
I can with eafe tranflate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it eafe to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I fee in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I fee in you,
Though churlifh thoughts themselves should bee your judge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What fale thee yong-ones? What fay you my Neece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor fill to do
What you in wifdome fill vouchsafe to fay.

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

Del. Nay aske me if I can reftraine from loue,
For I doe loue her moft vnfainedly.

John. Then do I give Anglers, Toraine, Maine,
Payfiers, and Amion, these fufe Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne :

Philip of France, if thou be pleaf’d withall,
Command thy fonne and daughter to loyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: clofe your hands
Aud. And your lippes too, for I am well affur’d,
That I did fo when I was first affur’d.

Fra. Now Citizenes of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you have made,
For at Saint Marie Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage flall be solemniz’d.
Is not the Lady Confidential in this troop?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her prefence would have interrupted much.
Where is the and her fonne, tell me, who knowes?

Del. She is fat and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will give her fandleffe very little care :
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’l create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
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 exclamations,
Go we as well as haft will suffer us,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. Exeunt.

Baff. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop Arthurs Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whole armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom scale and charite brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the ear,
With that fame purpose-changer, that fye ducel,
That Broker, that fill brakes the rate of faith,
That dayly breakes-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who haunt no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cleas the poore Maid of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is pefyed well,
Made to run eu'n, upon eu'n ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This fway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this fame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his owne determin'd ayt,
From a refole'd and honorable warre,
To a moft base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not woed me yet:
Not that I have the power to cluch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore beggar, raieth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will raile,
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 breakes faith upon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee. Exit.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
Falfe blood to falfe blood loyn'd, Gone to be freinds?
Shall Lewis have Blaund, and Blaine thofe Provinces?
It is not fo, thou haft mispofe, mitheard,
Be well aduirt'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do't not bay 'tis fo.
I truft I may not truft thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I doe not believe thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou fhalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am fickle, and capable of fear.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

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

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiva!
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager coldly earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.
Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deferu'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be fet
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the way,
This day of flame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wifes with childe
Pray that their burthen may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft:
But (on this day) let sea-men fear no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yes, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.
Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawa'd to you my Majefty?
Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Refembling Majefty, which being touch'd and pride,
Proves valuelesse; you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spil mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grasping vigor, and rough browne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppreffion hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauen's, against these periu'r Kings,
A widow cries, be husband to me (heauen's)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-fet,
Set armed discord twixt these periu'r Kings,
Hear me, Oh, hear me.
Auff. Lady Constance, peace.
Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O Lymges, O Auffria, thou doft flame
That bloody spoyle: thou flaeue, thou wretch, y coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanies.
Thou euer strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost not fight
But when her humourous Ladifhip is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periu'r too,
And ftoth't yp greatness;
That a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and flamp, and sweare,
Upon my partie; thou cold bloomed flaeue,
Haft thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy farrers, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And doft thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doft it for thame,
And hang a Calues skin on thofe recreant limbs.
Auff. O that a man should speake thofe words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs
Auff. Thou dar'lt not say fo villainse for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs.
Joab. We like not this, thou doft forget thy selfe.
Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King Joab 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 willingly doft spurne; and force perforne
Kepe Stephen Langton chosen Archibishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foold holly Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.
Joab. What earthise name to Interrogatories
Can taft the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuife a name
So flight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answere, 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 supreme head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'affiance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence fet apart
To him and his vurp'd authoritie.

Joab. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led to grosse by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, droffe, duff,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man.
Who in that fale fels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
This jugling witchcraft with reuenuence cerreth,
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 exhaustrate,
And bleffed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegenace to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away upon any secrete courfe
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I have roomes with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my kene cureth; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my childe his kingsome heere;
For he that holds his Kingsome, 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 upon his head,
Vnife he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Elec. Look it thou pale France do not let go thy hand.
Con. Looke to that Deuill, left that France repent,

And
And by disobeying hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

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

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

Because,

Basf. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what faith thou to the Cardinal?

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

Dolph. Bethink you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curfe from Rome,

Or the light loffe of England, for a friend:

Forgoe the easier.

Blas. That's the curfe of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand faft, the deull tempt the heere

In likenesse of a new vntrimm'd Bride.

Blas. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which only lyes but by the death of faith,

That need, must needs inferre this principle,

That faith would live againe by death of need:

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keep my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is moud, and answeers not to this.

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

Aust. Doe fo King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Basf. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweetlout.

Fra. I am perplex'd, and know not what to fay.

Pan. What canst thou fay, but wilt perplex thee more?

If thou fland excommunicate, and curf?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perfon yours,

And tell me how you would befow your felife?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward foules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows,

The latest breath that gave the found of words

Was deepe-fvorne faith, peace, amity, true love

Betweene our kingdoms and our royall felues,

And euen before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royall bargain vp of peace,

Heauen knew they were belov'd and ouer-flain'd

With flaughterd pencill, where revenge did paint

The fairefull difference of incendi kin's:

And fhall these hands fo lately purg'd of blood?

So newly loyn'd in love? so ftrong in both,

Vnorke this feyfire, and this kinde regreets?

Play faft and loose with faith? fo left with heauen,

Make such vnconftant children of our felues

As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-fvorne faith sworne, and on the marriage bed

Of smilling peace to march a bloody hoafe,

And make a royte on the gentle brow

Of true fincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerend father, let it not be fo;

Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impofe

Some gentle order, and then we shall be bleft

To doe your pleaure, and continue friends.

Pan. All forme is formeiffe, Order orderliffe,

Sane what is oppofite to Englands lone.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,

A mothers curfe, on her resoltuing fonne:

France, thou maift hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cafed Lion by the mortall paw,

And a flatting Tyger safer by the tooth,

Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doft hold.

Fra. I may dil-joyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'lt thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill warre fee hath oath to oath,

Thy tongue againft thy tongue. O let thy vow

Firt made to heauen, firt be to heauen perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What fince thou swore, is sworn againft thy felfe,

And may not be performed by thy felfe,

For that which thou haft sworn to doe amiffe,

Is not amiffe when it is truely done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then moft done not doing it:

The better Act of purpofe mittooke.

Is to miitake again, though indirect,

Yet indireftion thereby grows direct,

And falfhood, falfhood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou haft sworne againft religion:

By what thou fwear'ft against the thing thou fwear'ft,

And make an oath the furtie for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth, thou art vafure

To fwear, fweares onely not to be forfworne,

Elfe what a mockery should it be to fwear?

But thou doft fwear, onely to be forfworne,

And most forfworne, to keepe what thou doft fwear,

Therefore thy later vowes,against thy firft,

Is in thy felfe rebellion to thy felfe:

And better conquest never can thou make,

Then arme thy conftant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggeftions:

Vpon which better part, our prays come in,

If thou vouchefafe them. But if not, then know

The perill of our curfes light on thee

So heavy, as thou flalt not shake them off

But in defpair, dye under their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Basf. Vill't not be?

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

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanc. Vpon thy wedding day?

Againft the blood that thou haft married?

What, fhall our reafon be kept with flaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud curilh drums

Clamors of hell, be meafures to our pomp?

O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how now

Is husband in my mouth? even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;

Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes

Againft mine Vnclle.

Conf. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Doulpin,

Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blan. Now if I see thy love, 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.

Doulp. I must your Maietie doth feeme fo cold,

When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pan. I will denounce a curfe vpon his head.

Fra. Thou flalt not need. England, I will fall firo thee.

Conf. O faire returns of banish'd Maietie.

Ela. O foule resolt of French inconfancy.

Eng. France, ye shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Basf.
Scena Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Bafard with Austria's bead.

Baf. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot; Some aery Deuill hauers in the skie, And pour's downe mischiet. Austria head lythere, Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes. John. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is afflict in our Tent, And tane I feare.

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

Allarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur Bafard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behind So strongly guarded: Cofen, looke not sad, Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vinkle will As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arb. O this will make my mother die with griefe. John. Cofen away for England, haueth before, And ere our comning fee thou shake the bags Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angells Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry nowe be fed vpun: Vide our Commissiion in his vtmost force.

Baf. Bell, Broke, and Candle, shall not drudge me back, When gold and guine bevies to come on. I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy) For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand. Ele. Farewell gentle Cofen.

Ele. Come hither little kinsman, harke, a woerd. John. Come hither Hubert. O my gentle Hubert, We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh There is a foule countee thee her Creditor, And with advantage meanes to pay thy love: And my good frind, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosome, deereely cherished. Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say, But I will fit it with some better tune. By heaven Hubert, I am almost aham'd To say what good respect I haue of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majestie. John. Good friend, thou haft no caufe 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 heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdies To give me audience: If the mid-night bell Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowisie race of night: If this same were a Church-yard where we stand, And thou perswaded with a thousand wrongs: Or if that furry spirit melancholy Had ba'k'd thy blood, and made it heauy, thiche, Which else runnes tickling vp and dowe the veins, Making that idiot laugher keep e mens eyes, And straine their cheekes to idle merriment, A paffion hatefull to my purpofes: Or if that thou coul'dst fee me without eyes, Heare me without thine eares, and make reply Without a tongue, ving conceit alone, Without eyes, eares, and harmefull found of words: Then, in delight 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 loue't me well. Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake, Though that my death were adjunct to my AoT, By heaven I would doe it. John. 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 wherelowe this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me: doft thou vnderstand me? Thou art his keeper. Hub. And Ile keepe him so, That he shall not offend your Majestie. John. Death. Hub. My Lord. John. A Grace. Hub. He shall not live. John. Enough. I could be merry now, Hubert, I love thee. Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee: Remember: Madam, Fare you weel, Ile fend those powers o're to your Majestye. Ele. My blefing goe with thee. John. For England Cofen, goe. Hubert shall be your man, attend on you Withal true ducie: On toward Calice, boa.

Exit.
Enter France, Dofphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of confusd faille
Is scattered and dil-joynd from fellowship.

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

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so lill?

Are we not besten? Is not Angiers loft?
Arbour tane prisoner? divers deere friends flaine?
And bloudy Englad into England gone.

Ore-bearing interruption spoight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he fortisord:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dilpoc'd,
Such temperate order in to force a caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I heare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some pattern of our fame:
Enter Conffance.

Looke who comes here? a graue vnto a foule,
Holding the eternall spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo, now I see the ifue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Conffance.

Con. No, I defe all Counfel, all redresse,
But that which ends all counfell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odiouser then: found rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lafting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiffe thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vanitie brousse,
And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome duff,
And be a Carrion Monfer like thy selu?
Come, grine on me, and I will thinke thou smuil't,
And bufe thee as thy wife: Milerties Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I flake the world,
And rowse from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scorns a moderne Invocation.

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

Con. Thou art holy to belye me fo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Conffance, I was Groffyreis wife,
Yong Arthor is my fonne, and he is loft:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my felfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal.)
For, being not mad, but fenible of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reafion
How I may be deliucred of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamity.

Fra. Binde vp those treffles: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of thofe her haires;
Where but by chance a fluer drop hath flaine,
Even to that drop ten thoufand wiery fiends
Doe glew themelues in fociable griefe,
Like true, ineparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamite.

Con. To England, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cries aloud,
O, that these hands could fo redeem ye my fonne,
As they haue given these hayres their libertie:
But now I enue at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor childe is a prifoner.
And Father Cardinal, I haue heard you say
That we shall fee 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 suffire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-borrow eat my bud,
And chafe the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoff,
As dim and meager as an Aques fitte,
And fo hee'll dye: and rising fo againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Muft I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too hynous a respeete of greefe.

Con. Hee talke to me, that neuer had a fonne.

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

Con. Greefe fis the roome vp of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and dowe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeates his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffles out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reaon to be fond of greefe?

Fareyouwell: had you such a loffe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is fuch disorder in my witte:

O Lord, my boy, my Arthor, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Fra. I fear some out-rage, and Ie follow her.

Exit. Del. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.
Vexing the dull ear of a drowse man;
And bitter shame hath spoyle'd the sweet words taffe,
That yeelds nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: Euelts that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What have you loft by loosing of this day?

Del. All daies of glory, joy, and happiness.

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

No, no: when Fortune means to men moft good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King Iohn hath loft
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:
The life and death of King John.

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now hear me speake with a prophetick spirit:
For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:

John hath feiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life plays in that infants veins,
The mil-plea'd John should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reft.
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruely hand,
Must be as boyterously mainta'd as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a flipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vide hold to stay him vp:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but fo.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by Yong Arthur's fall?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claime that Arthur did.

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

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

John lays you plots: the times confpire with you,
For he that deepes his facetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloody safety, and vntare.
This Act so euyly borne shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No natural exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no cutomen event,
But they will placke away his natural caufe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abbortuus, precedes, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denounced vengeance vpon John.

Dol. May be he will not touch Yong Arthur's life,
But hold himselfe safes in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that Yong Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lippes of vnaquainted change,
And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of John.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I have nam'd. The Baffard Falconbridge
Is now in England ranfackling the Church,
Offending Charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call,
To traine ten thousand English to their fide;
Or, as a little snow, rumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their foules are toplull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions let us go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me thesee Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the boosome 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. Vnicleanly creules feare not you; looke to'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, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are fad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrie.

Ar. Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would bee as sad as night
Onely for wantonness: by my Chriftendome,
So I were out of prifon, and kept Sheep.
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And fo I would bee heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle prachies more harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Goffroye sonne?
No in deedes is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, fo you would love me, Hubert:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be solaine, and dispach.

Ar. Are you fickle Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Infouth I would you were a little fickle,
That I might fit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my boosome.

Reade here you Yong Arthur. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dipitous torture out of doore?
I must be bleefe, left 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. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(Th'beef I had, a Princesse wrought it me.)
And I did never ask it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnigh held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greafe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poor mans sonne would have lyen fall,
And nere hau he spoken a lowing word to you:
But you, at your fickle seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleas’d that you must see me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it.
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Art. 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,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, confume away in ruth,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more Rubborne hard, then hammer’d Iron?
And if an Angel shoud have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleau’d him: no tongue but Hubert.

Art. O face me Hubert, face me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him here.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
For heaven sake Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay heare me Hubert, drive thse men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not hire, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angrily:
Throth but these men away, and Ie forgive you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.
Exe. I am best ples’d to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then have child away my friend,
He hath a fierie looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Glie life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selle.

Art. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to los’ your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a durt, a graet, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious fenel:
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

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

Art. Hubert, the vterance 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 Hubers, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may kepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vfe, but full to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good foot: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs’d
In vndererued extremes: See elfe your selle,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And firew’d repentant signes on his head.

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

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blufh,
And glow with flame 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 doe’s tarre him on.

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

Hub. Well, fee to line: 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 same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. 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.
Ie fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, fleape doubtleffe, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thank you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergoe for thee.

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 chearfull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas’d)
Was once laparous: you were Crown’d before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck’d off:
The faith of men, nere flamin’d with revolt:
Freh expectacion troubled not the Land
With any long’d-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be posse’d with double pomp,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lily;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To secke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This afte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laft repeating, troublesome,
Being vrged at a time unfeasable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde vnto a falle,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration.
Makes sound opinion fickle, and truth fusapec,
For putting on to new a fashion’d robe.

Pem. When Workemen strive to do better then we,
They do confound their skill in couetousness,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th’excuse:
As patches fet vpon a little breach,
Discredite 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 Councell: but it pleas’d your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas’d,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a fland, at what your Highness will.
The life and death of King John.

Ib. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have possett you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then let it is my fear
I shall induce you with: Meane time, but ask
What you would have reform'd. that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument.

If what in reft you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew vp
Your tender kinman, and to chace his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you have bid vs ask his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iob. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully beleev'e 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Herals 'twixt two dreadful battailes set:
His passion is so rife, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

Iob. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is luing,
The juice which you demand is, and gone.
He tells vs Arthur is deceased to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how nere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sick:
This must be answ'rd either heere, or hence.

Iob. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the Sheeres of definity?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is a poinight foule-play, and tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossly offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) I le to go with thee,
And finde th'heritage of this poore childe,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thence borne, this will breake out
To all our forrowes, and ere long I doubt.

To. They burn in indignation: I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life attriue'd by others death:
A fearfull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So soule a skie, clerees not without a forme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, never such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leued 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.

Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it liept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not hearne of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care
Is fopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de

Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iob. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peere. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walkeys my Estate in France?
Vnder whole conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here.

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Duffard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou haft made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now! What fayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not fecke to fluffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

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

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

Duff. How I have spe'd among the Clergy men,
The fummes I haue collected shall expresse:
But as I trauall'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possett with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Consuening 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 traving on his heales:
To whom he fung in rude bath, founding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore di'dst thou fo?
Per. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out fo.

Iob. Hubert, away with him: imprision him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I muft vte thee. O my gentle Cofen,
Hear't thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Duff. The French, my Lord moves mouths are full of it:
Before I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the graue
Of Arthur, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your

Iob. Gentle kinman, go (suggestion.
And thraught thy felfe into their Companies,
The life and death of King John.

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

Bo. I will seeke them out.
John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.
O. Let me no sooner see them,
When aduerser Foe are agstreight my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout Invasion.
Be Mercurie, fet feathers to thy heales,
And fye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Bo. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit.
John. Speak like a spightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede.
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.
John. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seen to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirlle about (night):
The other foure, in wondrouse motion.

Bo. Five Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Yong Arthurs death is common in their mouths,
And when they tale of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speakes, doth wipe the hearers wrinfles,
Whilfe he that heares, makes fearfull action.
With wrinkled browses; with noses, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith fand with his hammer (thus)
The whifl of his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheers, and Meafure in his hand,
Standing on flippers, which his nimble haste
Had faftely thrive upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwaft'd Artilfier,
Cuts off his tale, and tales of Arthurs death.

L. Why seek'th thou to poilfe me with these fears?
Why urgeft thou so oft yong Arthurs death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty caufe
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

No. No (my Lord?) why, did you not proouke me?

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By flaves, that take their honors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderfand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Malefty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, then aduif'd respect.

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

Bo. Oh, when the laft accomplisht heaven & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witness against vs to damnation.
How oft the figne of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had't not thou bereen by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature made,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of fame,
This murthre had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthurs death:
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Made it no confident to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Bo. Had't thou but thooooke thy head, or made a pause
When I Spake darkely, what I purpofed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in express words:
Deepe flame had frackt me dume, made me break off,
And thooo thy fears, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didft vnderfand me by my fignes,
And didft in fignes againe parley with fignes,
Yea, with the figne that thooft let thy heart content,
And confequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my fight, and neuer fee me more:
My Noble leave me, and my State is braued,
Even at my gates, with rankes of foraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fletly Land,
This kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hatritie, and ciuill tumulte reigne.

Seatweene my confidence, and my Cofins death.

Hub. Arm ye against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soules, and you.
Yong Arthur is aliue: This hand of mine
Iayet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimfon fpoft of blood,
Within this bolome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue fander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howbeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayeryn minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Deth Arthur live? O haft thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incended rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Prevented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, anuwer not; but to my Cloffet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haft,
I conjure thee but slowely: run more faft.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthure on the wallis.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hart me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disduald me quite.
I am afraine, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbs,
Ile finde a thousand shifting to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these bones,
Heauen take my soules, and England keep my bones.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmondbury;
It is our fatifice, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pen. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count Melanie, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose proue with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, than these lines import.

Big.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then fet forward, for 'tll be
Two long days journey (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Boscard.

Bafl. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath diuersified of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-befalmen cloac
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foot
That leaues the print of blood where er it walks.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bafl. What are you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.

Sal. Our greefe, and not our manners reason now.

Bafl. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore t'were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, inpatience hath his priviledge.

Bafl. 'Tis true, to hurt his matter, no mans elfe.
Sal. This is the prifon: What is he lyes here?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hides this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrges on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beatuie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you have behalp,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you fee,
That you do fee? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The height, the Crest: or Crest into the Crest
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodlefe flame,
The wildeft Saugery, the wildeft stroke.
That euer wall-cy'd wrath, or flaring rage
Prefented to the teares of loft remorse.

Pem. All murthers paft, do stand excus'd in this:
And this fo fole, and fo vnmatchable,
Shul graue a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten finne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-shed, but a left,
Exampl'd by this heynous speache.

Bafl. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelefle action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would enfuit
It is the flamefull worke of Hubert's hand,
The practice, and the purpole of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my foule,
Kneeling before this ruines of sweete life,
And breathing to his brestleffe Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleurase of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuerfant with Eafe, and Idlenesse,
Till I haue fet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously conforme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hate, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath fet for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluses not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu. I am no villain.
Baf. My sword is bright fir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I flieath it in a murtherers skin.

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

Big. Out dunghill! da'nt 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. Whole tongue so ere speakes false,
Nor truely speaks: who speaks not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to pecces.

Bafl. Keepes the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shal gaul you Faulconbridge.

Bafl. Thou wou't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or firre thy foot,
Or teach thy haffe spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile fo maule you, and thy toffing-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 Biget, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hourse since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will wepe
My date of life out, for his sweete lines loffe.

Sal. Trufl not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rhenme,
And he, long traded in it, makes it feeme
Like Rulers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me, all you whose soules abborre
Th'uncleanly favour's of a Slaughter-houfe,
For I am stifed with this smel of finne.

Big. Away, toward Baris, to the Dolphin there.

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

Bafl. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleffe reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art 'ya damnd Hubert.

Hub. Do but heare me fir.

Bafl. Ha! Ile tell thee what.

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

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bafl. If thou didst but confent
To this most cruel Ac: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twifted from her wombe
Will serve to strangule thee: A ruft will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy felle,
Put but a little water in a pionce,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to flitte such a villaine vp.

I do fufpeft thee very greeciously.

Hub. If I in ac, confent, or finne of thought,
Be guiltie of the fleathing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beaneous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Bafl. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amase'd me thinke, and looke my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
How enie 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 heaven: and England now is left  
To tug and struggle, and to part by the teeth  
The vn-owned interef of proud dwelling State:  
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maitsey,  
Dogged doggery ware brittle his angry creft,  
And fearless in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now Powers from home, and discontented at home  
Meet in one line: and warf confiion writs  
As doth a Rauen on a fickle-faine beaft,  
The imminent defcent of wretched pompe.  
Now happy he, whose cloak & center can  
Hold out this tempere. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King.  
A thousand buffnaises are briefe in hand,  
And heaven itelfe doth frowne vpon the Land.  
Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeeded vp into your hand  
The Circle of my glory.  
Pan. Take againe  
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope  
Your Soueraigne greatest & authoritie.  
John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,  
And from his holines vfe all your power  
To stop their marches: fore we are enflam'd:  
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:  
Our people quarrell with obedience,  
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of foule  
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;  
This inundation of militemped humor,  
Refts by you onely to be qualified.  
Then paufe not: for the present time's fo flieke,  
That preuent medicin must be miniftr'd,  
Or overthrow incurable enfues.  
Pan. It is in my breath that I blow this Tempeft vp,  
Vpon your fhuborne vriage of the Pope:  
But since you are a gentle converte,  
My tongue shall hau againe this florme of warre,  
And make faire weather in your blustering land:  
On this Afcention day, remember well,  
Vpon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. Exit.  
John. Is this Afcension day? did not the Prophet  
Say, that before Afcension day at noone,  
My Crowne I should give off? even fo I hauie:  
I did fappofe it should be on conftrain,  
But [heau'n be thank'd] it is but voluntary.  
Enter Basfard.

Basf. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out  
But Dover Caffe: London hath receiued  
Like a knnde Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers.  
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer fervices to your enemy:  
And wide amazement hurries vp and downe  
The little number of your doublfull friends,  
John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe  
After they heard yong Arthurs was alioe?
The life and death of King John.

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule, That I must draw this hunte from my side To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there Where honourable rescue, and defence Cries out upon the name of Salisbury. But such is the infection of the time, That for the health and Physick of our right, We cannot doe but with the very hand Of ferne Injuice, and confused wrong: And is't not pitty, (oh my grieved friends) That we, the fowes and children of this life, Was borne to fee so sad an houre as this, Wherein we step after a stranger, march Upon her gentle boome, and fill vp Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weep Upon the spot of this infforced cause, To grace the Gentry of a Land remote, And follow vnacquainted colours here: What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove, That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about, Would beare thee from the knowlege of thy selfe, And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore, Where these two Christian Armies might combine The blood of malice, in a vaine of league, And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doth thou shew in this, And great affections wrangling in thy boome Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Oh, what a noble combat haft fought Between compulsion, and a braue respect: Let me wipe off this honourable dewe, That filerly doth progress on thy checkes: My heart hath melted at a Ladies tears, Being an ordinary Inulation: But this effusion of such many drops, This shoure, blowne vp by tempest of the soule, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Then had I seen the vaulcie top of heaven Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors, Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury) And with a great heart heave away this fomere: Commend these waters to those baby-eyes That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd, Nor met with Fortune, other then at featts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gollipping: Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the purfe of rich prosperity As Lewis himselfe: fo (Nobles) shall you all, That knot your finewes to the strenght of mine.

Enter Pandulpho. And even there, methinks an Angell spake, Looke where the holy Legate comes apace, To gue vs warrant from the hand of heauen, And on our actions let the name of right With holy breath.

Pand. Hail noble Prince of France: The next is this: King Iohn hath reconcil'd Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in, That fo flood out against the holy Church, The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome: Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp, And tane the fouage spirit of wilder warre, That like a Lion fostered vp at hand, It may lie gently at the foot of peace, And be no further harnefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportioned To be a secondary at controule, Or vseful serving-man, and Instrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, Betweene this chaflis'd kingdome and my selfe, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now 'tis farre too huge to blowne out With that fame 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 enterprise into my heart, And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me? (by the honour of my marriage bed) After yong Arabis, claim this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe, Because that Iohn hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Romes slave? What penny hath Rome borne? What men prouided? What munition sent To vader-prop this Action? It's not I That vnder-go this charge? Who els but I, And such as to my claime are liable, Sweet in this businesse, and maintaine this warre? Haue I not heard these Islanpers shout Vive le Roy, as I have haue'd their Townes? Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game To winne this eafe match, plaied for a Crowne? And shall I now glie ore the yeelded Set? No, no on my soule it neuer shall be fald.

Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke. Dol. Out-fide or in-fide, 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-lookie Conquest, and to winne renowne Even in the lawes of danger, and of death: What lufty Trumpet thus doth summon vs? Enter Bagford.

Bag. 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 have dealt for him: And, as you anfwer, I doe know the Scope And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphine is too wilful opposite And will not temporize with my intreaties: He atly fays, he'll not lay down his Armes. Bag. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd, The youth faies well. Now hear me, Englishe King, For this his Royale doth speake in me: He is prepar'd, and reason to be should, This apish and vanmannerly approach, This harnes'd Maske, and vnaduifed Renell, This vn-heard fawmesse and boyih Troopes, The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd To whip this dwarfs warre, this Pigmie Armes From out the circle of his Territories. That hand which had the strenght, euen at your dore, To cudgeel you, and make you take the hatch, To due like Buckets in concealed Welles, To crowch in litter of your fable planks, To lyke pawnes, lock'd vp in chells and truncks, To hug with fwayne, to feke sweete safety out In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and shake, Even
Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinkes the King so flor'd with friends.

Pemb. vp once againe: put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten dullard Falconbridge,
In flight of flight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They lay King John sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melone wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of England heere.

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

Pemb. It is the Count Melone.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold,
Wnthed the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith.
Seeke out King John, 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 sworne,
And I with him, and many more with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. Edmeuburgh,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlafting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Refolutherford his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now decease,
Since I must loose the vfe of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye here, and sue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere tho' eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night, whose blake contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feeble, and day- weared Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treacherie,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If Louis, by your assistence win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandfike was an Englishman)
Awakes my Confidence to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and bethrow my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our ranknels and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmy run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.
My arme shall gie thee helpe to beare thee hence,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set; But stay, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh bruantely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleless shot,
After such bloody toile, we did good night,
And wond’r’d our tost’ring colours clearly vp,
Lift in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Here are what news?

Mef. The Count Melone is slaine: The English Lords
By his perwasion, are againe slaine off,
And your supplies, which you have with’d so long,
Are caft away, and flunk on Goodwin sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, fraw’d newes. Behreath thy very
I did not thinke to be so fa to night (hart:
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did flic an houre or two before
The flumbling night did part our wearie powres?

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

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp fo soon as I,
To try the faire adventure to morrow.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, gravely.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hou, speake quickly, or
I shoothe.

Bafi. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bafi. Whether doeff thou go?

Hub. What’s that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bafi. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleue
Thou art my friend, that know’st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bafi. Thou who 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 mee shame: Brave Soldier, pardon mee,
That any accent breacking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bafi. Come, come: fans complemet, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,  
There is so hot a summe in my boforme,  
That all my bowes 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 fires your Majefty?  
Joh. Poyfon'd, ill fare: dead, forbooke, cast off,  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To shrifu his ycie fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdoms Riuers take their course  
Through my burn'd boforme: nor intreat the North  
To make his bleake windes kiffe my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,  
I begge cold comfort: and you are fo straight  
And fo ingratefull, you deny me that.

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

 Joh. The falt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell, and there the poyfon  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,  
On vnrepreuable condemned blood.

 Enter Bajard.

 Baj. Oh, I am scal'd with my violent motion  
And spleene of speede, to see your Majefty.

 Joh. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tacle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,  
And all the throwds wherewith my life should fail,  
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 vtered,  
And then all this thou feest, is but a clod,  
And moddle of confounded royalty.

 Baj. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,  
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answere him.  
For in a night the best part of my powre;  
As I vpon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Wofhes all vnwarly,  
Denoued by the vnepected flood.

 Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare  
My Liggoy, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.  
Hen. Even fo muft I run on, and even fo flop,  
What surety of the world, what hope, what tray,  
When this was now a King, and now is clay?  
Baj. Art thou gone fo? I do but tray behinde,  
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,  
And then my foule shall waite on thee to heaven,
The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

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

King Richard.

[As now] King Richard, time-honoured Lancaster,
Haft thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Here to make good "boilrous late appeale,
Which then our leyfure would not let vs here,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I haue my Liege.
King. Tell me moreouer, haft thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of trescherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could fist him on that argument,
On some apparent danger feene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnisse, no inuterate malice.
Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felves will heare
Th'acuifer, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the fea; hattie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.
Mon. Each day full better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Add an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the caufe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cowin of Hereford, what doft thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the denoation of a subiects love,
Tendering the precious fadetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealeant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body fhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Mifcreant;
Too good to be fo, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and chrittall is the skie,
The vglier feeme the clouds that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stiffe I thy throte,
And with (fo pleafe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speake, my right drawn sword may prove.
Mon. Let not my cold words here accufe my scale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans ware,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this caufe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boaste,
As to be hurft, and nought at all to say.
First the faire resurence of your Highnisse curbes mee,
From giving reines and spurre to my free speche,
Which else would pouf, vndil it had return'd
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods Royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spie at him,
Call him a flanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afofte,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durft let his foot.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes most fafely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not resurence makes thee to except.
If guilty drede hath left thee fo much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then foople.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elfe,
Will I make good against thee armes to armes,
What I have spoken, or thou canst defile.
Mon. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile anfwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chialourous defigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, alue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniutly fight.
King. What doth our Colin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I fayd, my life fhall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain’d for lawd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That ever was forsey’d by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeares
Complotted, and continued in this Land,
Fetch’d from false Moubray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester’s death,
Suggest his name believing adueraries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Stuck out his innocent soule through fireames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrifying Abels cries,
(Euen from the toongleffe caurnees of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chaffectement:
And by the glorious worth of my defcent,
This armes shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution foares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what fayet thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soneraigne turne away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this funder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate to foule a lyar.

King. Moubray, impartially are our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, say our Kingdome heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers fonne
Now by my xcepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerences to our sacred blood,
Should nothing privileghe him, nor parzalise
The vn-fooping firmenesse of my vpright foule.
He is our subiect (Moubray) to art thou,
Frec speech, and fearrelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then Bellingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falfe paffage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburft I to his Highneshs fouldiers;
The other part refer’d I by consent,
For that my Soneraigne Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deere Acconempt,
Since las I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Gloucters death,
I flew him not; but (to mine owne difgrace)
Neglected my owne duty in that cafe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancafter,
The honourable Father to my soe.
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trefpasse that doth vex my greued soule:
But ere I left recu’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 reft appeal’d,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moft degenerate Traitor,
Which in my felle I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To prove my felle a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the beft blood chamber’d in his boseme.
In hale whereof, moft heartily I pray
Your Highness to affigne our Traill day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rule’d by me:
Let’s purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preseribe, though no Phyfition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctor’s say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
We’ll calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-piece shall become my age,
Throw downe (my fonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harrys won? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is

Mow. My false I throw(dread Sonerainnes) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despair of death, that lies upon my grave
To darke confommation, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac’d, impeach’d, and baffel’d here,
Pierc’d to the foule with flanders venem’d speare:
The which no balmie can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath’d this payson.

King. Rage must be withftood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his spot: stake but my shame,
And I renigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times bar’d wp Cheefe,
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 live; and for that will I die.

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

Bul. Oh heauen defend my foule from fuch foule fin.
Shall I feeme Creft-falte in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impach my hight
Before this ou’t-dar’d daffard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with fuch feeble wrong;
Or found fo base a parle: my teeth shall tearre
The flauifh moufe of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Moubrayes face.

King. We were not borne to fue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make your friends,
Be ready, (as your blues shall answyer it)
At Couentree, upon S. Lamberts day:
There shall your swords shall answer it
The swellings difference of your fated hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Inuicte defigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes
Be ready to direct these home Alarmes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Gloucters blood,
Doth more solicitte me then your exclamites,
To firre against the Butchers of his life.
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will reigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

**Dut.** Findes brothhood in thee no sharper spurre?
**Hath** love in thy old blood no living fire?
**Edward** seuen fonnys (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one root:
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the deines cut:
But **Nathan, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloufster, one Violl** full of **Edward**s Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall root
Is crack’d, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is baken downe, and his summer leaves all rosted
By Eunies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.

Ah **Gaunt**! His blood was thine, that bed, that wosome,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion’d thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liu’st, and breath’st,
Yet art thou blaine in him: thou dost content
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is diispair,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter’d,
Thou shew’st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ferne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in men men we intile patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brevs:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Gloufsters death.

**Gaunt.** Heaven is the quarell: for heavens substitute
His Deputy appointed in his fight,
Hath caus’d his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven reuenge: for I may never live.

An angry arme against his Minifter,
**Dut.** Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?
**Gaunt.** To heaven, the widnowses Champion to defence

**Dut.** Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go’st to Cowenitere, there to behold
Our Cofine Herfords, and fell Mowbray fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breft:
Or if misfortune misse the first careere,
Be Mowbrayes fannes so heay in his bosome,
That they may break his bracing Couriers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lits,
A Calibfe retreat to my Cofine Herfords.
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brother and wife
With her companion Greeves, must end her life.
**Gaunt.** Sister farewell: I must to Cowenitere,
As much good day with thee, as go with mee.
**Dut.** Yet one word more: Greeves boundeth where it
Not with the emplie hollownes, but weight: (falls)
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother **Edmund Yorke**.
Loc, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good fpeed at Platshie visit mee.
Alerke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and vn furnish’d wales,
Vp-people’d Offices, vn troden bones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To secke out forrow, that dwells every where:
Defolat, defolat 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 Herfords arm’d.
**Amer.** Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appellants Trumpet.
**Amer.** Why then the Champions, are prepar’d, and pay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Bussy, Bagot, Greene, &
others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

**Rich.** Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The caufe of his arraill here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the jufitice of his caufe.

**Mar.** In Gods name, and the Kings, say who ye 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.

**Mom.** My name is Tho. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hiter 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 life,
Against the Duke of Herfords, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prove him (in defecting of my felfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

**Tuck.** Enter Herfords, and Harrold.

**Rich.** Marshall: Ask ye yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habilitaments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the jufitice of his caufe.

**Mar.** What is thy name? and wherfore com’st thou hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Life?
Against whom com’st thou? and what’s thy quarrell?
Spake like a true Knight, to defend thee heauen.

"**Bal.** Harry of Herfords, Lancaster, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere doe stand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lits, 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 perfon be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lits,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire desigines.

"**Bal.** Lord Marshall, let me kiffe my Soueraigne hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For Mowbray and my felfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loosing farwell of our feuereall friends.
Mar. The Apellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And cranes to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
But. Oh let no easy prophane a teare
For me, if I be god with Membrane's speare:
As confident, as is the Falcon's flight.
Against a bird, do I with Membrane's fight,
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord Aumerle;
Not sicke, although I have to do with death,
But luthe, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regrete
The dauntlef崇高, 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 vigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proove vnto mine Armour with thy prayes,
And with thy bleslings finde my Lances point,
That it may enter Membrane's waken Coate,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Euen in the lallye hauour of his leven.
Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cufle make thee prosperous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Cask.
Of thy amase'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
But. Mine innocence, and S. George to thriue.
Mon. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, luft, and upright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Caff off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vcontravel'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adversarie.
Moft mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as locond, as to left,
To I to fight, Truth, hath a quiet breat.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I esp'y
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Requie thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
But. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D. of Norkefolk.
1. Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found falle, and recreant,
To proce the Duke of Norkefolk, Thomas Monbray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the right.
2. Har. Here handeth Thos. Monbray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falle and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diloyall;
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin. A charge founded
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne these Duke's what we deere.

A long Flourish.

Draw near, and lift
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes gold should not be foild
With that deere blood which it hath offered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of chull wounds plough'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouze'd vp with boytious vntun'd drummes,
With harf reftounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines frite faire peace,
And make vs wade even in our kinde reds blood:
Therefore, we banifh you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regrert our faire dominions,
But tread the stranger pathes of banifhment.
But. Your will be done: This muft my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And thofe his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banifhment.
Rich. Norfolk: for these remains a heuener dome,
Which I with some unwilling effe pronounce,
The flye flow hours shall not determinate
The dateleffe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleffe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mon. A heauy sentence, my moft Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highness mouth:
A deerer merit, not to depe a malme,
As to be caft forth in the common ayre
Hauing deferued at your Highness hands.
The Language I have learn'd thefe forty yeares
(My native English) now I muft forgo,
And now my tongues vfe is to me no more,
Then an unfring'd 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 have engaill'd my tongue,
Doubly percall'd with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gauer to attend on me;
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurfe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then, but speachleffe death,
Which rob's my tongue from breathing natue breath?
Rich. It boote thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mon. Then thus I turne me from my coutrie light
To dwell in folemn shades of endleffe night.
Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banifh't hands;
Sware by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banifh with your felues)
To kepe the Oath that we adminiter:
You uuer shall (to helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others love in banifhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor
The life and death of Richard the second.

Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
This lowering tempest of your homebred hate,
Nor ever by duely purposed meete,
To plot, contrive, or comploit any ill,
'Gainst Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bull. I fwear.

Now. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolk, so farre, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our foules had wander'd in the ayre,
Banish'd this faire felphire of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou dyse this Realm,
Since thou haft farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Now. No Bulling broke: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I fear) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds way.

Exit.

Rich. Vnlie, even in the glasse of thine eyes
I fee thy greeced heart: thy sad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment:

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, Iuch is the breath of Kings.

Gau. I thankes my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my fonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I escape thereby.
For ere the five yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-drie Lampes, and time-bewaffed light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My in the Taper, shall be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me fee my fonne.


Gau. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with fudden forroe,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But flie no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy fonne is banish'd vpon good advice,
Where is thy tongue a party-verdict gae,
Why at our Judicce feem'd thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things sweet to taie, proue in digestion soure:
You terr'd me as a fugue, but I had rather
You should have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leave to my unwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my felde this wrong.

Rich. Cofine farewell: and Vnlie bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

As. Cofine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper shew.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your fide.

Gau. Oh to what purpose doft thou hord thy words,
That thou returne not greeting to thy friends?

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

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

Bull. Thy joy absent, greefe is present for that time.

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

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

Gau. Call it a truely that thou tak'st for pleasures.

Bul. My heart will figh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fullen paffage of thy weary steps
Esceem a foyle, wherein thou art to fet
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froftie Caesar's?
Or cloe the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Festa?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantasticks summers beste?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Guies but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more
When it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gau. Come, come (my fon) He bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not fay.

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

Scene Quarta.

Enter King, Anmerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obferue, Cofine Anmerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

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

Rich. And fay, what flore of parting tears were shed?

Anmerle. Faith none for me: except the North east wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awake the sleepie rhyme, and fo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

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

Anmerle. Farewell: and for my hart disdained y' my tongue
Should f0 prophan the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreffion of fuch greefe,
That word feem'd buried in my forrowe grave.
Marry, would the word Farwell, have lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have 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 kinship come to fee his friends,
Our felfe, and Bagot: heere Bagot and Greene
Obferue'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did feeme to delve into their hearts,
With humble, and famillia courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on flaves;
Wooing poore Crafter-men, with the craft of foules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affeets 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 dapple knee,
With thanks to my Countrimes, my loving friends,
As were our England in reunion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further levy be yielded them further measures
For their advantage, and your Highness's issue.

Ric. We will our selves in person to this warre,
And for our Coiffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largeffe, are grown somewhat light,
We are intorc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof shall furnish us
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-chariters:
Whereeto, when they shall know men are rich,
They shall subforme them for large summes of Gold,
And lend them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Buffey.

Bu. What newes?

Bu. Old John of Gaunt is verie sickie my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and bath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiestie to visit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house.

Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Physician's minde,
To helpe him to his grauie immediately:
The lining of his coiffers shall make Coates
To decke our fouldeers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make haste, and come too late. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick with York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholsome counsell to his vnchild'd youth?
Tor. Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Informe attention like deephe harmony;
Where words are scarfe, they are feldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is litten'd more,
Then they whom youth and safe have taught to glowe,
More are mens ends marke'd, then their lues before,
The setting Sun, and Musick is the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my lines counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Tor. No, it is fipp with other fhat'ting founds
As prais of his state: then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom found
The open ear of youth doth always listen.
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie spight Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly busied into his ears?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will that motion with wit's regards?
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choo.
Tis breath thou lackft, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinkes 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 lone burn out themselves,
Small floweres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, infracte cormorant,
Confusing means one prays upon it selfe.
This royall Thronke of Kings, this seepcted life,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, Jemy paradise,
This Fortrefse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the fuller sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Mounte defensve to a house,
Against the enuy of leffe happier Lands,
This blesse 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 seruice, and true Chivalrie,
As is the fepulcher in stubborne Iery
Of the Worlds ranfome, blesse Mary Sonne.
This Land of such deepe foules, this deepe-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now les'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelling Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enious fledge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with flame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ahi would the scandall vanishe with my life,
How happy then were my enduring death?

Enter Kings, Queene, Aumerle, Buffey, Greene,
Baget, Rose, and Willoughby.

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

Qy. How faires our noble Uncle Lancaster?

Qy. What comfort man? How lift with aged Gaunt?

Gau. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greene hath kept a tedious falt,
And who abaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For keeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that Some Fathers feede vpon,
Is my frett falt, I meane my Childrens looks,
And therein fittling, haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt for a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inhertis naught but bones.

Ric. Can sickie men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, mirife makes sport to mocke it selfe:
Since thou doft seek to kill my name in me,

I
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.
Ricb. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter'rt me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.
Ricb. I am in health, I breath, I fee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I fee thee ill:
Ill in my sifele to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leffer then the Land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sickle,
And thou too care-less private, as thou art,
Commit'th thy appointed body to the care
Of thofe Physicians, that fit wounded thee. A thousand flatterers fit within thy Crowne,
Whose compaffe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in fo small a Verga,
The waft is no whit leffer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandire with a Prophets eye,
Scene how his fonnes, should destroy his fonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Depofing thee before thouwert poftfe.
Which art poftfe now to depofe thy felfe.
Why (Cofne) were thou Regent of the world,
It was a flame to let his Land by lefse:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to flame it fo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy flate of Law, is bondflaue to the law,
And——

Ricb. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Prefuming on an Agnes prifon, Dar't with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeks, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native residence? Now by my Seates right Royall Maietie,
Wert thou not Brother to great Edwards fonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vncreuer shoulers.
Gau. Oh fare me not, my brothers Edwards fonne,
For that I was his Father Edwards fonne:
That blood already (like the Pelican)
Thou haft tapt out, and drunkenly carwes'd.
My brother Glouchefter, plaine well meaning foule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'monghty happy foules)
May be a prifond, and withefe good,
That thou refpeftit not spilling Edwards blood:
Joyne with the prefent lickeffe that I have, And thy vnkindeffe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long witherd floure.
Lije in thy thame, but dye not thame with theee,
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Connye me to my bed, then to my grave,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue.
Exit
Ricb. And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,
For both haft thou, and both become the grave.

Tor. I do befleeche your Maietie impute his words To wayward fickliness, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As Harry Duke of Herfeld, were he heere.
Ricb. Right, you say true: as Herfelds loue, fo his;
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old vp Gauz commends him to your Maietie.

Ricb. What fayes he? Nor. Nay nothing, all is fad:
His tongue is now a stringliffle instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Ricb. The ripeft fruit first falls, and fo 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, have privilege to liue.
And for these great favour, doth make some charge
Towards our affifiance, we do feize to vs.
The plate, coin, reunenues, and mousesable,
Whereof our Uncle Gauzt did fland poftle.
Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me fuffer wrong?
Not Coulerz death, nor Harfords banishment,
Nor Gauzen rebukes, nor Englions private wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooks,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Haue euer made me fooure my patient checke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Souveraines face:
I am the laft of noble Edwards fonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more mild,
Then was that yong and Princeely Gentleman,
His face thou haft, for even fo looke'd he
Accompli'd with the number of thy howeres:
But when he frownd, it was againft the French,
And not againft his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did fpend: and fpent not that
Which his triumpft fathers hand had won:
His hands were guile of no kindres blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard, Torke is too farre gone with greece,
Or else he never would compare betweene.

Ricb. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not
I pleade not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek you to feize, and ripe into your hands
The Royalties and Right of ban'dh Harfords? Is not Gauant dead? and doth not Herfords lieue;
Was not Gauant juft? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deferue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-defcruing fonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cufmarie rights:
Let not to morrow then infuce to day,
Be not thy felfe: for how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succeffion?
Now afore God, God forbid I fie true,
If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atrurneyes generall, to fue
His Lieuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You looke a thousand well-diplofed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.
Ric. Thinke what you will: we feize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Tor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell. But by bad courses may be understand, That their events can never fall out good. 

Rich. Go Buffy to the Earl of Wiltshire's freight, Bid him repair to vs to cvly house, To see his business: to Morrow next We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow: And we create in absence of our selfe Our Uncle Yorke, Lord Governor of England: For he is just, and always lovd vs well. Come on our Queene, to more content we part, Be merry, for our time of flay is short. 

Flourish. 


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

Rich. And living too, for now his fonne is Duke. 

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennue. 

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

Rich. My heart is great: but it must break with silence, Er't be disturbeth'd with a liberal tongue. 

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speake more. 

That speakes thy words againe to thee harme. 

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

Rich. No good at all that I can do for him, Vnleffe you call it good to pitie him, Bereft and gelled of his patrimoine. 

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis flame fuch wrongs are borne. 

In him a royall Prince, and many moe Of noble blood in this declining Land: The King is not hiselfe, but bely led By Flatterers, and what they will informe Mere ly in hate 'gainst any of vs all, That will the King feuerely proteuces 'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires. 

Rich. The Commons hath he plied with generous taxes And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts. 

Wil. And daily new exacions are devi'd, As blanke, benevolences, and I wot not what: But what o' Gods name doth become of this? 

Nor. Wars hath not wafted it, for war'd he hath not. But bely valued upon comprimis, That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes: More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres. 

Rich. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the reallm in Farnie. 

Wil. The Kings crowne bankrupt like a broken man. 

Nor. Reproach and defiliation hangest honr upon him. 

Rich. He hath not moneie for thefe Irish warres: (His burchenous taxations notwithstanding) But by the robbing of the baniff Duke. 

Nor. His noble Kinman, most degenerat King: But Lords, we heare this earnefull tempteff sing, Yet seek no shelter to avoid the stormes: We see the windes fitte fore upon our failes, And yet we strike not, but securely perifh. 

Rich. We see the very wracke that we must suffer, And vnsueded is the danger now For sufferings to the causers of our wracke. 

Nor. Not fo: even through the hollow eyes of death, I spie life peering: but I dare not sty 

How near the tidings of our comfort is. 

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

Rich. Be confident to speake Northumberland, We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking fo,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold. 

Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port le Blan A Bay in Britaine, receiuid intelligence, That Harry Duke of Harford, Raimond Lord Cobham, That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, His brother Archibishop, late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainfort, Sir John Norberie, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quaint, All thefe well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre Are making hither with all due expence, And shortly meanes to touch our Northerne shore: Perhaps they had here this, but that they stay The first departing of the King for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our flaewy yoke, Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing, Redeeme from breaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne, Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters gilt, And make high Maiestie looke like it felie, Away with me in pote to Rausengry, But if you faint, as fearing to do so, Stay, and be secret, and my felle will go. 

Rich. To horfe, to horfe, wrge doubts to them fy feare. 

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bully, and Bagot.

Bully. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sad, 

You promis'd when you parted with the King, To lay aside selfe-harming heauiness, 

And entertaine a chearfull disposition. 

Que. To please the King, I did: to please my felle I cannot do it: yet I know no caufe Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe, Saeue bidding farewell to fo sweet a guest As my sweet Richard; yet againe me thinkes, Some vbborne forrow, riue in fortunes wome Is comming towards me, and my inward soule With nothing trembles, at something it greeues, More then with parting from my Lord the King. 

Buffy. Each fabundance of a greese hath twenty fadowes Which shewes like greese it felie, but is not fo: For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares, Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects, Like perspecitives, which rightly gaz'd vpon Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry, Distinguishe forms: fo your sweet Maiestie Looking awry vpon your Lords departure, Finde shapes of greese, more then himselfe to waile, Which look'd on as it is, is naught but fadowes 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 fale forrowes eie, Which for things true, weepes things imaginary. 

Que. It may be fo: but yet my inward soule Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be, I cannot but be sad: fo heavy sad, As though on thinking on no thought I thinke, Makes me with heavy nothing fainct and fhrinke. 

Bully. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Dul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?  Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord, I am a straunger heere in Cloutflfier, These high wide hills, and rough vaneuen wales, Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome: And yet our faire dicultie hath bene as fugar,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethink me, what a wearie way
From Rauenfpergh to Cottthold will be found,
In Roffe and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguiled
The tediousnessse, and proceed of my travell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I professe;
And hope to joy, is little lefe in joy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the warie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much leffe 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 fouer.
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 forfooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and defirft
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?
He was not fo resolu'd, when we last spake together.
Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaim'd Traitor.

But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenfpergh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had leudd there,
Then with direction to repair to Rauenfpergh.

North. Have 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 service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approv'd service, and defer.

Bull. I thank the 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 Covenant makes, my Hand thus seals it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what fitte
Keeps good old Torke there, with his Men of Warre?
Percie. There standes the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of Torke, Barkely, and Smeor,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Roffe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roffe and Willoughby,
Bloody with sparing, ferie red with hate.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wat your lone pursues
A banisht Traitor; all my Treasure
Is yet but vpsett thanks, which more enriche'd,
Shall be your loyne, and labors recompence.

Roffe. Your presence makes us rich, most Noble Lord.

Willo. And fare 수행 mount our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Evermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gueffe.

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

Bull. My Lord, my Anfwere is to Lancastre,
And I am come to fekke 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 take one Title of your Favour out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moft glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abente time,
And fright our Native Peace with felfe-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 decible, and faffe.

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 have these banifh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duff of England's Ground?
But more then why, why have they darr'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her paiie-paiie Villages with Warre,
And ommation of deffiled Armes?

Com'th thou because th'annoyted King is hence?

Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lies his power.

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe
Refcued the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men,
From forth the Rankses of many thousand French:

Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prifoner to the Palfie, chaflife thee,
And minifier correcce to thy Fault.

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

Yorke. Even in Condition of the worft degree,
In groffe Rebellion, and detested Treafon:
Thou art a banifh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes against thy Souereign.

Bull. As I was banifh'd, I was banifh'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancastre,
And Noble Vnckle, I beseach your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt alius. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perfecr, and guin away
To vpsett Vnthirftes! Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancastre.
You have a Sonne, Asmerry, my Noble Kinman,
Had you firt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vnckle Gaunt a Father,
To rowse his Wrongs, and chafe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my Litigue here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all diifrayed, and fold,
And these, and all, are all amiss imploied.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What would you have me doe? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my Inheritance of free Differnt.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roff. Itstands your Grace upon, to doe him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cofens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Career, and cut out his way,
To find our Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe about in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,
And let him neer' Ice Joy, that breaks that Oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you floope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlefe you pleasde to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

But. An offer Vnkle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briflow Castles, which they say is held
By Busbie, Bagot, and their Complices,
The Catepillars of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will goe with you but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. 

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have fayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King,
Therefore we shall disperse our selves; farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truest Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not fay:
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Sterres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-eaugh'd Prophets whisper fearfull change;
Rich men looks sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in fear, to looke what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well affir'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of beaute mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne fets weeping in the lowly Wee,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreft:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crostely to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullyingbrooke, York, Northumberland,
Roffe, Percy, Willoughby, with Busbie
and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Busbie, and Greene, I will not vex your foules,
(Since presently your foules must part your bodies)
With too much virgins your pernicious lies,
For 'tware no Charite; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull hours
Made a Divorce between his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And faynd the beaute of a faire Queens Cheekes,
With tears drawn fio her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Have froot my neck under your injuries,
And fighd my English breath in foraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Imprif, leaving me no figue,
Saue mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death; fee them deliuiered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Busbie. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullyingbrooke to England.

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

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispaiche'd:
Vnkle, 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 speeciall care my Greetings be deliuierd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispaiche'd
With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thanks gentle Vnkle; come Lords away,
To fight with Glendoure, and his Complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

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And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King,
Therefore we shall disperse our selves; farewell.

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And Meteors fright the fixed Sterres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-eaugh'd Prophets whisper fearfull change;
Rich men looks sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in fear, to looke what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well affir'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.
A glorious Angell: then if Angells fight,  
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.  

Welcome my Lord, how farre off yses your Power?  
Satis. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,  
Then this weake arme; dishonesty 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 Yestermornes, bid Time returne,  
And thou shalt haue twelve thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day,unhappie day too late  
Orethrowes thy lyes, Friends,Friends, and thy State;  
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, dispersit, and fled.  

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?  
Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and there are fled,  
And till so much blood thinner come againe,  
Hau not reason to looke pale, and dead?  
All Soules that will be safe, eye from my side,  
For Time hath set a blot upon your pride.  

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.  
Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?  
Awake thou sluggard Maieftie, thou sleepeft:  
Is not the Kings Name forto thysound Names?  
Arm,arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes  
At thy gretty glory. Looke not to the ground,  
Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnkle Turke  
Hath Power enough to ferue our turne,  
But who comes here?  

Enter Scoope.  
Scoope. More health and hapinnesse bytide my Liege,  
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.  
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
The worke is worldly loffe, thou canst vnfold:  
Say.Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:  
And what loffe is it to be rid of Care?:  
Striues Bulingbrooke to be as Great as wee?  
Greater he shall not be: if thee serue God,  
We'll serue him too, and be his Fellow fo.  
Revolue our Subiects? That we cannot mend,  
They break their Faith to God, as well as vs:  
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Lost, Decay,  
The worke is Death, and Death shall haue his day.  

Scoope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so far'm'd  
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.  
Like an vnfeanoble stormie day,  
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,  
As if the World were all diffolu'd to tears:  
So high, above his Limits,sweule the rage  
Of Bullingbrooke, covering your fearfull Land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairleaff Sculpes  
Against thy Malice, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,  
Strue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints  
In shife vnnielded Armes: against thy Crowne  
Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State  
Yea Diasta--Women manage rufftie Bills:  
Against thy Seate 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 Buffete? where is Greene?
That they have let the dangerous Enemie  
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?  
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they have made peace with Bullingbrook.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)  

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,  
Dogges, easly woon to favne on any man,  
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that fling my heart,  
Three Judases, each one thrice worfe then Judas,  
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre  
Upon their footed Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I fee) changing his propiece,  
Turnes to the lowret, and most deadly hate;  
Aginr vncurse their Soules; their peace is made  
With Heads, and not with Hands:those whom you curfe  
Have felt the wort of Deaths desstroying hand,  
And lye full low, graud in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buffie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire deade?  
Scroope. Yes, all of them at Britto low their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?  

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:  
Let's take of Graves, of Wormes, and Epithaphs,  
Make Dusse our Paper, and with Rayne eyes  
Write Sorrow on the Bofoome of the Earth.  
Let's chuse Executors, and take of Wills:  
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,  
Saue our depos'd bodies to the ground?  
Our Lands, our Lues, and all are Bullingbrookes,  
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,  
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,  
Which furves as Paffe, and Couer to our Bones:  
For Heauens sake let vs fit upon the ground,  
And tell fat stories of the death of Kings:  
How some have beene depos'd, some flaine in warre,  
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,  
Some payson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,  
All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne  
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,  
Keapes 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 lookees,  
Infusing him with felse and vaine conceit,  
As if this Fleete, which walks about our Life,  
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the leaft, and with a little Pinne  
Bores through his Catlle Walls, and farwell King.  
Couer your head, and mock not fleth and blood  
With solemn Receurrence: throw away Respect,  
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,  
For you have but miscon'd me all this while:  
I live with Bread like you, Iete Want,  
Take Grief: need Friends: I flatter'd thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a King?  
Carl. My Lord, wife men ne'er waile their present woes,  
But presently present the wailes to waile:  
To feare the Foe, since feeare oppreffeth strength,  
Guies in your weakeinesse, strength vnto your Foe;  
Feeare, and be flaine, no worre can come to fight,  
And fight and die, is death desstroying death,  
Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquiry of him,  
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou child'ft me well; proud Bullingbrookes I come  
To change Blowses with thee, for our day of Doome:  
This ague fit of fear is over-blowne,  
An eafe take it is to winne our owne.

Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his Power?  
Speake sweetely man, although thy looke be fowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie  
The state and inclination of the day;  
So may you by my dull and haueie Eie:  
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to fay:  
I play the Torturer, by fmall and small  
To lengthen out the worfe, that muft be fpoken.  
Your Vnckle Turke is ioyn'd with Bullingbrookes,  
And all your Northernne Cattles yeilded vp,  
And all your Southernne Gentlemen in Armes  
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou haft faid enough.  
Befrew thee cousin, which didt lead me forth  
Of that sweet wy I was in, to defpaire:  
What fay you now? What comfort haue we now?  
By Heauens Ile hate him everlaftingly,  
That bids me be of comforfe any more.  
Go to Flint Cattle, there Ile pine away,  
A King, Woes flue, shall Kingly Woe obey:  
That Power I haue, discharge, and let em goe  
To care the Land, that hath fom hope to grow,  
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe  
To alter this, for confafite is but vaine.

Aum. 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 Richard's Night, to Bullingbrooks faire Day.  

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrookes,  
Turke, Northumberland, Attendents.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne  
The Welchmen are dffer'd, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
With some few private friends, vpon this Count.  
North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,  
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.  
Turke. It would become the Lord Northumberland,  
To say King Richard: slack the heauie day,  
When fuch a facred King should hide his head.  
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,  
Left I his Title out.  
Turke. The time hath beene,  
Would you have bene fo briefe with him, he would  
Have bene fo briefe with you, to shorten you,  
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.  
Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you fhould.  
Turke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you fhould.  
Leaff you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.  
Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my felle  
Against their will. But who comes here?  

Enter Percia.

Welcome Harry: what will not this Cattle yeild?  
Per. The Cattle royally is mann'd, my Lord,  
Against thy entrance.

'Bull. Roy.
The life and death of Richard the second.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heaune thought of Care?
La. Madame, we'll play at Bowles.
Qu. I will make me think the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byes.
La. Madame, we'll dance.
Qu. My Legges can keep no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing(Gistle) some other sport.
La. Madame, we'll tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Grieues?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Gistle.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Grieues, being altogether had,
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame, Ile finge.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haft cause:
But thou shouldest please me better, would'st thou wepe.
La. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe you good,
And never borrow any Tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But hie, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchedness, into a Roaue of Pinnes,
They'll talk of State: for every one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Gee binde thou vp yond dangling Apricockes,
Which like vanously Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreccion of their prodigall weight:
Gie some suffurance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too lattie in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Government.
You thus imployd, I will goe root away
The noysefull Weades, that without profit sucke
The Scoltes furritinc from wholeame flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compass of a Pale,
Kepe 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 Weades, her faireft Flowers chaokt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vanprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disforted, and her wholeame hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath sufferd this disforted Spring,
Hath now himselfe with the Fall of Leaf.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seg'd, in eating him, to hold him vp.
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bullyingbrook:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, Byffins, Greene.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bulingbrook hath seiz'd the waftfull King.
Oh, what pity is, that he had not so trim'd
And dreft his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Left being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done fo, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their frutes of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may lye.
Had he done fo, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waite and idle hours, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Deprefte 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 pref't to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adams likenesfe, fett to drefs this Garden:
How dares thy harsh rude tongue found this vnpleasing
What Eue? what Serpent hath lufegged thee, [newes
To make a second fall of fubfined man?
Why do't thou fay, King Richard is depos'd,
Dar'ft thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Can't thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes, yet what I fay, is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bulingbrookes, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himfelfe,
And fome few Vanities, that makes him light.
But in the Ballance of great Bulingbrookes,
Befides himfelfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe.
Pofte you to London, and you'll finde it fo,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Quy. Nimble mifchance, that art fo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaffage belong to me?
And am I left that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To ferue me laft, that I may longeth keep it
Thy forrow in my break. Come Ladies goo,
To meet at London, London's King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my fad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great Bulingbrookes.
Gardner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft't, may never grow. Exit.
G.Poore Queen, fo that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were fubieft to thy curfe:
Here di the drop a tears, here in this place
Ile fet a Banke of Rew, fowe Herbe of Graces:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, here shortly shall be feene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Qenee. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bulingbrookes, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fins-Water, Surrey, Carille, Abbot of Weffmynfter, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Bulingbrooks. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou doeft know of Noble Goulers death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.
Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Aumerle.
Bul. Colin, fand forth, and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnfaie, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Goulers death was plotted,
I heard you fay, Is not my arte of length,
That reacheth from the refull of Englishe Court
As farre as Cellis, to my Ynkle's head.
Amongst much other telle, that very time,
I heard you fay, that you had rather refufe
The offer of an hundred thoufand Crownes,
Then Bulingbrookes returne to England; adding withall,
How bleft this Land be, in this your Cofins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anfwer shall I make to this bafe man?
Shall I fo much refhonor my faire Starres,
On equal termes to give him chafliment?
Either I muft, or haue mine honor foyl'd
With th'Attaindrof his hand'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuell Scale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyef,
And will maintaine what thou haft fai'd, is fai'd,
In thy heart blood, though being all too bafe
To flaine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bag. Bagot forbeare, thou fhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beft
In all this prefence, that hath mefad me fo.
Fits. If that thy valour fhall on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Aumerles, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that thows me where thou fhould'st,
I heard thee fay (and vauntingly thou fpak'ft it)
That thou wer't caufe of Noble Goulers death.
If thou deny it, twenty times thou lyef,
And I will turne thy falihdow to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou darst not (Coward) liue to fee the day.
Fits. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fins Water thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyest: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniue:
And that thou art foh, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreme point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord Fins Water:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerles, and you did talke.
Fits. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in prefence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.
Surrey. As fai'd, by heaven,
As Heauen it felfe is true.
Fits. Surrey, thou Lyef.
Surrey. Difhonourable Boy;
That Lyfe, shall lie fo heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lyfe-grier, and that Lyfe, doe lyfe
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In prowe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Richard. How fondly doth thou spare a forward Horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meete Surrey in a Wilderness.
And spitt upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Assuerus is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou Assuerus didst lend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Assuerus, some honest Christian trust me with a Cague,
That Norfolk Lyes: here do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

But, these differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
And (though mine Enemy's) retor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when he's return'd,
Against Assuerus we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day shall ne'er be seene.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Israell Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Croffe,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with works of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gane
His Body, to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.
But, why Bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. As sure as I live, my Lord.

But, sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bosome of good old Abraham.

Lords Appealants, your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we affigne you to your days of Tryall.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yields
To the pooffeation of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that Name the Fourth.
But, in Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Woe in this Royall Preence may I speake,
Yet best before him to speake the truth,
Would God, that any in this Noble Preence
Were enough Noble, to be vpuirge Judge
Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from to foule a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who fits here, that is not Richard's Subject?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Mafeifie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie etc.
Anoyneted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by subiects, and inferior breathe,
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules reifi'd
Should shew to heynous, black, obscure a deed.
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traitor to proud Hereford's King.
And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his soule Aft.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turks and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kindes with Kindes confound.
Disorder, Horror, Fear, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
It will the wofulle Diuision prove,
That euer fell upon this cursed Earth.
Preuent it, refit it, and let it not be so,
Left Child, Childs, Children cry against you, Woe.
North. We'll have you argu'd Sir, and for your paines,
Of Capittall Treason we arret you here.

My Lord of Westminifter, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

But, fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
Without supplication.

York. I will be his Conduet.

But, Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreft,
Procure your Sureties for your Days 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 have shooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inuinate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Gone Sorrow leave a while, to turene me
To this submition. Yet I well remember
The favors 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 save the King: who shall man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe think him mee.
To doe what feruce, am I sent for hither?

York. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Mafeifie did make thee offer:
The Renunciation of thy State and Crowne
To Henry Bullingbrooke.

Rich. Give me the Crowne, Here Cousin, seize the Crowne:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vascence, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil't you mount vp on high.
But, I thought you had been willing to renounce.

Rich. My Crowne am I, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of thoste.

But, part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares let vp, do not pluck my Crowes downe.
My Care is loste of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Care I gue, I have, though giren away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet fill with me they fray:

But, are you contented to renounce the Crowne?
That it may shew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Malefice.

*Bull.* Hoe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glass.

*North.* Read o're this Paper, while I Glasse doth come.

*Rich.* Fiend, thou tortur'st me, ere I come to Hell.

*Bull.* Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*

*North.* The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

*Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd! I'll read enough,
When I doe see the very Bookes indeede,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

*Enter one with a Glasse.*

Gue me that Glasse, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinklyes yet? hath Sorrow strucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flutt'ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou don't beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, under 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 folyes,
That was at laft out-face'd by *Bullingbrook*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred fliuers.
Marke fliets King, the Morall of this fport,
How fome my Sorrow hath deftroy'd my Face.

*Bull.* The Shadow of your Sorrow hath deftroy'd
The Shadow of your Face.

*Rich.* Say that again.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's fee,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And thefe externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely shadowes, to the vnfeene Griefe,
That fwellis with filence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the fubtance: and I thank thee, the King
For thy great bounty, that not onely guif't
Me caufe to wayle, but teacheth me the way
How to lament the caufe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtaine it?

*Bull.* Name it, faire Counil.

*Rich.* Faire Counil? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but fubfets; being now a subiect,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being fo great, I have no neede to begge.

*Bull.* Yet aske.

*Rich.* And shall I haue?

*Bull.* You shall.

*Rich.* Then giue me leave to goe.

*Bull.* Whither?

*Rich.* Whither you will, fo I were from your fights,

*Bull.* Go eome of you, convey him to the Tower.

*Rich.* Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rife thus nimbyy by a true Kings fall.

*Bull.* On Wednesday next, we feemely fet downe

Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felues.

*Exeunt.*

*Abbott.* A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

*Carl.* The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as tharpe to them as Thorne.

*Aunt.* You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realmes of this pernicious Blot.

*Abbott.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

What euer I shall happen to deuise,
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesar ill-erected Tower:
To whose sist Bofome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullingbrook.
Here let vs rel, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any restit for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but fee, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp: behold,
That you in pitie may dissolve to dew,
And waie him fresh againe with true, true Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard's Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beautous Inne,
Why shoul hard-fauor'd Grieue be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houle Gueft.

Rich. Joyn not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sdden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happy Drame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am owne Brother(Sweet).
To grim Neceffity; and here and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyfter thee in some Religious Houfe:
Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our propheane hours here have striken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrook
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, threfeth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elfe, with rage
To be or'e-pow'd: and wilt thou, Puppil-like,
Take thy Correcfion mildly, kiffe the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with safe Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good(sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou talkest,
As from my Death-bed, my laft liuing leave.
In Winters tedious Nights fit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And lend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fencelfe Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mowing Tongue,
And in compassion, wepe the fire out:
And fome will mourne in ashes, fome coale-black,
For the depofing of a rightfull King.
Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrook 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 Bullingbrook ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere fole finne, gathering head,
Shall brake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he duide the Realme, and glue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'ft the way
To plant vnightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're fo little we'd another way.
To pluck him headlong from the vfurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends connects to Fear;
That Fear, to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part withthow.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd(1) bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiffe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe 'twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,
Where fliewing Cold and Sickenffe pines the Cryme:
My Queene to France: from whence, let forth in pompe,
She came adorn'd, hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or shortest day.

Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand,(my Love) and heart from heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Policy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Wepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be neere the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane. I Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heaue heart.
Come, come, in wooling Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is fuch length in Griefe:
One Kiffe shall flip our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus gue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Glue me mine owne againe; take no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorks, and his Ducheffe.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reft,
When weeping made you brake the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave them?

Duch. At that sad地处, my Lord,
Where rude mil-gueu'n'd hands, from Windowes tope,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

York. Then
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.


Scæna Tertia.

Enter Ballingbrooke, Perce, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vncharitie Sonne?

'Tis full three moneths since I did fee him last. If any plague hang over vs, 'tis he, I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found: Enquire at London, mongst the Taurernes there:

For
For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,  
With unrestrained Loose Companions,  
E'en such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,  
And rob our Watch, and beat our Passengers,  
Which he, young wanton, and effeminat Boy  
Takes on the point of Honor, to support  
So dissolute a crew.  

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,  
And told him of these Triumphs held at Oxford.  

But. And what said the Gallant?  

Per. His answer was; he would unto the Stewes,  
And from the common creature plucks a Gloue  
And ware it as a favor, and with that  
He would vnhorse the dullsleft Challenger.  

But. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,  
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes  
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?  

Enter Aumerle.  

Aum. Where is the King?  

But. What meanes our Cofin, that hee scares  
And lookes so wildly?  

Aum. God faue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty  
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.  

But. Withdraw your Selues, and leue vs here alone:  
What is the matter with our Cofin now?  

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleuse to my roofe within my mouth,  
Vnleffe a Pardon, ere I rife, or speake.  

But. Intended, or committed was this fault?  
If on the firft, how heynous ere it bee,  
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.  

Aum. Then give me leue, that I may turne the key,  
That no man enter, till my tale me done.  

But. Haue thy defire.  

Tor. My Lige beware, look to thy selfe,  
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.  

But. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.  

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haft no caufe  
To feare.  

York. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:  
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?  
Open the doore, or I will break it open.  

Enter York.  

York. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recover breath,  
Tell vs how neere is danger,  
That we may arme vs to encounter it.  

Tor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The reason that my hate forbids me flow.  

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:  
I do repent it, reade not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.  

Tor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe,  
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.  
Faree, and not Loue, begets his penitence;  
Forget to pity him, leaft thy pity prooue  
A Serpent, that will fling thee to the heart.  

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,  
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:  
Thou there, immaculate, and fluer fountain,  
From whence this streame, through muddy passages  
Hath his current, and defhil'd himselfe.  
Thy overflown of good, conquests to bad,  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot, in thy digressing fonne.  

York. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,  
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;  

As thrillesse Sonnes, their grasping Fathers Gold.  
Mine honor lives, when his dification dies,  
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:  
Thou killest he in his life, giving him breath,  
The Traitor liues, the true man's part to death.  

Duchesse within.  

But. What hoa (my Lige) for heavens sake let me in.  

Bul. What thrill-voc'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?  

But. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.  
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,  
A Begger beggs, that neuer begg'd before.  

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a frowneous thing,  
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.  
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,  
I know her's come, to pray for your foule fin.  

York. If thou do pardon, whatsoever pray,  
More finnes for this forgivenss, prosper may.  
This fetter'd loynt cut off, the refl refound,  
This let alone, will all the refl confound.  

Enter Duchess.  

But. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,  
Loure, louing not it selfe, none other can.  

Tor. Thou franticke woman, what doft  
Shall thy old duggers, once more a Traitor reare?  

Duch. Sweet York be patient, heare me gentle Lige.  

Bul. Rife vp good Aunt.  

But. Not yet, I thee beseech.  
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,  
And never fee day, that the happy fees,  
Till thou giue loue: vntill thou bid me loue,  
By pardoning Raudland, my tranfgreffing Boy.  

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.  

York. Against them both, my true ioynts hended be.  

But. Pleades he in earneft? Looke vpon his Face,  
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieft:  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.  
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,  
We pray with heart, and foule, and all bedefe:  
His weary ioynts would gladly rife, I know,  
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:  
His prayres are all of false hypocritie,  
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:  
Our prayres do out-pray his, then let them haue  
That mercy, which true prayres ought to haue.  

But. Good Aunt fland vp.  

Duc. Nay, do not say fland vp,  
But Pardon first, and afterwards fland vp.  
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.  
I never long'd to heare a word till now:  
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.  
The word is short: but not fo short as sweet;  
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meet.  
York. Speake it in French (King,) say Pardon ne moy.  

But. Doft thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?  
Ah my fower 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 understand.  
Thine eye begins to speack, fet thy tongue there,  
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine care,  
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pears,  
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.  

But. Good Aunt, fland vp.  

But. I do not sue for fland,  
Pardon is all the fuit I have in hand.  

Bul.
Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.
Dur. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sick of fear: Speak me it again,
Twice sayning Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dur. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truyt brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Deuction straight shall dogge them at the heels:
Good Vnacle helpe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere those Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Vnacle farewell, and Cofin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dur. Come my old Son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ex. Didst thou not marke the King what words he spake?

Were it not so?
Ser. Those were very words.
Ex. Have I no friend? (quoth he;) he spake it twice,
Ser. He did.
Ex. And speaking it, he wily look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou were the man
That would divorce 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 have bin feedyng, how to compare
This Prison where I live, vnto the World:
And for becaus the world is populous,
And here is not a Creatoure, but my selfe,
I cannot do it; yet Ie heare'mt out.
My Braine, Ie proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father; and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these fame 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 Divine, are intermixt
With fcraples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith; thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vaile weakes nailes
May tear a passage through the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prizon wailes:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, lyfter themselves,
That they are not the firt of Fortunes flowers,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggers,
Who fitting in the Stockes, refuge their flame
That many have, 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 indu't the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treacon makes me with my felle a Beggar,
And so am I. Then crushing penurie,
Perfwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I King'd againe: and by and by,
Thinks I that I was King'd by Bulling抱着
And saith am nothing. But what era I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleasd, till he be eade
With being nothing. Musick de I hear?
Ha, ha! I keep time: How lowre sweet Musick is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musickes of mens lues:
And here haue I the daintiness of care,
To hearde time broke in a disorder'd flying:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to hearde my true Time broke.
I wafted Time, and now doth Time waife me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they lare,
Their watches vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Where to my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleaning them from tears.
Now fir, the found that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that shrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: but my Time
Rifs pasting on, in Bulling抱着 proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his sake o'th'Clocke.
This Musick makes me, let it found no more,
For though it haua holde men to their wits,
In me it seems, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to Richard,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Halle Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of ye, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com't thou hicher?
Where no man euer cometh, but that fad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King wheo travelling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length he had gone leave
To looke upon (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bulling抱着 rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often haft beftrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue dreft.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo. So prouedly, as if he had disdained the ground.
Rich. So proudy, that Bulling抱着 was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proudy 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 vfurpe his backe?
Ferguencoff horse? Why do I rale on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an Afe,  
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by iouncing Bullyingbrooke. 

Enter Keeper with a Dibb. 

*Keep.* Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay. 


*Gros.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. 

*Keep.* My Lord, wilt please you to fall too? 

*Rich.* Taffe of it first, as thou wert wont to doo. 

*Keep.* My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, 
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary. 

*Rich.* The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee; 
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. 

*Keep.* Help me, help me, helpe. 

Enter Exton and Servants. 

*Ri. How now?* What means Death in this rude affaire? 

Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumint, 
Go thou and fill another roome in hell. 

*Exton.* frikes him downe. 

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire, 
That flaggers thys my perfom. *Exton,* thy fierce hand, 
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land. 
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high, 
Whil't my greffe flesh finkes downward, heere to dye. 

*Exton.* As full of Valor, as of Royall blood, 
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good. 
For now the diuell, that told me I did well, 
Says, that this deede is chronicated in hell. 
This dead King to the living King I lea beare, 
Take hence the reft, and give them buriall heere. 

**Scæna Quinta.** 

Flourish. Enter Bullyingbrooke, York, with other Lords & attendants. 

*Bul.* Kinde Vnakle Yorke, the latest newes we heare, 
Is that the Rebels have confum'd with fire 
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucesterland, 
But whether they be tame or flaine, we heare not. 

Enter Northumberland. 

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes? 

*Nor.* First to thy Sacred State, with I all happinesse: 
The next newes is, I have to London sent 
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer; Blunt, and Kent: 

The manner of their taking may appeare 
At large discoursed in this paper heare. 

*Bul.* We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines, 
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains. 

Enter Fitz-watres. 

*Fit.* My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London, 
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Benet Seely, 
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors, 
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow. 

*Bul.* Thy paines Fitzwateres shall not be forgot, 
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot. 

Enter Percy and Carile. 

*Per.* The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Weftminster, 
With clog of Conscience, and lowre Melanchollie, 
Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave. 

But heere is Carile, liuing to abide 
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride. 

*Bul.* Carile, this is your doome: 
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome 
More then thou haft, and with it ley thy life: 
So as thou liu'ft in peace, dye free from strife: 
For though mine enemy, thou haft ever heene, 
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene. 

Enter Exton with a Coffin. 

*Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I prefent 
Thy buried fcare. Herein all breathlesse lies 
The mightieft of thy greateft enemies 
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought. 

*Bul.* Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haft wrought 
A deece of Slaughter, with thy fatal hand, 
Upon my head, and all this famous Land. 

Ex: From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed. 

*Bul.* They loue not poyfon, that do poyson neede, 
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead, 
I hate the Murtherer, lowe him murthered. 
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, 
But neither my good word, nor Princeely fauour. 
With Caine go wander through the shade of night, 
And never fwear 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 mourn with me, for that I do lament, 
And put on fullen Blanke incontinence: 
Ie make a voyage to the Holy-land, 
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. 
March sadlie after, grace my mourning heere, 
In weeping after this vitnyme Beere. 

**FINIS.**
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Wexfmerland, with others.

King. O shaken as we are, to wan with care, Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant, And breath short-winded accents of new broils To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote: No more the thrity 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 hoftile paces. Those oppoed eyes, Which like the Meteor of a troubled Heauen, All of one Nature, of one Substance bred, Did lately meete in the intiffine shocke, And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery, Shall now in mutuall well-befeeing rankes March all one way, and be no more oppo'd Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies. The edge of Warre, like an ill-feathed knife, No more shall cut his Mafter. Therefore Friends, As farre as to the Sepulcher of Child, Whose Soul'dier now vnder whose blefled Croffe We are imprefTed and ingag'd to fight, Fortwith a power of English shall we leue, Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields, Over whole Acres walk'd those blefled fecte Which fourtie en hundred yeares agoe were nai'd For our advantage on the bitter Croffe. But this our purpofe is a twelvemonth old, And bootleffe 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare Of you my gentle Cousin Wexfmerland, What yefternight our Councell did decree, In forwarding this deeer expedience.

Woef. My Liege: This haue was hot in question, And many limits of the Charge fet downe But yester-night: when all athwart there came A Poet from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes; Whole worfe was, That the Noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Hereforyde to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glendomer, Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered:

Upon whose dead corpes there was fuch misufe, Such beautil, shameleffe transformation, By thofe Welshwomen done, as may not be (Without much fame) re-told or fpoken of.

King. It femeas then, that the tidings of this broile, Break off our butneffe for the Holy land, Woef. This matchet 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 braine Archibald, That euer-valiant and approoued Scot, At Holmeden met, where they did fpend A fad and bloody houre: As by difcharge of their Artillerie, And shape of likley-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horfe, Vncertaine of the ifue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true induftrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe, Strain'd with the variation of each foyle, Betwixt that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes. The Earle of Douglas is difcomfited, Ten thoufand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter fee On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldest fonne To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Aboll, Of Marry, Angus, and Monteith. And is not this an honourable fpoyle? A gallant prize? Ha Coft, is it not? Infaith it is. Woef. A Conqueff for a Prince to boast of. King. Yea, there thou mak'ft me fad, & mak'ft me fad In euery, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of fo blest a Sonne: A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue: Among't a Grouse, the very straighteft Plant, Who is fweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride: Whil'it I by looking on the prife of him, See Ryot and Dif honore flaine the brow Of my yong Harry. 0 that it could be prou'd, That fome Night-tripping-Fairey, had exchang'd In Credle-clothes, our Children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think ye Care
Of this young Percius pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and fends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prone himselfe,and bristle vp
The creft of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have fent for him to anwer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpoze to Jerusalem.
Colin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your felle with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be faid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vtered.

West. I will my Liege. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaff, and Points.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?
Prince. Thou art fo fat-witted with drinking olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and feeping
upn Benches in the afternoone, that thou haft forgotten
to demand that truly, which thou wouldft truly know.
What a dwell haft thou do with the time of the day?
vnellef hours were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bowdes, and dialls the
Lepasing-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reaon,
why thou shouldest bee fo 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 feuen Starres, and not
by Phebus bee, that wand'r'ing Knight fo faire. And I
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God faue
thy Grace, Miealsy I should say, for Grace thou wilt
haue none.

Prince. What, none?
Fal. No, not fo much as will ferue to be Prologue to
an Egg and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squares of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theues of the Days beautie. Let vs be Dianae Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we are men of good Gouernment, being
governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaff misfits the
Moone, ynder whose countenance we fteale.

Prince. Thou say't well, and it holds well too : for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebe and
flow like the Sea, beeing governed as the Sea is, by the
Moone : as for prooffe. Now a Purfe of Gold most relo-
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most diffolutely
spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, Lay by:
and spent with crying, Bring in : now, in as low an ebe
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow
as the rige of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou saie'st true Lad: and is not my Hostells of
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prince. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle and
is not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy
quips and thy guiditutes? What a plague haue I to doe
with a Buffe-Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-
setts of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haft call'd her to a reck'ning many a
time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I leue thee thy due, thou haft paft al there.

Prince. Yes and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yes, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant.
But I prythee sweet Wagge, shall there be Gallowes flanding in England when thou
art King? and resolution thou fodd'st as it is, with the ru-
flie curbe of old Father Antickes the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I O rare Ile be a braue Judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I meane, thou shalt
haue the hanging of the Theues, and fo become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well : and in some fort it lumps with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yes, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
man hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a Lugg'd Bear.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yes, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prince. What say't thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly
of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haft the most vnfaourable smiles, and art indeed
the moft comparatize rascall sweet young 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 for: but I mark'd
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wilily, but I regarded
him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haft damnable iteration, and art in deed
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme
to me Hal, God forcuge thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing and now I am (if a man shold speak
true) little better then one of the wicked. I must gue o-
uer this life, and I will give it ouer : and I do not, I am
a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for never a Kings sonne in Chri-
tendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a purfe to morrow, Jackle?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one : and I do not
call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee : From
Praying, to Purfe-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, 'tis my Vocacion Hal: 'Ts no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocacion.

Prince. Now shall we know if Gads hill haue fet a
Watch. O, if men were to be faied by merit, what hole in
Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moft omni-
potent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow Ned.
true bred Cowards as ever turned back: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, I'll forewear Armes.
The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible yles that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blows, what extremeties he endured; and in the reprofe of this, yles the left.

Prin. Well, I'll goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and mee to morrow night in Eastcheape, there I'll fip. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnaught to flire at these Indignities, And you have found mee; for accordingly, You tread upon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition I which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lovt that Title of respect, Which the proud foole ne're payes, but to the proud. 

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deuours The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that fame greatnesse too, which our owne hands Have holp to make fo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester geth thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And Maiestie might never yet endure The moody Frontier of a furiant brow, You have good leaue to leaue vs. When we need your vie and counsell, we shall send for you. You were about to speake.

North. Yes, my good Lord.
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Thofe Prifoners in your Highneffe demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tookes,
Were (as he fayes) not with fuch strength denied
As was delivered to your Maiery:
Who either through enuy, or mifprifon,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hor. My Liege, I did deny no Prifoners.

But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreme Toyle,
Breathlefsse and Faint, leaning upon my Sword;
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
Freh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a fubble Land at Harneft-home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euery and anon
He gau his Nofe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Saffue: And still he fmiil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knases, Vnmannerely,
To bring a fouently vnhandsome Corannie
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tarme
He queftion'd me: Among the ref, demanded
My Prifoners, in your Maiesties behalf.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be fo peftered with a Popingay?)
Out of my Grefshe, and my Impatience,
Anfwer'd (negrely) I know not what,
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine fo briske, and fnell fo fweet,
And talke fo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: Go fave the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraigne thing on earth
Was Parmacry, for an inward brife:
And that it was a great pity, fo it was,
That villainous Salt-peter fhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmefse Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
So Cowardly. And butt for thefe vile Gunnes,
He would himfelfe have beene a Souldier.
This baid, vnbcould Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anfwer indirectly (as I faid.)
And I befeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accufation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance confidered, good my Lord,
What euer Harry Percy then had faid,
To fuch a perfon, and in fuch a place,
At fuch a time, with all the refi retold,
May reasonable dye, and newer rife
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he faid, fo he vntil it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prifoners,
But with Prouife and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, fhall ranfome ftraight
His Brother-In-Law, the foolifie Mortimer,
Who (in my foule) hath wilfully betrayd
The lives of thofe, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glandower:
Whole daughter (as we heare) the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Trefon & indent with Fears,
When they have loft and forfeyted themſelves.

No: on the barren Mountain let him ferue:
For I fhall never hold that man my Friend,
Whofe tongue fhall ask me for one peney cost
To ranfome home renoulted Mortimer.

Hot. Renoulted Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thofe Wounds,
Thofe mouthed Wounds, which valliantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes fleggy banke,
In finge Oppofition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glandower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookees,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his cripe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stain'd with thefe Valiant Combattants.
Never did safe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the Noble Mortimer
Receive fo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be fland red with Renoult.

King. Thou doft bely him Percy, thou doft bely him;
He never did encounter with Glandower:
I tell thee, he durt as well have met the douell alone,
As Owen Glandower for an enemy.
Art thou not afham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you fpeak of Mortimer.
Send me your Prifoners with the fpeediell means,
Or you shall hear in fuch a kinde from me
As will difpleafe ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We License your departure with your fonne,
Send vs your Prifoners, or you'll hear of it.
Exit King.

Hot. And if the douell come and roare for them
I will not fend them. I will after right
And tell him fo: for I will cave my heart,
Although it be with hard of my head.

Nor. What? drunken with choller? Play & paufe awhile,
Here comes your Vnkeele.

Enter Warchefter.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Yes, I will fpeak of him, and let my foule
Want mercy, if I do not owey with him.
In his behalf, Ie empty all these Vines,
And shed my deare blood drop by drop i'th duft,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King.

As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooks.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
War. Who stroke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forfooth) have all my Prifoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my Wiles Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

War. 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 unhappy King
(Whofe wrongs in vs God pardon) did fet forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depo'td, and shortly murthered.

War. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Ltte scandaliz'd, and founly spoken of.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selue did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That with'd him on the barren Mountains haul'd.
But shall it be, that thou that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forfett man,
And for his sake, wore the defeted blot
Of murth'rous suboration? Shall it be,
That you a world of curfes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I defend fo low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this fubrill King.
Shall it for fhame, 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 vnuitl behalfs
(As Both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Tanker Bullingbrooke?
And shall in more fome be falen spoken,
That you are fool'd, discar'd, and shooke off
By him, for whom these thames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time feres, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your fuelles
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the generous and disclaim'd contempt
Of this proud King, who furies day and night
To defier all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Even with the bloody Payment of your deathes:
Therefore I say——

Wer. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclape a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Difcontents,
Ie reade you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to e'wakke a Current, roozing loud
On the vantage footine of a Spence.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or finke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor croffe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more fitures
To rowze a Lyon, then to a fhare.

Nor. Imagination of fome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an eafe leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dive into the bottom of the deepe,
Where Faiomone-line could never touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might wearre
Without Co-rual, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wer. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what hee should attend:
Good Cousin meeke me audience for-a-while,
And lift to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wer. Those fame Noble Scottes
That are your Prifoners.

Hot. Ie keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would faue his Soule, he shall not.

Ilke keepes them, by this Hand.

Wer. You flart away,
And lend no care vnto your purposes.
Those Prifoners you shall keape.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said, he would not fume Mortimer:
Forbid my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will finde him when I lye alcke,
And in his care, Ie holla Mortimer.

Nay, Ie have a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keape his anger still in motion.

Wer. Hearre you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnely defie,
Sauw how to gale and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.

But that I thynke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyfon'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wer. Farewell Kinman: Ie talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Wer. Why why a Walpe-tongu'd & impatient foolo
Art thou, to break into this Womans mood,
Tying thine care to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and flung with Pifmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de've call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouftshire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle York, where I faw bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Rauenpurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Caffe,

Hot. You fay true:
Why what a caudle deals of curtfeis,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Serey, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Dissell take fuch Couseners, God forgive me,
Good Vncle tell you no tale, for I have done.

Wer. Nay, if you have not, too againe,
Woe'll try your yeftime.

Hot. I have done in both.

Wer. Then once more to your Scottish Prifoners.
Deliver them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the Douglas forne your onely mean.

For poures in Scotland: which for divers reasons
Which I shall fende you written, be affir'd
Will eafily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd,
Shall secretly into the boforme creep.
Of that fame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, it is not?

Wer. True, who bears hard
His Brothers death at Brifem, the Lord Scroope.
I speake not this in effimation,
As what I thynke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe.
And onely flays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I fenn it.

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou flall let's flip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke.
To loyne with Mortimer, Ha.
Wor. And to they shall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well sym'd.
Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed.
To face our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our felues as even we can,
The King will always thinke him in our debt.
And thinkes, we thinke our felues vnfeastified,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; wee' ll be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Confine farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shal direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be fadimally:
He steale to Glendonnor, and Jee, Mortimer,
Where you, and Douglass, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne armes,
Which now we hold at much vnceertain,
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.
Hot. Vncl. adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and grones, applaud our sport. exit

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles want's over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Offier?
Of. Anon, anon.
1.Car. I prethee Tom, beste Cats Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the weathers, out of all ceffe.

Enter another Carrier.

2.Car. Peace and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to glie poore Iades the Botten: This house is turned upside downe since Robin the Offier dyed.
1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.
2.Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in all London rode for Fles: I am flung like a Trench.
1.Car. Like a Trench? There is never a King in Chriftendome, could be better bit, then I have bene since the first Cockay.
2.Car. Why, you will allow vs neere a fowrd, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fles like a Loasch.
2.Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two rases of Ginger, to be deliered as farre as Charing-crosse.
1.Car. The Turks in my Pannier are quite swarmed. What Offier? A plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'tt not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee. I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haft no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?
Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.
Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-
ding in the stable.

Gad. I prettree lend me thine.
2.Car. I, when canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry I le 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 Muggs, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?
Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.
Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purse, then giving of direction, both from Labouring. Thou lye't the plot, bow.
Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-Hill, it holds currant that I told you yeasternight. 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 abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.
Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile glue thee this necke.
Cham. No, Ile none of it: I pray thee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of failehood may.
Gad. What talkest thou of to the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Staruding. Tut, there are other Troians that I dream't not of, the which (for sport false) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their own Credit make, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Footland-Rakers, no Long-flatte six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hud'Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquitility; Bourgomers, and great Oneyes, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on herfor they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.
Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in foule way?
Gad. She will,she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Calfie, cocke, stuf: we have the receit of Fern-seede, we walke inuissible.
Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fern-seede, for your walking inuissible.
Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.
Cham. Nay, rather let mee have it, as you are a false Theefe.
Gad. Goa too: Homoe is a common name to all men. Bid the Offier bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye mody Knaue.

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Exeunt.

Scena
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Petru.

Poyne. Comethither, sir, I have rescued Falstaff Horfe, and he frets like agum'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Fal. Poyne, Poyne, and be hang'd Poyne.


Fal. What Poyne. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that Theeuse company: that Falstaff hath removed my Horfe, and tied him I know not where. If I traveled but four foot by the squire further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape for killing that Rogue, I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty yeares, & yet I am with thet with the Rogues company. If the Falstaffe have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll behang'd do not be else: I came drunked Medicines. Poyne, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Petru: Ie barne ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deedee as to drinks, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threefold & ten miles afoot with me: and the foamy-hearted Villsines know it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeuses cannot be true one to another. They Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Give my Horfe you Rogues: give me my Horfe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine ear close to the ground, and lift if thou canst hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? He not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meanes ye to cote me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'm, thou art not colted, thou art uncotled. Ie falsehood good Prince Hal, help me to my horfe, good Kings fone.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Officer?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparent-Carters: If I be tane, Ie peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poiyon: when a left is fo forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poyne. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: Bardolph, what newes?

Bar. Caffe ye, caffe ye; on with your Vizards, there's many of the Kings coming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lea you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauer.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You sall saile front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Poyne. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not Sir John of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. We'll leave that to the proofes.

Poyne. Sirra lacke, thy horfe stands behinde the hedg, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, when we are difguises?

Poyne. Heere hard by Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbour: the boy shall leade our Horfes downe the hill: We'll walke a foot a while, and cafe our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iefu bless vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorison Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vn-done, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vn-done? No ye Fat Chaffers, I would your store were heere. On Bacon, on, what ye knaues? Yong men muft live, you are Grand Jurors, are ye? We'll lye ye ifeth.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Enter the Travellers.

Prin. The Theeuses have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeuses, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weke's, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good left for euer.

Poyne. Stand close, I hear them comming.

Enter Theeuses again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horfes before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not two armed Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no mee valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poyne. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them. They all run away, leaving the boory behind them.

Prin. Got with much eafe. Now merrily to Horfe: The Theeuses are fattened, & poiffeft with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and Lords the leane earth as he walke along: we're not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poyne. How the Rogue pour'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre Jove, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reflect of the lower I bear your house.

He
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he bears our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Cold, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time is selfe unconforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposition. Say you so, tarry you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a jacks-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and confant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited vogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this R scarcall, I could raise him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnkle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not of some of them sent forward already? What a Pagan R scarcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in soe vncertainty of Fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my felse, and go to buffets, for mowing such a dith of skim'd Milk with fo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter bis Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. 

La. My good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence haue I this fortnight bin A banished Woman from my Harris bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy fomacke,pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why doft thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And flart fo often when thou see'st it alone? Why haft thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks? And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy? In my faint-flumber, I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Wares: Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou haft talk'd Of Sallies, and Retreats; Trenches, Tents, Of Palissadoes, Fortresses, Parapets, Of Bastilles, of Canon, Culverins, Of Prifoners ransome, and of Souliers slaine, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre, And thus hath in thy braine so in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath ftoold vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see whe men refraine their breath On some great foadaine haft. O what portents are th'hef? Some heausie buynesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it; else he loue me not. Hot. What ho; is Williams with the Packet gone? Str. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horfes fro the Sheriffe?
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 drink with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast left much honor, that thou werst not with me in this action; but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight fiddles and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this slight addition, Anon, Anon fir, Score a Pint of Baffard in the Half Moon, or fo. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I pray thee do thou stand in some by-rooms, while I question my pump Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Paines. Francis.

Pain. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon fir; looke downe into the Pomargarret, Ralf.

Prin. Come hither Francis.

Pain. My Lord.

Pain. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Poin. Francis.

Pain. Anon, anon fir.

Poin. Five yeares: Berlady a long Leaf for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire pair of heels, and run from it?

Pain. O Lord fir, Ile be sworn upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Pain. Anon, anon fir.

Pain. How old art thou, Francis?

Poin. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I halbe—

Poin. Francis.

Pain. Anon fir, pray you say a little, my Lord.

Pain. Nay but, harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaunest me, 'twas a peniworth, was't not?

Pain. O lord fir, I would it had bene two.

Pain. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Poin. Anon, anon.

Pain. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday; or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Pain. My Lord.

Pain. wilt thou rob this Leathener Jerkin, Chriftall button, Noat-pated, Agar ring, Puke flocking, Cadde garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Pain. O Lord fir, who do you mean?

Pain. Why then your browne Baffard is your onely drinkes : for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will fullie. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

Pain. What fir?

Poin. Francis.

Pain. Away you Rogue, doft thou heare them call?

Here they hath call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Dinner.

Pain. What, stand't thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Poin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Poin.

Enter Poin.

Pain. Anon, anon fir.

Pain. Sirra, Falstaff and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke ye,

What cunning match have you made with this left of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Poin. I am now of all thoses, that have shewed them selves, humors, since the old dayes of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight.

What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Poin. That tuer this Fellow shoule have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is wp-fairies and down-fairies, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that kills me some fixe or feaven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and fakes to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want workes. O my sweete Harry fayes fhe, how many halfe thou kill'd to day? Give my Roane horfe a drench (fayes her) and anwerses, some foventeen, an hour after : a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Draywe shall pay Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, fayes the drumkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Jacke, where haft thou bene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this lifhe long, Ile lowe nether flockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Pain. Didst thou never see Titian kilde a dlish of Butter, pitifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sonne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sacke tootherere is nothing but Rogueery to be found in Villainous manyer: a Coward is worre then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villious Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood,good manhood be not forgoten upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotted Herring : there lies not three good men unhang'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 Weaver, I could fing all manner of with. A plague of all Cowards, I say fall.

Poin. How now Woolfacke, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not bee thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects shore thee like a flcocke of Wilde-geefe, Ile never weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Pain. Why you harfon round man what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poin there?

Poin. Ye fitch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile fhab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile fee thee dam'd ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who fets thy backe : Call you that
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that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give 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 it left.

Falst. All’s one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards fill, say I.

Prince. What’s the matter?

Falst. What’s the matter? here be foure of vs, have ta’n a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is a hundred upon poor 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 hours together. I have scape by miracle. I am eighte times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hoft, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword haske like a Hand-faw, eccc. fegnum. I never 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 villains, and the fonnes of darkneffe.

Prince. Speake fir, how was it?

Gad. We foure fet vpon fome dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at leaff, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elf, an Ebrew lew.

Gad. As we were fhares, fome fixe or feuen freh men fet vpon vs.

Falst. And unbond 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 Radifs: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old Jack, then am I no two-egg’d Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you have not murthermone of them.

Falst. Nay, that’s paft praying: for I haue pepper’d two of them: Two I am fure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, sixt in my face, call me Horfie: thou knoweft my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What foure? thou say’dst but two, even now.

Falst. Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he faid foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thraught at me: I made no more ado, but tooke all their feuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. In, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Poin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falst. Dooe thou hear me, Hal?

Poin. I, and marke thee too, Jack.

Falst. Doo fo, for it is worth the lifting too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Poin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoft.

Falst. Began to give 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 montrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would have it, three mil-be-gotten Knauces, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was fo dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

Poin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybraynd Guts, thou Knotty-pate Foloe, thou Horfon obfence greave Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Poin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou couldst not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs thy reason: what say’st thou to this?

Poin. Come, thy reason Jack, thy reason.

Falst. What, upon compulfion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulfion. Gue you a reason on compulfion? If Reasons were as plente as Black-berryes, I would give no man a Reason upon compulfion.

Poin. I lie no longer guiltie of this finne. This fanguine Cordward, this Bed-preffer, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flefh.


Poin. Well, breath awhile, and then to’t again: and when you haft tyr’d thy felfe in base comparisions, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke lacke.

Poin. We two, faw you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Masteres of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, fet on you foure, and with a word, outfac’d you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the Hoft. And Falsaffe, you caried your Guns away as nimblly, with as quicke dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ranne arando, as euery I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slawe art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou haft done, and then fay it was in fight. What trickes? what deuice? what flaring hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant flame?

Poin. Come, let’s heare Lacke: What trickes haft thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masteres, was it for me to kill the Heire apparent? Should I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Infinick, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinick is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinick: I shall thinke the better of my felfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lawes, I am glad you haue the Monye. Hoftiffe, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lawes, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempory?

Poin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou loue me.

Enter Hoffsffe.

Hoffs. My Lord, the Prince?
Prin. How now my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court doore that would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to your Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Host. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grauite out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answere?

Prin. Prehce do Lache.

Falst. 'Faith, and Ie send him packing. Exit.

Prin. Now Sire, you sought faire; so did you Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon infinit: 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 to haue a hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hacked it with his Dagger, and said, hee would haue sweree truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yes, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-graffes, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweree it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeares before, I blust for to hear his monstrous devises.

Prin. O Villaine, thou foulest a Cup of Sacke eightsene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou haue blust for tempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what infinit hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liures, and cold Purles.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Heere comes leane Lachy, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, Lachy, since thou saw'ft thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waife, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blows a man vp like a Bladder. There's villainous Newes abroad: heere was Sir John Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The fame mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gaued Amamon the Baffinado, and made Lusifer Cockold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call ye him?

Poin. O, Glandower.

Falst. Owen, Owen; the same, 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 speedd, and with a Pitholl kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You have hit it.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report) doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinkes, but in Tears; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fiftie, or (byslady) inclining to three score; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaff: if that man should be lowly givien, hee deceaves mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Tree by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaff: hee keepe with, the reft banilfe. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haft thou become this month?

Prince. Doft thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and lie play my Father.

Falstaff. Depose me: if thou doft it halfe so graciously, so maileftically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-fucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am fet.

Falstaff. And haere I stand: judge my Masters.

Prince. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff. My Noble Lord, from Eaft-cheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falstaff. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falfe: Nay, Ie dille ye for a young Prince.

Prince. Swearst thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee; in the likeness of a fat old Man: a Tanne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunkle of Humors, that Boulling-Hutch of Basillinefe, that twelue Parcell of Dropfies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that fluft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeere; where in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? where in Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falstaff. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou doft.

Falstaff. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pitto) his white hairies doe witness it: but that hee is (fauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a finne, then many an olde Hoft I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be louse. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poyne: but for sweete Jacke Falstaffe, knide Jacke Falstaffe, true Jacke Falstaffe, valiant Jacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Jack Falstaffe, banish him thy Harryses companie, banish not him thy Harryses companie; banish plumes Jacke, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstruous Watch, is at the doore.

Falstaff. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hofteffe.

Hofteffe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle-flick: what's the matter?

Hofteffe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the Houfe, shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Do'th thou heare Hal, never call a true piece of God: Counterfeit: thou art effentially made, without seeming fo.

Prince. And thou a natural Coward, without in-sinick.

Falstaff. I deny your Mafter: 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 Armes, the reft walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conference.

Falstaff. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ie hide me.

Exit.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. 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 imploied him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to anfwere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:

And so let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robberie loft three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd those men, He shall be anfwerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeedy, my Lord, I think it be two a Clocke.

Exit.

Prince. This oyle Ralcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? fog allepcke behind the Armes, and snotling like a Horle.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.

He
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Hotspur, Worc. Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are false, the parties sure, And our intrusion full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you fit downe?

And Vnckle Worcicer, a plague vpon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sir Cousin Percy, fit good Cousin Hotspur:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheeks looke pale, and with a riving figh, He wilheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower speake of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity, The front of Heauen was full of feric shapes, Of burning Crofets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shaks like a Coudard.

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same feason, if your Mothers Cat had but kinne'd, though your selfe had never beene 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 luppote, 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 Nativity. Difaleed Nature oftentimes breakes forth In strange erupctons: and the teeming Earth Is with a kinde of Collick pinch't and vext, By the imprifoning of vunly Winds. Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striaung, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe

Steeples, and moft-grownie Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diftemperature, In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men
1 do not beare these Crossings: Give me leave To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The front of Heauen was full of feric shapes, The Goates ranne from the Mountaunes, and the Heards Were strangelye clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes have markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Lushing, 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 deepie experiments.

Hotsp. I think 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 valltie Deep. 

Hotsp. Why fo can I, or fo 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 Deuill,

By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayle 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 vaporous Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Ballingbrooke made head Against my Power: thricse from the Banks of Wye, And fandy-bottom'd Seuerne, have I hent him Bootleffe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, here's the Mappe:
Shall wee duide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divid'd it Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part a'dvnc'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Cousin, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being seal'd 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 meete your Father, and the Scotch Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,
Nor shall we neede his helpe these foureteen 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 Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must heale, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me crackling in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Castle out.
Ile have the Currant in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deep indent,
To rob me of ro rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but markes how he bears his course,
And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelling the oppossed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and eu'n

Hotsp. Ile have it fo, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not have it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speake it in
Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was tray'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Dittie, lovelly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these fame Meeeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candle-flick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axt-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the fore'cet gate of a flouthing Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile glue thricce so much Land
To any well-defearing friend;
But in the waye of Bargaine,marke ye me,
Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawn? shal we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night;
Ile haue the Writer; and withall,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter Wille runne madde,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.  Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometyme he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a fine-leaf Fysh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulen Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith.  I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the feuellall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word.  O, he is as tedian
As a tyred Horse, a yawling Wife,
Worze then a frowzie Howfe.  I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-Howfe in Chriftendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mydes of Indipia,
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And carres himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does,
I warrant you, that man is not alioe,
Might fo haue tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reprofoe:
But doe not vie of him, how I entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatneffe, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet often times it doth preuent harf Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineffe, Opinion, and Difdaine:
The leaff of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaveth behind a flayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beggulling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am schoole:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wives, and let vs take our leave.

Enter Glendower,with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angeres me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
Glend.My Daughter wipes, the're not part with you,
She'se'll be a Soulard too, the're to the Worres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedie.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she an-
swers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere:
A peevish selfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perfusion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speaks to Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pow'r't down from those swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I anwerve thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kissey, and thou mine,
And that's a feeing difputation:
But I will never 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 speakes againe in Welsh.

Mert. O! I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon 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 pleasant heaviness
; Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis's Tsme
Beginns his Great Progress in the Eaf.

Mert. With all my heart Ie fit, and heare her fing:
By that time will our Bookke, I thinke, be drawnne.

Glend. Doe so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

Hoff. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musickes players.

Hoff. Now I perceive the Deuill understandeth Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Bylady he's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musickall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hoff. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irish.

Lady. Would't have thy Head broken?

Hoff. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hoff. Neather, 'tis a Woman's fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hoff. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hoff. Peace, these fings.

Hear the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hoff. Come, Ile have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good fookh.

Hoff. Not yours, in good fookh?

You swears like a Comft-makers Wife:
Not you, in good fookh; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day;
And guess such Sarcenet fuitette for thy Oates,
As if thou never walk't further then Finsbury.
Swears me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath; and leave in fookh,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hoff. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breft teacher: and the Indentures be drawnne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when ye will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as low,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Bookke is drawnne: we'll but seale,
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mert. With all my heart.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give vs leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it fo,
For some displeasing seruice I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breed Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou doe't in this passions of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punifh my Misreadings. Tell me elfe,
Could such inordinate and low defires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleaures, rude focietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompany the greatneffe of thy blood,
And hold their league with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So pleas your Maiesty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuse,
As weel as I am doubtefull I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofs of many Tales deu'ld,
Which off the Eare of Greatneffe needs to beare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wander'd, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affection, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely loft,
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 expecation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soole of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I do love of my preserence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So flase and cheape to vulgar Company
; Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept layall to perfecion,
And left me in repeteless banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being feldome seene, I could not firkre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
**The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.**

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say, Where, Which is Bullingbroke.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heaven,
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouths,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Perfon fresh and new,
My Prefence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne're feene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldom but fumptuous, shewed like a Feat,
And wonne by rareneffe such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With hollow lefters, and rath Bawin Wits,
Soone kindled, and fpone burnt, cared his State,
Mingled his Royalite with Carping Fools,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gilung Soyes, and in the puff
Of every Beardleffe vaine Comparitive;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfoeft himsfelfe to Populitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surprized with Honey, and began to loathe
The tafte of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be feene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: feene but with such Eyes,
As fickle and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinary Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it fhines feldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-rids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred fuch alcheck
As Cloudie men vs to doe to their aduerfaries,
Being with his prefence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, Harry, flandeft thou:
For thou haft loft thy Princely Prudelie,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awearie of thy common fight,
Saue mine, which hath defir'd to fee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it felle with foolifh tenderneffe.

**Prince.** I flall hereafter, my thriue gracious Lord,
Be more my felle.

**King.** For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France fet foot at Raumpngh ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then though, the shadow of Succession I,
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iwes ;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battales, and to bruinf Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Againft renowned Dougias? whose high Deedes,
Whole hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Hold from all Souldiers chief Maiorite,
And Militiae Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chrift,
Thrice hath the Hotpur Mars, in fwallathing Clothes,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Through Gloucestershire: by which account, Our Bunfinesse valued some twelve dayes hence, Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Bunfinesse: let's away, Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not late away vilely, since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple John. Well, Ile repent and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what tho fhould I have done in the in-fide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horfe, the in-fide of a Church. Company, villainous Company hath beene the fpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are fo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why is there it: Come, finge me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously gien, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, did't not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-houfe not aboue once in a quarter of an house, paid Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; lived well, and in good compaff: and now I live out of all order, out of compaff.

Bard. Why, you are fo fat, Sir John, that you muft needs bee out of all compaff: out of all reasonable compaff, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou beareft the Lanterne in the Poole, but 'tis in the Nofe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, Ile be fhorne: I make as good vfe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memoria. I never fee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Dives that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robe burning, burning. If thou wert any way gien to vertue, I would fhewre by thy Face: my Oath fhould bee, By this Face: But thou art altogether gien over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of olde Darkneffe. When thou ran't vp Oade-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not thinke that thou hadft beene an Ignis fatius, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money, O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an ever-lattening Bone-fire-Light: thou haft fauned me a thousand Markes in Linke and Torch, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareft Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirteene yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

In de. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So fhould I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoftesse.

How now, Dame Parrlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?


Falstaff. Ye lye Hoftesse: Bardolph was thau'd, and loft many a hayre; and Ile be fhorne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoftesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd fo in mine owne houfe before.

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoftesse. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falstaff. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoftesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Falstaff. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoftesse. Hee? alas hee is poor, hee hath no thing.


Hoftesse. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how of, that that Ring was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: if hee were heere, I would cudgel him like a Dogge, if hee would fay fo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falstaff. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Muft we all march?

Bard. Yes, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hoftesse. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What fay'ft thou, Mistrefse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honeft man.

Hoftesse. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Falstaff. Prethee let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What fay'ft thou, Jacke?

Falstaff. The other Night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick't: this Houfe is turn'd Bawdy-houfe, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didft thou lofe, Jacke?

Falstaff. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apiece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hoftesse. So I told him, my Lord; and I fayd, I heard your Grace fay fo: and (my Lord) hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and fayd, hee would cudgel you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoftesse. There's neither Falstaff, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elfe.

Falstaff. There's.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?
Moff. He did, my Lord, these days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyfician.
Moff. I would the fate of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by fickneffe had beene visited:
His health was never better worth then now.
Hotf. Sickce now' droope now' this ficknes doth infect:
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, eu'n to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward fickneffe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not to fome be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay to dangerous and deare a Truth
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he glue vs bold advertisement,
That with our small conjuntion we should on,
To fee how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possibl
Of all our purpofes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers fickneffe is a mayme to vs.
Hotf. A perilous Gaffe, a very Limme loft off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to fet the exact wealth of all our state
All at one Caf? To fet fo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubltfull hour:
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome,and the Soulue of Hope,
The very Lif, the very vtmofit Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dong. Faith, and do wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerence.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrment lies in this.
Hotf. A Randeoues, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deull and Mifchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beeene here:
The Qualite and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuifion: it will be thought
By fome, that know not why he is away,
That wifedom,loyalitie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earie from hence.
And thinke, how fuch an apprehenfion
May turne the tyde of fairefull Faction,
And breede a kind of question in our cafe: for well you know, wee of the offers side,
Mufte keepe aloofe from ftrict arittement,
And flop all fight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reafon may priue in vpon vs:
This abfnence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of fear,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotf. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his abfnence make this vfe:
It lends a Lufure, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earie were here: for men muft thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To pufhell against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topfe-turuye downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our loyntes are whole.

Dong. As heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotf. My Conuf Vernon, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Wemferland, feuen thoufand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince John.
Hotf. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himselfe in perfon hath fet forth,
Or hither-wards intende speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hotf. He shall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World afeide,
And bid it paffe?
Vern. All furnifh, all in Armes,
All plam'd like Eftridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-fummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cubies on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rife from the ground like feathers Mercurie,
And vaulted with such eafe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fiege Pegafus,
And witche the World with Noble Horfemanfhip.
Hotf. No more, no more,
Worfe then the Sunne in March:
This prafile doth nourith Aguæ: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire'ed Maid of smoakie Warr,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar fit
Vs to the cares in blood.
I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is fo nigh,
And yet not ours.
Come, let me take my Horfe
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againft the bofome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horfe to Horfe
Meets, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coatie?
Oh, that Glendomer were come.

Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Wocrife, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteeene dayes.
Dong. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that bears a frostie sound.
Hotf. What may the Kings whole Battallie reach
Vnto?
Ver. To thirty thoufand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and Glendomer being both away,
The powres of vs, may fere fo great a day.
Come, let vs take a mufher speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dong. Taleke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Omnes.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through; we're to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy Labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Exit.

Falst. If I be not aham'd of my Souldiers, I am a sowe't-Gurnet; I Have mis-ved the Kings Preffes damably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and oddie Pounds. I preffe me none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contrated Batchers, fuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: fuch a Commoditie of warme flauces, as had as fieuhe the Deuell, or a Drummie: fuch as fear the report of a Caluer, worne then a struck-foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preffe me none but fuch Toftes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their furuces: And now, my whole Charge confits of Ancientes, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves, as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glutton Doggies picked his Sores: and fuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dif-carded vtuiuft Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, routed Tapsters and Offerers, Trade-false, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that have bought out their furuces: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preffe the dead bodys. No eye hath fene fuch skar-Crowes: I le not march through Coventry with them, that's flat, Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Oyes on; for indeede, I had the molt of them out of Prifon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tacket together, and throwne over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat: without fleeues: and the Shirt, to fay the truth, flaine from my Hoft of S. Albones, or the Red-Nofi Inne-keeper of Dauntrey. But that's all one, they finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Woffmerland.

Prince. How now bloune Jack? how now Quifht?

Falst. What Hal? How now Mad Wag, what a Deuill do'th thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Woffmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Wof. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away all to Night.

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to feale Creame. 

Prince. I thinke to feale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Jack, whose fellowes are thefe that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did neuer fee fuch pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tolle: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'll fee a Fit, as well as better: tuft man, mortall men, mortall men.

Wof. I, but Sir John, me thynke they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their poverie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneffe, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworn, vnleffe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But firr, make haffe, Percy is already in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Wof. Hee is, Sir John, I fee wee shall flay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fraye, and the beginning of a Feaft, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worscifer, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotb. Why fay you fo? lookest he not for supply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotb. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cousin be aduiz'd, firre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dou. You doo not counfale well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no flander, Douglas, by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-repected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counfale with weake feares.
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be fene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dou. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotb. To night, fay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being me of fuch great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certain Horfe
Of my Cousin Vernon are not yet come vp,
Your Vnkle Worscifer Horfe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aleece,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horfe is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotb. So are the Horfes of the Enemie
In generall Journey hasted, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reft.

Wor. The
The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Couns, 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.

Hotf. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Enue your great deferences, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Malefie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath fent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You confrue from the Bref of Chill Peace,
Such bold Hoffiltie, teaching his dudious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good Deferts forgot,
Which he consiffeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and those,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotf. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promife, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnkle, and my selfe,
Did give him that fame Roysttie he weares:
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sickke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him fware, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To fue his Littorie, and begge his Peace,
With tears of Innocencie, and tears of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pity mou'd,
Sware him affiance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd Northumberland did leane to him.
The more and leffe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ftood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Helres, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He prefently, as Greatneffe knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked shore at Rauenfburgh:
And now (for both) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some fruit Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out upon abus'd, fumes to weake,
Ouer his Countries Wrongs; and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the abfen King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloody the Sunne begins to peere Above you busky hill: the day lookes pale At his diemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoſes, By his hollow whitling in the Leaues, Fortels a Template, and a blufts ring day.

King. Then with the louer let it sympathize, For nothing can feeme foule to thofe that win.

Enter Worſefer.

King. How now my Lord of Worſefer? 'Tis not well That you and I should meet upon such tearmes, As now we meet. You have deceiued our truſt, And made vs doffe our eafe Robes of Peace, To cruſh our old limbs in vengeſe Steele: This is not well, my Lord, this is not well. What way you to it? Will you againe vnknit This churlifh knot of all-abhorred Warre? And moue in that obdient Orbe againe, Where you did give a faire and natural light, And be no more an exhallid Meteor, A prodigie of Fear, and a Portent Of broached Mischeffe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege: For mine owne part, I could be well content To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life With quiet houres: For I do protef, I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?

Pal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiſty, to turne your lookes Of Fauncour, from my Selfe, and all our House; And yet I must remember you my Lord, We were the firft, and deareft of your Friends: For you, my trafe of Office did I breake In Richard's time, and poafded day and night To meete you on the way, and kiffe your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account Nothing fo strong and fortune, 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 fwoore to vs, And you did fware that Oath at Doncaſter, That you did nothing of purpose 'gainſt the State, Nor claims no further, then your new-faine right, The feate of Gaunt, Dukedom of Lancaster, To this, we fware our aide: But in short Space, It rain'd downe Fortune showing on your head, And fuch a floud of Greatneffe fell on you, What with our helpes, what with the abften King, What with the injuries of wanton time, The femeing Sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious Windes that held the King So long in the vnvalu'd Irish Warres, That all in England did repute him dead: And from this Swarme of faire advantages, You tooke occasion to be quicke woo'd, To gripe the general way into your hand, Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaſter, And being fed by vs, you ws'd vs fo, As that vngeleſt gull the Cuckowes Bird, Vfeth the Sparrow, did opprefse our Neft, Grew by our Feeding, to fo great a bulke, That enen our Loue durft not come neere your fight For fear of swallowing: But with nimble wing We were infor'd for safety fake, to flye Out of your fight, and rifhe this present Head, Whereby we hand oppofed by fuch means As you your felfe, have forg'd againſt your felfe, By vnkinde vface, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworne to vs in yourner enterprize.

Kin. These things indeede you have articulat, Proclaim'd at Market Crofler, read in Churches, To face the Garment of Rebellion With fome fine colour, that may pleafe the eye Of fitcle Changelings, and poore Diſcontentes, Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes Of hurly burly Innovation: And neuer yet did Infurrection want Such water-colours, to impaint his caufe: Nor moody Beggers, flarving for a time Of pell-mell haucoks, and confufion. Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a foule Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they lyne in trial. Tell your Nephew, The Prince of Wales doth lyne with all the world In praiſe of Henry Percy: By my Hopes, This prætent enterprize fet off his head, I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman, More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong, More daring, or more bold, is now alieue, To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds. For my part, I may speake it to my thame, I have a Tranuit beene to Chialry, And fo I heare, he doth account me too: Yet this before my Fathers Maiſty, I am content that he shall take the oddes Of his great name and emination, And will, to fave the blood on either side, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee Asbeit, confiderations infinite.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: No good Worser, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yes, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rexbute and dread correction wait on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it advisely.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together,
Are confedent against the world in Armes.
King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer we will set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is just.

Enter Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so 's a point of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a Colosbus can doe thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well.
Prin. Why, thou ow'st heaun a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet!: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What needes I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on.
But how if Honour pricks me off when I come on?
How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arme? No:
Or take away the greafe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No.
What is Honour? A word.
What is that word Honour? Ayre:
A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? No. Doth hee hear it? No.
Is it infenible then? yes, to the dead.
But will it not live with the living? No. Why?
Dethration will not suffer it, therefore Ie none of it.
Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechifine.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.


Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal 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 fufpeft vs still, and finde a time.
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our loyes, shall be stuke full of eyes;
For Trafon is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who we're to tame, so cherifht, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde triche of his Ancetors
Looke how he can, or fad or merrily,
Interpretation will miquote our lookes,
And we shall feele like Oxe at a flank,
The better cherifht, till the nearer death.
My Nephew's treffe may be well forgot,
It hath the ezcute of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Ptiulledge,
A haire-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corrupcion 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. Deliver what you will, Ie say 'tis so.
Hence comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Nvkle is return'd,
Deliver 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. Harry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no feeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our graces,
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 hate thrown
A braue defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingaged did heare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales sipt forth before the king,
And Nephew, challenge you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Mounsle. Tell me, tell mee,
How shou'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge erg'd more modestly,
Valeffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercife, and proofe of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praires with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deferuings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praires,
By still dispriasing praires, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cailall 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 pauze. But let me tell the World,
If he out-drive the enuie of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconuerted in his Wantonneffe.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night.
I will imprace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my curtefe.
Armes, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better confider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Can lift your blood vp with perfusion.

Enter a Messenger

**Msf.** My Lord, here are Letters for you.

**Hot.** I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnes safely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dial point,
Still ending at the arriull of an hour,
And if we live, we line to treader on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consequences, the Armes is fair,
When the intent for bearing them is luft.

Enter another Messenger.

**Msf.** My Lord prepare, the King comes on space.

**Hot.** I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whofe worthy temper I intend to thaine.
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.

Now Eperance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Muficke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, some of vs never shall,
A second time do fuch a curtezie.

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entretb
with his power, alarm unto the battall. Then enter
Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

**Blu.** What is thy name, that in battall thus çroffest me?
What honor dost thou fecke upon my head?

**Dow.** Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battall thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

**Blunt.** They tell thee true.

**Dow.** The Lord of Stafford deceare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for in stead of thee King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prifoner.

**Blu.** I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffordes death.

**Ficht.** Blunt is faime, then enters Hotspur.

**Hot.** O Dowglas, hast thou fought at Holmedon thus
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

**Dow.** All's done, all's won, here breathes lies the king
**Hot.** Where?

**Dow.** Here.

**Hot.** This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Sensibly'nd like the King himfelfe.

**Dow.** Ah fool! go with thy foule whether it goes,
A borrowed Titl hath bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

**Hot.** The King hath many marching in his Coats.

**Dow.** Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

**Hot.** Vp, and away,
Our Soulsiers stand full fairely for the day. 

**Fal.** Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere: here's no Scorings, but upon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too; heauen keepes Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150, left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

**Pri.** What, stand't thou idle here? Lend mee thy Iword,
Many a Nobleman likes farke and dritte
Vnder the house of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are vanureng'd. Prethly lend mee thy Iword

**Fal.** O Hal, I prethee giue mee leaue to breathe awhile:
Turke Gregory nieuer did fuch deeds in Armes, as I haue
done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

**Prin.** He is indeed, and lusting to kill thee:
I prethee lend mee thy Iword.

**Ralf.** Nay Hal, if Percy bee alive, thou gettst not my
Sword; but take my Piffoll if thou wilt.

**Prin.** Glie it me: What, is it in the Cafe?

**Fal.** I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

**The Prince draws out a Battle of Sacke.**

**Prin.** What, is it a time to left and daily now.

**Exit.**

**Throwes it at him.**

**Fal.** If Percy be alive, Ie pierce him: if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not fuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Glise mee life, which if I can faue, so; if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and thes an end.

**Exit.**

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, escousours, enter the King, the Prince,
Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy felfe, thou bleedeft too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

**P. Isb.** Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

**Pri.** I beseech your Majefty make vp,
Leaft you retirement do amaze your friends.

**King.** I will do so:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

**Welf.** Come my Lord, he leade you to your Tent.

**Prin.** Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe:
And heauen forbid a shalow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where flain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

**Ioh.** We breath too long: Come cofin Westmerland,
Our dutie this way lies, for heavens fake come.

**Pri.** By heauen thou haft deceu'd me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of fuch a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn;
But now, I do reffe thee as my Soule.

**King.** I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With luffier maintenance then I did looke for
Of no such vngrowne Warriour.

**Prin.** O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.

**Exit.**

**Enter Dowglas.**

**Dow.** Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Dowglas, fatal to all thofe
That weare thofe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitt the perfon of a King?

**King.** The King himfelfe: who Dowglas grievances at hart

So
So many of his shadows thou haft met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy felfe about the Field :
But feeing thou fall'lt on me fo lucilly,
I will affay thee : to defend thy felfe.

'Dom. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou beart thee like a King:
But mine I am fure thou art, where thou be,
And thus I win thee. They fight, the King 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 Shrews, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promifeth, but he means to pay.

They Fight, Douglas fyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholaoe Gaufey hath for succour fent,
And fo hath Clifton I le to Clifton ftraight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haft redeem'd thy loft opinion,
And fhew'd thou make't some tender of my life
In this faire refuce thou haft brouught to mee.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever fayd I heartknew to thy death.
If it were fo, I might have let alone.
The infulting hand of Douglas over thee,
Which would have bene as speedy in thy end,
As all the poyfonous Potions in the world,
And fay'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton, I le to Sir Nicholaoe Gaufey. Exit

Enter Hotfwar.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mormount.

Prin. Thou fpeak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harrie Perie.

Prin. Why then I fee a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To fhare 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. I le make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Cuff,
I le crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. Fight.

Enter Falsaffe.

Fal. Well fayd Hal, to it Hal. Nay you fhall finde no
Boytes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas the fighth with Falsaffe, who falls down
as if he were dead. The Prince killetb Perie.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haft rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then tho'e proud Titles thou haft wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worne, then the fword my flesh:
But thought's the rayce of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes furvey of all the world,
Maketh a top. O, I could profifie.

But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art daft
And food for—

Prin. For Wormes, brave Percy. Farewell great heart:
Illeuen'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did contain a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vileft Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alio fo stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert fenfible of curtefe,
I should not make fo great a fhew of Zeale.
But let me favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my felfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderness.
Athen, and take thy praife with thee to heaven,
 Thy ignomy feepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleshe
Keepes in a little life? Poore Jacke, farewell:
I could have better fpar'd a better man.
O, I fhould have a heavy miffe of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not turcke fo fit a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Perie lye.

Exit.

Falaffe rife ftop vp.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
Twas time to counterfeit; or that hotte Termagent Scott,
had pai'd me fott and lot too.Counterfeit? I am no coun-
terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the coun-
terfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liuest, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life inde-
ede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the
which better part, I haue faved my life. I am afraid of
this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rife? I am afraid hee would
prove the better counterfeit:therefore Ile make him fure:
yea, and Ile fware I kill'd him. Why may not hee rife as
well as I:Nothing confufes me but eyes, and no-bodie
fees me.Therefore fince, with a new wound in thy thigh
come you alome along.

Enter Prince and John of Lancatfer.

Prin. Come Brother John, full bravedly haft thou fleft
thy Maiden fword.

John. But foft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I faw him dead.
Breathlefe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fake that plays upon our eye-fight?
I prethee fpeeke, we will not truft our eyes
Without our cares. Thou art not what thou feem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
If I be not Jacke Falaffe, then am I a Jacke: There is Per-
cy, if your Father will do me any Honor, fo: if not, let him
kill the next Perie himfelfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can affure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my felfe, and faw thee dead.

Fal. Did it thou! Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying! I graunte you I was dowe, and out of Breath,
and fo was he; but we rode both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleed-
ne: fo: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the finne upon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere a-
line, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece
of my fword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e'er I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.

Come
Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gi'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is founded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
To see what Friends are living, who are dead.

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Reve that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
Ile grow leffe? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Wefmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prifners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke. IIlspiritid Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans truft?
Three Knights upon our party flaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elfe,
Had beene alue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety urg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will paufe vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prim. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when hee faw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy flaine, and all his men,
Upon the foot of feare, fled with the rest
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the purfuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace.
I may dispofe of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prim. Then Brother John of Lancastor,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Up to his pleasure, rafomifte and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Credits to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish fuch high deeds,
Even in the bofone of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Wefmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scoopes,
Who(as we here)are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendemer, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of fuch another day:
And since this Buinelle fo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

Exit

FINIS.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the First.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Induction.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmity
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whilst the bigge yeares, twonine with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the fierce Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surrmifes, XIIenoses, Conjectures;
And of so easie, and so pleane a stop,
That the blunt Monyster, with vacuonted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize.
Among my houshold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harrys victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten downe young Hotspur, 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 noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspur, and his Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Steop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This hate I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betwixt the Royall Field of Shrewsbury,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspur, Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sickle. The Poetes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate here? Where is the Earl?
Por. What shall I say you are?
Bar. Tell them the Earl.
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honors, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earl.
Nor. What newes Lord Bardolph? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wide: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.
Nor. Noble Earl, I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
L.Bar. Good, and heauen will.
Nor. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harry slaine out-right: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Dowglas. Yong Prince John,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
Nor. Harry Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir John)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(Who fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsar's Fortunes.
Nor. How is this seru'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I speake with one (my Lord) that came frē thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.
Nor. Heere cometh my Servant 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 retaile from me,
Nor. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes frē you?
Tra.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfravill turn’d me backe
With joyfull tidings; and (being better hos’d)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That topp’d by me, to breath his bloody headed horfe.
He ask’d the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horfe the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heele:
Against the paling sides of his poore Isle
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem’d in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again?

L-Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point
Ie give my Barony. Neuer talkes of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers
Gie then fuch innuances of Loffe ?

L-Bar. Who, he?

He was some hieling Fellow, that had ftole
The Horfe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf, Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Straund, when the Imperial Flood
Hath left a winnow’d Whirlpool.

Say Morton, did’t thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatfefull death put on his vglie Mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteneffe in thy Cheekes
Is ater then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen fuch a man, fo faint, fo spiritleffe,
So dulle, fo dead in looke, fo wo’e-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn’d.
But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report’t it.

This, thou would’st fay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to fop mine Eare indeed):
Thou haft a Sigh, to blow away this Prifon,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is lying, and your Brother, yet;

But for my Lord, your Sonne,

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue Supplication hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Infinité knowledge from others Eyes,
What he feared, is chance’d. Yet Speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Deuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me fuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gain’d:

Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.
I fee a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou haft’t thy head, and hold it Fear, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be faine, fay fo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth finne that doth belys the dead:
Not he, which fayes the dead is not alioe:
Yet the first bringer of welcome Newes
Hath but a loofing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever 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 beleue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not feene.
But thefe mine eyes, faw him in bloody fate,
Rend’ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath’d)
To Henry Mor. How, whose whole wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,
From whence(with life) he neuer more sprung vp.
In few; his death (whole spirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleffe Peasant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heat away
From the beft temp’d Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party fee’d;
Which once, in him abated, all the reft
Turn’d on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that’s heavy in it felfe,
Upon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede;
So did our Men, heavy in Hope, to loffe,
Lend to this weight, fuch lightsomeffe with their Fear, That Arroies fled not fwiverter toward their ayme, Then did our Soldiers (syning at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcefter
Too foone the Prisoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring Word
Had threes times shone th’appearance of the King,
Can vaile his Romacke, and did grace the fame
Of tho’fe that turn’d their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Fear, was tooke. The Summe of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
A speedie power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduc’t of yong Lancaster
And Wefameland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne.
In Poyfon, there is Phyliffe: and this newes
(Having beene well) that would have made me fickes,
Being ficker, have in fome measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like strengthleffe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire.
Out of his keepers Arms: Ethe, for my Limbes
(Weakned with griefe) being now inrag’d with greefe,
Are thrice themefelves. Hence therefore thou nice cruftch,
A scallie Gautlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muf’t glowe this hand. And hence thou sickly Quipte,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, flep’d with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approache
The ragged’lt house, that Time and Spath dare bring
To frowne vpon th’enrag’d Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiffe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Kepe the wilde Flood confin’d: let Order dye,
And let the worlde no longer be a stage
To feede Contention in a ling’ring Act:
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

Reigne
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Reigne in all boomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Coures, the rude Scene may end,
And darknes be the buryer of the dead. (Honor.

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisdom from your
Mur. The lives of all your loving Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you glue-o're
To forny Passion, must perfume decay,
You call the event of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And fumm'd the account of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your preformazise,
That in the dale of bloues, your Son might drop.
You know 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 capabes
Of Wounds, and Scares; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could refraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befaine?
Or what hath this bold enterprise 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 such 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 repect of likely peril feared,
And since we are o're-let, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mur. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop 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 Corpse,
But shadowes, and the firewes of men to fight.
For that fame word (Rebellion) did diluide
The action of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fifh are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd Encens, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Telm them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Galping for life, ynder great Bullying brookes,
And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell every man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Potts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer too few, nor neuer yet more need. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faies the Doc'tor to my water?
Page. He saide fir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
waterbut for the party that ow'd it, he might have more
diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then
I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not only witty in my
fells, but the caufe that wit is in other men. I doe here
walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reason, then to fet mee off, why then
I have no judgement. Thou horion Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be wornie in my cap, then to wait at my heels.
I was never man'd with an Agot till now, but I wil fette
thee nother in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vices apparell,
and lend you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewel. The
Jaunson (the Prince your Master) whose Chit is not yet
fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grown in the Palme
of him, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will
not fiche to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finch it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as
if he had writ manuer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I will assure him. What said M.Dombledon, about
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Page. He said fir, you should procure him better Affu-
rance; then Bardofe: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
lik'd not the Securitie.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horion Abhicher; a rascheley-yes-
for tooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and
then fland upon Security? The horion smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and banches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
net Taking-yp, then they must fland upon Security: I
had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offert to foppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have
sent me two and twenty ydands of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may flEEP
in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and
the lightneffe of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he fee, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him.

Where's Bardofe?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horpe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and he'll buy mee a horpe
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wind'd.

Enter Chiefes Justice, and Seruant.

Page. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for strikling him, about Bardofe.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good service
at Shrewsbury; and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord John of Lancaster.


Ser. Sir John Falstaffe.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Page. You must speake lower, my Master is deafe.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. What a yong knaue and beg? Is there not ware?
and there not Impelemt? Doth not the K. lack subiects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on
on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knight-hood and your Souldiership aside, and give mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a side that which grows to me? If thou get't a leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ft leaue, thou wert better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Inft. Sir John Falsaffe, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by acuau. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relihi of the fatinesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reuerend care of your health.

Inft. Sir John, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Majestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Inft. I talke not of his Majestie: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highness is faine into this fame whorfon Apoplexi.

(you)

Inft. Well, heauen med him, I pray let me speake with Fal. This Apoplexi is as I take it a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a horzon Tingling.

Inft. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much grasse: from study and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deafnesse.

Inft. I think you are faine into the difafe: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you it is the difafe of not Lifting, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Inft. To punish you by the heeces, would amend the attention of your ears, & care not if I be your Physician.

Fal. I am as poore as Inft, my Lord; but not fo Patient: your Lordship may minifter the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Povereie: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Inft. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then advisd by my learned Counsell, in the lawes of this Land-feruice, I did not come.

Inft. Wely, the truth is (for Inft) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leefe.

Inft. Your Meanes is very slender, and your waft great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waft flenderer.

Inft. You have milled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath milled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Inft. Well, I am loth to call a new-heal'd wound: your daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gleded over your Nights exploite on Gads-hill. You may thank the

vaquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

(Wolf.)

Inft. But since all is wel, keep it for wake not a sleeping.

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smel an Fox.

Inft. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wafell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow if I did

fay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inft. There is not a white hair on your face, but thole have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of grasy, grasy, grasy.

Inft. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his eull Angel.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angel is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon me, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these Cotomongers, that true valor is turn'd Bearer-heard. Pregnan-

cie is made a Tapfer, and hath his quickie wit wafted in giving Recknungs: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age flapes them:) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-

uers, with the bitternes of your gals: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggis too.

Inft. Do you let downe your name in the scrowe of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Have you not a moift eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? white head? a decreasing leg? an increasng belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde fhort? your wit fingle? and every part about you biffed with Anti-

quity? and will you cal your yole yong? By fy, fy, fy, sir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-

thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue left it with hal-

lowing and finging of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely old in judge-

gment and vnderstanding: and he that will caver with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of theare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fen-

ible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion rep-

sents: Marry not in ahes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Inft. Wely, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Haue send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Inft. Wely, the King hath fomer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, a-

gainst the Archibishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I haue taken your pretty sweet wit for it: but looks you pray, (all you that kiffe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies joyne not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meanes not to sweat extraordinaire: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white again: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruft upon it. Well, I cannot laft euer.

Inft. Wely, be honeft, be honeft, and heauen blewe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Inft. Not a penie, not a penye: you are too impatient to bee crofies. Fare you well. Command mee to my Cofin Welfmerland.

Fal. If I do, fille me with a three-man Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetoufnesse, then he can part yong limbs and jerbery: but the Gowt galles the

one,
To make the reader understand the text better, here is the formatted version:

**The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.**

one and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curles. 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 bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Wftermerland, and this to old Mitris Ofyafa, whome I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gove, or a Gown of this Poxe: for the one or thother plays the-rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the varres for my colour, and my Pension fall feeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne difeases to commodity.

**Scena Quarta.**

Enter Archbishops, Hastings, Monbray, and Lord Bardolf.

**Ar.** Thus haue you heard our caules, & kno our Means:
And my moft noble Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

**Mnr.** I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Means) we shold advance our selues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puifance of the King.

**Hafs.** Our present Muf ters grow vpon the File
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, lue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose boforme burnes
With an incend 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:

**Hafs.** 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 shold not step too farre
Till we had his Afliftance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fad’t, as this,
Conicature, Expection, and Surmife
Of Aydes incertaine, shold not be admitted.

**Arch.** ‘Tis very true Lord Bardolf, for indeed
It was yong Hotfurter cafe, at Shrewsbury.

**L.Bar.** It was (my Lord) who lin’d himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promife of Supply,
Plafting himselfe with Proteft of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallit of his Thoughts,
And fo with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,

**Hafs.** But by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and forms of hope.

**L.Bar.** Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the infant action: a caule on foot,
Lies so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We fee th’appearing buds, which to proue fruites,
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Difpaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first surveu the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then muft we rate the cost of the Ereccion,
Which if we finde out weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a newe the Modell
In fewer oflices? Or at leaft, defit
To build at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) shold we purpose
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Content upon a sure Foundation:
Question Surveyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposites? Or else,
We fritie in Paper, and in Figures,
Ving the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the Modell of a houfe
Beyond his power to build it; who(halfe through)
Giues o’re, and leaves his part-creat Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And wafe, for churlif Winter tyrannize.

**Hafs.** Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be full-borne: and that we now posleft
The vtmoft man of expecation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Even as we are) to equalle with the King.

**L.Bar.** What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

**Hafs.** To vs no more: may not to much Lord Bardolf,
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 vnforme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers found
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

**Ar.** That he should draw his feuerall strengths together
And come against vs in full puifance
Need not be dreaded.

**Hafs.** If he shold do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm’d, the French, and Welch
Buying him at the hecles: never feare that.

**L.Bar.** Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

**Hafs.** The Duke of Lancaster, and Wftermerland:
Against the Welsh himefelfe, and Marrie Monmouth.
But who is substitu’d ‘gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.

**Arch.** Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is fickle of their owne Choice,
Their over-greedy loue hath fussetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnfaue
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applaufe
Did’st thou beate heauen with bleffing Bullingbrooke,
Before he was, what thou wold’st haue him be?
And being now trimm’d in thine owne desires,
Thou (beafily Feeder)art fo full of him,
That thou provou’st thy felfe to caft him vp.

**So, so.** (thou common Dogge) did’st thou digorgre
Thy gutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,
And now thou wold’st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And how’st it finde it.

**Ar.** What truth is in these Times?
They, that when Richard liv’d, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour’d on his graue.
Thou that threw’st durt upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came fighing on,
After th’admirel heaces of Bullingbrooke,
Crie now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurd'!
"Fals, and to come, seemes best; things Present, worst.
May. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hafl. We are Times subject, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hofteff, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hofteff. Mr. Fang, have you entred the Action?
Fang. It is enter'd.
Hofteff. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Hofteff. I, I, good M. Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Hof. I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives, he will fab
Hofteff. Alas the day: take heed of him: he flabd me
in mine owne house, and that most baflly: he cares not
what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
foyne like any dwuell, he will spare neither man, woman,
or child.
Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrift.
Hofteff. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fift him once? he come but within my
Vice.
Hof. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
infinite thing upon my score. Good M. Fang hold him
fure good M. Snare let him not flape, he comes continu-
antly to Py-Corner(faving your manhoods) to buy a fiddle,
and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, since
my Exon is enter'd, and my Cafe, to openly known to the
world, let him be brought in to his answer. A man is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue
borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and
fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a flame to
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, what
a woman should be made an Affe and a Beast, to beare e-
very Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph. Yonder he comes, and that array Malmefey-Nofe Bardolfe 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 John, I arreft you, at the suit of Mift. Quickly.
Fal. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the
Villaines head: throw the Queene in the Channel.
Hof. Throw me in the channel? Ile throw thee there.
Wilt thou wilt thou thou barringly rogue. Murder, murder,
O thou Hony-fuckle villain, wilt thou kill Gods of-
ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-fed Rogue, thou art
a hony-fed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Fal. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang, A refcu, a refcu.
Hof. Good people bring a refcu. Wilt thou not? thou
wilt not, Do thou Rogue: Do thou Humped.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallion, you Fufil-
I. What's the matter? Keppe the Peace here, hoa.
Hof. Good my Lord be good to mee. I befeech you
stand to me.
Ch. Justice. How now sir John? What are you brailing here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?
You should have bene well on your way to Yorke.
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ft upon him?

Hof. Oh my moft worshipfull Lord, and't please your
Grace, I am a poore widowe of Eastcheap, and he is ar-
eted at my suit.
Hof. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights,
like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have
any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Justice. How comes this, Sir John? By, what a man
of good temper would endure this tempeffe of exclama-
ation? Are you not affam'd to informe a poore Widdowe to do
rough a coure, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the groffe fumme that I owe thee?

Ch. Justice. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy felfe, &
the mony too. Thou didst swear to mee upon a parcell
gilt Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
table, by a fee-coule fire, on Wednesday in Whilton week,
when the Prince brooke thy head for liking him to a fing-
ing man of Windfor; Thou didst swear to mee then (as
I was washing thy wound) to marry mee, and make mee
my Lady thy wife. Canft thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech
the Butchers wife come in then, and call me golpi Quick-
ly comimg in to borrow a meffe of Vinegar: telling vs,
she had a good dole of Prawness: whereby, she didnt defire
to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
flaires) defire me to be no more familiar with such poore
people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
And did't thou not fife mee, and bid mee fetch thee 30. 
I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad foule: and the feyes
vp & downe the town, that her eldref fon is like you. She
hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath diftra-
ced her: but for these foolish Officers, I befeech you, I
may haue redresse against them.

I. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your
maner of wrenching the true caufe, the fals way. It is not
a confident brow, nor the throng of worde, that come
with such (more then impudent) fawcines from you, can
thrife me from a leuell confideration, I know you ha pra-
clis'd vp to the eafe-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hof. Yes in truie my Lord.

I. Prerthee peace:pay her the debt you owe her, and
vpvay the villany you have done her: the one you may do
with fering mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this fheare without
reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcines: If a man 
will curte, and fay nothing, he is verious: No, my
Lord(your humble duty rememderd) I will not be your
fator. I fay to you, I defire deliureance from these Officers
being vpon haftie employment in the Kings Affaires.

I. You speakes, as hauing power to do wrong: But
answer in the effect of your Reputation, and falsifie the
poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hofteff. Enter M. Gower.
Ch. Justice. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: The reft the Paper telles.


Fal. Nay, you said fo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it

Hof. By this Heavenly ground I trend on, I must be
faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Taplery of my
dying Chambers.

Fal.
Fal. Glassie, glasse, is the only drinking: and for thy waile a pretty sight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapierties. 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, walk thy face, and draw thy Action. Come, thou must not bee in this humour with mee come, I know thou was’t set on to this.

Hoft. Pretherc (Sir John) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to powne my Plate, in good earneft is.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you’ll be a fool still.

Hoft. Well, you shall have it although I powne my Gowne. I hope you’l come to Supper: You’ll pay me altogether?


Hoft. Will you haue Doll Tearing meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let’s have her.

Ch. Inpt. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What’s the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inpt. Where lay the King last night?

Mst. At Bal“fizoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all’s well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inpt. Come all his Forces backe?

Mst. No: Fifteen hundred Foot, foure 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 Lord?

Ch. Inpt. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Mr. Gower.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Inpt. What’s the matter?

Fal. Mafter Gower, shall I extreate you with mee to dinner?

Gem. I must waite upon my good Lord here.

I thank you,good Sir John.

Ch. Inpt. Sir John, you loyster here too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with mee, Mafter Gower?

Ch. Inpt. What foolish Mafter taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Mafter Gower, if they become mee not, here was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the Right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Inpt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Powst, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not haue attach’d one of so high Blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatneffe to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to desire small Beer?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so looseuly 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 Beer. But indeede these humble considera-
tions make me out of love with my Greatneffe. What a difgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pairs of Silk Rockings & hand? (Viz. these, and these that were thy peach-colour’d ones;) Or to bear the Inuentorie of thy things, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vie. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebe of Linnen with thee, when thou keipt’st not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Counties, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it follows, after you have labour’d so hard, you should takle so idely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so fickle, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Powst?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall ferue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the puth of your one thing, that you’ll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is fikke: 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, upon such a subject.

Prin. Thou think’st me as farre in the Duels Booke, as thou, and Palaffe, for ob durbarie and persistance. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart blest inwardly, that my Father is so fikke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all osten-
tation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would’t thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blest Fellow, to thinke as every man thinke: never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocriteindeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lowde, and so much ingraffed to Palaffe.

Prin. And to thee.

Powst. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine owne eares: the word that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and these two things I confesse I canot helpe. Look, looke, here comes Bardelfe.

Prin. And the Boy that I gav Palaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat Vllian have not trans form’d him Apo.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saw ye your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

Poin. Come you pernicious Art, you bawfull 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 Potliss-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call’d me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window.

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The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M. Doll Teare-flute.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinwoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ie follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-flute should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaff befall himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seen?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull! A heauie declension! It was Jous cafe. From a Prince, to a Prentisce, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter. Northumberland his Lady, and Harris his Ladie.

North. I prethee Iowing Wife, and gentle Daughter, Giv an euon way unto my rough Affairs: Put not you on the vifage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome. Wife. I have given over, I will speake no more, Do what you will: your Wifedome, be your guide. North. Ah Nas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing can redeeme it. La. Oh yet, for heavenes sake, go not to these Wars; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were more endeuer'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 perfom'd you to stay at home? There were two Honors lick: Yours, and your Sonnes. For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it: For His, it stoke upon him, as the Sunne In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light Did all the Cheualerie of England moue To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselues. He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate: And speaking thicke (which Nature made him blemish) Became the Accents of the Valiant. For those that could speake low, and tardily, Would turene their owne Perfection, to Aboye, To frame like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, In Diet, in Affections of delight, In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Mark, and Glasse, Copp, and Booke, 
That fasion'd others. And him, O wondrous him, 
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave 
(Second to none) vn-seconed by you, 
To looke vp on the hidgeous God of Warre, 
In dif-advantage, to abide a field, 
Where nothing but the found of Hopturj Name 
Did fome defendible: 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 Hopturj Necke) 
Hauve talk'd of Monmouth's Graue. 
North. Beshrew your heart, 
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me, 
With new lamenting ancient Ouier-fights. 
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there, 
Or it will feeke me in another place, 
And finde me worse provided. 
Wife. O Rye to Scotland, 
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons, 
Hau of their Puffance made a little tale. 
Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King, 
Then loyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele, 
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our lous, 
First let them trie themclues. So did your Sonne, 
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow: 
And neuer hall haue length of Life enough, 
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes, 
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heaven, 
For Recordation to my Noble Husband. 
North. Come come, go in with me; this with my Minde 
As with the Tyde, Iuell'd vnto his height, 
That makes a still-fland, running neyther way. 
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop, 
But many thousand Reafons hold me backe. 
I will refole for Scotland: there am I, 
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

2. Draw. Thou say'ft true: the Prince once set a Dift of Applejohns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of thee; fixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forget that. 
1. Draw. Why then cower, and fet them dowe, and see if thou canst finde out Sneaker Noise; Milthia Towne- 
feeet would faine have some Musique. 
2. Draw. Sircha, heere will be the Prince, and Master 
Pointe-anon: and they will put on two of our ferkins, 
and Aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph 
hath brought word. 
1. Draw. Then here will be old Fid: it will be an excellent stratagem. 

2. Draw. Ile see if I can finde out Sneaker. 

Enter Hoftaffe, and Dol. 

Hoft. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperallity: your Fulside beates an extraordinary, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose. But you have drunk too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous search- 
ing Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say 
what's this. How doe you now? 
Dol. Better then I was: Hem. 
Hoft. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth 
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir John. 

Enter Falstaffe. 

Falstaff. When Arther first in Court—(emptie the Iordan) 
and was a worthy King; How now Miftir Dol? 
Falstaff. 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? 
Falstaff. You make fat Rascalls, Mistifs Dol. 
Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diseases make 
them, I make them not. 
Falstaff. If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you helpe to 
made the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch 
of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that. 
Dol. I marry, our Chatines, and our Jewells. 
Falstaff. Your Brooches, Pearies, and Oweches: For to 
serue bravely, is to come halting off: you know, to come 
of the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surge- 
rie bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers 
bravely. 
Hoft. Why this is the old fasion: you two neuer meet, 
but you fall to some discord: you are both (in 
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toffes, you can- 
not one bear with another Conformities. What the 
good-yeare? One must bear, and that must bee you: 
you are the weaker Veffell; as they say, the emptier 
Veffell. 
Dol. Can a weake emptie Veffell bear such a huge 
full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture 
of Bardeaux-Stuffe in him: you have not scene a Hulk 
better stuffd in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee 
Jacke: Thou art going to the Warre, and whether I 
shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body 
cares. 

Enter Draw. 

Draw. Sir, Ancient Piftall is below, and would 
speake with you. 

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not 
come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in Eng- 
lant. 
Hoft. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must 
live amongst my Neighbours, Ile no Swaggerers: I am 
in good name, and fame, with the very belt: shut the 
doors, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not 
ilid all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the 
doors, I pray you. 
Falstaff. Do't thou heare, Hostiffe? 
Hoft. Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir John) there comes 
no Swaggerers here. 

Falstaff. Do't
Fal. Do't thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally(Sir John) meuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores, I was before Master Tjick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee;) Master Dombe our Minifter, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee) receiuwe thofe that are Ciuill; for (fayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee fayd fo, I can tell whereupon: for(fayes hee) you are an honfet Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Guefts you receiue: Receiue (fayes hee) no fwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would beleeve you to heare what hee fayd. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Fal. Hee's no Swaggerer(Hoefe: la tame Chester, hee: you may froke him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not fwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her fathers turne backe in any fiew of refifance. Call him vp (Drauer.)

Hof. Chester, call you him ? I will barre no honeft man my houfe, nor no Chester: but I doe not loue fwaggering; I am the worse when one fayes, fwagger: Feele Matters, how I shakke looke you, I warrant you.

Del. So you doe, Hoefe.

Hof. Doe I ? yes, in very truth doe I, if it were an Ap- pen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

**Enter Pifol, and Bardolph and his Boy.**

Pif. *Saeue you, Sir John.*

Fal. Welcome Ancient Pifol. Here(Pifol)I charge you wit a Cup of Sacke: doe you difcharge vpion mine Hoefe.

Pif. I will difcharge vpion her (Sir John) with two Bulles.

Fal. She is Pifoll-proofe (Sir) you fhall hardly of- fend her.

Hof. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans plefure, I.

Pif. Then to you (Miftris Doratius) I will charge you.

Del. Charge me ? I fcorne you (fcurious Companion) what? you poore, base, rafcall, cheating, Jacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Mafter.

Pif. I know you, Miftris Doratius.

Del. Away you Cut-purfs Raffall, you slyng Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knifes in your mouldie Chappes,if you play the fawie Cottle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raffall, you Basket-hilt fide Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pif. I will murther your Rufte, for this.

Pif. No, good Captaine Pifol: not here, sweete Captaine.

Del. Captaine? thou abominable dann'd Chester, art thou not afam'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for tak- ing their Names vpon you, before you have eared them. You a Captaine? you flauze, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Rufte in a Bawdy-houfe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lies vpon mouldie fteaw'd-Prunes, and dry'd de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and tenne times better than the nine Worshie : ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will toile the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'ft, Ie canus thee between a pair of Sheeters.

Enter Musicque.

Page. The Musicque is come, Sir.


Dol. And thou follow'dst him like a Church: thou, whorfon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and founing on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

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 have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say Poins hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboono, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksbury Muffard: there is more concom in him, then, is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quots well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles' ends for Flap-tragons, and rides the Wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon Joynd-flooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge: and breedes no bate with telling of difcreete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weak 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 betweene their Haber-de-peis.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poins. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Look ye, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeares out-line performance?

Fal. Kiffe me Dol.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeare in Conjunction? What fayes the Almanack to that?

Poins. And looke whether the ferie Trigon, his Man, be not lifing to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Council-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ft give me flatt'ring Buffles.

Dol. Nay truly, I kiffe thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a sturrie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kistle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have 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 let me a weaving, if thou say'ft so: proue that ever I dresse my felte handlome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Prince. anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Some of the Kings? And art not thou Poines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'th thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. True, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoof. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorfon mad Compound of Malefices: by this light Fleth, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Poole, I finde you.

Poins. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reuenue, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorfon Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honeft, vertuous, civil Gentlemen?

Hoof. Blessing on your good heart, and so thee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear 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 waft within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abufe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abufe (Hall) on mine Honor, no abufe.

Prince. Not to dispayle me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abufe (Hall.)

Poins. No abufe?

Fal. No abufe (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none. I dispayled him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abufe (Hall) none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is thee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burns in his Nofe) of the Wicked?

Poins. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irreconcileable, and his Face is Lucifer's Priu-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but roat Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deull outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell alreadye, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoof. No, I warrant you.
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 which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoist. All Vietnamners doe so: What is a Joyn of Mutton, or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What fayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace fayes that, which his fighs rebells against.

Hoist. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Look to the doore there, Prance?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Poites, 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 every one for Sir John Falstaffe.

Prince. By Heaven (Paines) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophanse the precious time, When Tempell of Commotion,like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Dol. Glue me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaff, good night.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morrell of the night, and wee muft hence, and leave it unpickt: More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, A dozen Captaines fay at doore for you.

Falst. Pay the Multifins, Sirrah: farewell Hollesse, farewell Del. You fee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndereruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not fent away poife, I will fee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burft— Well (sweete Tacke) have a care of thy felle.

Falst. Farewell, farewell.

Hoist. Well, fare thee wel: I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeares, come Pecof-tide: but an honester, and truer-hearted man—- Well, fare thee wel.


Hoist. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miftres Tress-fleet come to my Master.

Hoist. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth. 85

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects
Ave at this howre asleep? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness?

Why rather (Sleepe) left thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vnenci Pallads stretching thee,
And hauleth with buffing Night, eyes to thy fumer,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?

Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?

O thou dull God, why lefte thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Beds, and leau'd the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-cafe, or a common Lorum-Bell?

Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maff,
Scale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,

And in the vifitation of the Windes,
Who take the Russian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monfrous heads, and hanging them
With desaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hours rude:

And in the calmeft, and most fift left Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,

Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowes, eye downe,
Vnveafe eyes the Head, that weares a Crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maieftie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paff.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I fent 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 deftemp'd,

Which to his former strength may be retor'd,

With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will becoome soe finde.

King. Oh, Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And fee the revolution of the Times,

Make Mountains lean, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenref) melt it selfe:

Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee

The beachi Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptune hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not teene yeeres gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feate together; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This Percie was the man, neceret my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affairs,

And layd his Love and Life vnder my foot:

Yes, for my fake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defance. But which of you was by
(You Coulin Nectis, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of tears,
(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)

Did speake these words (now proud a Prophecie)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

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 thefe Letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. Exit.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence : with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your Hand, Sir; give mee your Hand, Sir: an early firrer, by the Rood: And how doth my good Coufin Silence? Sil. Good-morrow, good Coufin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Coufin, your Bed-fellow? and your fayre Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a blacek Ouzell (Coufin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare fay my Coufin William become a good Scholler; hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inn ; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shalow yet.

Sil. You were call'd luffie Shalow then (Coufin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bore, and Francis Pick-longs, and Will Squill a Cot-fal-man, you had not foure such Swinge-backers in all the Innes of Court agains : And I may say, wee knew where the Siena-Stocks were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaffe (now Sir John) a Boy , and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir John (Coufin.) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very fame: I saw him breakc Scaggan's Head at the Court-Station, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fife, a Fruiter, behind Growen-Inne. Oh the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Coufin.)

Shal. Certain: 'tis certain: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Payre?

Sil. Truly Coufin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see; hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shooe. John of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Cloew at Twelve-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foureeteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would have 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.

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir John Falstaffe's Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I befeech you, which is Justice Shalow?

Shal. I am Robert Shalow (Sir) a poore Equirer of this Countie, and one of the Kings Acquaintes of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Coufin (Sir) commends him to you: my Coufin, Sir John Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a moft gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greettes me well: (Sir) he knew a good Back-Sward-man. How doth the good Knight? May I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it is: good phrasers be sure, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda: with good, a good Phraze.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraze call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraze 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
whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very iuelt: Lookke, heere comes good Sir
John. Gibe me your hand, give me your Worships good
hand: Truft me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
very well. Welcome, good Sir John.
Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good M. Robert Shall-
low: Master Sure-card as I thinke. I
Shal. No sir John, it is my Cofin Silence: in Commissi-
on with mee.
Fal. Good M. Silence, it well beest you should be of
the peace.
Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.
Fal. Yfe, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?
Shal. Marry haue we fir: Will you fit?
Fal. Let me fee them, I befeech you.
Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee: fo, fo, fo, fo:
yea marry Sir. Rape Mouldie: let them appeare as I call:
let them do fo, let them do fo: Let mee fee, Where is
Mouldie?
Mould. Heere, if it plesse you.
Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fel-
low: yong, strong, and of good friends.
Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?
Mould. Yes, if it plesse you.
Shal. 'Tis the more time thou wart va'd.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke ve: very angular good. Well faide Sir John, very
well faide.
Fal. Prick me. 
Mould. I was prickt well enough, before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vnDone now, for
one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgerie; you need
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I.
Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie,
it is time you were spente.
Mould. Spent?
Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other fir John: Let me fee: Simon
Shadow.
Fal. I marry, let me haue him to fit vnder: he's like to
be a cold foullier.
Shal. Where's Shadow?
Shed. Heere fir.
Fal. Shadow, whose fonne art thou?
Shed. My Mothers fonne, fir.
Fal. Thy Mothers fonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: fo the fonne of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male: it is often fo indeede, but not of the Fathers
substance.
Shal. Do you like him, fir John?
Fal. Shadow will servae for Summer: pricke him: For
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Mutter-
Bookes.
Shal. Thomas Wart?
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Heere fir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yes fir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vp
on his backe, and the whole frame standes vpon pins:prick
him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I
commend you well.
Francis Feeble.
Feeble. Heere fir.
Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?
Feeble. A Womans Taylor fir.
Shal. Shall I pricke him, fir?
Fal. You may:
But if he had beene a mants Taylor, he would have prick'd
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
tale, as thou haue done in a Womans petticoate?
Feeble. I will doe my good will fir, you can have no
more.
Fal. Well fiad, good Womans Tailour: Well fayde
Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as vallant as the wrath-
full Dove, or moft magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the wo-
mans Tailour well Master Shallow, deepe Master Shall-
low.
Feeble. I would Wart might have gone fir.
Fal. I would thou went a mants Tailor, that I might
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a
private foullier, that is the Leader of fo many thou-
fands. Let that suffice, moft Forcible Feeble.
Feeble. It shall suffice.
Fal. I am bound to thee, renewre Feeble. Who is the
next?
Shal. Peter Bucalfe of the Greene.
Fal. Yea marry, let vs fee Bucalfe.
Bul. Heere fir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bu-
calfe till he roare againe.
Fal. Ho, good my Lord Captaine.
Fal. What? do'th thou roare before th'art pricke.
Bul. Oh fir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What diseaseth haue thou?
Shal. A whorson cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught
with Ringer in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
day, fir.
Fal. Come, thou shalt goe 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?
Shal. There is two more called then your number:
you must haue but foure heere fir, and fo I pray you goe in
with me to dinner.
Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to fee you in good trouth, Master
Shallow.
Shal. O sir John, doe you remember since wee lay all
night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.
Falstaffe. No more of that good Master Shallow: No
more of that.
Shal. Ha, was it a merry night. And is Jane Night-
woke alioe?
Fal. She lyes, M. Shallow.
Shal. She never could away with me.
Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would always fay fhee could
not abide M. Shallow.
Shal. I could anger her to the heart: fhee was then a
Bona-Roba. Dote the hold her owne well.
Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.
Shal. Nay, the must be old, she cannot choose but be
old: 
old: certain she's old: and had Robin Night-workes, by old Night-workes before I came to Clements Inn.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeares agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that, that this Knight and I have seen: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falst. Wee have heard the Chymea at mid-night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That wee have, that wee have; in faith, Sir John, wee have: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyce. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee have seen. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine owne part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my offence, Dames fake, stand my friend: she hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help her selfe: you shall have fortieth, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Fleeb. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will never beare a base minde: if it be my defini- fio: if it be not, so: no man is too good to crie 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.

Fleeb. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calfe.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which foure will you have?

Falst. Do you chuse for me?

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Fleebie, and Shadow.

Falst. Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past service: and for your part, Bull- calfe, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you serv'd with the bell.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulk, and bigge affiance of a man? give mee the spirit (Master Shallow.) 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, twifter then hie that gibbons on the Brewers Bucket. And this fame halfa-fac'd fellow, Shadow, give me this man: hee pretends no marke at the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Refurt, how swiftly will this Fleebie, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warts band, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerce: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, leane, old, chop'ed, bald Shot. Well said Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tefter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arturus Show: there was a little quirer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peace thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee lay, Bownce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall never fee such a fellow.

Falst. These fellows will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, give the Soulinders Coates.

Shal. Sir John, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affairs, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go-too: I have spake at a word. Fare you well.

Exit.

Fals. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, lead the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iudices: I doe fee the bottome of Iudice Shal- low. How fubiec wee old men are to this vice of Ly- ing? This fame fhara'd Iudice hath done nothing but pate to me of the wildeness of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-freet, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the高等学校 then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inn, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was nacked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radifh, with a Head fantafically car'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was fo forlorne, that his Dimensions ( to any thicke fight ) were incinque. 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 takes as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had beene fwoone Brother to him: and Ile be fwoone hee never faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he buried his Head, for crowding among the Martialls men. I faw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might have tru'd him and all his Apparrel into an Elee-skinne: the Cafe of a Treble Hcoe- boy was a Maffion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Bouses. Wee, 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 Dece be a Bayt for the old Pike, I fee no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Execut.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Holings, Wiltshire, Cheife.

Bifb. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hafi. 'Tis Guatree Forrest, and 't shall please your Grace.

Bifb. Here stand (my Lordes) and send discouers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hafi. Wee
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hafl. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.
Biffl. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affairs) I muft acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd New-dated Letters from Northumberland: Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus. Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers As might hold fortance with his Qualitie, The which hee could not leiuie: whereupon Hee is retur'd, to rife his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers, That your Attempts may ouer-lie the hazard, And fearfull meeting of their Opponite.

Mom. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground, And daft themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messinger.

Hafl. Now? what newes?
Meff. Weft of this Towne, hardly off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy: And by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon, or neere, the rate of thristie thousand.

Mom. The lift proportion that we gaue them out. Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Biffl. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mom. I think it is my Lord of Westmerland.
Weff. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall, The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancastier.
Biffl. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace: What doth concern your comming?
Weff. Then (my Lord) Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefes address The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion Came like it selfe, in safe and abise Routes, Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage, And countensc'ed by Boyes, and Beggeries: I say, if dam'd Commotion so appeare, In his true, nature, and most proper shape, You (Reuereing Father, and thefe Noble Lords) Had not beene here, to drefse the ougły forme Of base, and bloody Insurrection, With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whole Sea is by a Cuill Peace maintain'd, Whole Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch't, Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd, Whole white Inseminations figure Innocence, The Dove, and very bles'd Spirit of Peace, Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe, Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such grace, Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre? Turning your Bookes to Graves, your Inke to Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue duine To a loud Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Biffl. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands. Briefely to this end: Wee are all deafe'd, And with our surfitting, and wanton howres, Haue brought our selves into a burning Feuer, And wee must bleedle for it: of which Difeafe, Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd. But (my moft Noble Lord of Westmerland) I take not on me here as a Physician, Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace, Troope in the Thronges of Militarie men: But rather flew a while like fearefull Warre, To dyet ranke Mindeis, fickle of happiness, And purge th'obstructions, which begin to top Our very Veines of Life: here me more plainly. I haue in equall balance iuftly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences. Wee fee 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 fummary of all our Griefes (When time shall fuere) to shew in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no Suit, gaine our Audience: When wee are wrong'd, and wee vnoold our Griefes, Wee are deny'd accesse unto his Perfon, Even by tho' men, that moft haue done vs wrong. The dangers of the daies but newly gone, Whole memorie is written on the Earth, With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of every Minutes infance (present now) Hath put vs in these ill-becoming Armes: Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to eftabli/h here a Peace indeede, Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

Weff. When euer yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein haue you benne galled by the King?
What Peere hath benne fabor'd, to grate on you, That you should fale this lawlesse bloody Booke Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Scale diuine?
Biffl. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth, I make my Quarell in particular.
Weff. There is no needes of any fuch redreff: Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mom. Why not to him in part, and to vs all, That felle the bruises of the daies before, Anduffer the Condition of these Times To lay a bausie and unequall Hand upon our Honors? Weff. O my good Lord Mowbray, Contrue the Times to their Necelfities, And you fhall fay (indeede) it is the Time, And not the King, that doth you injuries. Yet for your part, it not appears to me, Either from the King, or in the prefent Time, That you shoule haue an ync of any ground To build a Griefe on: were you not refor'd To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories, Your Noble, and right well-reembr'd Fathers?
Mom. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft, That need to be return'd, and breath'd in me? The King that lou'd him, as the State ftood then, Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniff him: And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee Being mounted, and both rowed in their Seates, Their neighing Courfiers daring of the Spurre, Their armed Staves in charge, their Beaunas done, 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 Beefit of Bullingbrooke; O, when the King did throw his Warder done, (His owne Life hung upon the Staffe hee threw) Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Lives, That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword, Haue since mif-carried under Bullingbrooke.

Weff. You
Writ. You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smiled?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Coventry.
For all the Country, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their prayers, and lour,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is more digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Grieues; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.
Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compel this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policy, not Loue.
Writ. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Upon mine Honor, all too confident.
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our Battell is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vie 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.
Writ. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Cake abides no handling.
Hath. 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 upon?
Writ. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I mule you make fo flight a Question.
Bib. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
For this contains our generall Grieuances:
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are infinewd to this Action,
Acquitted by true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills.
To vs, and to our purposes confid.,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knot our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
Writ. This will I flew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battalies, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.
Bib. My Lord, wee will doe so.
Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.
Hath. Fear ye not, that if wee can make our Peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firmes as Rockie Mountains.
Crown. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That every flight, and false-derived Cause,
Ye, 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.
Bib. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearable
Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Resumes 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 loffe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
He cannot so procede to this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnaxe an Enemy,
Hee doth vsatane so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offeneue wife,
That hath enraged him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs resolvd Correction in the Arme,
That was vpear'd to execution.
Hath. Besides, the King hath wafted 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.
Bib. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be affor'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so:
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.
Enter Westmerland.
Writ. The Prince is here at hand: pleasteth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, dutt distance 'tweene our Armies,
Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.
Bib. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.
Enter Prince John.
John. You are well encountred here (my cozen Mowbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishops,
And so to you Lord Hasting, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better fhow'd you with,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to fee you here 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 favor,
Would hee abufe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mitchiefes might hee yet abroach,
In shadow of such Greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is cuen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How depee you were within the Bookes of Heaven?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To vs, th' imagine Voyage of Heaven it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeue,
But you mil vs the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven,
As a false Favourer doth his Princes Name,
In desdes dif-honorable? You have taken vp.
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,  
The Subject of Heauens Substitute, my Father,  
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,  
Hauue here vp-swarm’d them.  

Bijb. Good my Lord Lancaster,  
I am not here against your Fathers Peace :  
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)  
The Time (miforder’d) doth in common fence  
Crowd vs, and cruft vs, to this monstrous Forme,  
To hold us safe vp. I fent your Grace  
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,  
The which hath been with scorne flour’d from the Court:  
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,  
Where dangerous eyes may well be char’d asleep,  
With graunt of our most iuft and right desire;  
And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur’d,  
Stoope tamely to the foot of Malefite.  

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,  
To the last man.  

Hafi. And though wee here fall downe,  
Wee haue Supplies, to fecdour our Attempt :  
If they mif-carry, theirs shall fectar them.  
And fo, successfull of Mischief shall be borne,  
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,  
Whiles England shall have generation.  

John. You are too shallow (Haftings)  
Much too shallow,  
To found the bottome of the after-Times.  

Welf. Pleaſeth your Grace, to awnser them directly,  
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.  

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well :  
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,  
My Fathers purpofes haue beene misfooke,  
And fome, about him, haue too lauiſhly  
Wrefted his meaning, and Authoritie.  
My Lord, thefe Griefes shall be with speed redreft :  
Vpon my Life, they fhall. If this may pleafe you,  
Discharge your Powers vnto their feuerall Counties,  
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,  
Let’s drinke together friendly, and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear thefe Tokens home,  
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.  

Bijb. I take your Princely word, for thefe redreſſes.  

John. I gueze it you, and will maintaine my word:  
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.  

Hafi. Goe Captain, and deliver to the Armie  
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:  
I know, it will well pleaze them.  

High thee Captain.  

Bijb. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.  

Welf. I pledge your Grace:  
And if you know what paines I haue bestow’d,  
To breede this prefent Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my love to ye,  
Shall fiew it felfe more openly hereafter.  

Bijb. I doe not doubt you.  

Welf. I am glad of it.  

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray.  

Mow. You will me health in very happy feafon,  
For I am, on the fodaine, something ill.  

Bijb. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,  
But heauineffe fore-runnes the good evant.  

Welf. Therefore be merry (Coze) since fodaine forrow  
Serves to fay thus: fome good thing comes to morrow.  

Bijb. Believe me, I am paffing light in spirit.  

Mow. So much the worfe, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render’d: heark how  
they howt.  

Mow. This had beene charefull, after Victorie.  

Bijb. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:  
For then both parties nobly are subdu’d,  
And neither partie loofer.  

John. Goe (my Lord)  
And let our Army be discharged too:  
And good my Lord (to pleafe you) let our Traines  
March by vs, that we may refreft the men.  

Welf. Wee should haue coap’d withall.  

Bijb. Goe, good Lord Haftings:  
And ere they be difmif’d, let them march by.  

John. I truſt(?) wee shall lyce to night together,  
Enter Westmerland.  

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?  
Welf. The Leaders hauing charge from you to fland,  
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.  

John. They know their duties.  

Bijb. Our Army is dispose’d:  
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyacle’d, they tooke their course  
East, Welf, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,  
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.  

Welf. Good tidings (my Lord Haftings) for the which,  
I doe arrefte thee (Traitor) of high Treaſion:  
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,  
Of Capitall Treaſion, I affect you both.  

Mow. Is this proceeding iuft, and honorable?  

Welf. Is your Assembly fo?  

Bijb. Will you thus breake your faith?  

John. I pawn’d thee none:  
I promis’d you redreſſe of theſe fame Grievances  
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,  
I will perfoame, with a moft Christian care.  
But for you (Rebel) looke to taste the due  
Meet for Rebellion, and fuch Acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you thefe Armes commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly fet hence.  
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue theſe foarte’d stray,  
Heauen, and not wee, haue fafely fought to day.  
Some guard theſe Traitors to the Block of Death,  
Treaſons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.  

Enter Falſaffe and Colleuile.  

Falſ. 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.  

Falſ. Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale.  
Colleuile shall fill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeo your Place, a place deep enough: fo shall you be fill Colleuile of the Dale.  

Col. Are not you Sir John Falſaffe?  

Falſ. As good a man as he fir, who eare I am: doe yeelle fir, or will I fweate for you? if I doe fweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Pearle and Trembling, and doe obferuance to my mercy.  

Col. I thinke you are Sir John Falſaffe, & in that thought yeeld me.  

Fal. I have a whole Schoolie 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 indifferencie, I were limbly the most affhew fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Here comes our General.
Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westminster.
Now Falstaff, where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Thefe tardie Tricks of your will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Fal. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checks was the
reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Hauie, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I have speded hither with
the very extremest ych of possibilitie. I have fowndred
nine score and odds Poffes: and heere (truell-tainted as I am)
haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir John Collevile of the Dale, a moft furious Knight,and
valorous Enemy: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yelled: that I may juiftly fay with the hooke-noes'd
fellow of Rome, I came, faw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtefie, then your defer-
ing.

Fal. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeed
him: and I befeech your Grace, let it be book'd,with
the ref of this days deeds; or I fware, I will have it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (Collevile kifing my foot:) To the which courfe, if
I be enforce'd, if you do not all fhew like gilt two-pences
unto me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-fhine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which fhew like Finnes-heads to her) belleone not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let me have right,
and let deft mount.

John. Thine's too heaie to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it doe fomething (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is that Nome Collevile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, Collevile.

Fal. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betteres are,
That leaue me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should have cone them dearer then you have hauie.

Fal. I know not how they fold themfelves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, ga'ft thy felfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westminster.

John. Have you left purfuit?

Wofi. Retreat is made, and Execution fay'd.

John. Send Collevile, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to prefent Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him fere.
Exit with Collevile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is fore ficke.
Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,
Which (Cousin) youhall bearre, to comfort him:
And weep with fober feepes will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I befeech you, give me leave to goe
through Glouceftershire: and when you come to Court,
and my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaffs: I in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deferve.

Exit.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dulcemente. Good faith, this fame young fo-
ber-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruile, hee drinks no
Wine. There's never any of thefe demure Boyes come
to any profe: for thinne Drinke doth fpoil our-coole
their blood, and making many fine -Feales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-fickneffe: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Fooles, and Cowards; which fome of vs fhoold be too,
but for infamiation. A good Sherrie-Sack hath a two-
fold operation in it: it affects me into the Brain, dryes
me there all the follicit, and dull, and hollow Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehenfive, quicke, forge-
tue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which
deliner'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The feccond propertie of
your excellent Serriss, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and fettled) left the Liner white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Puflilanimite, and COW-
dize: but the Serriss warms it, and makes it courfe
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the
ref of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, mutter
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puff
up with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
Valour comes of Serriss. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-work) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and fets it in at, and vfe. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherit of his Father, hee hath, like
jeane, flirril, and bare Land, manured, hufbadned,
and tyll'd, with excellent endeavoure of drinking good,
and good flowe of fertile Serriss, that hee is become very
hot, and valiant. If I had a thoufand Sonnes, the firft Principle
I would teach them, shou'd be to forfiware thinne Po-
tions, and to addift themfelves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.
How now Bardolph?
Bard. The Arme is difcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceftershire,
and there will I visit Mafter Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him alreadie tempering betweene my fingre and my
thombe, and shortly will I feale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucefler.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give successfull end
To this Debate, that bledeth at our doors,
Wec will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are fanific'd.
Our Nauie is addrefsed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuited,
And euerie thing lies leuell to our will.
Onely wee want a little perfonall Strength:
And pawle vs, till these Rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoake of Government.
War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall alone enioy.
King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-
for.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee looves thee, and thou do not neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou haft a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)

And Noble Offices thou may'ft enjoy.

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatneffe, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: bluent not his Loue,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For hee is gracious, if hee be offend'd:

Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,

As humorous as Winter, and as fudden,

As Flaws congealed in the Spring of day,

His temper therefore must be well obserued:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moody, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learne this Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the united Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, performe, the Age will powre it in)

Shall never leske, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Tho-
mas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-
don.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Points, and other his continuall fol-
lovers.

King. Most subiect is the fatter Seyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieue

Stretches it selue beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginari) th'vngued Dayes,

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vp,

When I am sleeping with my Anceffors.

For when his head-Arrogant Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Councillors,

When Meanes and bashe Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Peirils, and oppo'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attayned,

Your Highneffe knowes, comes to no farther vfe,

But to be knowne, and hated. So, like large termes,

The Prince will in the perfeftneffe of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, lie,

By which his Grace must mete the lines of others,

Turning past-euills to advantages.

King. Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Wulfmerland.

Who's heere? Wulfmerland?

Wulf. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineffe

Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince John, your Sonne, doth kiffe your Grace Hand:

Monbray, the Bishop, Sutors, Hauftngs, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her Olive euer where:

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highneffe reade,

With envy courfe, in his particular.

King. Wulfmerland, 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.

Har. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieftie:

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 Bardolf,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire ouerthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (pleaue it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me ficks?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in foule letters?

Shew eyther gues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And take away the Stomack (fuch are the Rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)

I shoulde rejoice now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fyables, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maieftie,

Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.

Wulf. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your felfe, looke
vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits

Are with his Highneffe very ordinarie.

Stand from him, gaine he him ayre:

Hee'sl straighte be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs

Th'inceffant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people fear mee: for they doe obferue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seafons change their manners, as the Yeere

Hath found some Moneths asleep, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The Riuers hath thrice flow'd, no ebe betweene:

And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)

Say it did fo, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire Edward sick'd, and dy'd.

8 3 4 War. Speake
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-

Glo. This Apoplexy 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 noyle made (my gentle friends)

Vnleafe some dull and favourable hand.

Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Musick in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leffe noyle, leffe noyle.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauineffe.

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. Hes alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P.Hen. If hee be sickle with joy,

He'll recover without Physick.

War. Not so much noyle (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 please your Grace to goo along with vs?

P.Hen. No: I will fit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O poliish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep't the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and halfe so deepley sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Malefifie!

When thou do't pinch thy Bearer, thou do'tt fit

Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,

That fcal'd't with fire: by his Gates of breath,

There lies a downdye feather, which flatters not:

Did hee supfire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuored

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie Sorrows of the Blood,

Which Nature, Love, and filiall tendernesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentefullly.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which(as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Derives it selfe to me. Loe, here 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 leave,

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 leave me here alone (my Lords)?

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who vndertooke to fit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee

see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee

stayed.

King. Where is the Crowne? who took it from my

Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it

here.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:

Goe seekke him out.

Is hee so haffie, that hee doth fapponge

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conjoynes

With my difafe, and helps to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Object?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Hawe broke their sleepe with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they have ingredied and pyt'd woe

The canker'd heapes of strange-achieved Gold:

For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to inueft

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercifes:

When, like the Bee, cullinge from every flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Theggies packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hive;

And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.

This bitter taste yields his engrossments,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sickneffe 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 demeanoure, 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 comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Harry

Loo, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry)

Depart the Chamber, leave vs here alone.

Exit.

P.Hen. I never thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy will was Father(Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'th thou so hunger for my emipti Chayre,

That thou wilt needs inueft thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatneffe, that will ouer-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with fo weak a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou haft fleone that, which after some howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou haft feast'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou couldst not me,

And thou wilt haue me dye affor'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou haft whetted on thy fohnie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre? Then
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy care
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearfe
Be drops of Balmie, to faniﬁse thy head :
Onely compound me with forgotten durt.
Gieue that, which gave thee life, vnto the Wormes :
Plucke downe my Oﬃcers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the ﬁfth is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you fage Counsellors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From euery Region, Apes of Idlenefs.
Now neighbor-Conftances, purge you of your Scum :
Have you a Baffian that I will(are? drank? dance?
Reuell the nights? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeft ﬁnnes, the newest kinde of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his treble guilt.
England, shall give him Oﬃce, Honor, Might:
For the Fift Harry, from curb'd Licensfe pluckes
The muzzle of Reftrainf; and the wilde Dogge
Shall ﬂee his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poore Kingdom (fickie, with ciull blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneffe againe,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moft Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-fall'd this deere, and deep Rebuke,
Ere you (with greese) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it fo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortall,
Long guard it yours. If I affeft it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rife,
Which my moft true, and inward dateous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no course of breath within your Malefie,
How cold it froke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my prefent wildefenee, dye,
And neuer live, to thw' increduleous World,
The Noble change that I have purpofed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoft (my Liege) to think you were)
I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing fenfe)
And thus vpbraied it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beft of Gold, art worsft of Gold.
Other, leffe fine in Charras, is more precious,
Preferving life, in Med'cine potable :
But thou, moft Fine, moft Honour'd, moft Renown'd,
Haft eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor,
But if it did infect my blood with Joy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the leaft Aﬀection of a Welcome,
Gieue entertainment to the might of it.
Let heauen, for ever, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreft Vaftalle 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't loyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleasing to wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither Harry, fit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinkes, the very latet Counfell
That euer I shall breath : Heauen knowes,my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-ways
I met this Crowne : and I my felfe know well
How troublesome it fate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation :
For all the ifol of the Atchievemnt goes
With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boy'trous hand,
And I had many living, to vpraise
My gaine of it, by their Aﬃiances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-fhed,
Wounding uppoped Peace.
All these bold Fears,
Thou feest (with perille) I have answere :
For all my Reign, hath bee ne but as a Scene
Aiding that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moude: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer fort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st faceoffe.
Yet, though thou stand't more faire, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greeses are greene :
And all thy Friends, which thou muft make thy Friends
Have but their fings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was frift advanc'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 purpoe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaf ft, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy courfe to bufie giddy Minde
With Forraigne Quarrells : that Action hence borne out,
May waite the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waitd fo,
That strenght of Speech is utterly demide mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgive :
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace lisse.
Prince. My gracious Liege :
You wonne it, wore it : kept it, gaued it me,
Then plaine and right muft my poiffion be ;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfuly maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancastor,
and Warwicke.

King. Lookke, lookke,
Heere comes my John of Lancastor:
John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'lt me happenesse and Peace
(Sonue John :)
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bane, wither'd Trunche. Vpon thy fight
My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where
Where is my Lord of Warwicke? 

War. My Lord of Warwicke.

Prin. Doth any name particular, belong

King. Into the Lodging, where I first did swoon’d? 

War. ’Tis call’d Jerualem, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heaven: 

Even there my life must end. 

It hath bene proph’d to me many yeares, 

I should not dye, but in Jerualem: 

Which (vainly) I suppos’d the Holy-Land. 

But beare me to that Chamber, there Ie lyce: 

In that Jerualem, shall Harry dye. 

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolfe, Pages, and Dausy.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. 

What Dausy, I say, 

Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. 

Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excus’d.

Why Dausy.

Dausy. Heere fir.

Shal. Dausy, Dausy, Dausy, let me fee (Dausy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excus’ed.

Dausy. Marry fir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee ser’d: and againe fir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Dausy. But for William Cooke: are there no yong Pigeons?

Dausy. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooping, 

And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be caft, and payde: Sir John, you shall not be excus’d.

Dausy, Sir, a new lineke to the Bucket must needs bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to stoppe any of William Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Hinckley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answr it:

Some Pigeons Dausy, a couple of short-leg’d Hennes: a loynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell William Cooke.

Dausy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night fir?

Shal. Yes Dausy: 

I will vfe him well. A Friend i’th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vfe his men well Dausy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dausy. No worfe then they are bitten. fir: For they have marvellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited Dausy: about thy Business, Dausy.

Dausy. I befeech you fir, 

To countenance William Uifier of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Dausy, against that Uifier, that Uifier is an arrant Knaue, I knowledge.

Dausy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knaue should Iauce some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man fir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue ser’d you your Worshippe truly fir, 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 little credite in your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I befeech your Worship, let him bee Countenance’d.

Shal. Go too, 

I say he shall have no wrong: Lookke about Dausy.

Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boots.

Give me your hand M. Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to fee your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:

Come Sir John.

Falstaff. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.

Bardolfe, looke to our Horses. If I were faw’d into Quauntities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermits, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the fomblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by obeying of him, do bear themfelles like foolish Lufkices: Hee, by convereing with them, is turn’d into a Lufkice-like Serulnman. Their spirits are fo married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in content, like to many Wilde-Geefe. If I had a fate to Mayfyer Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imitation of bearing near their Mayfyer. If to his Men, I would currie with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compnny. 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 Actions, and he shall laugh with Internallum. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a left (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall fee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir John.

Falstaff. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chief Justice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whether away?

Ch.Inft. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his Cares 

Ache, all ended. 

Ch.Inft. I hope, not dead.

War. He’s walk’d the way of Nature, 

And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch.Inft. I would his Maiestie had call’d me with him, 

The seruice, that I truly did his life, 

Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Iuft. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe.

To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawn it in my fantase.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heauy Issue of dead Harrie:
O, that the living Harrie had the temper
Of him, the worth of thefe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That mustrike false, to Spirits of vilest fort
Ch. Iuft. Alas, I fear, all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Counte Warwick, good morrow.
John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.

Ch. Iuft. Peace be with him, that hath made vs heavy
War. Peace be with vs, leaf we be heauier.

Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare ibrave, you borrow not that face
Of femeing forrow, it is fure your owne.
John. Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldeft expectation.
I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwife.

Gla. Wel, you must now speake Sir John Falstaff faire,
Which fwiimmes against your freames of Quality.

Ch. Iuft. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And never fhall you fee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-fall'd Remiffion.
If Troth, and upright Innocency fayle me,
Ille to the King (my Matter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath fent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch. Iuft. Good morrow: and heaven faue your Majefty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majefty,
Sits not fo easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneffe with fome Fears:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not Amurab, an Amurab succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers)
Por (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, fo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my Heart. Why then be fad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a Joynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
Por me, by Heaven (I bid you affur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Love, Ile bear your Cares;
But wepe that Harrie's dead, and fo will I.
But Harry lives, that shall confuent thofe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineffe.
John, &c. We hope no other from your Majefty.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you moft,
You are (I thinke) affur'd, I looe you not.

Ch. Iuft. I am affur'd (if I be meafur'd rightly)
Your Majefty hath no iuft caufe to hate mee.

Pr. No: How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indigities you laid vpon me?

What Rate? Rebuke: and roughly fend to Prifon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this cafe?
May this be wahr'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Iuft. I then did vfe the Perfon of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
While I was buie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneffe pleased to forget my place,
The Majefty, and power of Law, and Juifcence,
The Image of the King, whom I prefented,
And froke me in my very Seate of judgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, fit your Decreas at naught?
To pluckle downe Juifcence from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon?
Nay more, to spurne at your moft Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the cafe yours:
Be now the Father, and propofe a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity 'fo much prophan'd,
See your moft dreadfull Lawes, fo loofely flighted;
Behold your felfe, fo by a Sonne dindalized:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, loft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold confideration, fentence me;
And, as you are a King, fpeake in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My perfon, or my Ligeus Souveraigne.

Prin. You are right Juifcence, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do with your Honors may encreafe,
Till you do live, to fee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So fhall I live, to fpeake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man fo bold,
That dares do Juifcence, on my proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having iuch a Sonne,
That would deliver vp his Greatneffe fo,
Into the hands of Juifcence. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnftained Sword that you have vs'd to bear:
With this Remembrance: That you vfe the fame
With the like bold, luft, and impartiall Spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine care,
And I will floope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd wife Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I beleeech you:
My Father is gone wild into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lyte my Affections)
And with his Spirits, fadly I fufiect,
To mocke the expetation of the World;
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my feeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath provdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbes backe to the Sea,
Where it fhall mingle with the flate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs chooie fuch Limbes of Noble Counsaille,
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal 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 remembered) all our State,
And heauen (confining to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue just caufe to say,
Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.  Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Piuffoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
 Arbor we will eate a lust yeres Pippin of my owne graff-
ing, with a dish of Carraways, and so forth (Come Co-
fin Silence, and then to bed.
Paff. You have heare a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir John: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dany, spread Davie:
Well saide Davie.
Falst. This Davie serves you for good vses: he is your
Servingman, and your Husband.
Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, Sir John: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper.
A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Co-
fin.
Sil. Ah fira (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 luftie
Lads come heere, and there: io merilly, and euer among
io merilly.
Fal. There’s a merry heart, good M. Silence, I lea
you a health for that anon.
Shal. Good M. Bardolph: some wine, Davie.
Da. Sweet sir, sit: I be with you anon: moo sweete
sit, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Profice: What
you want in meate, wee’l have in drinne: but you bear,
the heart’s all.
Shal. Be merry M. Bardolph, 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 is? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
now.
Da. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.
Shal. Davie.
Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straitly. A cup
of Wine, sir?
Sil. A Cup of Waine, that’s briske and fine, & drinke
unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.
Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want’st any
thing, and wilt not call, behew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyne thefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolphs, and to all the Cauliers about London.
Dau. I hope to fee London, once ere I die.
Bar. If I might feé you there, Davie.
Shal. You’ll cracke a quar together? Ha, will you not
M. Bardolph?
Bar. Yes Sir, in a potte pot.
Shal. I thanks thee: the knave will flique by thee,
I can affir thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.
Bar. And Ile flique by him, sir.
Shal. Why there spoke a Knave: lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who’s at doore there, ho: who knockes?
Fal. Why now you have done me right.
Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is’t
not so?
Fal. ’Tis so.
Sil. Is’t so? Why then say an old man can do some-
what.
Dau. If it pleaze your Worshippie, there’s one Piuffoll
come from the Court with newes.
Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piuffoll.

How now Piuffoll?
Piuff. Sir John, I am Sir Piuffoll.
Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piuffoll?
Piuff. Not the ill winde which blows none to good,
Sweeter Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.
Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of
Barfon.
Piuff. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Court
babe. Sir John, I am thy Piuffoll, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
lucykes, and golden times, and happy Newes of
price.
Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this
World.
Piuff. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrix, and Golden loyes.
O bafe Afflyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King Caunth know the truth thereof.
Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.
Piuff. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Helicons?
And shall good newes be baff’d?
Then Piuffoll lay thy head in Furies lappe:
Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.
Piuff. Why then Lament therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to yter them, or to concawe
them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.
Piuff. Vnder which King?
Beawinian, speake, or dye.
Shal. Vnder King Harry.
Piuff. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?
Shal. Harry the Fourth.
Piuff. A footra for thine Office.
Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fifths man, I speake the truth.
When Piuffoll lyes, do this, and fidge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fal. What is the old King dead?

Pifh. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are luft.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horfe,

Master Robert Shallow, choos what Office thou wilt

In the Land, 'tis thine. Pifh, I will double charge thee

With Dignities.

Bard. O joyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pifh. What! I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my

Lord Shallow, be thou what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.

Get on thy Boots, wee'rl ride all night. Oh sweet Pitoll:

Away Bardolfe: Come Pitoll, viter more to mee: and

withall deuile something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote

Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for

me. Let vs take any mans Horse: The Lawes of Eng-land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which

have bene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iusti

Pifh. Let Vultures vi'le 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 Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groo. More Ruffhes, more Ruffhes.

2. Groo. The Trumpets have founded twice.

1. Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come

from the Coronation.

Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pitoll, 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 give me.

Pifh. Bleffe thy Lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come heere Pifh, stand behind me. O if I had

had time to have made new Luries, I would have be-

lowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is

no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre

the scale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth fo.

Fal. It thewes my earneftness in affection.

Pifh. It doth fo.

Fal. My devotion.

Pifh. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,

And not to deliberate, not to remember,

Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand staine'd with Trauaille, and sweating

with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting

all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee

do, but to see him.

Pifh. 'Tis semper idem: for abhice hoc nibilem. 'Tis all

in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pifh. My Knight, I will enftime thy Noble Luer, and

make thee rage. Thy Del, and Helen of thy noble thoghes

is in base Durance, and contagious prizon: Hall'd thil-

ther by moost Mechanicall and durtie hand. Rowze ype

Revenge from Ebon den, with feil Aicto's Snake, for

Del is in. Pitoll, speakes nought but trouth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pifh. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour

foundes.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the

Pifh, Brothers, Lord Chiefe

Iusti

Fal. Sawe thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

Pifh. The heavenes thee guard, and keepe, moost royall

Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Sawe thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iusti, speake to that vaine

man.

Ob. Iust. Have you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Pifh. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white haires become a Poole, and lefter?

I have
I have long dream’d of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit,well’d, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lefte thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-born’d lefte,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
That I have turn’d away my former Selfe,
So will I thowe that kept me Company.
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 Mifleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
Forcompetence 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 strengthe, and qualities,
Give you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform’d the tenure of our word. Set on.

\textit{Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.}
\textit{Shal. I marry Sir John, which I beleeue you to let me
have home with me.}
\textit{Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieve
at this: I shall be sent for in pricet to him: Looke you,
he must fee me thus to the world: feare not your aduancement:
I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.}
\textit{Shal. I cannot well perceive how, vaine you should
give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I
beleeue you, good Sir John, let mee haue fiae hundred of
my thousand.}
\textit{Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you
heard, was but a colour.}
\textit{Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.}
\textit{Fal. Fear not colours, go with me to dinner:}
Come Lieutenant Pistel, come Bardolf,
I shall be sent for toone at night.
\textit{Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleete,}
Take all his Company along with him.
\textit{Fal. My Lord, my Lord.}
\textit{Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone:
Take them away.}

\textit{Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spera me contente.}
\textit{Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chief Justice.}
\textit{John.} I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wondert Followers
Shall all be very well provided for:
But all are bani’d, till their converstions
Appear more wise, and modest to the world.
\textit{Ch. Inf. And so they are.}
\textit{John. The King hath call’d his Parliament,}
My Lord.
\textit{Ch. Inf. He hath.}
\textit{John.} I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natue fire
As farre as France. I haue a Bird so sing.
Whose Musick (to my thinking) pleas’d the King.
Come, will you hence?

\textbf{FINIS.}
EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Fear: then, my Curtse: last, my Speech.
My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curtse, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a
good speech now, you undoe me: For what I haue to say, is
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) procure 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 heere 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 gen-
tle 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 use
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 Gen-
tlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seene before, in such an As-
sembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloud with Fat Meaté,
our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you
merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-
staffe shall dye of a sweat, unlesse 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.

Henry the Fourth.
Prince John of Lancastre.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.
Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of York.
Mowbray.
Haftings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coley.
Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Justice.
Shallow.
Silence.
Dauie, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants.
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulkeife.

Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth.
Pointz.
Falstaffe.
Bardolfe.
Pi[toll.
Peto.
Page.
Irregular.
Humorists.

Both Country.
Of the Kings Partie.
Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostelfe Quickly.
Doll Teare-fleete.
Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O
For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The bright'nest Heauen of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Worthy Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leafed in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unregyed Spirits, that hath daunted,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit bold
The noble Fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within the Wooden O, the very Cakes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Afect in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your Imaginary Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girles of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, sup-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts adun.
Peace out our Imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand Parts Divide one Man,
And make Imaginary Paliance.

Think when we talk of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves on the receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them bare and there; Jumping o're Times;
Turning the Accomplishment of many Ages
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which Supplie,
Admit me Chorus to the Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.
Y Lord, He tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleeueth yeare of last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the Scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resift it now?
Bish. Cant. It must be thought on, if it passe against vs,
We looke the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they slip from us: being valued thus,
As much as should maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazar's, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supplyd:
And to the Coffers of the King besides,
A thousand pounds by th'yeare. Thus runs the Bill.
Bish. Ely. This would drinke depe.
Bish. Cant. Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what preuention?
Turne him to any Caufe of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will valoofe,
Familiar as his Garter: then when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter Libertin,e is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens ears.
To feale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Pratique part of Life,
Muf be the Miftrefse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addition was to Courtys vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Hours fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retrement, any fekeuation,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry grows vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of better qualitie:
And to the Prince obfer'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnefe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, faireft by Night,
Vyneene, yet creffue in his facultie.
B. Cant. It muft be fo; for Miracles are craf:
And therefore we muft needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.
B. Ely. But my good Lord;
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
 VIR'd by the Commons? doth his Maieftie
Incline to it, or no?
B. Cant. He feemes indifferent:
Or rather fwaying more upon our part,
Then cherifhing th'exhibitors againft vs:
For I have made an offer to his Maieftie,
Upon our Spirituall Conciliation,
And in regard of Caufes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.
B. Ely. How did this offer feeme receiv'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieftie:
Sawe that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden paffages
Of his true Titles to fome 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 Embaffiadour upon that infant
Cra'd audience; and the howre I think he is come,
To give him hearing: is it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. How?
B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaffiadour,
Which I could with a ready fueffle declare,
Before the Frenchman fpake a word of it.
B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Enter two Bifhops.
B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Sure we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And lufly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law Salique, 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 shoulf fathion, wreft, or bow your reading,
Or nicesly charge your understanding Souls,
Witfh opening Titles milifrate, whole right
Sutes not in natue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence fhall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our defeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much falt of blood, whose guiffelte drops
Are ever one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainf the, whose wrongs gies edge vnto the Swords,
That makes fuch waft in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Confluration, fpeake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you fpake, is in your Confidence waft,
As pure as finne with Baptifme.
B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your lives, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highneffe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam Maieres ne fecauda,
No Woman shall fucceed in Salique Land:
Which Salique Land, the French vnufly clofe
To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Salique is in Germanie,
Between the Fouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great hauing subdued the Saxones,
There left behind and fetted certaine French:
Who holding in daintie the German Women,
For some diplusone manners of their life,
Established this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrice in Salique Land:
Which Salique (as I fay'd) 'twent Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meifen.
Then doth it well appeares, the Salique Law
Was not deuided for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poiffe the Salique Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeeres
After definition of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos' the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twenty fix: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxones, and did feate the French
Beyond the Riuers Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Befides, their Writers fay,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did as Heire Generall, being defenced
Of Blitbild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France,
Hugh Capet also, who vurft the Crowne.
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some fheues of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th'Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Lewis the Empourer, and Lewis the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: alfo King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vturer Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his confidence,
Wearing the Crowne of France,'till satisfied,
That faile Queenes Iabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermenpatrick,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the Crowne of France.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sunne,
King Pepin Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
King Lewis his satifaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day,
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vifurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King, May I with right and confidence make this claim?
Bib teen. The finne upon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, unwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mighte Anceftors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
While his moft mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bib. Awake remembrance of thse valiant dead,
And with your puiffant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you fit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thice-puiffant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprizes.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rowe your selfe,
As did the former Londs of your Blood.
(might;)
Wet. They know your Grace hath caufe, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse; newer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more joyall Subiects,
Whole hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lyce puiffion'd in the fields of France.

Bib. Let our bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualitie
Will rayfe your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceftors.

King. We must not onely arme t'nuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all advantages.
Bib. Can. They of thos Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
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 fill 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 vnfruitfull Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tylde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Abhorrays,
Girding with grievous siege, Cafdes and Townes:
That England being empiet of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'lll neighbourhood.
B. Can. She hath bin th's more fear'd th' harm'd, my Liege:
For heare but exampl'd by her felfe.
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And fhe a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her felle not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Scray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did tend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prafye,
As is the Owle and bottomte of the Sea
With funken Wreck, and fum-ffe Treafuries.
Bib. Exe. But there's a faying very old and true,
If that you will France vnten, with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vanguarded Neft, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so fse's her Principly Egges,
Playing the Moufe in abftein of the Cat,
To tame and haucoc more then she can eate.

Exe. It follows theu, the Cat must ftaie at home,
Yet that is but a cruft'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thecues.
While that the Armed band doth fight abroad,
Th'aduifed head defends it felle at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one content,
Congreeing in a full and natural clofe,
Like Mufick.

Can. Therefore doth heaven diuide
The fate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for fo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teache
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome,
They have a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magiftrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their rings,
Make boote upon the Summers Vnset botts:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home:
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buttock in his Majesties fummeys
The finging Mafons building rooffes of Gold,
The civill Citizens kneading vp the hony:
The poor Mechanickes Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

The gods' Joffice with his hurly humme,
Delivering to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone: this inferne,
That many things hauing full reference
To one content, may worke contrarioures,
As many Arrows loosed severall ways.
Come to one marke: as many ways meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes clofe in the Dialls center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defect. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into four:
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 los
The name of hardneffe 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, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to pieces. Or there we'll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Vrse,
Tumblefe, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our AGeS, or else our graue
Like Turkhish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxon Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiftie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall we sparingly woue you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaffie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiece
As is our wretches fettred in our prifons,
Therefore with franke and with uncurred plaineffe,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in fewe:
Your Highneffe lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In anwser of which claime, the Prince our Master
Saves, that he favoure too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduise'd: There's sought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore fends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Hear no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so plesant with vs,
His Predecessor, and your paines we thank you for:
When we haue match'd our Racketes 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 understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder days,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,
And therefore living hence, did glue our felte
To barbarous licencie: As 'tis euery common,
That men are merrie, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fable of Greatneffe,
When I do rowne me in my Throne, of France.
For that I haue laid by my Maiftie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will ride there with so full a gracie,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blindes to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasan Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-foones, and his soule
Shall stand fore charged, for the worsefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Catteries downes:
And some are yet vncovered and vnborned,
That shall haue caufe to curse the Dolphins corne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
To 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 caufe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His left will favoure but of shalowe wit,
When thounsands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meffage.

King. We hope to make the Sender blu'm at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Sawe thouf to God, that ranne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for thefe Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse add
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'e 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 fijken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thirue the Armores, and Honors thought
Reignes folely in the breeft of every man.
They fell the Paffure now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirrour of all Chriftian Kings,
With winged heales, as English Marciuaries.
For now fits Expeuution in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hills vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduise'd by good intelligence
Of this moft dreadful preperation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to divert the English purpofes.
O England: Model to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
The Life of Henry the First.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural;
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neath of hollow bosomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroop of Malham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gift of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiray with fearfull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treson hold their promisses,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton,
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest
Th'aboute of defiance; force a play:
The samm is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houfe now, there must you fit,
And thence to France shal we conuey you fift,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To glue you gentle Paffe: for if we may,
Wree not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. **Exit**

Enter Corporall *Nym*, and Lieutenant *Bardolf*.

*Bar*. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

*Nym*. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolf*.

*Bar*. What, are Ancient *Piffl* and you friends yet?

*Nym*. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall ferue, there shall be finenes, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wince and hold out mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will tobe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

*Bar*. I will betowe a breakfast to make you friends, and wee'll bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let's be so good Corporall *Nym*.

*Nym*. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the renouned of it.

*Bar*. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym*. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may have their threats about them at that time, and some sayer, kniues have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet thee will plodge, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter *Piffl* & *Quickly*.

*Bar*. Here comes Ancient *Piffl* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Piffl*?

*Piffl*. Bafe Tyke, call thou mee Hoaste, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nel keep Lodgers.

*Hoaste*. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourtene Gentlemewmen that line honestly by the prick of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O wellday Lady, if he be not heuwe now, we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

*Bar*. Good Lieutenants, good Corporall offer nothing here.

*Nym*. Piffl.
Let. I shall have my Noble?
Pij. In eath, most iutiful payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humour oft.

Enter Hojaffe.

Hoj. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to fr John: A poore heart, hee is fo shak’d of a burning quadrant 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.

Pij. Nay, thou haft spoke the right, his heart is fra-
fet and corroboration.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreeares.
Pij. Let vs consolde the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Welfmerland.
Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trueth the traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
Welf. How smooth and even they do bear themselves.
As if allegiance in their bofomes 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 duld and cloyd with gracious favour
That he should for a forraigne purfe, fo fell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpetts.

Enter the King, Scroope, Chamberge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Magham,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you that not hee the powres we bear with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assambled them.
Sro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beft.
King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That grows not in a faire content with ours:
Nor lease not one behinde, that doth not with
Success and Conqueft to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear’d and lou’d,
Then in your Maiesty, there’s not I think a subject
That fits in heart-greefe and vnafineffe
Vnder the sweet shade of your government.

Kai. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Have deepd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zele.
King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and wortheineffe.
Sro. So seruice shall with steeld finewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it felie with hope
To do your Grace incendant seruices.
King. We judge no leffe. Vnkle of Exeter,
Inlire the man committed yesterday,
That rayl’d against our perion: We confider
It was exceffe of Wine that let him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.
Sro. That’s mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punisht Soueraigne, leaft example
Breed (by his suffrance) more of such a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

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

Gre. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, you too much loue and care of me,
Are heavy Orient’s gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on dilettemer,
Shall not be wink’d at, how shall we stretch our eye
When captall crimes, cheat’d, fwallow’d, and digested,
Appeare before vs? We’ll yet inlarge that man,
Though Cambridges, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care
And tender perfecution of our person
Wold haue him punisht. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commisioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me asske for it to day.

Sro. 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 Magham, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineffe.
My Lord of Wijmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What fee you in those papers, that you looke
So much complexion? Looks ye how they change:
Their cheeckes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and shew’d your blood
Out of apperance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Sro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counaile is supprest and kill’d:
You must not dare (for flame) to tale of mercy,
For your owne reason turnes into your bofomes,
As doge upon their maiters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theefe English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnish with all apperternets
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crowne, lightly confpir’d
And sworne vnto the practifes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise v狮one. But O,
What shal I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel,
Ingratetfull, favage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counailes,
That knewst the very botome of my foule,
That (almost) mightst haue couyn’d me in forde,
Would’st thou haue praftis’d on me, for thy vile?
May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one sparkke of euill
That might annoy my finger? ’Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it standes off as grosse
As blacke and white, my eye will farsely fee it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoke diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
Working so grossely in an natural caufe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wroght vpon thee so propterously,
Hath got the vowe in hell for excellence:

And

410
And other diuels that fugeft by treauons,
Do boch and bangle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with fames being fettch
From girift'ring fmalenes of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee fand vp,
Gauce thee no infittce why thou fouldft do treauon,
Vnlifes to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that fame Demon that hath gall'd thee thes,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaffe Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A foule fo easie as that Englishmans.
Oh, how haft thou withJealoufe infected
The sweetnesse of affiance! Shew men dutifull,
Why fo did thou: feeme they grave and learned?
Why fo did thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why fo did thou. Seeme they religious?
Why fo did thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from groffe passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Confant in spirit, not fervering with the blood,
Garnifh'd and deck'd in modfett complent,
Not working with the eye, out of the care,
And in purged judgement trufting neither,
Such and fo finely boufteft didft thou feeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a fkee of blott,
To make thee full fraught man, and beftr indued
With fome fuplication, I will weape for thee.
For this reult of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man, Their faults are open,
Arret them to the anwer of the Law,
And God acquitt them of their prattifes.

Exe. I arret thee of High Treauon, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arret thee of High Treauon, by the name of Thomas
Lord Scorpe of Marfoam.
I arret thee of High Treauon by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God juftly hath difcouerd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highnesse to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admitt it as a motitue,
The fooner to effeft what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in fuffrance heartily will rejoyce,
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subieét more rejoyce
At the difcouery of moft dangerous Treauon,
Then I do at this hour joye my felfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprise;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraine.

King. God guilt you in his mercy: Hear your fentence
You have confpir'd againft Our Royall perfon,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaimd, and from his Coffers,
Receyued the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
His Subieets to oppreffion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation:
Touching our perfon, feeks we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdome safety unft f tender,
Whole ruine you fough, that to her Lawes
We do deliever you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miferable wretches) to your death:
The taffe whereof, God of his mercy glu

You patience to induce, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Bear them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize 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 Treauon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countrey men: Let vs deliever
Our Puliffe 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.

Flourifb.

Enter Piffell, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoftaffe.

Hoftaffe. Prythee honett Sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefoeme hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoftaffe. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bofome, if ever man went to Arthurs Bofome: a made a firner end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iuft between Thwelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and fmile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noble was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoth I) what man? be a good chere: so a cryed out, God, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God, if hop'd there was no neede to trouble himfelhe with any fuch thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and fett them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They fay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoftaffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoftaffe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes a that a did, and faid they were Deules incarnate,

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A faid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoftaffe. A did in some sort (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 ficle vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fue is gone that maintaine'd that fire:
thats all the Riches I got in his fervice.

Nim. Shall wee thogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piff. Come, let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes:
Look to my Chattels, and my Moutables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trueth none: for Oaches are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fall is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Cauote be thy Counsellor. Goe, clear thy Chryftalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Hoftaffe.
As It
To leeches
And that's but ymwholesome food, they say.

Pig. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farrell, Hofstede.

Now I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pig. Let Hafwiferie appeare: keeps close, I thee command.

Hofstede. Farrell: adieu.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs, and more then carefully it vs concerns, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dishpatch To lyne and new repaire our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meannes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the fucking of a Gulf.

It fits vs then to be as proud, 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 arm ye in gaine the foe: For Peace it selfe should not to dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowledge 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 fickle 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, shee is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so fantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare atteds 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 constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanities forespent,
Were but the out-ade of the Roman Brutus,
Couring Director, with a Coat of Folly,
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide th'offe Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cafes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and giddagery protection,
Doth like a Mifer fpoyle his Coate, with scanty
A little Cloth.

King. Think we King Harry strong:
And Princes, loose you strongly arm to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene fledg'd vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloody straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiue, 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 Heroical Seed, and fil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twante yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs fear
The Natue mightiness, and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maisie.

King. Weelee give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.
You see this Chafe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuets for coward Dogs
Moost spend their mouths, where what they feem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne,
Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarch you are the Head:
Selfe-lowe, my Liege, is not so vile a finne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeут.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exeut. From him, and thus he greets your Maisie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you despit your felves, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Henen,
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 Cutsome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finiter, nor no awkward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanifiht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old Oblision rak,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstratice;
Willing youuer-looke this Pedegree:
And when you find him euently deriu'd,
From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you renigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indifferently held
From him, the Nation and true Challenger.

King. Or else what follows?

Exeut. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Jove:
That if requiring filce, he will compel.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poor Souls, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaffile Iawes and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Tears, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the prey Maidsens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controuerise.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meassage:
Vnleffe the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expressly I bring greeting to,

King. For
Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no leffe celerity then that of Thought. Suppose th' that you have seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embark he his Royalitie and his braue Fleet, With stiffen Strainers, the young Phlebus Lapwing; Play with your Fancies: and in them behold, Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boys climbing; Hearre the shrill Whistle, which doth order glue To founds confus'd; behold the threden Sayles, Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the farrowed Sea, Breel the loftie Surfes. O, doe but thinke You stand upon the Risauge, and behold A Cite or two inconistant Bilowes dauncing; For so appeares this Fleet Mayestically, Holding due course to Harlhow. Follow, follow; Grapple your minds to sterring of this Nauie, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still, Guarded with Grandires, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance: For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow Tho' call'd and choyle-drawne Cavaliers to France? Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege: Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages, With fatal mounthes gaping on your Harlow. Suppose th' Embassador from the French comes back: Telis harry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Downe, Some petty and vaprofitable Dukedomes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches, Allarum, and Chambers goe off. And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And eche out our performance with your mind. Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Allarum: Sealing Ladders at Harlow. King. Once more unto the Breach, Deare friends, once more; Or close the Wall vp with our English dead: In peace, their's nothing to become a man, As modest filthiness, and humility: But when the blust of Warre blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the Tyger: Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood, Diffuse 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 Bristle Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it, As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke O're-hang and putty his confounded Base, Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean. Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nothfull wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Nobles English, Whose blood is set from Fathers of Warre-prooфе: Fathers, that like to many Alexanderus, Have in these parts from Morne till Euen fought, And threat'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonour not your Mothers: now attache, That these whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppie now to me of groffer blood, And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen, Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here The mettell of your Pature: 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 lutter in your eyes. I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the fips, Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot: Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge, Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George. Allarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Niam, Bardolph, Piffell, and Boy. Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. Niam. Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knacks are too hot: and for mine own part, I have not a Cafe of Lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pif. The plaine-Song is most hot: for humors doe abound: Knacks goe and come: Godds Vaffals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and Isletie.

Pif. And
Psite. And I: If wishes would preassyle 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; auaunt you Cullions.


Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obserued these three Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three; but all three, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-luer'd, and red-face'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Piffell, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Worlds: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to lay his Prayers, left a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matchet with as much good Deeds; for a neuer, broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Poft, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph stole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halfeenes. Nim and Bardolph are sware Brethren in fchilling: and in Callicc they fole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peace of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kерchers: which makes much againft my Manhood, if I should take from anes Pockets, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs. I muft leave them, and feeke some better Service: their Villany goes againft my weake Romacke, and therefore I must call it vp. Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen, you must come prefently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucefer 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 con
cavautes of it is not sufficient: for looke you, that ather
farie, you may discoufe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermine: by Chaffy, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direc
tions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucefar, to whom the Order of the Siege is giv'n, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman that

Welsh. It is Captaine Mackmorice, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Welsh. By Chaffy he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verify 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.


Welsh. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in that authentick Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his direc

Gower. he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Prifentine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. If I say gudday, Captaine Fluellen.

Welsh. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine James.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorice, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners giben o're?

Irish. By Chaffy Law tis ill done: the Worke i\'s

Gower. I haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chaffy faue me law, in an houre. O tis ill done, tis ill done: by my Hand tis ill done.

Welsh. Captaine Mackmorice, I beceth you now, will you voutafile 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 satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the discipline of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fell be very gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quilt you with god leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mar.

Irish. It is no time to discoufere, so Chaffy faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discoufere, the Town is becefech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the brench, and we talke, and be Chaffy do nothing, tis frame for vs all: for God fa\'me tis frame to stand still, it is frame by my hand: and there is Throuts to be cut, and Works to be done, and there i\'s nothing done, so Chaffy fa\'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere thefe eyes of mine take themselves to flomber, ayle de gud servise, or Ie ligge \'th? grund for it; ay, or go to death: and Ie payt as valou

Irish. Of my Nation? What i\'s my Nation? If a Villain, and a Bafferd, and a Knaue, and a Raclall. What i\'s my Nation? Who talke of my Nation?

Welsh. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorice, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vfe me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vfe me, looke you, being as good a man as your felte, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I do not know you so good a man as my selte: so Chaffy faue me, I will cut of your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other. Scot. A, that's a foule fault. A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welsh. Captaine Mackmorice, when there is more better opportunitie 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 resolves the Gouvernor of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-
Therefore to our bent mercy give your felues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction,  
Defie us to our worth: for as I am a Souldier,  
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;  
If I begin the batt’rie once again,  
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harflew,  
Till in her ashes the lye buried.  
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,  
And the fhep’d Souldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raigne  
With Confiience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe  
Your shep faire Virgins, and your flouring Infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,  
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Flends,  
Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats,  
Enlyneckt to wait and defolation?  
What is’t to me, when you your felues are cause,  
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing Violation?  
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,  
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?  
We may as bootles spend our vaine Command  
Vpon th’enrag’d Souldiers in their spoyles,  
As feld Precepts to the Lewitanhon, to come aholre.  
Therefore, you men of Harflew,  
Take pity of your Towne and of your People,  
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,  
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace  
O’re-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds  
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.  
If not: why in a moment looke to fee  
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand  
Defire the Locks of your thrill-thriking Daughters:  
Your Fathers taken by the fluer Beards,  
And their mot reuerend Heads daft to the Walls:  
Your naked Infants spitted vp Pykes,  
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus’d,  
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wues of Jewry,  
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.  
What fay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoy’d?  
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy’d.  

Enter Gouvernor.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,  
Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,  
To rayfe fo great a Siege: Therefore great King:  
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy:  
Enter our Gates, dispoze of vs as you please:  
For we are nowe no more deferable.  

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Everet,  
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,  
And forfiie it strongly ‘gainst the French:  
Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.  
The Winter comming on, and Sickness growing  
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.  
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,  
To morrow for the March are we addrest.  

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as efe en Angletiers, & tu bien parlas  
le Language.  
Alice. En peu Madame.  

Kath. Je te prie mercuy’se, il faut que je appeude a par-  
ler: Com-tant appeule vous le main en Angletiers?  
Alice. Le main de Hand, et apelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.  
Alice. Et le doyts.  
Kath. Le doyts, ma joy Ie oublie, e doyts maire, le me suuemeray  
le doyts je penfe qu’ils ont apelle de finges, ou de fngers.  
Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le fingret, je penfe que le  
suis le bon efcholler.  
Kath. T’ay gauni dix mots d’ Anglos visitenement, com  
tappeule vous le engles?  
Alice. Le engles, les appellen de Nayles.  
Kath. De Nayles efcoute: dites moy, Je te parle bien: de  
Hand, de Fingret, e de Nayles.  
Alice. C’eit bien dit Madame, il f & fort bon Anglos.  
Kath. Dites moy l’Anglos pour le bras.  
Alice. De Arme, Madame.  
Kath. E de couede.  
Alice. D’Elbow.  
Kath. D’Elbow: Je men fay le repitito de tous les mots  
que vous maves, apprins des a present.  
Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Je penfe.  
Kath. Escoue moy Alice efcoute, d’Hand, de Fingret, de  
Nayles, d’Arme, de Elbow.  
Alice. D’Elbow, Madame.  
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je men oublie d’Elbow, comont ap  
peules vous le col.  
Alice. De Nick, Madame.  
Kath. De Nick, e le menton.  
Alice. De Chin.  
Alice. Ouy. Sain’oublie bonume en verité vous pronou  
cies les mots auj. droit, que le Natifs de Angletierre.  
Kath. Je ne doue point d’apprendre par la grace de Dieu,  
& en peu de temps.  
Alice. N’auz vous y dejfa oublie ce que ie vous a enygne.  
Kath. Nome le recitera a vous promptement, d’Hand, de  
Fingret, de Maylees.  

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.  

Alice. Sans oublie bonume d’Elbow.  
Kath. Ainsi de ie d’Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ap  
pelle vous les pieds & de roba.  

Le Foot Madame, & le Count.  
Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il font le  
mots de son mauvau corrosible grappe & impudique, & non  
pour le Dames de Honour d’offor: Je ne voudray pronouncar ce  
mots devant le Seigneur de France, pour toute le mondes, fo le  
Foot & le Count, neant moy, le recitera un autrefois ma leen  
enseme, d’Hand, de Fingret, de Nayles, d’Arme, d’Elbow, de  
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.  

Alice. Excellont, Madame.  

Kath. C’eit affes pour une foys, aloin nous a diner.  

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the  
Contable of France, and others.  

King. ’Tis certaine he hath paft the Rierer Some.  

Conf. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,  
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,  
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.  

Dolph. O Dieu ouin: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,  
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,  
Our Syrups, put in wile and saugage Stock,  
Sprit vp so suddenly into the Clouds,  
And ouer-looke their Graffers?  

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:  
Mort du ma vie, if they march along  
Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

To buy a slobbery and a durtie Farne
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.
Conf. **Dieu de Battaille,** where have they this mettell?
Is not their Cymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in delight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can folden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
D呼ct their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seame frostie & O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Fycckles
Vpon our Houfes Tharch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natfe Lords.
Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will glue
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-føre France with Baffard Warriors.
Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lawlisis high, and twift Carranto's,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heeles,
And that we are moft lofie Run-aways.
King. Where is Montiwy the Herald? Speed him hence,
Let him great England with our charpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high Confable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alanson, Braunant, Bar, and Burgonie,
Jaques Châtillion, Ramabreu, Vandalent,
Beumont, Grand Pre, Rouff, and Faulonbridge,
Leyes, Leleale, Boucquill, and Charolayes,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seates, now quit you of great shames:
Barre Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruth on his Hoift, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyse, whose low Vaffall Seat,
The Alpes doth rul'd, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe dowe vpon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captaine Chariots, into Roan
Bring him our Prifoner.
Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are fo few,
His Soulers fick, and famifht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the finck of Fear,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome.
King. Therefore Lord Confable, haft on Montiwy,
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you fall fay with vs in Roan.
Dolphin. Not fo, I doe befeech your Maifeffe.
King. Be patient, for you fhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Confable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. 
Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter fane?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Ageris, and a man that I loue and honour with my foule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my luing, and my vtermost power. He is not, God be prayed and bleffed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge moft valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient Lieutenare there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very confidence hee is as valiant a man as Mabkes Anthony, and hee is a man of no effulation in the World, but I did fee him doe as gallant furice.
Gower. What doe you call him?
Flu. Hee is call'd auncient Bifoll.
Gower. I know him not.
Flu. Here is the man.
Bifoll Captain, I thee befeech to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flu, I, I prays God, and I have merized some loue at his hands.
Bifoll. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious ficklie Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that stands vpon the rolling refleffe Stone.
Flu. By your patience, auncient Bifoll: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffer afores his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and she is painted alfo 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 fixt vpon a Spherical Stone, which roswes, and roswes, and roswes, in good truth, the Poet makes a moft excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.
Bifoll. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him: for he hath staine a Paxe, and hanged muft a be: a dammed death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter hath gien the doome of death, for Pox of little price, Therefore goe speake, the Duke will hear thy voyce; and let not Bardolphs vittre thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.
Flu. Auncient Bifoll, I doe partly vnderstand thy meaning.
Bifoll. Why then rejoyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Auncient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would delire the Duke to vfe his good pleafeure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vfed.
Bifoll. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figg for thy friendship.
Flu. It is well.
Bifoll. The Figg of Spaine. Exit.
Flu. Very good.
Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raftcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.
Flu. Ile affure you, a wittred as prauo words at the Pridge, as you shall fee 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 serene.
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, under the forme of a Souldier: and such fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Service were done; at fuch a fuch a Sconce, at fuch a Breach, at fuch a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who dis-grac'd. what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they come perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke
Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountjoy. My Master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus saies my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Soullier then ranafehe. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harlewe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an injure, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake upon our Q, and our oyce is imperiell: England shall repent his folly, fee his weakes, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ranfome, which must proportion the loffes we have borne, the subiects we have loft, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his peticness would bow vnder. For our loffes, his Exchequer is too poore; for the effusion of our blood, the Mutter of his Kindome too fain a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthless satisfaction. To this add defeance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Mafter; to much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mountjoy. The King. Thou art my Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachement: for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wise to confesse too much unto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with fickness much ensebel'd, My numbers lefse'n: and toofe few I have, Almoft no better then fo many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, I thought, upon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive 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 Matter, here I am: My Ranfome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke; My Army, but a weake 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 Mafter well aduise himselfe, If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Difcolour: and so Mountjoy, fare you well. The summe of all our Anfwere is but this: We would not seeke a Bataille as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your Mafter.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highnesse.

Glove. I hope they will not come apone vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother; not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night, Beyond the River we'll encampe our fables, And on to morrow bid them march away. Exeunt.

Enter the Confauble of France, the Lord Rambur, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conf. Tut, I haue the beart Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horfe haue his due.

Conf. It is the best Horfe of Europe, Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Confauble, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horfe with any that tresdes but on foare poftures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: je Cheval volante, the Pegaus, ches les narines de feu. When I bestryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the baifeft horfe of his hoife, is more Muscall than the Pipe of Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beart for Perfuay: hee is pure Ayre and Fire: and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient fullness while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.
Dolpb. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.
Orleans. No more Cousin.
Dolpb. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riling of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferred prayle on my Palfray: it is a Thame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a fabric for a Soueraine to reason on, and for a Souveraigne Souerane to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and wakownowe, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once witt a Sonnet in his prayle, and began thus, Wondre of Nature.
Orleans. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistrefle.
Dolpb. Then did they imitate that which I compoud to my Couser, for my Horfe is my Mistrefle.
Orleans. Your Mistrefle beares well.
Dolpb. Me well, which is the precept prayle and perfection of a good and particular Mistrefle.
Conf. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistrefle shrewdly thooke your back.
Dolpb. So perhaps did yours.
Conf. Mine was not bridled.
Dolpb. O then beleike he was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your frait Strofiers.
Conf. You have good judgement in Horsemanship.
Dolpb. Be warmt by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Mistrefle.
Conf. I had as lye have my Mistrefle a Jade.
Dolpb. I tell thee Constable, my Mistrefle weares his owne hayre.
Conf. I could make as true a boatt as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistrefle.
Dolpb. Le chien est renouer a son propre emmance il laie les aubhier toux mak't vie of any thing.
Conf. Yet doe I not vie my Horfe for my Mistrefle, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpofe.
Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are thofe Starres or Sunnes vpon it? Conf. Starres my Lord.
Dolpb. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.
Conf. And yet my Sky shal not want.
Dolpb. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.
Conf. Eu'n as your Horfe beares your prayles, who would trot as well, were some of his bragges dismounted.
Dolpb. Would I were able to load him with his des-ert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shal be paused with English Faces.
Conf. I will not lay so, for feare I shoulde be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would be at the ears 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 have them.
Dolpb. 'Tis Mid-night, Ite goe arme my selfe. Exit. 
Orleans. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.
Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.
Orleans. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-lant Prince.
Conf. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.
Orleans. He is simply the moft active Gentleman of France.
Conf. Doing is actuitie, and he will still be doing.
Orleans. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.
Conf. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name fall.
Orleans. I know him to be valiant.
Conf. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.
Orleans. What's hee? 
Conf. Marry hee to me himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.
Orleans. Hee nees 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.
Orleans. Ill will neuer sayd well.
Conf. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.
Orleans. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill his due.
Conf. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: have at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.
Orleans. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fools Bolt is soon shot.
Conf. You have shot ouer.
Orleans. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messanger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.
Conf. Who hath meafur'd the ground? 
Meff. The Lord Grandpree.
Conf. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.
Orleans. What a wretched and peevifh 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 apprehenfion, they would runne away.
Orleans. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellefual Armour, they could never weare fuch hauele Head-pieces.
Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Matiffes are of unmatchable courage.
Orleans. Foolifh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Bear, and have their heads crout like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lipple of a Lyon.
Conf. Luft, luft: and the men doe sympathize with the Matiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleans. 1,
Orlance. I, but these English are thowards out of Beef.
Conf. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?
Orlance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Execut.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.
Now entertaine coniceture of a time,
When creepes Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vnveil of the Vnveire.
From Camp to Camp through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army fillye founds;
That the fixt Cantelines almost receuie
The secret Whifers of each others Watch,
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battailie sees the otheres vmbre'd face.
Steer threats Steed, in high and boathfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With buife Hammers closing Rivets vp,
Gide dreadfull note of preparation.
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third houre of drowfie Morning nam'd
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-Judifie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gsted Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and ily ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture fad,
Insueting lane-leane Cheeke's, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruind Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayle and Glory on his heade:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoaft,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Courteymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour:
Vnto the wareie and all-watchd Night:
But frelye looks, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maistrie:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Looks.
A Largefee vnuierfull, like the Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth give to evey one,
Thawing cold feares, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinie define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And to our Scene muft to the Battailie ende:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foylees
(Right ill dilpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men oberiously distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirres,
Which is both healthfull, and good handrany.
Befides, they are our outward Confidences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonifying,
That we should dreffe vs fairely for our end,
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Erping. Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
We were better then a churlibul 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 loure their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eas'd:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breetke vp their drowzie Graue, and newly moue
With called flough, and freth legerie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campes;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Pavillion.

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 blewe thee, Noble Harry.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speake'st chearefully.

Enter Piffell.

Piff. Che vouz la?

King. A friend.

Piff. Discoufe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

Piff. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piff. Trayll't thou the puiflant Pyke?

Piff. Even fo: what are you?

Piff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

Piff. Then you are a better then the King.

Piff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fif right valiant: I kiffe his dutie shoe, and from heart-firing I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piff. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornifh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piff. Know'lt thou Fluellen?

King. Yes,

Piff. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke aboue his Pate vpone S. Dauers day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leate he knock that about yours.
Flit. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinsman too.
Flit. The Fig to thee then.
King. I thank you: God be with you.
Flit. My name is Pisdel call'd. Exit.
King. It forts well with your fierceeneffe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flit. 'So, in the Name of Ieffu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vanuerfall World; when the true and amonchent Prerogatives and Lowes of the Warrs is not kept; if you would take the paines but to examine the Warrs of Pompey the Great, you fhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tade nor pibble babble in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warrs, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobicrie of it, and the Modes and of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you hearre him all Night.

Flit. If the Enemie is an Afe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee fhould allo looke you, be an Afe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne confience now?

Gow. I fhall speake lower.

Flit. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fahion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great caufe to drefe the approach of day.

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke we fhall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ferue you?

King. Vnder Sir John Eppingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman. I pray you, what thinke he of our efate?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Saund, that looke to be walft off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King.

King. No: nor it is not meet be fhould: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violett fmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhews to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nackedneffe he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they floope, they flope with the like wing: therefore, when he fies reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the fame rellifh as ours are: yet in reason, no man fhould poffeffe him with any appearance of feare; leaff hee, by fhouing it, fhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may fhow what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as this, hee could with himfelf in Thames vp to the Neck; and fo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will fpeake my confience of the

King: I thinke hee would not with himfelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; fo fhould he be fure to be rafomed, and a many poore mens liues faued.

King. I dare fay, you loue him not fo ill, to wish him here alone: howfoever you fpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinke I could not dye any where fo contented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being left, and his Quarrrel honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I or more then wee fhould feele after; for wee know enough, if we know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King himfelf hath a heace Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopp'd off in a Batailla, fhall joynge together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at fuch a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wives, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are fewe dye well, that dye in a Batailla: 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 difobey, were against all proportion of fubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully miffcarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, ftould be imputed vpon his Father that fent him: or if a Seruant, under his Masters command, tranfporting a Summe of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities: you may call the busineffe of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not fo: The King is not bound to anfwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpofe not their death, when they purpofe their fervices. Besides, there is no King, by his Caufe neuer fo foftaffe, if it come to the abirmitement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnpoitned Souldiers: fome (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and conftrued Murther; fome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Scales of Periurie; fome, making the Warrs their Bulwarke, that haue before go re the gentle Bofome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Natuer punishment; though they can out-frip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punifh'd, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee fafe, they perifh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guillt of their damnation, then hee was before guillt of thofe Impieties, for the which they are now visit'd. Every Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore fhould every Souldier in the Warrs doe as every sickle man in his Bed, wath every Moth out of his Confidence: and dying fo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffed lyef, wherein fuch preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God fo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to teach others how they fhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to anwer it.

Bates. I doe not defire hee should anwer for me, and yet I determine to fight lufily for him.

King. If my felie heard the King say he would not be ranfom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearfully, but when our threats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trueth his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perilous shot out of an elder Gunne, that a poore and a private 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'll neuer trueth his word after; come, 'tis a foolish paying.

King. Your reprofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar't acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here's my Glove: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

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

King. If ever I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar't as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English foole, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to recon.

Enter Soldiers.

King. In deed the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they bear them on their shoulers: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himeselfe will be a Cliper.

Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Souls, Our Debts, our carefull Wives, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must bee all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe, Subiect to the breath of every foole, whose fence No more can feele, but his owne wringing. What infinite hearts-ache muft Kings neglect, That private men enjoy.

And what have Kings, that Private haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie? And what art thou, thou Idol 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, kick me but thy worth. What? is thy Soule of Oration? Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men? Wherein thou art lefte happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing.

What drink't thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, But poyfon'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatneffe, And bid thy Ceremonie glue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fleer Peuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation? Will it glue place to flexure and low bending? Can't thou, when thou command't the beggars knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proued Dreame, That play't so fubtilly 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 Male, the Crowne Imperiall, The enter-tisshed Robe of Gold and Pearle, The farfed Title running 'fore the King, The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe, That beats upon the hight shore of this World: No, not all thefe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; Not all thefe, lay'd in Bed Maiestiffall.

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave: Who with a body full'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to ret, cram'd with dittrefull bread, Neuer fees horride Night, the Child of Hell: But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set, Sweetes in the eye of Phebus; and all Night Sleepes in Elation: next day after dawne, Doth rise and helpe Heric to his Horse, And follows so the even-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue: And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch, Winding vp Days with toyle, and Nights with sleepe, Had he fore-hand and vantage of a King. The Slave, a Member of the Countrieyes peace, Enjoies it; but in groffe braine little wots, What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace; Whole howres, the Pesant left advantages.

Enter Eppingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence, Seeketh through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

King. O God of Battales, feele my Soldiers hearts, Poffeffe them not with feare: Take from them now The fence of rekening of th'Opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, O not to day, thinkes not upon the fault My Father made, in compassing the Crowne. I Richards body haue interred new, And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares, Then from it lifted forced drops of blood. Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay, Who twice a day their withers hands hold vp Toward Heaven, to pardon blood: And I haue built two Chaunties, Where the sad and solemn Priefts sing full For Richards Soule. More will I doe: Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloccsfer.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloccsfer 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, Orlaunce, Ramburs, and Beaumon.

Orlaunce. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.


Orlaunce. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les eues & terce, Rien puis le air & feu. Enter Confiable.

Now my Lord Confiable?

Conf. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incifion in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horfes blood? How shall we then behold their natural tears? Enter Meffinger.

Meffing. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conf. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe. Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band, And your faine fiew shall fack away their Soules, Leaving them but the fhares and hufkes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their fickle Veines, To give each naked Curtieaux a flayne, That our French Gallants fhall to day draw out, And fheat for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them. 'Tis poftive against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants, Who in vneceffarie action warme About our Squares of Battle, were enow To purge this field of fuch a hilding Foe; Though we upon this Mountaines Bafis by, Took ftand for idle fpeculation: But that our Honours muft not. What's to fay? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets found The Tucket Sonouncé, and the Note to mount: For our approach fhall fo much dare the field, That England fhall couche downe in feare, and yeeld. Enter Grumbra.

Grandpre. Why do you fay fo long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carions, desperate of their bones, Ill-fauorably become the Morning field: Their rag'd Curtieaux poorely are let loof, And our Ayre fhakes them fuffling fcomerfully. Bigge Mars: them banque'roft in their beggar'd Hoaf, And faintly through a rude Beffe peepes. The Horfemen fit like fixed Candleficks, With Torch-flaues in their hand; and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, drooping the hides and hips: The gummé downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chawd-graffe, fill and motionleffe, And their exuores, the Knaufli Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot fute it felle in words, To demonftrate the Life of fuch a Battle, In life fo lively, as it fheses it felle. Conf. They have faid their prayers, And they fay for death. Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and freh Sutes, And give their fathing Horfes Prouender, And after fight with them?

Conf. I fay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vie it for my hafte. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exit.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Eppingham with all his Hoaff: Salisbury, and Welfmerland.

Gloucester. Where is the King?

Bedford. The King himfelfe is rode to view their Battle.

Welf. Of fighting men they have full three-score thoufand.

Exe. There's fwe to one, besides they all are freh.

Salikh. Gods Arme strike with vs', tis a fearefull odde.

God buy' you Princes all; Ie to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven; Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My dar three Lord Gloucefer, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedford. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck goe with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedford. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneffe, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Welf. O that we now had here But one thoufand of those men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes fo?

My Cousin Welfmerland. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are marke to dye, we are enow To doe our Country loos: and if to live, The fewe men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.

By love, I am not courteous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my defires. But if it be a finne to couet Honor, I am the moft offending Soule alive.

No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loofe fo great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me, For the beft hope I haue. O, doe not with one more: Rather proclaime it (Welfmerland) through my Hoaff, That he which hath no hoffack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasfport fhall be made,

And Crownes for Couney 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 Crifian:

He that out-lives this day, and comes fafe home, Will ftand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowe him at the Name of Crifian.

He that shall fee this day, and lye old age,

Will yererely on the Vigil feaft his neighbours, And say, to morrow is Saint Crifian.

Then will he flrip his fleue, and fhew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all fhall be forgot:

But hee le remember, with advantage,

What feaht he did that day. Then fhall our Names,

Familier in his mouth as houfelhold words.
Harry the King, Bedfor and Exeter,
Warwick an Talbot, Salisbury an Glouchester,
Be in their flowing Cops freely remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Griffyn Grissian shall he goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne’re fo vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall think themselves accord they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whites any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint Griffyns day.

Enter Salisbury
Sal. My Soveraign Lord, beflow your felie with speed: The French are brantly in their battaile set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Wes. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not with more helpe from England,
Coush?
Wes. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battale.
King. Why now thou hast vanuit fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to with vs one.
you know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most affured Queenesthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Guife,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable defires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From of these fields; where criminals their poor bodies
Must lye and fetter.
King. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
King. I pray thee beeare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
While the beaft liu’d, was kill’d with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Natuere Graues vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse lie in Braille of this days worke.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam’d: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets craufng,
Break out into a second courfe of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speakes proudyly: Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynaffe and our Gilt are all befrmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There’s not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not fyle:

And time hath wore vs into louenrie.
But by the Maife, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They’ll be in frether Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o’re the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of feruice. If they doe this,
As if God pleashe, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will foone be leuyed.
Herald, faue thy laboure:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I teware, but thee my joynts:
Which if they have, as I will leave vns them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt heard Herauld any more.
Exit.
King. I fear thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter York.
York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Take it, brave York.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.
Enter Pijfel, French Souldier, Boy.
Pijf. Yeeld Curre.
French. Is penfe que vous etes le Gentilhomme de bon qual-
ites.
Pijf. Qualiteit calme% culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discusse.
French. O Seigneur Diau.
Pijf. O Signieur Dewe shoude be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou
doe glue to me egregious Ranfome.
French. O premes miexorodite aye pites de moy.
Pijf. Moy shalt not ferue, I will have fortie Moyes: for
I will fetch thy ymmee out at thy Throat, in droppes
Crimson blood.
French. Est il imposible d’ecchapper le force de ton bras.
Pijf. Braffe, Curre thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer’t me Braffe?
French. O perdonne moy.
Pijf. Say’t thou me fo?: is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, ask me this fluce in French what is thy
Name.
Boy. Esccrre comment eftes vous appelle?
French. Monfeur le Fer.
Boy. He sages his Name is M.Fer.
Pijf. M. Fer: Il e fer him, and irkke him, and ferret him:
discusse the fame in French vnto me.
Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, ferret, and
irkke.
Pijf. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
French. Que dic il Monfeur?
Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vos
prots, car ce foltat icy el cheh defsef touff afserre de coupes vofre
gorge.
Pijf. Ow, cuppele gorge permafsy pesant, vnlee-
thou gue me Crowsnes, braue Crowsnes; or mangled thou
be by this my Sword.
French. O je vous aussy pour l’amour de Dieu: ma par-
donner, je fuis le Gentilhomme de bon maistre, garde ma vie, & je
vous dommande deux cent eures.
Pijf. What are his words?

Boy. He
Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Pres. Petuit Monseur que dit il?
Boy. Encore qu’il est contre mon lument, de pardonner aucune prifonner; neant-mons pour les effus que vous joyz a promets, il est content a vous donner le libre le franchissement.

Pres. Sur mes genoue je vous donne milles remercius, et je me effime heureux que je tonche, entre les main, d’un Chevalier: je peulc le plus brave valant et tres disfinite signeur d’Angletere.

Pist. Expound vnto me boy.
Boy. He gies you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he effumes himselfe happy, that he hath faine into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moft brave, valorous and thricely-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I fuckle blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.
Boy. Sause vous le grand Captaine?
I did never know so full a voyce issue from so empie a heart: but the sayng is true. The empty vehil makes the greatest found, Bardolf and Nym had tenne times more valoure, then this roaring dull Th’ oldie play, that euery one may praye his nayles with a woodsenn dagger, and they are both hang’d, and so would this be, if his durc shelle any thing adventurously. I must stayed with the Lackies with the luggaze of our camp, the French might have a good prayer of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleauce, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramurs.

Con. O Diable.
Orl. O figneur le Tour et perdice, toute et perdice.
Dol. Mon Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reprouche, and everlastinge flame.
Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

Orl. Why all our rakes are broke.
Dol. O perdurable flame, let’s fhub our false.
Be theye the wretchese that we plaid at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ransome?
Bur. Shame, and eternal flame, 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 bafe Pander hold the chamber doore,
Whilf a bafe flae, no gentler then my dogge,
His faireft daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disforder that hath fpyoi’d vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our lyes.
Orl. We are now yet living in the Field,
To fmother vp the English in our throgs,
If any order might be thought vpon.
Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be short, else flame will be too long.

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne
with Prifoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice valiant Countrimen,
But all’s not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commendes him to your Maiesty.

Flu. I, hee was pore at Monmouth Captaine Gomer:
What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gomer. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnan-

port, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a little variations.

Gomer. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedonia, his Father was called Philip of Macedonia, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedonia where Alexander is pore.
I. For That Shall And Befides, If Ride good kild but things. come is alfo they cfyfonmoKth. their King. many of the other Rier : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his dispileures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend Clytie.

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

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finisht I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it : as Alexander kild his friend Clytie, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; fo also Harry Monmouth being in his right witter, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet : he was full of ics, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: lie tell you, there is good men porne at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Barbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight, If they do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as fones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, wee' ll cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montjoy.

Ext. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege Gloucester. His eyes are humbler then they va'd to be. King. How now, what means this Herald? Knowest thou not, That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome? Com'st thou againe for ranfome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenfe, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To fort our Nobles from our common men. For many of our Princes (wone the while) Lye drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood: So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of Princes, and with wounded heads Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage Yerke out their armed heales at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O glue vs leave great King, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their 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 gaplo 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 stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Criffin Crifpinianus.

Flu. Your Father grand of famous memory (can't please your Malefi) and your great Uncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a moft prate pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Malefi fayes very true: If your Malefi is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leenkes did grow, wearing Leenkes in their Monmouth caps, which your Malefi know to this hour is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue your Malefi takes no scorne to wear the Leake vppon S. Taulies day.

King. I ware it for a memorahle honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Malefi Welfia plowed out of your body, I can tell you that: God pleafe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his Malefi too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrmen.

Flu. By Iefhu, I am your Malefi's Countreman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orde, I need not to be ashamed of your Malefi, praied be God so long as your Malefi is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither. Ext. Souldier, you must come to the King. Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Malefi, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alone.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Malefi, a Raffell that swag-ger'd with me last night: who if alive, and eu're dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworn to take him a boxe a' th' ere: or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would wear (if alive) I will strike it out soufully.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Craven and a Villaine else, and't please your Malefi in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anfwier of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentlemans as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is neceffary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periu'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villainje and a Jacke favace, as euere his blacke trowd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow frith, when thou meet'll the fellow.

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I lue.

King. Who feru'd thou vnder?

Wil.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Will. Vader Captaine Gomer, my Liege.

Flu. Gomer is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatur'd in the Warres.

King. Call him bither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit.

King. Here Fluellen, wear thou this fav'ry for me, and flike it in thy Cappe : when Alanfon and my selfe were done togethers, I pluck't 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't me louse.

Flu. Your Grace doe's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine fee the man, that he's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agree'd 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't thou Gomer?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe feeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen close at the heels.

The Gloue which I have gien him for a fav'ry, May haply purchase him a box o'th'ear.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargainage should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick: If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some fadaine mischief may arize of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant, And touche with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. Exeunt.

Enter Gomer and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beekefe you now, come space 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 Univerfall world, or in France, or in England.


Will. Do you think he be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gomer, I will give Trafon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.


Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prays'd be God for it, a most contagious Trayton come to light, looke you, as you shall dare in a Summers day. Heere is his Mailestie. 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, he's ftreeke 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 gave it to in change, promis'd to wear 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 have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Mailestie hearre now, fouling your Mailesties Manhood, what an arrant rafally, beggerly, lowifie Kaue it: I hope your Mailestie is peare me testimonie and witneffe, and will avouchment, that this is the Gloue of Alanfon, that your Mailestie is gie me, in your Con方便ce now.

King. Gie me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, here is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd it to strike,

And thou haft ginen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaas your Mailestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marchall 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 Mailestie.

King. It was our felle thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Mailestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: winnow the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highneffelauncher'd vnder that shape, I beekefe you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beekefe your Highneffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And gie it to this fellow. Keep it fellow,

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Give 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 twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep 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 serve you to mend your Aooses: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your Aooses is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbered?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, Vnckle?


King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field ly'e slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there 1ye dead One hundred twenty fix: added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dub'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they have loft, There are but fiftene hundred Mercenaries:

The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And Gentlemen of blood and quality.
The Names of those: their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabrath, High Constable of France,
Leagu of Chatillon, Admiral of France,
The Mater of the Crofte-bowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Mater of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alaraton, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barr: of luftie Earles,
Grandpee and Rouffie, Faucumbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vemdon and Leffraile.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Kyty, Davy Gem Elquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But few and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And more to vs, but to thy Arme alene,
Afamble we all: when, without fratagem,
But in plaine flook, and even play of Battle,
Was ever knowne so great and little loss?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but chine.

Exeunt. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goo me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoof;
To boast of this, or take that prayfe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleae your Maiestie, to tell how many is kild?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my confidence, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enclas'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arrie'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.
Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse,
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we hear the King.
Toward Callice: Grant him there; there seene,
Heau me away upon your winged thought,
Athrwart the Sea: Behold the English beach:
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wises, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffer fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly fee him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords defire him, to have borne
His bruitful Helmet; and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-nesse, and felse-glories pride;
Giving full Trophees, Signall and Ofent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forse and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
Like to the Senators of th'anteque Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heels.
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Caesar in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empresse,
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 behalf of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc',
Till Harrys backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him: and my selfe have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straightforward backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Lecke to day? S. Danis day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and caues why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine Gower; the rashfully, fcauld, beggerly, lowfie, plagging Knaue Piffole, 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 falt yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Lecke: 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 fee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desieres.

Enter Piffell.

Gower. Why heere hee comes,swelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleffe you aunchent Piffole:you fcaufe lowfie Knaue, God pleffe you.

Pif. Ha, art thou bedlam? doenst thou thirft, bafe Troian, to have me fold vp Percon fatalWeb? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

Flu. I pefcheth you heartily, fcaufe lowfie Knaue, at my desieres, and my requesets, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Lecke; because, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digeftions doo's not agree with it, I would defiere you to eate it.

Pif. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. Strikes him.

Will you be fo good, fcauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pif. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You fay very true, fcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will defiere you to live in the meanes time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is fawece 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 mock a Leek, you can eate a Leek.

Gear. Enough Captaine, you have aflonift him. 

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leek, or I will pate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your plodie Cokcombe.

Fiij. Must I bite. 

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities. 

Fiij. By this Leekke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I fairewe.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more faire to your Leekke: there is not enough Leekke to fairewe by.

Fiij. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doit fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you faild knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Cokcombe; when you take occasions to fee Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Fiij. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a great to heale your pate.

Fiij. Me a great? 

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you take it, or I have another Leekke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Fiij. I take thy grot in earnest of reuenge. 

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

Fiij. All hell shall flirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable respect, and wore as a memorable Trophee of predected valor, and dare not aouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue scene you glesking & galleryng at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the nature garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwife, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Exit Fiij.

Fiij. Doeth fortune play the huwife with me now? Newes have I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my reuencous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ie turne, and somethings leave to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I slee, and there Ie slee:

And patches will I get unto these cudseld scarres, And fwore I got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queen Isabele, the King, the Duke of Burgogne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cofine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assemby is controul'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgogne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Era. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

Ques. So happy be the Illue 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 fullall Balls of murthering Bafilhaks: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Have loft their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all grieues and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Ques. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equal loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Mightyneffe on both parts beft can witnesse. Since then my Office hath to farre preuy'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congreget: 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, Plentyes, and Joyfull Birthes, Should not in this beft Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage? Alas, the hath from France too long been chat'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, 

Unpruned, dyers: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fellow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femandery,
Doth root vp: while that the Culter rufts,
That should derracinate such Sauagery:

The even Meads, that erth brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowlip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected ranke;
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kekseyes, Burres,
Loosing both beautie and vitillie;
And all our Vinylards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defetlieue in their naturas, grow to wildnese.
Even so our Houses, and our felues, and Children, 
Haue loft, or do not learn, 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 ferne Lookes, deured Attyre,
And every thing that teemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speach 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 have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have encharged 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 vyrg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

Franse. 1
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

France. I hau e but with a curielie eye
O're glanc't the Articles Pleasch your Grace
To appoint fome of your Councell prefently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re ferue them; we will fuddently
Pass our accept and peremptorie Answer.

Englond. Brother we fhall. Goe Vveckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefer,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes beft
Shall fee advantageous for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes. or stay here with vs ?

Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them :
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe fome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd,be flood on
Englond. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She if our capital Demand, compris'd
Within the fore rankes of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leuie. Except omnes.

\[Mane King and Katherine.\]

King. Faire Katherine, and moft faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearnes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies ear,
And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieftie shall mock at me, I cannot fpake
your Englond.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
ffe that it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, Kate ?

Kath. Pardon me, I cannot tell what is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que je fui famblable a les Anges ?
Lady. Ouy veryament (fauf vuyre Grace) ainsy dit il.

King. I fald fo, deare Katherine, and I muft not bluff
to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes font plein de
tromperies.

King. What fayes fhe, fayre one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?
Lady. Ouy,dat de tongeus de de mans is be full of de-
craits: dat is de Princcfe.

King. The Princesse is the better English woman:
yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderlandin, I am
glad thou canst fpake no better English, for if thou
could'st, thou would't finde me fuch a flaine King,that
thou would't thinkke, I had fold my Farme to buy my
Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
rectly to fay, I loue you; then if you fay me farther,
than to fay, Doe you in faith? I weare my fuit: Give
me your anfver, yfaith doe, and fo clap hands, and a bar-
gaine: how fay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voufere honere, me vnderfand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verfes, or to
Dance for your fake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one
I have neither words nor meafure; and for the other, I
have no strength in meaue, yet a reafonable meaue in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
vawing into my Saddl, with my Armour on my backe;
under the correction of bragging be it fpoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might fuffet for my
Louse, or bound my Horle for her fauours, I could lay
on like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apes, neuer off.
But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaife out
my eloquence; nor I have no cunning in pretefaion;
oney downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vie till vrg'd,
or neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst love a fellow
of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burn-
ing? that neuer lookes in his Glaffe, for loue of any
thing he fien there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I fpake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to fay 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'ft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and
vnoyed Confiancie, for he perfome muft doe thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themfelves
into Ladies fauours, they doe alwaies reafon themfelves
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme
is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a firft Backe will
fllope, a blace Beard will turne white, a cur'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 newer changes, but keeps his course
ever. If thou would haue fuch a one, take me ? and
take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
And what fay'ft thou then to my Loue? fpake my faire, and
fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poffible dat I foule de ennemie of
France?

King. No, it is not poffible you shoulde loue the 
Eneemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you shoulde
the Friend of France: for I loue France fo 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 yurs
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what 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 spoake off:
le quand f aur le poiffejon de France, & quand vous auez le
pofleffion de moy. (Let me fee, what then? Saint Dennis
bee my speede) Done voufere et France, & voufes efles
mienne. I is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome,
as to fpake fo much more French: I shall never mowe thee
in French, vnlesfe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voufere honere, le Franfois ques vous parleis, il
& meintes que l'Anglois le quel je parle.

King. No faif is not, Kate: but thy fpaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, moft truely falfely, muft
needes be granted to be much at one. But Kate, do'ft
thou vnderland this much English? Canst thou loue me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile
ask them. Come, I know thou loueft me: and at night,
when you come into your Clofett, you'le queftion this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
her difpaye thefe parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princcfe, because I loue thee cruelly. If euher thou
beeft mine, Kate, as I have a fauing Faith within me tells
me thou hate ; I get thee with skabling, and thou
muft 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,
that
that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turkce by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'ft thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No'tis hereafter to know, but now to prome: doe but now prome Kate, you will endevour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English myotie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anwer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trofebr & devin desf?

Kath. Your Maleflee saufe Frenche enough to descieu de moft fage Damosell dat is en Frunce.

King. Now frye vpon my fals French; by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sware thou loue me, yet my blood begins to fatter me, that thou dont; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering eff'ct of my Viage. Now before my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Ciuil Warses when hee got me, therefore was I created with a fruborne out-fide, with an eff'ct 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 sproyle vpon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the world; 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, aouosh the Thoughts of your Heart with the Loues of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no gooner bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet 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 Anwer in broken Mufick; for thy Voyce is Mufick, 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 pleafe de Roy mon pare.

King. Nay, it will pleafe him well, Kate; it shall pleafe him, Kate.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. Laiffe mon Signeur, laiffe, laiffe, may foy: Je ne vouu point que vous abbaiffes vofre grandeur, en baifant le main d'une noitre Signeur indignes jerviteur excufe moy. Je vous jolippe mon trof-pauiffant Signeur.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Les Dames & Damoifels pour eflaire baifez desant leur nopeffe il let pas le coufme de Franchise.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fahion for the Ladies of Franchise; I cannot tell wa is buiff en Anglih.

Kate. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maleftee entendre better que moy.

King. It is not a fahion for the Maids in Franchise to kiffe before they are married, would the fay?

Lady. Ouy vonayment.

Kate. O Kate, nice Cofhones conie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreys fahion: wée are the ma-kers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that follows our Places, stoppe the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fahion of your Country, in denying me a Kiffe: therefore patiently, and yeilding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Counsell; and they should sooner perfwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God sue your Maleftee, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princess English?

King. I would have her learen, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi- tion is not smooth: So that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot fo conuire vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likefnee.

Burg. Pardon the franknee of my mirth, if I anwer you for that. If you would conuire in her, you must make a Circle: if conuire vp Loue in her in his true likefnee, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ro'd ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modifie, if shee deny the apparence of a naked blinde Boy in her naked faking felfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeild, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they fee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to confent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to confent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tide, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tries me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer: and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and fice muft be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is fo: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnee, who cannot fee many a faire French Cifie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perpecti- vely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrded with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath ent- ered.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flood in the way for my Wifh, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have confented to all tearmes of rea- son.

England. It's fo, my Lords of England?

Wifh. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter firft; and in fequel, all, According to their firme proposed natures.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Exeunt. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your Majestie demands, That the King of France
Having any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highness in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: Noftr tresor fili Henrius Regis Anglie
Heretere de Francie: and thus in Latine; Præclarissimus
Filiius noftrorum Henricus Rex Anglie & Hæres Francie.

France. Nor this I have not Brother to deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in love and deare allyingance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very flores looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cesse their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and bear me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Queene. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufull,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,

Which troubles of the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Patiot of these Kingdomes,
To make divorcement of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll 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.

Sennet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-viable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by farts 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 Imperial Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath flowne; and for their fake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

k2

The
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 Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng be $ heauen with black, yield day to night; Comets importing change of Times and States, Brandish your crysall Treffes in the Skie, And with them scourge the bad revolving Stars, That have confent to Henry's death.

King Henry the Fift, too famous to live long, England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloft. England ne're had a King untill his time: Vertue he had, deferving to command, His brandiht Sword did blinde men with his beames, His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, repléat with wrathfull fire, More dazled and drove back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech: He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and never shall reuile: Upon a Woodden Coffin we attend; And Death dishonourable Victorie, We with our fately presence glorifie, Like Captuies bound to a Triumphant Carre, What shall we curse the Planets of Misfap, That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow? Or shall we think the fuble-witted French, Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, By Magick Verfes haue contribued end.

Winch. He was a King, bleft of the King of Kings. Unto the French, the dreadful Judgement-day: So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight. The Battales of the Lord of Hofts he fought: The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloft. The Church? where is it? Had not Church-men prayd, His thred of Life had not fo loone decayd. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-sawe.

Winch. Glofter, what are we like, thou art Protector, And lookst to command the Prince and Realme. Thy Wife is proue, the holdeth thee in awe, More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou loue't the Flesh, And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ft, Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cefce, cese these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs; In stead of Gold, we'l offer vp our Armes, Since Armes asayle not, now that Henry's dead, Pofferite await for wretched yeeres, When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of falt Tares, And none but Women left to wayle the dead. Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invocate: Proper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuitie Broyles, Combat with aduaire Planets in the Heauen; A farre more glorious Saint thy Soule will make, Then Julius Cesar, or bright.

Enter a Messinger.

Meff. My honourable Lords, health to you all: Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loffe, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Orlezanze, Paris, Guyfors, Poitiers, are all quite loft.

Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse? Speake softly, or the loffe of those great Townes Will make him burft his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloft. Is Paris loft? is Roan yeelded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life again, These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost. Exe. How were they loft? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meff. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money. Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, That here you maintaine funerall Factions: And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought, You are disputing of your Generals. One would have 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 obtayned: Awake, a wake, English Nobilitie, Let not floutt 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: Give me my dueled Coat, Ile fight for France. Away with these disgraceful wayling Robes; Wounds will I lead the French, in stead of Eyes, To wepe their interminifie Miseries.
Enter them another Messanger.

MR. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is sollicited from the English quite, except some petty Townes, of no importance.
The Dolphine Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleamce with him is Ioyn'd:
Reynolds, Duke of Anio, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alfonso flyeth to his side. Exit.
Exe. The Dolphine crown'd King? all fly e to him?
O whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glofr. We will not flye, but to our enemies threats.
Bed. If thou be flarke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Glofr., why doubt'st thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I muffer'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messanger.

MR. My gracious Lords, to addde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's heart,
I must informe you of a dismall sight;
Betwixt the four Lord Talbot, and the French.

Win. Wherewithin Talbot overcame, is't so?

3. MR. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ie tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retrying from the Siege of Orleamce,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentieth thousand of the French
Was round incompaßed, and set upon:
No leysure had he to enrange his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confufedly,
To keep the Horsemen off, from breaking in,
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durft stand him:
Here, there, and every where engr'g, he flew.
The French exclamation, the Dcuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army ftood agaz'd on him,
His Souldiers fynging his undaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
And rufht into the Bowells of the Battell.
Here had the Conqueft fully been feald vp,
If Sir John Fafhaffe had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
Hence grew the general wrack and maffacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies:
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrott Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke on in the face.
Bed. Is Talbot daine then? I will day my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and eafe,
Whilft such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daftard foes-men is betray'd.
3. MR. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile haie the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ie 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 George Peast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quike.
3. MR. So you had need, for Orleamce is bez'g'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury cruseth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation.
Exit Bedford.

Glofr. Ile to the Tower with all the haft I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclaimye young Henry King.
Exit Glofr.

Exit. To Elmam will I, where the young King is,
Being ord'nd by his spesiall Governor,
And for his fatiete there Ile betf deuide.
Exit.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for nothing remains:
But long I will not be lack out of Office.
The King from Elmam I intend to fend,
And fit at chieft Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mar! his true gaine, even as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne:
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Viftors, upon vs he smil's.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleamce:
Otherwhiles, the famifht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.
Alen. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beeves:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouths,
Or pittoce they will looke, like drowned Mice.
Reignier. Let's rayle the Sierr: why lye we idolry here?
Talbot is taken, whom we want to fare:
Remayne not 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, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye:
Execut.
Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great loss.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer saw the like what men have I?
Dogges, Cows, Daws, Daftards: I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.
Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighthed as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon vs as their hungry prey.
Alanfon. Freyfard, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands breed,
During the time Edward the third did reign,
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Galiffes
It fendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenn?
Leane raw-bond Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacity?
Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forfake the Siege.
Reigned. I thinkes by some oddy Gimme or Denice
Their Armes are fet, like Clockes, full to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my confent, we'll even let them alone.

Alanfon. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleanc.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.
'Dolb. Bastard of Orleanc, thrice welcome to vs.
Basti. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late overthrew wroght this offence?
Be not dismes'nd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid bither with me I bring,
Which by a Vicon sent from her Feaunen,
Omysayd is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The Spirit of depe Prophecy the hath,
Exceeding the nine Sylphs of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can defly.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallable.

Dolb. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reigned. Stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prudely, let thy Looks be stern,
By this meanes shall we found what skill the hath.

Enter Ioane Pusel.

Reigned. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?
Pusel. Reigned, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though never seene before,
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee sparte,
Stand back you Lords, and see we leave a while.

Reigned. She takes upon her bruely at first dath.
Pusel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shephers Daughter,
My wit vtraynd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemplable estate.
Loe, whilst I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Sunnes parching heat dispaly'd my cheeke,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vicon full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Countrie from Calamity:
Her syde the promis'd, and afflitt forceth.
In compleat Glory thee reveal'd her selfe;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear Rayes, which thee influ'd on me,
That beautie am I leav'd with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canft possible,
And I will anwer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolb. Thou haft aonfifht me with thy high terme:
Onely this prove Ile of thy Valour make,
In sngle Combat thou shalt buckte with me;
And if thou vanquifh, thy words are true,
Otherwife I renounce all confidence.
Pusel. 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. Katherine Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.
Dolb. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Pusel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.
Here they fight, and Ioane de Pusel overcomes.
Dolb. Stay, stay thy handes, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Debra.
Pusel. Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weake.
Dolb. Who e're helps thee, tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy defire,
My heart and hands thou haft at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pusel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy Ierant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin faith to thee thus.
Pusel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I haue chas'd all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.
Dolb. Meane time lookes gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reigned. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talkes.
Alan. Doubtlesse he hirues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.
Reigned. Shal we wee disturb him, since hee keepes no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are threwd tempters with their tongues.
Reigned. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleanc, or no?
Pusel. Why no, I say: diutritfull Recreants,
Fright till the last gaife: Ile be your guard.
Dolb. What thee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.
Pusel. Affign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege affredly Ile rayle:
Expect Saint Martin Summer, Halcyons dayes,
Since I have entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceafeth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it diuerse to naught.
With Hertes death, the English Circle ends,
Disperst are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud infulting Ship,
Which Caffar and his fortune bare at once.
Dolb. Was Manomes inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspir'd then.
Helen, the Mother of Great Confantine,
Nor yet S. Philips daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of Venus, faine downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alanfon. Leave off delays, and let vs rayse the Siege.

Reigned. Wol-
Enter Gloster, with his Servi'men.

Glof. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henries death, I hear there is Conveyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, tis Gloster that calls.
1. Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
Glof. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. Man. Villains, answer you to the Lord Protector?
2. Warder. The Lord protect him, fo we answer him.
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.
Glof. Who willd you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm but I,
Breach vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be bowted thus by dunghill Groomes?
Glosters men rusht at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile
the Lieutenant breaks within.
Wooduile. What noyle is this? what Traytors have wee here?
Glof. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.
Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchefter forbids:
From him I haue express commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
Glof. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest heem Iore me?
Arrogant Winchefer, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom Henrv our late Soueraigne ne'e could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;
Open the Gates, or Ile fllut thee out shortly.
Servi'men. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or we'e be slurn them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchefer
and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchefer. How now ambitious Vimpeir, what means this?
Glof. Piel'd Priest, doe'th thou command me to be shut out?
Winch. I doe, thou most vfurping Proctor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Glof. Stand back thou manifeft Conspirator,
Thou that contiued'ft to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that girt'th Whores Indulgences to finne,
Ile canas thee in thy brood Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inoffence,
Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascu's, be thou curst Cajn,
To flay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glof. I will not flay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vfe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ft, I hear thee to thy face,
Glof. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this privileged place,
Blow Coats to Tawney Coates. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you foundly.
Vnder my feet I flame thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Chakes Ile drag thee vp and down.
Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.
Glof. Winchefter Goofe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now best them hence, why doe you let them flay?
The Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepe's array.
Out Tawney Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrizte.

Here Glosters men best out the Cardinall men,
and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor
of London, and his Officers.

Major. Fye Lords, that you be supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should brake the Peace.
Glof. Peace Major, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distribuy'd the Tower to his vif.
Winch. Here's Gloster, a Poe to Citizens,
One that shall motions Warre, and newer Peace,
O're-charging thy free Purfes with large Fines;
That sekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne hymselfe King, and suppreffe the Prince.
Glof. I will not answere thee with words, but blows.
Here they skirmish again.

Major. Naught refis 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 Kinges, we charge and command you,
in his Highnes Name, to reprove to your severall dwelling places,
and not to wearable, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger henceforward, upon pains of death.
Glof. Cardinall, be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and brake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy confl, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Major. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuell.
Glof. Major farewell: thou dost't but what thou may't.
Winch. Abhominal Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Major. See the Coat cleard, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should feac thy famackes beare,
I my felle fight not once in forte yeere.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleane, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleane is besieged,
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortuna'te, I mis't my yame.
M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals have informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrenched,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonner Tower, to one-peere the Cite,
And thence dioouer, how with most advantage
They may vs vs with Shot or with Assailant.
To intercept this insoucienence,
A Pece of Ordnance gainst it I haue plac'd.
And even these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them. Now do thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy't any, runne and bring me word,  
And thou shalt find me at the Gourners.  
Boy, Father, I warrant you, take you no care,  
Ile never trouble you, if I may fype them.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,  
with others.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?  
How wert thou handled, being Prizoner?  
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prizoner,  
Call'd the brave Lord Penton de Contraige,  
For him was I exchang'd, and ranom'd.  
But with a bafer man of Armes by farre,  
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:  
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and ceased death,  
Rather then I would be fo pil'd estem'd:  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd.  
But O, the trecherous Falstaff wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fifts I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumulous taunts,  
In open Market-place produc'th me,  
To be a publique spectacle to all:  
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,  
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children fo.  
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,  
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.

My grify countenance made others fye,  
None durft come neere, for feare of fuddaine death.  
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not fure:  
So great feare of my Name mongt them were spread,  
That they fuppox'd I could rend Barres of Steele,  
And fpurne in pieces Pofs of Adamant.  
Wherefore a guard of cho'en Shot I had,  
That walkt about me euery Minute where:  
And if I did but flrake out of my Bed,  
Ready they were to flmoth me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linfobke.

Salib. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,  
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper time in Orleancie:  
Here, through this Gate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:  
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:  
Sir Thomas Gargrawe, and Sir William Glanfel,  
Let me have your exprefse opinions,  
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?  
Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glanfdale. And I heare, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Tal. For ould I fee, this Citee muft be famish'd,  
Or with light Skirmishes eafeelled.  
Here they feet, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salib. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched finner.

Gargraue. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath croft us?  
Speake Salisbury; at leaft, if thou canst, speake:

How far't thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?  
One of thy Eyes, and thy Checkes fide fruck off?  
Accursed Tower, accursed faltall Hand,  
That hath contrin'd this wofull Tragedie.  
In thirteene Battallies, Salisbury o'rcame:  
Henry the Fift he fift truynd to the Warres.  
Whil't any Trumpe did lou'd, or Drum fruck vp,  
His Sword did ne're leave strik'ng in the field.  
Yet liu'th thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,  
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heauen for grace.  
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.  
Heauen be thou gracioius to none alioke,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.  
Beare hence his Body, I will help to bury it.  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, haft 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 hee should fay, When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet 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 fitte is this? what tumultus in the Heauens?  
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyfe?  
Enter a Mufinger.

Muff' My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head.  
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Puzel loyn'd,  
A holy Propheteke, new rife vp,  
Is come with a great Power, to reftyle the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.  
Talb. Heare, heare, how dyng Salisbury doth groane,  
It irks his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.  
Puzel or Pulfel, Dolphin or Dog-fift,  
Your hearts Ile flampe out with my Horles heele,  
And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.  
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,  
And then weele try what thefe daftard Frenchmen dare.  

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,  
and druceth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,  
driving Englishmen before her.  
Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valoure, and my force?  
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot faym them,  
A Woman clad in Armour chafteth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here she comes. Ile have a bowt with thee:  
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ie coniure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,  
And straightway glue thy Soule to him thou fearest.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muft difgrace thee.  
Here they fght.

Talb. Heauens, can youuffer Hell fo to preyse?  
My brest Ile burft with fharing of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my Armes afunder,  
But I will chaftifie this high-minded Strumpet.

They fght againe.

Puzel. Puzel. Talbot farwel, thy hour is not yet come,  
I muft goe Wi'chuall Orleancie forthwith:  
A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyle or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walls, by some apparant signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shal. Thus are poorest Scrawlers
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)

Contraid'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummers beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubt Burgundy,
By whose approach, the Regions of Artois,
Walloo, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beft to quittance their deceit,
Contraid by Art, and balefull Sorceries.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To lyone with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company,
But what's in that Prouerue whom they tearme me pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martial?

Bur. Pray God the prove not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as the hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them profifie and consoure with spirits,
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs refolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braves Talbot, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I drave,
That we do make our entrance feuerall ways:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may strife against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I le to your corner.

Bur. And I to this.

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

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leap ore the walls in their spirts. Enter
feuerall wavns, Befard, Alanfon, Reignier,
baife ready, and baife unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bef. Vnready! I and glad we fcape'd fo well.

Reig. Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits twice first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate then this.

_Bast._ I think this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell.

_Reig._ If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

_Alon._ Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

_Enter Charles and Ioane._

_Bast._ Tut, holy Ioane was his defensive Guard.

_Char._ Is this thy conning, thou deceitfull Dame?

_Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gaine,
That now our loffe might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muft I still prevaile,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improudent Soulids, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Milichfie neuer could have faile.

_Char._ Duke of Alanfon, this is your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weighty Charge.

_Alon._ Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

_Bast._ Mine was secure.

_Reig._ And fo was mine, my Lord.

_Char._ And for my felfe, moft part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in paffing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the cafe,
How or which way: 'tis for they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there refts no other shift but this,
To gather our Soulids, fatter'd and dispaire,
And lay new Plat-formes to endanger them.

_Exeunt._

Alarm. Enter a Soldier, crying, a Talbot: a Talbots: they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

_Sould._ Ile be fo bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of Talbot striving me for a Sword, For I have loaden me with many Spoyles, Using no other Weapon but his Name. _Exit._

_Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie._

_Bed._ The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled, Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayld the Earth.

_Here found Retreat, and ceafe our hot pursuit,_ Retreate. _Tab._ Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury, And here advance it in the Market-Place, The middle Centurie of this curfed Towne.

Now hauie I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule: For every drop of blood was drwanne from him, There hath at leaft fue Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold What ruine happened in reuenge of him, Within their chiefest Temple Ille ere the A Tome, wherein his Corps shall be interred: Upon the which, that every one may reade, Shall be engraund the facke of Orlance, The trecherous manner of his mostrefull death, And what a terror he had beene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Maffacre, I mufe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre, Nor any of his false Confederates.

_Bed._ Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rowed on the sudden from their drowlie Beds, They did amongst the troops of armed men, Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

_Burg._ My felfe, as farre as I could well discerne, For fmoake, and duxke vapours of the night, Am fure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull, When Arme in Arme they both came twistly running, Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,

That could not live smailer day or night.

After that things are fet in order here, Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

_Enter a Messenger._

_Meff._ All hauie, my Lords: which of this Princes trayne Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts
So much applaudado through the Realme of France?

_Tab._ Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him?

_Meff._ The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouerne, With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

_By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'ft vouchsafe To visit her poore Cattle where the lyes,
The felfe, that may boole the hath beheld the man, Whole glory fills the World with lowd report.

_Burg._ Is it even fo? Nay, then I fee our Warres Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladies craue to be encountered with.

You may not (my Lord) defpire her gentle fuit.

_Tab._ Ne'ere truft me then: for when a World of men Could not prevaile with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submiffion will attend on her.

_Will you not your Honors beare me company?

_Bed._ No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And if I haue heard it fayd, vnbidden Guests Are often welcommed when they are gone.

_Tab._ Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meanes to proue this Ladies courtefe.

Come hither Captaine, you perceuell my minde.

_Whispers._

_Caps._ I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

_Exeunt._

_Enter Counteffe._

_Count._ Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you have done fo, 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 Tomys of by Curys death.

_Great._ is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight, And his achievementes of no leffe account:
Faine would mine eyes be wittifce with mine cares,
To gloue their censure of these rare reports.

_Enter Messenger and Talbot._

_Meff._ Madame, according as your Ladyship defir'd, By Meffage crau'd, fo is Lord Talbot come.

_Count._ And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

_Meff._ Madame, it is.

_Count._ Is this the Scourge of France?

_Init this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad? That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes? I see Report is fabulous and false._
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
And large proportion of his strong knelt Limbs.  
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf:  
It cannot be, this weak and wither’d shrimpe  
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.  

Talk. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:  
But since your Ladyship is not at leyfure,  
I fort some other time to visit you.  
Count. What means he now?  
Goe ask he, whither he goes?  
Meff. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,  
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?  
Talk. Marry, for that she’s in a wrong beleefe,  
I goe to certifie her Talbot’s here.  
Enter Porter with Keys.  
Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.  
Talk. Prisoner? to whom?  
Count. To me, blood-thirsty Lord:  
And for that cause I tray’d thee to my House.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:  
But now the subsance shall endure the like,  
And I will chayne these Legges and Arms of chine,  
That haft by Tyrannie thefe many yeeres  
Wafted our Country, shaine our Citizens,  
And fent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.  
Talk. Ha, ha, ha.  
Count. Laughfe thou Wretch?  
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.  
Talk. I laugh to fee your Ladyship fo fond,  
To thinke, that thou haue ought but Talbot’s shadow,  
Whereon to prafice your favoritie.  
Count. Why? art not thou the man?  
Talk. I am indeed.  
Count. Then haue I subsance too.  
Talk. No, no, I am but shadow of my felfe:  
You are deceu’d, my subsance is not here;  
For what you fee, is but the smalllefte part,  
And leafe proportion of Humaniete:  
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,  
It is of fuch a fpacious loftie pitch,  
Your Roofe were not fufficient to contain’t.  
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,  
He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can thefe contrarieties agree?  
Talk. That will I fwear you prefently.  
Winds his Horns, Drummers strike up, a Peale of Ordearnce: Enter Soldiers.  
How fay you Madame? are you now perfuaded,  
That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?  
These are his subsance, finewes,armes,and strength,  
With which he yoakest your rebellion Neckes,  
Razeth your Cities, and fubuerets your Townes,  
And in a moment makes them defolate.  
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abufe,  
I finde thou art no leffe then Fame hath bruited,  
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.  
Let my prejumtion not provoke thy wrath,  
For I am forry, that with reuerence  
I did not entreaine thee as thou art.  
Talk. Be not difmay’d, faire Lady, nor misconftrist  
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward compofition of his body.  
What you have done, hath not offended me:  
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
Lawyer. Vnleffe my Stude and my Booke be falle,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Roef too.
Yorke. Now Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roef in a bloody red.
Yorke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roef:
For pale they looke with fear, as witswelling
The truth on our side.
Som. No Plantagenet :
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that your cheeke
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roef,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Roef a Canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy Roef a Thorne, Plantagenet?
Yorke. I sharpe and piercing to maintaine my truth,
While thy consuminge Canker eate his falseshood.
Som. Well, Ie find friends to weare my bleeding Roef,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where falle Plantagenet dare not be fene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blomfome in my hand,
I fcorne thee and thy fashion, pucieiu Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy fcorner this way, Plantagenet.
Yorke. Proud Poole, I will, and fcorne 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 converting with him.
Hear, Now by Gods will thou wrong'ft him, Somerset:
His Grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:
Spring Creffife Yeomen from fo deep a Root?
Yorke. He bares him on the place's Pruleidge,
Or durft not for his crauen heart lay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ie maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christenfome.
Was not thy Father, Rich fend Earl of Cambridge,
For Trefon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Trefon, fland'ft not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trefpas yet lies guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be rebor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attatched, not attainted,
Condemne to dye for Trefon, but no Traitor:
And that Ie prove on better men then Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you your felfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehenfion:
Looke to it well, and lay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee flill:
And know vs by thefe Colours for thy Foes,
For thefe, my friends in fight of thee shall ware.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roef,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Pacion ware,
Vntill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourifh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be chask'd with thy ambition:
And if farwell, vntill I meet thee next.
Exeunt.
Suff. Hauie with thee Poole, Farewell ambitious Rich.
Yorke. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure it?
War. This blot that they obiect against your Houfe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucefter:
And if thou be not then created Yorke,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meane time, in signall of my looe to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roef.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall fend between the Red-Roef and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadely Night.
Yorke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Per. In your behalfe still will I weare the fame.
Lawyer. And fo will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle,
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare fay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Taylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying Mortimer here refi himelfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprifonment;
And thefe gray Locks, the Parliuants of death,
Nefior-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These Eyes, like Lampes, whose waffing Oyle is spent,
Wake dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Wafe Shoulder, oun-borne with burthening Griefe,
And youthlesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droopes his fappe-leffe Branches to the ground.
Yet are thofe Feet, whose strength-leffe Fray is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with defire to get a Graue,
As withit I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Rich fend Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We fent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber,
And anfwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule fhall then be fatisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since Henry Monmouth firft began to reigne,
Before whole Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathfome fequeftration haue I had;
And even fince then, hath Rich fend being obfcur'd,
Depriued of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Defpaires,
Lift Death, kinde Vampire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargEMENT both difmisfie me hence:
I would his troubles likewife were expulf'd,
That fo he might recover what was loft.

Enter Rich.
Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
Mort. Rich fend Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Venkle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late defpis'd Rich fend, comes.
Mort. Direc't mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome flpend my latter gaspe,
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiffe.
And now declare fweet Stem from Yerkes great Stock,
Why did thou fay of late thou wert defpis'd?

Rich. First
Rich. First, lease thine aged Back against mine Arme,  
And in that case, Ile tell thee my Dispose.  
This day in argument upon a Cafe,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:  
Among which terrors, he 'vld his lauifh tongue,  
And did vyprayd me with my Fathers death;  
Which oblique fet barres before my tongue,  
Eile with the like I had requited him.  
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers fake,  
In honor of a true Plantagenet,  
And for Alliance fake, declare the cause  
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head.  
Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprifon'd me,  
And hath detayn'd me all my flowering Youth,  
Within a leathosome Dungeon, there to pyne,  
Was cur'd Instrument of his decease.  
Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.  
Mort. I will; if that my fading breath permit,  
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,  
Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne,  
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire  
Of Edward King, the Third of that Defecnt.  
During whose Reigne, the Perceis of the North,  
Finding his Vrbarion most vniuit,  
Endeau'd my advancement to the Throne.  
The reason mou'd thee Warlike Lords to this,  
Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd,  
Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)  
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:  
For by my Mother, I derived am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne  
To King Edward the Third; whereas hee,  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree.  
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.  
But marke: as in this haughty great attempt,  
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,  
I loft my Libertie, and they their Lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fift  
(Succeeding his Father Bulingbrooke) did reigne;  
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deri'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke,  
Marrying my Sitter, that thy Mother was;  
Again, in pitty of my hard diftreffe,  
Leued an Army, weening to redeeme,  
And haue infaull'd me in the Diadem:  
But as the ref, so fell that Noble Earle,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the Title refiret, were suppreft.  
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laft.  
Mort. True; and thou feest, that I no Iffue haue,  
But that my fainting words doe warrant death:  
Thou art my Heire; the ref, I wish thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy fudden care.  
Rich. Thy gauze admonifhments praeuyle with me:  
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution  
Was nothing lefse then bloody Tyranny.  
Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,  
Strong fixed is the Houfe of Lancaster,  
And like a Mountain, not to be remou'd.  
But now thy Vnckle is removing hence,  
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a fetted place.  
Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeres  
Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do't then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,  
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.  
Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good,  
Onely giue order for my Funerall.  
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,  
And properous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyce.  
Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.  
In Prifon haft thou spent a Pilgrimage,  
And like a Hermite ouer-paft thy daies.  
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Bref,  
And what I doe imagine, let that ref.  
Keepers conferences him hence, and I my felfe  
Will fee his Buryall better then his Life.  
Here dyes the ducalle Torch of Mortimer,  
Choak't with Ambition of the manner fort.  
And for thes Wrothes, thofe bitter Injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my Houfe,  
I doubt not, but with Honor to redreff.  
And therefore haft I to the Parliament,  
Eythere to be refored to my Blood,  
Or make my will th'advantage of my good. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourib. Enter King, Exeter, Glofrer, Winchefter, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Glofrer offeres  
 to put up a Bill: Winchefter snares it, tears it.  
Winch. Com't thou 'thow with depe premeditated Lines?  
With written Pamphlets, fudioius deuis'd?  
Hunfray of Glofrer, if thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend'd to lay unto my charge,  
Doe it without invention, fuddely,  
As I with fudden, and extemporall Speech,  
Purpofe to answer what thou canst obiect.  
Glofr. Presumptuous Priafe, this place comands my patience,  
Or thou shoul'd finde thou haft dis-honor'd me.  
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.  
No Prelate, fuch is thy audacious wickedneffe,  
Thy lewd, perfififforous, and diffententious pranks,  
As very Infants prattile of thy pride.  
Thou art a moft pernicious Vuler,  
Foward by nature, Enemie to Peace,  
Lagious, wants, more then well beames  
A man of thy Profeflion, and Degree.  
And for thy Treacherie, what's meanest manifeft?  
In that thou layd'ft a Trap to take my Life,  
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.  
Beside, I fcare me, if thy thoughts were fifted,  
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt  
From ennimos malice of thy swelling heart.  
Winch. Glofrer, I doe deifie thee. Lords vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerfe,  
As he will haue me: how am I fo poore?  
Or how haps it, I feeke not to advance  
Or rayfe my felfe? but keepe my wounded Calling.  
And for Diffention, who preferreth Peace  
More then I doe? except I be pronou'd.  
No, my good Lords, it is not that offending,  
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:  
It is because no one should fway but hee,  
No one, but hee, should be about the King;  
And that engenders Thunder in his breath.

And

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And makes him roar these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Gloft. As good?
Thou Baffard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another Throne?

Gloft. Am I not Protector, fav’ric Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And wert it, to patronize his Theft.

Winch. Venerant Gloster.

Gloft. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedy 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 fuch.

Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate fo to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht fo neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallow’d, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must bold his tongue,
Leaff it be falk, Speaks Sirrah when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchefter.

King. Vnckles of Glofter, and of Winchefter,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuyale, if Prayers might preuyale,
To ioyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,
That two fuch Noble Peers as ye should iarre?
Belieue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciudill defention is a vipersome Wourne,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyle within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult’s this?

Warw. An Vpore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyle againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pity vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill’d their Pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt fo falk at one another Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knocckt out:
Our Windows are broke downe in euerie Street,
And wee, for feare, compel’d to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmishe with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our felfe,
To hold your flaughtering hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray’ Vnckle Glofter mitigate this strife.

1. SERVING. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee’ll fall to it with our Teeth.

2. SERVING. Doe what ye dare, we are as relolute.

Gloft. You of my household, leaue this penuish broyle,
And let this vncustom’d flight afile.

3. SERVING. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Of the two noblest Births,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-eweale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodies fraughted by thy foes.

1. SERVING. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Gloft. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you fay you doe,
Let me perfwade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this difford doth affliet my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchefer, behold
My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittfull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yield my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchefter,
Except you meane with obfinate repulf.
To fay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You fee what Mitchifie, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmiety:
Then be at peace, except ye shed for blood.

Winch. He fhall submit, or I will never yeeld.

Gloft. Compaflion on the King commands me foue,
Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Priet
Should euer get that priviledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchefter, the Duke
Hath banifhed mooue discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appear:
Why looke you fift fo fete, and tragical?

Gloft. Here Winchefter, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fle Vnckle Beauford, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous faine:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chief offender in the fame.

Warw. Sweet King, the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchefer relent;
What, hath a Child infruct your what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Glofter, I will yeeld to thee
Lowe for thy Low, and Hand for Hand I glue.

Gloft. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,
See here my Friends and louing Courteymen,
This token iremut for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our felves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I difemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Glofter,
How joyfull am I made by this Contraft.

Away my Masts, trouble vs no more,
But joyne in unfhipp, as your Lords haue done.

1. SERVING. Conten. Ile to the Surgeons.

2. SERVING. And so will I.

3. SERVING. And I will fee what Phyfick the Tauerne affords.

WARM. Accept this Scrowtie, moft 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 markes every circumstance,
You have great reaon to doe: Richard right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And
Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disquîst'd, with foure Soul'diers with Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan, Through which our Policy must make a breach. Take heed, he wary how you place your words, Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Corne. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the stoutfull Watch but weake, Ie by a ligne give notice to our friends, That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Pucell. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City, And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan, Therefore we'll knock. Knock. Watch. Che la. Pucell. Præsens la poure gens de France. Pooke Market folks that come to fell their Corne. Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung. Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. Exeunt. Enter Charles, Basilard, Alforan. Charles. Saint Dennis blest this happy Stratageme, And once againe wee'l sleep secure in Roan. Basilard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practillants: Now she is there, how will she strike? Here is the lest, and safest passage in. Reig. By throwing out a Torch from yonder Tower, Which once discern'd, theews that her meaning is, No way to it( for weakness) which she entred. Enter Pucell on the top, throwing out a Torch burning. Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That loyenth Roan unto her Countrymen, But burning fell to the Talbotsmates. Basilard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend, The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands. Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes. Reig. Defere no time, delays have dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, And then doe execution on the Watch. Alarum.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Pucell, Charles, Basilard, and Reignier on the Walls.

Pucell. God mowre Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread? I think the Duke of Burgonie will fall, Before hec we buy againe at such a rate. 'Twas fall of Darnell : doe you like the taste? Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtisan, I truft ere long to chuse thee with thine owne, And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne. Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that time. Belf. Oh let no words, but deedes,venenge this Treacon.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Breake a Launche, and runne a Tilt at Death, Within a Chayre. Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despit, Incompaist'd with thy lustfell Paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age, And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead? Damself, Ie haue a bowt with you againe, Or else let Talbot perishe with this shame. Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir : yet Pucell hold thy peace, If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow. They whiff together in cowell. God spede the Parliament:who shall be the Speaker?
Talk. Dare ye 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.

Talk. I speake not to that rayling Heate,

But vnto thee Alanfon, and the reft.

Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?

Alanf. Seignior no.

Talk. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,

Like Peant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,

And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaine, let's get vs from the Walls,

For Talbot meanes no goodness by his Lookes.

God buy my Lord, we came but to tell you

That wee are here. Exeunt from the Walls.

Talk. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame.

Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House,

Pricket on by publike Wronges susta'nd in France,

Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.

And I, as fure as English Henry lyes,

And as his Father here was conqueror;

As fure as in this late betrayed Towne,

Great Cordelions Heart was buryéd;

So fure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes,

Talk. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,

The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,

We will befoow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickneffe, and for crafe age.

Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not so diliour me:

Here will I fit, before the Walls of Roan,

And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let vs now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his Litter fick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.

Me thinkes I should reuine the Souldiers hearts,

Because I euer found them as my felfe.

Talk. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breath,

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 let vpon our boating Enemy. Exit.

An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?

Falstaff away to face my felie by flight,

We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord Talbot?

Falstaff. I, all the Talbots in the World, to face my life. Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. Exit.


Bedf. Now quiet Soole, depart when Heauen pleafe,

For I haue seen our Enemies ouerthrow.

What is the truft or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their Scofts,

Are glad and faine by flight to faue themfelues,

Bedford dye, and is caried in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reft.

Talk. Lost, 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

Inhurnes thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talk. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucell now?

I think he old Familier is afleece.

Now where is the Basfards braves, and Charles his glies?

What all amorte? Roan hangs her head for griefe,

That fuch a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,

Placing therein fome 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.

Talk. But yet before we goe, let's not forget

The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But fee his Exequies full'd in Roan.

A braver Souldier never couched Launce,

A gentler Heart did neuer tway in Court.

But Kings and mightieft Potentates muft die,

For that's the end of humane militer. Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Charles, Basfard, Alan fon, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,

Nor grieue that Roan is fo recovered:

Care is no care, but rather corroffion,

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let franke Falstaff triumph for a while,

And like a Peacock swepe along his tayle,

We're pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,

If Dolphin and the reft will be but rud'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,

One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed diffuif.

Basfard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,

And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanf. We'll let thy Statue in some holy place,

And hauue thee reverenc'd like a bleffed Saint.

Employ thee then, Siewt Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Ioane deuife:

By faire perfuadions, mixt with fogned words,

We will entice the Duke of Burgonie.

To leave the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,

France were no place for Henrys Warriors,

Nor shou'd that Nation boaft it so with vs,

But be extirped from our Prouinces.

Alanf. For ever should they be expul'd from France,

And not haue Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceave how I will worke,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme founds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceave

Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here found an English March.

The goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred,

And all the Troupes of English after him.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talk. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres, Hearing of your arrivall in this Realm, I have a while given Truce vnto my Warres, To doe my dutie to my Sovereigne.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnkle Gloucester, That hath so long beene resident in France?

Gleb. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord:

When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A flouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were refolced of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer have you tafted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good defearts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Smt. Flourib. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Baffet.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Diligrace of the Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Darft thou maintaine the former words thou spakst?

Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your favcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sire, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke.

Vern. Hearke ye not so: in witnesse take ye that.

Srikes him.

Baff. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is fuch,
That who fo drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy deareft Bloud.
But Ie vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt fee, Ie meet thee to thy colf.

Vern. Well milicreant, Ie be there as foone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Scan a Quarta.

French March.

Now in the Rearward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets found a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princeely Charles of France, thy Countryman.


Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedesious.

Pucell. Lookes on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And fee the Cities and the Townes defcit,
By wafting Ruines of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.

See, fee the pining Maladies of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe haft given her wofull Brest.

Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawnne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then dreames of foreaine gore.

Returne therefor therefore with a fould of Teares,
And waft away thy Countries flayedn Spots.

Burg. Either thee hath bewitcht me with her words,
Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Befides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who loynt'th thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trueth thee, but for profits sake?

When Talbot hath fet footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be trueth out, like a Fugitius?

Call we to minde, and mark but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They fet him free, without his Ranfome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'ft against thy Countreymen,
And loynt'th with them will be thy slauther-men,
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
And Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
Thess haughtie wordes of hers
Haued battred me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.

Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours,
So farwell Talbot, Ie no longer trueth thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs freth.

Baffard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alan. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deferue a Coronet of Gold.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.
Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
But none of your Foes, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his State:
This shall ye do, fo helpe you righteous God.
Enter Falstaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,
To hafe vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver’d to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow’d (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To tear the Garter from thy Croun’ed legge,
Which I have done, because unworthy.
Thou wast instilled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:
This Daftard, at the battell of Poictiers,
When (but in all) I was blood thouand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trufle Squire, did run away.
In which affault, we loft twelve hundred men.
My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were these forseid, and taken prisoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiss:
Or whether that Such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To speake the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill becomminge any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain’d my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinkinge for Diffrettes,
But always resolute, in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish’d in this fort,
Doth but vilifie the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaneing this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hodge-borne Swine,
That doth prefume to boaste of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hearst thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnkle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he haue chung’d his Stile?
No more but plain and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is my Sovereigne?
Or doth this churlish Supercription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What’s here? I haue open a villain cause,
Mou’d with composicion of my Countries wrackes,
Together with the pitifull complaints
Of such as your oppression haue suffer’d upon,

Baf. For taken your pernicious Pluton,
And is’n d with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnkle Burgundy revolt?
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 shall talk with him,
And glue him chaffement for this abuse. 

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Lord? Yes: But I am prevented,
I should haue begg’d I might have bene employ’d.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him.

Tal. Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Tresason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart defiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Veron and Baffet.

Ver. Grant me the Combe, gracious Souraigne.

Baf. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combe too.

York. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leave to speake.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaine,
And wherefore crave you Combes? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain.
Firft let me know, and then Ie answer you.

Baf. Croossing the Seas, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuisious carping tonge,
Vpbraied me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the fanguine 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 York, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineffe,
I crave the benefite of Law of Armes.

Urr. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)

For though he feeme with forged quent conceite
To fet a gloffe vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouk’d by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,

Bewray’d the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

York. Will not this malice Somerfet be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,

Though ne’er so cunningly you finother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-
sick men,

When for so light and frivolous a cause,
Such falsious emulations shall arise?

Good Cofins both of Yorke and Somerfet,
Quiet your felves (I pray) and be at peace.

York. Let this diffention firft be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but vs alone,

Bewtrae our felves let vs decide it then.

York. There is my pledge, accept it Somerfet.

Per. Nay, let it reft where it began at firft.

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Baff. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vessels, are you not ashamed?
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King, and us?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To bear with their pernicious Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouths,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your fulses.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It greeues his Highness,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love your fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords : Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceiue diffention in our lookes,
And that within our fulses we disagree;
How will their grudging stomacks be provokd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell ?
Befide, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraine Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henrie Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Deloyd themselues, and loft the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be temper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I were this Rafe,
That any one should therefore be suppusht
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinmen, and I love them both.
As well they may vpbrayd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your dissections better can perfwade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and love.
Cofin of Yorke, we infituate your Grace
To be our Regent in those parts of France :
And good my Lord of Somerset, voite
Your Troopers of horfemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, fonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digeft
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selve, my Lord Protecor, and the rest,
After some repfit, will returne to Calice ;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preftented by your Victories,
With Charles, Alainoe, and that Traitorous rout.

Exeunt. 

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
War. Tuff, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed.
Exeunt. 

Flourishs. 

Exeunt.
Enter the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every 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 Meffenger that meets York. Enter York
with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return’d again,
That dog’d the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meff. They are return’d my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march’d to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march’d along.
By your espys were discouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which cry’d with him, and made their march for
(Burdeaux)

York. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promis’d supply
Of horfemen, that were leued for this fiege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot help the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he mifcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meffenger.
2. Meff. Thou Princeely 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 waafe of Iron,
And hem’d about with grim destruction : u
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux York,
Elfe farewell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.
York. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth hop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should we faue a valiant Gentleman,
By forreyting a Traitor, and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepes,
That thus we dye, while remisfe Traitors sleepe.
Meff. O lend some succour to the distress’d Lord.
York. He dies, we looke: I brake my warlike word:
We mourn, France fmites: We looke, they daily get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.
Meff. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots foule,
And on his Sonne young John, who two hours since,
I met in trauaille toward his warlike Father:
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his fonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young fonne welcome to his Graue :
Away, vexation almost stoppeth my breath,
That hundered friends greeete in the hour of death,
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the caufe I cannot aye the man.
Maine, Blois, Poytiers, and Tours, are wone away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.
Meff. Thus while the Vulture of fedition,
Feedes in the boosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping negligence doth betray to loss:
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurree to lose.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot,
Too rashly ploted. All our generall force,
Might with a fally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath fill’d all his gloffe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure:
Talbot fell him on to fight, and dye in flame,
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our one-macth forces forth for aye.
Som. How now Sir William, whether you sent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
Who ring’d about with bold adversitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate affayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweet from his warre-weared limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for rescue,
You his false hopes, the truth of Englands honor.
Keep of aloofe with worthless emulation:
Let not your private discord keep a way
The leued succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeld vp his life into a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bafard, Charles, Burgundie,
Alanjon, Reigned, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke shou’d send him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as fast upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his leued hoafe,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horfe:
I owe him little Dutie, and least Loue,
And take foule scorn to fawne on him by fending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayd to fortune by your fride.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen ftrait:
We bellieue the force, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tune or flaine,
For fyme he could not, if he would have fied:
And fyme would talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu.
Lu. His Name lives 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 reuin’d,
When faplesse Age, and weake vnable limbs
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-bearing Starres,
Now thou art come into a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyed danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my trustef horse,
And Ie direct thee how thou shalt esape
By sondace flight. Come, daily not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall
And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother, Dinhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baftard, and a Slave of me:
The World will flye, he is not Talbots blood,
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.
John. He that flyes fo, will ne’re returne againe.
Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loffe is great, fo your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no loffe is knowne in me.
Upon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they’le say it was for fear.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first hourre I shrink and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortallity.
Rather then Life, prefer’ud with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
John. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be fau’d in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shall cleare thee from yt slaine.
John. You cannot witnessse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never taintt with such shame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your flesse, your flesse in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ride by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. 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 John?
Triumphant Death, smears’d with Captuities,
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he percei’d he shrinkes, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish’d ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and strenue Impatiencie:
But when my angry Guardant did alone,
Tending my ruine, and after’d of none,
Dazzle’d ye Prosper, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clou’ding Battaille of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ever-mounning Spirit; and there did
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh’t vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deflight shall fcape Mortallity.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, 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 bearre these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong John Tailbots graue.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Baszard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorkes and Somerset brought rescue in,
We shoule have found a bloody day of this.

Bass. How the yong whelpes of Tailbots raging wood,
Did flest his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Maide.
But with a proud Maleficiall high scorn:
He answer'd thus: Yong Tailbot was not borne
To be the pillow of a Giglot Wenches,
So ruthing in the bowls of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhered in the armes
Of the most bloody Nourisher of his harmes.
Bass. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones affunder,
Whole life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submiffive meaffe art thou sent?
Lucy. Submiffion Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prifoners thou haft tame,
And to subdue the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seekft?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Tailbot Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare fucceffe in Armes,
Great Earle of Wafeford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Tailbot of Godrig and W anchfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmer, Lord Vaalion of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Winesfield, Lord Furniall of Shifeld,
The thric victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George,
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marlhall to Henry the fift,
Of all his Warres within the Realm of France.

Puc. Here's a slyly flately filet indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not fo tedious a Stile as this.

Lucy. Is Tailbot flaine, the Frenchmens only 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 Realm of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proueft of you all.
Gue me the Bodyes, that I may bearre them hence,
And gue them Buriall, as befaemes their worth.
Pucell. I think he vppart is old Tailbots Ghost,
He speakes with fuch a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here.
They would but finke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He bare them hence, but from their ashes fiall
be reard.
A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Tailbots flaine.

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 only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And ftabilis quietnesse on every fide.
King. I marry Vnclle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnatural,
That fuch immannity and bloody ftrife
Should reigne among Proffessors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the foner to effect,
And furer bened this knot of amittie,
The Earle of Arminacks neere knitt to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and fomptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Vnclle? Alas my yyes are yong:
And fitter is my fludie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour,
Yet call th'emffiadors, and as you pleafe,
So let them haue their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce,
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambaffadors.

Exet. What is my Lord of Winchester infall'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalis degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambaffadors, your feuerall suites
Have bin confer'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reafonable:
And therefore are we certainly refolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the profire of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend the shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and proove of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And fof my Lord Protector fee them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, wherein 'tis'd
Commit them to the fortune of the seas. Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shalt first receive
The remum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these garne Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships pleasure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peer;
Hamfrey of Glofter, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee fwope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alarneo, Bajard,
Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These news (my Lords) may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alon. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Elfe ruine combathe with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe unto your valiant General,
And happenesse to his accomplies.


Scool. The English Army that diuided was
Into two partes, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhats too fondaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bar. I trueth the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate. Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Pucel. The Regent conqueres, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now help ye charming Spelles and Periaps,
Ye chose spirits that admonish me,
And give me signe of future accidents.
You speedy helpers, that are subficittes

Vol. under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprise.

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proove
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:

So you do condition to help me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

They shak their heads.

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 muft vse her lofty plumed Creft,
And let her head fall into Englands lapp.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckele with:

Now France, thy glory droppeth to the dust. Exeunt.

Excursions. Burgundy and Yorks fight hand to hand. French flye.

York. Damne of France, I think I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charms,
And try if they can giaine your liberty.

A goody prise, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, the would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

Tor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing Michelef light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell bann'ing Hagg, Inchantrefle hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I prethee giue me leave to curfe awhile.

York. Curfe Mifcreant, when thou comitt to the flake.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Oh Fairest Beatrue, do not fear, 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 ar 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 Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended Nature's myrracle,
Thou art alloted to be tane by me:

So doth the Swan her downie Signets face,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this feruile vase once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolkes friend. She is going
Oh say, I have no power to let her pafs,
My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no.
As placeth the Sunne vpon the glaffie freames,
Twinkling another counterfetterd beame,
So feemes this gorgious beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not fpake:
Ille call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Polo, difable not thy felfe:
Haft not a Tongue? Is the not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fght?
I: Beauties Princely Malefity is fuch,
‘Confounds the tongue, and makes the fenes rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be So,
What ranfome muft I pay before I paffe?
For I perceiue I am thy prifoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy fuite,
Before thou make a triall of her love?

Mar. Why fpake’st thou not? What ranfome muft I pay?

Suf. She’s beautifull; and therefore to be Woode:

Mar. She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

Suf. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?

Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were beft to leave him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is mar’d: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talkes at rando: fure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a defpifation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would anfwer me:

Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuchs, that’s a woodden thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: it is fome Carpenter.

Suf. Yet fo my fancy may be latisfied,
And peace eftablished betweene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Auiua and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will fcorne the match.

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at legure?

Suf. It fhall be fo, difdain they ne’re fo much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be int’rall’d, he feemes a knight
And will not any way difhonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchefafe to liken what I fay.

Mar. Perhaps I fhall be refu’d by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtefe.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a caufe.

Mar. Tuch, women have bene captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you fo?

Mar. I cry you mercy, ’tis but Quid for Quo.

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not fuppoze
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flave, in Safe feruility:

For Princes fhould be free.

Suf. And fo fhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concerns his freedom vnto mee?

Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee Henries Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And fet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condifcent to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henries wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To vve fo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no parte in the choice my felfe.

How fay you Madam, are ye fo content?

Mar. And if my Father pleafe, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Cattle walles,
We'll craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

See Reignier fey, thy daughter prifoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

I am a Souldier, and vnap to weep,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleffe.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Content, and for thy Honor gue confent,
Thy daughter fhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue woode and wonne thereto:
And this her eafe held imprifonment,
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. Upon thy Princely warrant, I defend,
To give thee anwer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets foun. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in Auiua what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thankes Reignier, happy for fo sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anwer makes your Grace vnto my fuite?

Reig. Since thou doft daigne to wee her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:

Vpon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne, the Country Maine and Auiua,
Free from oppreffion, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter fhall be Henries, if he pleafe.

Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
And tho’ two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace fhall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name,
As Deputie vnto that gracious King,
Gue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I gue thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Traffick of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this cafe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solemniz’d:
So farewell Reignier, let this Diamond fane
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, praiue, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke ever have of Margaret.

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Servant, fay to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac’d, and modestly directed,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Malefie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.

Suf. And this withall. Kisse bur.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so preume,
To send such pernicious tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffolke stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrineth,
There Minotours and vglie Trefanors lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wondrous praiie.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that furnmount,
Mad natural Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'lt to kneele at Henrie seete,
Thou mayest therefore of his wits with wonder. Exit

Enter York, Warwick, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Soreresse condemn'd to burne.

Slep. Ah Ione, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Hau'e I fought every Country farre and nere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muft I behold thy timelesse cruel death:
Ah Ione, sweet daughter Ione, Ile die with thee.

Pucell. Decrepit Mifer, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.

Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Slep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleafe you, 'tis not so.
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can tell thee.

War. Gracefull, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. This argues what her kind of life hath bene,
Wicked and vile, and to her death concludes.

Slep. Fye Ione, that thou wilt be so oblique:
God knowes, thou art a colopy of my flesh,
And for thy fake haue I spent many a teare:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Ione.

Pucell. Peasant auncant. You haue fuborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obfuscate my Noble birth.

Slep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now curfed be the time
Of thy natuiritie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou fuck't her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy fakse.
Or else, when thou diidst keep my Lambs a-field,
I with some raenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeft thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
Or burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath luy'd too long,
To fill the world with vices and qualities.

Pucell. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd:
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But fuffed from the Progeny of Kings.

Vertuous and Holy, choen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.

But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of dikes.

No misconceyued, Ione of Aire hath bene
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 Heaven.

Yorke. I, I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And heare ye first: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch upon the faffal stake,
That fo her torturye may be shortened.

Pucell. Will nothing turns your varellent hearts?
Then Ione difficout thine Infirmity,
That warstatheth by Law, to be thy prieulidge.

I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hanle to a violent death.

War. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your first precieeefne come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin luying,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well goe too, we'll haue no Baffards live,
Especially since Charles muft Father it.

Pucell. You are deceyued, my childe is none of his,
It was Alanfon that inioy'd my love.

Yorke. Alanfon that notorious Macheuile?

It dyes, and if it had a thousand Iiues.

Pucell. Oh gue me leave, I haue deputed you,
"Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Regnier King of Naples that preuy'd?

War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

Yorke. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse,
War. It's figure she hath beene libellall and free.

Yorke. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.

Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pucell. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curfe.

May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beams
Upon the Countrie where you make abode:

But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischief and Difpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your felues.Exit

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breaue thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Card. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiffion from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mon'd with remorf of these out-ragiouz broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a general 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 have bene overthrowne,
And fold their bodyes for their Countrie beneft,
Shall we at last conclude effiminate peace?

Haue we not loft motl part of all the Townes,
By Trefon, Faulhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquer'd:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I forefee with greece
The vter loffe of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gains thereby.

Enter Charles, Alan, Baffard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We are come to be informed by your felues,
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speake Winchesters, for boyling choller choes
The hollow passages of my paylon'd voyage,
By right of these our blefffull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry givs consent,
Of moree compassion, and of lenity,
To safe your Countrie of ditrefeful Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.

And Charles, upon condition thow wilt swearing
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 ye in subftance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?

This proper is absurd, and renonnelle.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am pooffit
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.

Shall I for lucre of the reft vn-vanquish,
Deduct so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?

No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keep
That which I have, than countey for more?

Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Infulting Charles, haft thou by secret meanes
Ve'd interceffion to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compromise,
Stand'th thou aloofe vpon Comparision.

Either accept the Title thou vnderth,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Dofet,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reignier. My Lord, you do not well in oblinacy,
To casill in the course of this Contraft:
If once it be negledt, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To fay the truth, it is your policie,
To faue your Subiects from such masacre
And ruthelle slayers as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hoftility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you brake it, when your pleasure fernes.

War. How sayfth thou Charles?

Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:
Onely refer'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garnison.

York. Then sware Allogance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobe.
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.

So, now dismiffe your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Enlignes, let your Drummes be still,
For here we entertaine a solemn peace.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Glocefter, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrouse rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauteous Margaret hath abonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues fette Passiones in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gales
Prouokes the mightiest Halke against the tide,
So am I drianed by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwrecke, or arrisse
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suff. Tosh my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy prai'se:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficiant skill to vter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauih any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not fo Divine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineffe of minde,
She is content to be at your command:

Command I meane, of Vertuous chaft intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And owreffe, will Henry ne'er presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, givs consent,
That Margret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I givs consent to fatter finne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeeme,
How shall we then dispence with that contrac?
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suff. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forfaketh yet the Lites
By reafon of his Adverfaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glocefter. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more
Then that?

Her Father is no better then an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excelle.

Suff. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of fuch great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in Aleeance.

Glo. And fo the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinman vnto Charles.

Exeter. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dover,
Where Reignier fooner will receive, then guie.

Suff. A Dowre my Lords? Diskragge not fo your King,
That he shou'd be fo abled, safe, and poore,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfec Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to feke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthylle Peasants bargain for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horfe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-flip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
The firft Part of Henry the Sixth.

Muʃt be companion of his Nuptiall bed, 
And therefore Lords, since he affiʃts her moʃt, 
Most of all these reafons bindeth vs, 
In our opinions she shoʃuld be preferv'd. 
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell, 
An Age of discord and continual strife, 
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffe, 
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace. 

Whom should we match with Henry being a King, 
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King: 
Her peerleff feature, joyned with her birth, 
Approves her fit for none, but for a King. 
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit, 
(More then in women commonly is feene) 
Will anʃwer our hope in issue of a King. 

For Henry, fonne vnto a Conqueror, 
Is like to beget more Conquerors, 
If with a Lady of fo high refolue, 
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue. 
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee, 
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee. 

King. Whether it be through force of your report, 
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that 
My tender youth was never yet attaint 
With any passion of inflaming loue, 
I cannot tell: but this I am affur'd, 

I feele such sharpe diftention in my breast, 
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare, 
As I am ficke with working of my thoughts. 
Take therefore shipping, poʃte my Lord to France, 
Agree to any couenants, and procure 
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come 
To croʃse the Seas to England, and be crown'd 
King Henryes faithfull and anointed Queene. 

For your expenses and fufficient charge, 
Among the people gather vp a tenth. 
Her peerleffe feature, joyned with her birth, 
Be gone I fay, for till you do returne, 
I reft perplexed with a thoufand Cares. 

Her valiant courage, and undaunted fpirit, 
And you (good Uncle) banifh all offence: 
If you do cenʃure me, by what you were, 
Not what you are, I know it will excuse 
This fadaine execution of my will. 
And fo conduce me, where from company, 
I may revolve and ruminate my greefe. 

Exit. 

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at firft and laft. 

Exit Glouceʃter. 

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuailed, and thus he goes 
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece, 
With hope to finde the like event in loue, 
But more prosperous than the Trojan 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

H V M F R E Y.

Aetus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaum-ward on the one side.

The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

SUFFOLK.

S by your high Imperiall Majesty,
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, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alban,
Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Sub stance
Of that great Shadow I did represent;
The happiest Gift, that ever Marquess gau'e,
The fairest Queene, that ever King receu'd.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repeate with thankfulness:
For thou haft given me in this beauituous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my foule,
If Sympathy of Love unite our thoughts.

Queene. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuell conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liegeft Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder terms, fuch as my wit affords,
And our joy of heart doth minife.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wifdomes Manner,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping lories,
Such is the Fulleffe of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerfull voice, Welcome my Queene.
All kneel. Long live Qu. Margaret, England's happines.
Queene. We thank you all.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt. 121

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Have you your seldes, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorius Warwick,
Receivd deep scarres in France and Normandie;
Or hath mine Vnkle Beaufort; and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, fat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris in desight of foes,
And shall those Labours, and those Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatail this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Racing the Charact'rs of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had never bin.
Car. Nephew, what means this passionat discourse?
This prerogation with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.
Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we shoul'd,
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath gien the Dutchy of Anion and Maine,
Vnto the poore King Raignier, whose large stile
Agree not with the leannesse of his purue.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dye'd for all,
These Countes were the Kayes of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant sone?
War. For greese that they are past recovery.
For were these hope to conquer them againe,
My sword shoul'd shed hot blood, mine eyes no teare.
Anion and Maine? My selfe did win them both :
Those Preuences, those Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citie's that I got with wounds,
Dellier'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort. Dixe.
York. For Suffolke's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike life:
France shoul'd have torme and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have haue
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King Henry gues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper left, and never heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She shoul'd have flaid in France, and her'd in France
Before.
Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasur of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Winchefter I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I fee thy farie: If I longer stay,
We shull begin our ancient bickerings:
Lording farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesie, France will be lost ere long. Exit Humfrey.
Car. So, there goes our Protecor in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I win from France, or else be slain.
Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Mane Yorks.
York, Anio and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles.
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukeomes for a Duke's faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they glue away, and not their owne.

Pirates may make cheape penworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and gue to Cartesians,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And flakkes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starrue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorkes must fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Alissus burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Caledon:
Anio and Maine both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newsse for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I haue of fertile Englands foilse.
A day will come, when Yorkes shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neale parts,
And make a feaw of loue to proud Duke Humfre.
And when I fpy advantage, claim the Crowne,
For that's the golden marke I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vnder my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fitt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorkes shall be fill a-while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prie into the secretes of the State,
Ull Henrie fursetting in loves of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands desire bought Queen,
And Humfrey with the Peers be false at ibrne:
Then will I raife aloft the Milke-white-Rofe,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of Yorkes,
To graaffe with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Enter Yorks.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Eli. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-vip'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the Favourers of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fallen earth,
Gazing on that which formes to dimme thy fight?
What scett thou there? King Henries Diadem,
Inchad' with all the Honors of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grousell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the flame.
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,
We'll both together lift our heads to heauen,
And never more afeare our fight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou doft lose thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Neffe, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world,
My troublous dreams this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream's my Lord, tell me, and lie requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this taffe mine Office-badge in
Cours.

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I hace forgot,
But as I thinkke, it was by th Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de Pole first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a tasske of Gloffers grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But lift to me my Humfrey, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I faye in Seate of Malefly,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminister,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret kneell'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay Elianor, then muft I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd Elianor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protexors wife belou'd of him?
Haft thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue 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 Diaphragm fette?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollerick
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 Meilenger.

Maff. My Lord Protector, tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. Albas,
Where as the King and Queene do shewe to Hawke.
Hum. I go. Come Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently,
Follow I mut, I cannot go before,
While Gloffer bears this base and humble minde.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headleffe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be shake
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant,
Where are you there! Sir Iohn; may foare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.

Enter Hum.

Hum. Ieffus preferue your Royal Malefly.


Hum. But by the grace of God, and Humes advice,
Your Grace's Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What thinkst thou man? Haft thou as yet confer'd
With Margerie Lombard the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bolingbrooke the Conjuror?

Hum. This they have promis'd to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vader ground,

That
That shall make answer to such Questions, As by your Grace shall be propouned him. 

Elianor. It is enough, I lie thinke upon the Questions: When from Saint Albions we doe make returne, 
Wee'll see these things affect to the full. Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man, With thy Confederates in this weightie caufe.

Exit Elianor.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess Gold: Marry and shal: but how now, Sir John Hume ? 
Seal vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum, 
The bufineffe asketh silent fercre.
Dame Elianor giues Gold, to bring the Witch: Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill. Yet hauie I Gold flies from another Coast: 
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall, And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke; Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine, They (knowing Dame Elianors aspiring humor) Have hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchess, 
And buzaue these Coniurations in her brayne. They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker, Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinall Broker, Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues. Well, so it standes: and thus I fear at last, Humes Knauerie will be the Duchess Wracke, 
And her Attainture, will be Humphreys fall: Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit.

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armurers Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, I'su bleffe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first fire. 

2. Pet. Come backe foule, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow; would't any thing with me? 


Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? 

1. Pet. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinall Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.


2. Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Township.

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Horner, for sayling, That the Duke of Yorkes was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What say'ft thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightfull Heire to the Crowne? 

Peter. That my Miltree was? No forfooth my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vrper.

Suff. Who is there? 

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purfe- vant preyently: we'll here more of your matter before the King. 

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.

Tear 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 gulf? 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 fall, Vnder the furyly Gloufiers Governance? 

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile, And must be made a Subject to a Duke? I tell thee, when in the City Tours Thou canst a tilit in honor of my Loue, And rol'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 Holineffe, To number Aus-Maries on his Beades: His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles, His Weapons, holy Saves of sacred Writ, 

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 Crown upon his Head; 

That were a State fit for his Holineffe. 

Suff. Madame be patient; as I was caufe Your Highness came to England, so will I 

In England worke your Grace full content.

Queene. Before the haughtie Protecor, haue we Beauford 
The imperious Churchman; Somerfet, Buckingham, 

And grumbling Yorks: and not the least of the, 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 Nevell: Salisbury and Warwicke are no fimple Peeres. 

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much, As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with trops of Ladies, More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreys Wife: 

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She bears a Dukes Renewes on her backe, And in her heart she forsake our Povertie: 

Shall I not live to be aueng'd on her? 

Contemnuoue base-born Callot as she is, 

She vantured 'mongst her Minions t'other day, 

The very trayne of her worth wearing Gowne, 

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands, 

Till Suffolke gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Buffet for her, 

And piac't a Quier of such enticing Birds, 

That she will light to listen to the Layes, 

And never mount to trouble you again. 

So let her reft: and Madame lift to me, For I am bold to counsaile you in this; 

Although we fantasy not the Cardinall, 

Yet must we foraine with him and with the Lords, 

Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll wed them all at last,
And you your self shall stee the happy Helme. Exit.

Sound a Sonnet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinal, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.
Yorke. If Yorke have ill demeaned 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 yield to him.
Warm. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worther,
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.
Warm. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Salie. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham.
Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this?
Queen. Because the King forthe most will have it so.
Hum. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Cenfure: Those are no Woman's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Hum. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
Suff. Reigne it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath presets'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigne.
Card. The Commons haft thou rackt, the Clergyes Bags
Are lanne and leanes with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy fumpuous Buildings, and thy Wine Attyre
Have cost a maift of publique Trefaurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queen. Thy fale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the fufept is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head,
Exit Humfrey.

Give me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She gives the Duke his box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yes, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beatife with my Nayas,
I could fet 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 chide thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moft Mafter weare no Breeches,
Shee shall not strike Dame Elianor wareuwng'd
Exit Elianor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elianor,
And listen after Humfrey, how he procedes:
She's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurrets,
Shee'le gallop faire enough to her deftruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Hum. 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 Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie doe deal with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrie.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is mosted man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile 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 keep me here,
Without Difcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was befeig'd, famish'd, and loft.
Warm. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick.
Warm. 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'th thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?
Suff. Please it your Maieftie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were thef: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Maieftie was an Vruper.
King. Say man, were thef thy words?
Armorer. And't shall please your Maieftie, I never fayd
not thought any fuch matter: God is my witnesse, I am falsely accuse'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By these tentes bound, my Lords, shee did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were fowring
my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe befeech your Royall Maieftie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I fpeak the
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this: therefore I befeech your Maieftie, do not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines acculation.
King. Vnckle, what shall we do to this in law?
Hum. This doome, my Lord; if I may judge:
Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,
Because in Yorke this breeds supposition:
And let these have a day appointed them
For jngle Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his servants mallice:
This is the Law, and this Duke Humfrey doome.

Som. I
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breaks in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trysts:
Beldam I thinke we watch you at an yNh.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commons weale
Are deeply indebted for this peecce of paines;
My Lord Protecor will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon’d for these good devarts.
Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Influrious Duke, that threateth where’s no cause.
Back. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloes,
And kept sunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
We’ll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away.

Exit Dukes.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suffolk. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trysts:
Beldam I thinke we watch you at an yNh.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commons weale
Are deeply indebted for this peecce of paines;
My Lord Protecor will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon’d for these good devarts.
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Influrious Duke, that threateth where’s no cause.
Back. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloes,
And kept sunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
We’ll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away.

Exit Dukes.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the fooner the better.
Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walk, and Ghosts brake vp their Graues;
That time best fits the worke we have in hand.
Madame, fit you, and feare not: whom wee rayle,
Wee will make faft within a hollow’d Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
Bullingbrookes or Southwell readee, Conturlo,
&c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit
riseth.

Spirit. Ad sum.
Witch. Amaeth, by the eternall God,
Whole name and power thou tremblest at,
Anfwered that I shall ake: for all thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had fayd, and
done.

Bullin. First of the King: What shall of him becoome?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depohe:
But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Bullin. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By Water dha un deye, and take his end.

Bullin. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Caftles,
Safer helpe he be upon the sondrie Plaines,
Then where Caftles mounted ftand.

Our tale is done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bullin. Difcend to Darkneffe, and the burning Lake:
Falle Fiend auoude.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.
Enter the Major of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betwixt one in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townc-men, on Procession, To present your Highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his fight his finne be multiplied. Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highness pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, halfe thou beene long blinde, and now reftor'd?

Simpe. Borne blinde, and't pleaze your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship. Gloft. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'ft have better told.

King. Where went thou borne?

Simpe. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule.

Gloft. Good-nesse hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night unhailed passe, But will remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Can't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simpe. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and often, In my Sleepe, by good Saint Albon: Who said; Symon, come, come, come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpe. I, God Almightye helpe me.

Suff. How cam'ft thou so?

Simpe. A fall of off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long haft thou beene blinde?

Simpe. O borne so, Master.

Gloft. What, and would'ft climb a Tree?

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

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

Gloft. 'Mafe, thou lou'dt Plummes well, that would'ft venture so.

Simpe. Alas, good Master, my Wife deferred some Damfones, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Gloft. A subtilt Knaue, but yet it shall not serve: Let me fee thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.

Simpe. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones.

Gloft. Say'lt thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simpe. Red Master, red as Blood.

Gloft. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpe. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'lt what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he never see.

Gloft. But
Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpe. Alas Master, I know not.

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simpe. I know not.

Gloft. Nor his?

Simpe. No indeede, Master.

Gloft. What's thine owne Name?

Simpe. Sanders, and if it please you, Master.

Gloft. Then Sanders, sit there.

The lying if Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hast beene borne blinde, Thou mightst as well have knowne all our Names, As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Albame here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpe. O Master, that you could?

Gloft. My Masters of Saint Albame,

Have you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippers?

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

Gloft. Then lend for one prently.

Miser. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straigate.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by,

Now Sirrha, if you meane to faue your selfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Simpe. Alas Master, I am not able to flande alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippers.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.

Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpe. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to flande.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, see thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

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

Gloft. Let the be whipt through euerie Market Towne, till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke Humphrey ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then 1: You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie of Lady Elianor, the Protector's Wife,

The King-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,

Raying vp wicked Spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King Henry's Life and Death,

And other of your Highness Privie Councill,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And lo my Lord Protector, by this means Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.

This News I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;

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

Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leafe to afflact my heart:

Sorrow and griefe haue vanquished all my powers;

And vanquished as I am, I yeeld to thee,

Or to the meanest Groom.

King. O God, what mischiles work the wicked ones?

Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queen. Glosters, see here the Tainchurce of thy Neft,

And looke thy selfe to be faultiflee, thou wert beft.

Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heaven 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 have heard,

Noble thee is: but if thee haue forgot

Honor and Vertue, and connedt with fuch,

As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;

I banifie her my Bed, and Companie,

And givie her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That haeth dis-honored Glosters honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:

To morrow toward London, back again

To looke into this Bufeannes thoroughly,

And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;

And poype the Caufe in Justice equall Scales,

Whose Beame flands fure, whose righteous caufe preuails.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Our honorable Supper ended, give me leave,

In this close Walke, to satisifie my selfe,

In craving your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salsib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet Yorkes begin: and if thy clame be good,

The Neuills are thy Subiects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen 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 John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The fext was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glofter;

William of Windor was the seventh, and laft.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him Richard, his only Sonne,

Who after Edward the thirde death, raigned as King,

Till Henry Bollingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realm, depo'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queen to France, from whence he came,

And
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know, 
Harmeleffe Richard was murdered traitorously.

\textit{Warm.} Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

\textit{York.} Which now they hold by force, and not by right: 
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead, 
The Iffue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

\textit{Salib.} But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

\textit{York.} The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, 
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne, 
Had Iffue Philip, a Daughter, 
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March: 
Edmond had Iffue, Roger, Earle of March; 
Roger had Iffue, Edmond, Anne, and Edmond.

\textit{Salib.} This Edmond, in the Reigne of Ballingbrookes, 
As I haue read, layd clayne vnto the Crowne, 
And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King; 
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dyed.

\textit{But, to the rest.}

\textit{York.} His eldeffe Sister, Anne, 
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne, 
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge, 
Who was to Edmond Langley; 
Edward the third sitt Sonnes Sonne; 
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March, 
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer, 
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter 
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Iffue of the elder Sonne 
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

\textit{Warm.} What plaie proceedings is more plain then this? 
\textit{Henry doth clayne the Crowne from John of Gaunt,} 
The fourthe Sonne, Yorkes claymes it from the third: 
Till Lionels Iffue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee, 
And in thy Sonnes, faire flippes of such a Stocke.

Then Father Salibury, kneele we together, 
And in this private Plot be we the first, 
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne 
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

\textit{Bos.} Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

\textit{York.} We thank you Lords: 
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd, 
And that my Sword be stay'd 
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster: 
And that's not suddenly to perform'd, 
But with advice and silent secrecy, 
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes, 
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence, 
At Beaufords Pride, at Somerfets Ambition, 
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them, 
Till they haue fard the Sheephed of the Flock, 
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfre: 
'Tis that they feke; and they, in seeking that, 
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorkes can prophacie.

\textit{Salib.} My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde 
at full.

\textit{Warm.} My heart affures me, that the Earle of Warwick 
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

\textit{York.} And Neath, this I doe affyre my selve, 
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick 
The greatest man in England, but the King.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banifie the Duke of Gloster.}

\textit{King.} Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham, 
Glosters Wife:

\textit{In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,}
\textit{Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne,}
\textit{Such as by Gods Bookes are adjudge to death.}
You foure from hence to Prifon, back againe; 
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes, 
And you three shall be rankeled on the Gallowes, 
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne, 
Despoiled of your Honor in your Life, 
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done, 
Lieu in your Country here, in Banishment, 
With Sir John Stanly, in the Isle of Man.

\textit{Elianor.} Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

\textit{Glo.} Elianor, the Law thou seest hath judged thee, 
I cannot iuififie whom the Law condemnes: 
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
\textit{Ah Humfrey}, this diuisor in thine age, 
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground. 
I beseech thy Maiestie giue me leaue to goe; 
Sorrow would pollace, and mine Age would caze.

\textit{King.} Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,
Zre thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe, 
\textit{Henry will to himselfe Prevent be,}
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, 
And Lanthorne to my feetes:
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no leffe below'd, 
Then when thou wert Prevent to thy King.

\textit{Queene.} I see no reasone, why a King of yeares 
Should be to be protected like a Child, 
God and King \textit{Henry} gouerne Englands Realme:
Gioye vp thy Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

\textit{Glof.} My Staffe? Here, Noble \textit{Henry}, is my Staffe: 
As willingly doe I the same refuse, 
As ere thy Father Humfrey made it mine; 
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it, 
As others would ambitiously receive it. 
Farewel good King: when I am dead, and gone, 
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

\textit{Exit Gloster.}

\textit{Queene.} Why now is \textit{Henry} King, and \textit{Margaret} Queen, 
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe, 
That bears the hand a maymone: two Pulls at once; 
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe loft off. 
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand, 
Where it best fits to be, in \textit{Henries} hand.

\textit{Saff.} Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprays, 
Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her yongest dayes.

\textit{York.} Lords, let him goe, Plesse 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 Lifts, 
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

\textit{Queene.} I good my Lord: for purposely therefore 
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell truy'de.

\textit{King.} A Gods Name fee the Lyfts and all things fit, 
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

\textit{York.} I never saw a fellow worse betted, 
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant, 
The fervant of this Armorer, my Lords.
Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbor Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.


Armorer. Let it come y'faith, and Ile proclaim you all, and a figge for Peter.

4. *Print.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

5. *Print.* Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you alldrink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I yee, I give thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am no more able to deal with my Master, hee hath learnt so much already.


Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter, Peter foortho.

Salib. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumppe.

Salib. Thumppe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knave, and my selle an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter have at thee with a downe-right blow.

7. York. Difpatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.

Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants. They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confess, I confess Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this preface? O Peter, thou haft helpt in right.

8. King. Go, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Jusitice hath reueld to vs The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murdred wrongly. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward. Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his Man in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightleft day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore succeddeth Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clocke?


Gloft. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,

To watch the comming of my punitifl Ducheffe:

Vnneath may thee endure the Flintie Streets,

To treader them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet *Nell,* ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke

The abject People, gazeing on thy face,

With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud Charriot-Wheels,

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 Miluries.

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Svet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffe and Officers.

10. Seru. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriffe.

Glofter. No, Sirmore not for your lives, let her passe by.

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

Now thou dost Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitudes doe point,

And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah Glofter, hide thee from their hateful lookes,

And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,

And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glofter. Be patient, gentle *Nell,* forget this griefe,

Elianor. Ah Glofter, teach me to forget my felle:

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,

Mayd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,

And follow'd with a Rable, that rejoynce

To see my tears, and hear my deepes-set groanes.

The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be aduised how I tredde.

Ah *Humfrey,* may I beare this shamefull yoke?

Trowest thou, that eere I looke vpon the World,

Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?

No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.

To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.

Sometime Ie say, I am Duke Humfrays Wife,

And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,

As he stooed by, whilest I, his forlorne Ducheffe,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock

To every idle Raffall follower.

But be thou mild, and blash not at my shame,

Nor Sirmore at nothing, till the Axe of Death

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Saffire, he that can doe all in all

With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,

And *York,* and impious *Bosword,* that fals Prieft,

Hauie all lym'd Busses to betray thy Wings,

And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,

Nor reuer seeke prevention of thy foes.

Glofter. Ah *Nell,* forbearersthou ayme all awry,

I must offend, before I be attainted:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All thefe could not procure me any fadethe,

So long as I am loyall, true, and crimenelle.

Wouldst hauie me rescue thee from this reproch?
Why yet thy scandal were not wipt away,
But in danger for the breach of Law,
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee for thy heart to patience,
These few days wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Month.

Glof. And my consent ne’re ask’d herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leave: and Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceede the King Commandion.
Sh. And’t please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glof. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?
Stanley. So am I guen in charge, may’t please your Grace.

Glof. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vfe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I maylive to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And for Sir John, farewell.

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

Glof. Witnelfe my tears, I cannot stay to speake.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afeard:
Because I wish’d this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favour;
Onely consey 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 reproachfull?

Stanley. Like to a Ducheffe, and Duke Hunsfryes Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs’d.

Elianor. Sheriff farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haft beene Conceit of my name.

Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I t, farewell, thy Office is discharg’d:
Come Stanley, shall we goe?
Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheat,
And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

Elianor. My name will not be shifted with my Sheat:
No, it will hang upon my richett Robes,
And faw my numbre, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prifon.

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queens, Cardinals, Suffolke,
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,
to the Parliament.

King. I move my Lord of Glofser not come:
’Tis not his wont to be the hindoft man,
What e’er occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not feet, or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter’d Countenance?
With what a Majestie he behailes himselfe,
How inflent of late he is become.
How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a faire-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,

That all the Court admire’d him for submissio.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will gue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shews an angry Eye,
And passeth by with Stiff vnbowd Knee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Cures are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And Hunsfry is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is necesse you in decent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me feemeth then, it is no Politic.
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnes Counsell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleache to make Commotion,
’Tis to be fear’d they all will follow him.
Now’s 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 reverent care I beare unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, it call a Womans faire:
Which faire, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong’d the Duke.
My Lord of Sufolke, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegiation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:
And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheffe, by her suboration,
Vpon my Life began her dullefull practisies:
Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
Yet by reputed of his high disent,
As next the King, he was forcasceine Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-fick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his fimple heowell he harbours Trefan.
The Fox burkes not, when he would fleale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Glofser is a man
Unbowed yet, and full of deepse deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Devide strange deaths, for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leue great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Soldiers pay in France, and never sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day resold.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unkowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hunsfry.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To move downe Thormes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinman Glofser is as innocent,
From meaning Trefan to our Royall Person,
As is the fucking Lambe, or harmelleff Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,
To dreame on suel, or to worke my downe fall.

Qu. Ah what’s more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow’d,
For he’s disposed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is fairely lent him,
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For his enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.  
Who cannot steel a shape, that means deceit?  
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all.  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.  

Enter Somerzet.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.  
King. Welcome Lord Somerzet: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in thefe Territories,  
is vtherly bereft you: all is loft.  
King. Cold Newes,Lord Somerzet: but Gods will be done.  

Tork. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,  
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
Thus are my Blossomes blazed in the Bud,  
And CaterpilIers eat my Leaues away:  
But I will remedie this geare ere long,  
Or fell my Title for a glorious Grace,  

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All happiness vnto my Lord the King:  
Pardon, my Liece, that I haue stay'd so long.  
Suff. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:  
I doe arrest thee of High Trefon here.  

Gloft. Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:  
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.  
The pureff Spring is not so free from muddle,  
As I am cleare from Trefon to my Soueraigne.  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?  

Tork. 'Tis thought, my Lord,  
That you tooke Bribes of France,  
And being Protector,stay'd the Souldiers pay,  
By means whereof, his Highnesse hath loft France.  

Gloft. Is it but thought so?  
What are they that think it?  
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever had one penny Brie from France.  
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,  
I, Night by Night, in studyng good for England.  
That Doyt that ere I wretched from the King,  
Or any Groat I hoarded to my vfe,  
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.  
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper flore,  
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,  
Haue I dis-pur'd to the Garrisons,  
And never ask'd for refitution.  

Card. It turces you well, my Lord, to say so much.  
Gloft. I say no more then truth, to helpe me God.  

Tork. In your Protectorship, you did deuide  
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of,  
That England was defayned by Tyrannie.  
Gloft. Why tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,  
Pitie was all the fault that was in me:  
For I should melt at an Offenders tears,  
And lovefull words were Ranfome for their fault:  
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,  
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poor passengers,  
I never gaue them condigiane punishment.  

Multher indeede, that blosom finne, I tormented  
Aboue the Felon, or what Trefpas else.  

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie,quickly answerd:  
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.  

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,  
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall  
To keepe, untill your farther time of Tryall.  

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,  
That you will cleare your selfe from all suffence,  
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.  

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:  
Vertue is choak'd with foule Ambition,  
And Charity cha'd hence by Rancourse hand;  
Foule Subornation is predominant,  
And Equitie exild your Highnesse Land.  
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:  
And if my death might make this Iland happy,  
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,  
I would expend it with all willingnes.  
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:  
For thoufands more, that yet suspecred no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.  

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,  
And Saff:ly clowde Brow his formic hate;  
Sharpe Buckingham unburthens with his tongue,  
The enuous Lord that lyes vpon his heart:  
And dogged Tork, that reacheat the Moone,  
Whose owuer-weening Arme I haue pluck't back,  
By fable accuse doth leuell at my Life.  
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reft,  
Cauzelesse have lay'd disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeoure have flir'd vp  
My lieslie Liege to be mine Enemie.  
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,  
My felde had notice of your Conventicles,  
And all to make away my guiltie Life.  
I shall not want fable Witnesse, to condemne me,  
Nor store of Trefons, to augment my guilt:  
The ancient Proverbe will be well efted,  
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.  

Card. My Liege, his raying is intolerable.  
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person  
From Trefons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,  
Be thus vpbrayed,child, and rated at,  
And the Offender granted scope of speech,  
'Twill make them coole in zele vnto your Grace.  

Suff. Hath he not twixt our Soueraigne Lady here  
With ignominious words,though Clarkellye couplet?  
As if he had forbunred some to fwear  
Fable allegations, to o'rethrow his state.  
Qu. But I can give the lofer leasue to chide.  
Gloft. Farse truer spake then meant: I lofe indeede,  
Behrewe the winners, for they play'd me falle,  
And well fuch losers may have leasue to speake.  
Back. Hee'le weft the fence, and hold vs here all day.  
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.  

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.  
Gloft. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his Crutch,  
Before his Legges be firme to bear his Body.  
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thie fide,  
And Wolues are ganarting, who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah that my fear were falle, ah that it were;  
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.  

Exit Gloster.  
King. My Lords,what to your wildeste feemeth best,  
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfes were here.  

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliament?  

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,  
Whole froid begins to fowe within mine eyes;  
My Body round engryt with miferie:
For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vnckle Hamfre, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good Hamfre, is the houre to come,
That ere I proud thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowing Strarre now enyies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe seek no subversion of thy harmless Life.
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straies,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;—
Even so remorseful hee have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young on went,
And looking naught but wayle her Darlings loffe;
Even so my faith bewayled good Glosters cafe
With fad vnhelpfull tears, and with dimm'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, 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 Affairs,
Too full of foolifh pittie: and Glosters shew
Beguiles him, as the mornesfull Crocodile
With forrow staines relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
With shining checker'd floures doth fling a Child,
That for the beauty thinkes it excellent.
Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge 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 shoulde dye, is worthie policie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courfe of Law.
Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie:
The King will labour still to faue his Life,
The Commons haply rife, to faue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.
Torke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah Torke, no man allue, so faire as I.
Torke. To Torke that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules;
Wert not all one, an empty Eagle were set.
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyre,
As place Duke Hamfre for the Kings Protector?
Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wert not madnesse then,
To make the Fox furveyor of the Fowl?
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 proud an Enemic the Flock,
Before his Chapse be shyn'd with Crimson blood,
As Hamfre prou'd by Reason to my Liege,
And doe not stand on Quilltes how to slay him:
Be it by Gyynes, by Snares, by Subtleie,
Sleeping, or Waken, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which makes him first, that first intends deceit.
Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suff. Not resolute, except fo much were done,
For things are often spake, and seldom meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preuerue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Bre you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you confent, and cenfure well the deed,
And Ie provide 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.
Torke. And I: and now we three have spokit it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

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 craves a quick expedient foppe.
What counsaille you in this weightie caufe?
Torke. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If Torke, with all his farre-fet policie,
Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France fo long.
Torke. No, not to lofe it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By stayeing there fo long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, characther'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fieth prefer'd fo whole, doe seldome winne.
By. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Torke; sweet Somerset be still.
Thy fortune, Torke, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily have proud's farre worne then his.
Torke. What, worde then naught? nay, then a shame
take all.
Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wisest flame.
Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vncliuill Kerns 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 fome,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?
Torke. I will, my Lord, so please my Maiestie.
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his confent,
And what we doe establiish, he confirme:
Then, Noble Torke, take thou this Taskie in hand.
I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.
Suff. A charge, Lord Torke, that I will fee perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke Hamfre.
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 event.

Torke. My
York. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene dayes At Britow I except my Souldiers, For there Ie shipe them all for Ireland. Suff. I se it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. Exe. Muster Yorke. Yorke. Now Yorke, or neuer, feele thy fearefull thoughts, And change midloft to refolution; Be thou hop’lt to be, or what thou art; Refigne to death, it is not worth th’employing: Let pale-fact feare keepe with the meane-borne man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. Fafter the Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignicie. My Braye, more bafe then the laboring Spider, Waues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies. Well Nobles, well: ’tis politicon, To send me packng with an Hoast of men: I feare you, but warme the starnde Snake, Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts, ’Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me; I take it kindly: yet be well affur’d, You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in England nourish a mighty Band, I will stirre vp in England come black Storme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell: And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Untill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames, Doe calm the furie of this mad-bred Flawe. And for a miniture of my intent, I have fed’d a head-strong Kentifhman, John Cade of Ciford, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Vnder the Title of John Mortimer. In Ireland haue I feene this stubborne Cade Oppo’d himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes, And fought so long, till that his thighe with Darts Were almost like a sharpe-quill’d Porpentine: And in the end being refu’d, I haue feene Him capre vp’righ, like a wilde Morisco, Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells, Full often, like a shag-hair’d craftie Kerne, Hath he conuered with the Enemie, And vndiscouer’d, come to me againe, And given me notice of their Villanies. This Duell here shall be my substitute; For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speech he doth reemble. By this, I shall perceiue the Commons mindes, How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke. Say he be taken, rackets, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict upon him, Will make him fay, I mou’d him to those Armes. Say that he thrive, as’tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strengthe, And reape the Harreft which that Raflac fox’d. For Hunfrey; being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart: the next for me. Exit. 

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murtherer of Duke Hunfrey. 1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know We have dispaught the Duke, as he commanded. 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done? Didst ever heare a man so penitent? Enter Suffolke. 1. Here comes my Lord. 

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispaught this thing? 1. I, my good Lord, he’s dead. Suff. Why that’s well saide. Goe, get you to my Houfe, I will reward you for this venefours deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand. Have you luyd faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gave directions? 1. ’Tis, my good Lord. Suff. Away, be gone. Exe. 

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Someries, with Attendants. 

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence staight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guilty, as ’tis published. Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. Ex. King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no whit, gainst our Vnckle Lord. Gofier. Then from true evidence, of good efteme, He be approu’d in praflice culpable. Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle, That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of faution. King. I thanke thee Nell, these words content mee much. 

Enter Suffolke. 


Que. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead. 


King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me? Came he right now to fing a Rauens Note, Whose dimmall tune bereft my Vitall powres: And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breath, Can chase away the firt-conceiued fount? Hide not thy poynon with fuch fgypted words, Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I fay, Their touch affrights me as a Serpents fling. Thou balefull Meffenger, out of my fight: Vpon thy eye-ball, murderous Tyranie Sits in grim Maietie, to ftrige the World. Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounded; Yet doe not goe away: come Baflifke, And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight: For in the fade of death, I fhall finde joy; In life, but double death, now Gofier’s dead. Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus? Although the Duke was enemie to him, Yet he moft Christian-like laments his death: And for my felfe, Poe as he was to me, Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes, Or blood-consuming fighes recall his Life;
I would be blinde with weeping, feke with groans,  
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,  
And all to have the Noble Duke alio.  
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 shal my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,  
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:  
This get I by his death: Aye me vnappie,  
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.  
King. Ah woe is me for Golther, wretched man.  
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.  
What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?  
I am no lostfoame Lesper, looke on me.  
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen desa?  
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queene.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Golters Tempe?  
Why then Dame Eleanor was neere thy joy.  
Ereth his Statue, and worship it,  
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.  
Was I for this yere wrack'd upon the Sea,  
And twice by awkward winde from Englands bankes  
Drooe backe againe vnto my Natue Clime.  
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde  
Did feeme to sée, fecke not a Scorpions Neft,  
Nor fet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.  
What did I then? But curst the gentle gods,  
And he that looke'd them forth their Braxon Cases,  
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,  
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocks:  
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,  
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.  
The very pestilant Sea refus'd to drounne me,  
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore  
With teares as faft as Sea, through thy vnkindesse.  
The splitting Rocks cow'd vpon the sinking sands,  
And would not daue them with their rugged fides,  
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,  
Might in thy Palace, perill Eleanor.  
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,  
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beats vs backe,  
I ftood vpon the Hatches in the houme:  
And when the dusky sky, began to rob  
My earnest-gaping fight of thy Lands view, I took a costly jewel from my necke,  
A Hart it was bound in with Diamants,  
And threw it towards thy Land : The Sea receiued it,  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
And even with this, I left faire Englands view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,  
For looking ken of Albions wifhed Coaft.  
How often haue I tempted Suffolke's tongue  
(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)  
To fit and watch me as Afcanius did,  
When he to madding Dido would vnfold  
His Fathers Acts, commenced in burning Troy.  
Am I not wistfull like her? Or thou not false like him?  
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Eleanor,  
For Henry weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noys within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,  
That good Duke Humphrey Traiitously is murder'd

By Suffolke, and the Cardinal Beaufors means:  
The Commons like an angry Hune of Bees  
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,  
And care not who they fling in his reuenge.  
My felie have calmd their spleenfull mutine,  
Vntill they hear 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 breathleffe Corpes,  
And comment then vpon his fouldaine death.  
War. That shal I do my Liege; Stay Salsburi  
With the rude multitude, till I returne.  
King. O thou that judgest all things! Saye my thoughts:  
My thoughts, that labour to peruse my soule,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life:  
If my sufpeet be false, forgive me God,  
For judgement onely doth belong to thee:  
Faine would I go to chafe his pale lips,  
With twenty thousand kisse, and to draine  
Vpon his face an Ocean of fait tears,  
To tell my loue vnto his dambe desafe trunke,  
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:  
But all in vaine are thefe means Oblesques,  
'Bed put forth.  
And to furtie 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 deep my grave 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 live  
With that dread King that tooke our fate vpon him,  
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curfe,  
I do beleue that violent hands were laid  
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.  
Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworn with a solemn tongue:  
What instance gues Lord Warwick for his vow.  
War. See how the blood is setled in his face.  
Oft haue I seen a timber-parted Ghost,  
Of affy lemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleffe,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart,  
Who in the Confict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the fame for aydace 'gainst the enemy,  
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,  
To blith and beautifie the Cheeke againe.  
But fee, his face is blace, and full of blood:  
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,  
Staring full gatifly, like a stranged man:  
His hayre vpear'd, his nofrils fretch't with strugling:  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt  
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdute.  
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 here,  
The leaff of all these signes were probable.  
Suf. Why Warwick, who should do the D. to death?  
My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,  
And we hope his, are no murthers.  
War. But both of you were vowed D.Humphries foes,  
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:  
Tis like you would not kraft him like a friend,  
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.  
Queen. Than you believe sufpeet these Noblemen,  
As guilty of Duke Humfries tymelesse death.
Queene. Who finds the Heyer dead, and bleeding fresh, 
And fees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe; 
But will suspeet, was he that made the slaughter? 
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttokes Neft, 
But may imagine how the Bird was dead, 
Although the Kyte foare with vnbloodied Beake? 
Euen so sustitions is this Tragedie. 

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where’s your Knife? 
Is Beauford teard’s a Kyte? where are his Tallowed? 
Suff. I wear no Knife, to slaufter sleeping men; 
But here’s a vengefull Sword, rufted with eafe, 
That shall be fowred in his rancorous heart, 
That flanders me with Murthers Crifmon Badge. 
Say, if thou dar’ft, proud Lord of Warwickshire, 
That I am faultie in Duke Humphreyes death. 

Warne. What dares not Warwick, if falle Suffolk dare him? 
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, 
Nor ceafe to be an arrogante Controller; 
Though Suffolk dare him twentie thousand times. 

Warne. Madame be still: with reverence may I fay, 
For every word you speake in his behalfe, 
Is flander to your Royal Dignitie. 

Suff. Blunt-witte Lord, ignoble in demeanor, 
If ever Lady wroght her Lord fo much, 
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed 
Some ferne vntur’d Charle; and Noble Stock 
Was graft with Crab-tree flippe, whose Fruit thou art, 
And never of the Neale Noble Race. 

Warne. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee, 
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, 
Quittine thee thereby of ten thousand fhames, 
And that my Soveraigne prefence makes me milde, 
I would, falle murderous Coward, on thy Knee 
Make thee begge pardon for thy paffed speech, 
And fay, it was thy Mother that thou meaneft, 
That thou thy felle waft borne in Baffardie; 
And after all this fearfull Homage done, 
Give thee thy byre, and fend thy Soule to Hell, 
Pernicious blood-fucker of fleeping men. 

Suff. Thou fhalt be wakings, while I fheid thy blood, 
If from this prefence thou dar’ft goe with me. 

Warne. Away euery now, or I will drage thee hence: 
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee, 
And doe some feruice to Duke Humphreyes Ghost. 

Exeunt. 

King. What stronger Bref-plate then a heart vntaint? 
Thrice is he arm’d, that hath his Quarrell iuft; 
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele, 
Whofe Confience with Infoltice is corrupted. 

A noife within. 

Queene. What noife is this? 

Enter Suffolk and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawn. 

King. Why how now Lords? 
Your wrathfull Weapons drawn, 
Here in our prefence? Dare you be fo bold? 
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here? 

Suff. The trayt’rous Warwicke, with the men of Bury, 
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne. 

Enter Salisbury. 

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde. 

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, 
Vnleffe Lord Suffolke straight be done to death, 
or banifhed faire Englands Territories, 
They will by violence tear him from your Pallace, 
And torture him with grievous lingring death. 
They fay, by him the good Duke Humphrey dyde: 
They fay, in him they feare your Highnesse death; 
And meere infinit of Lorne and Loyalte, 
Free from a flubbornne opposite intent, 
As being thought to contradict your liking, 
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. 
They fay, in care of your moft Royall Perfons, 
That if your Highnesse shredd intend to sleepe, 
And charge, that no man should disturbe your reft, 
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; 
Yet notwithstanding fuch a fruite Edict, 

There were there a Serpent feeme, with forked Tongue, 
That flyly gyded towards your Maiete, 
It were but necesse you were warne: 
Least being fupper’d in that harmefullumber, 
The mortall Worme might make the fleep eternal. 
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, 
That they will guard you, where you will, or no, 
From fuch fell Serpents as falle Suffolkes is; 
With whose immenfred fatall thing, 
Your loving Vnkle, twentie times his worth, 
They fay is shamefully bereft of life. 

Communs within. An anwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury. 

Suff. Twas like the Commons, rude vpfolift Hinde, 
Could fend fuch Message to their Soueraigne: 
But you, my Lord, were glad to be impoy’d, 
To shew how quent an Orator you are. 
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne, 
Is, that he was the Lord Embaftled, 
Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King. 

Within. An anwer from the King, or wee will all breake in. 

King. Go to Salisbury, and tell them all from me, 
I thanke them for their tender louing care; 
And had I not beene cited fo by them, 
Yet did I purpofe as they doe entreat: 
For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie, 
Milfanchace unto my State by Suffolkes meanes. 
And therefore by his Maiete I fware, 
Whofe farre-vnworthie Depute I am, 
He fhall not breathe infection in this ayre, 
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death. 

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolkes. 
King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke, 
No more I fay: if thou do’ft pleade for him, 
Thou wilt but adde encreafe your Wrath. 
Had I but fayd, I would have kept my Word; 
But when I fware, it is irrevocable: 
If after three dayes space thou here bee’t found, 
On any ground that I am Ruler of, 
The World shall not be Ranfome for thy Life. 
Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with me, 
I haue great matters to impart to thee. 

Exeunt. 

Qu. Milfanchace and Sorrow goe along with you, 
Hearts Discontent, and lowre Afflication, 
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie: 
There’s two of you, the Duelle make a thirde. 
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps. 

Suff. Ceafe, gentle Queene, thefe Execrations, 
And let thy Suffolke take his heauie leaue.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Ine. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curfe thine enemy.
Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curfe them?
Would curfe kill, as doth the Mandrakes gone,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as hatef, and horrible to hearse,
Deluer'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As Jeafs-a-fay's envy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should rumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should spangle like the beaten Flint,
Mine hair be fixt an end, as one distrait:
I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And even now my barthens heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poylon be their drinke.
Gall, worfe than Gall, the daintieft that they take:
Their sweeftest flade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheesefit Propect, murr'ning Basiliskes:
Their softeft Touch, as smart as Lysards stings:
Their Mufickes, frightfull as the Serpents hiffe,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Comfort full.
All the foules terrours in darke fasted hell—
Q. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment'd thy selfe,
And these dread curfes like the Sonne 'gainst glaffe,
Or like an ouer-charg'd Gun, recoile,
And turns the force of them vpon thy selfe.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
Where bysting cold would never let graffe grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Oh, let me intreat thee ceafe, give me thy hand,
That I may diew it with my mournefull tears:
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this knife be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ft thinke vpon these by the Scale,
Through whom a thousand fighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my griefe,
'Tis but form'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that furnes, thinking on a vasst:
I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd,
Aduenure to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euens now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, we'th thou thance,
A Wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With every feuereall pleasur in the World:
And where thou art not, Deflation.
I can no more: Line thou to joy thy life;
My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liu'lt.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whether goes Vaux so faft? What newes I prethee?
Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vp:wise,  
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:  
Give me some drink, and bid the Apothecarie  
Bring the strong pofton that I bought of him.  

King. Oh thou eternall moner of the heauens,  
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,  
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,  
That lyes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,  
And from his bofome purge this blacke dispaire.  

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.  
Sal. Disturb him not, let him passe in peaceably be.  

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.  
Lord Card'нал, if thou thinkest on heauens bliffe,  
Hold vp thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.  

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.  

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.  
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtain clofe,  
And let us all to Meditation.  

Exeunt.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.  

Lie. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,  
Is crept into the boosome of the Sea:  
And now loud houling Wolves arrouse the Iades  
That drage the Tragicke melancholy night:  
Who with their drovye, frow, and flagging wings  
Cleave dead-mens graves, and from their miffy lawes,  
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:  
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,  
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,  
Heere shall they make their ranfome on the land,  
Or with their blood faine this discolourd fhowre.  
Mafter, this Prisoner freely glue I thee,  
And thou that art his Mace, make boote of this:  
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.  

1. Gent. What is my ranfome Mafter, let me know.  

Mater. A thoufand Crownes, or else lay down your head  

Mace. And fo much shall you give, or off goes yours.  

Lie. What thinke you much to pay 2000.Crownes,  

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?  

Cut both the Villaines throats, for you fhall:  
The liues of thofe which we have loft in fight,  
Be counter-poes'd with fuch a petite fumme.  

1. Gent. Ille give it fir, and therefore spare my life.  

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

Whit. I loft mine eye in laysing the prize aboord,  
And therefore to reuenge it, flall thou dye,  
And fo fhould thefe, if I might haue my will.  

Lie. Be not fo rash, take ranfome, let him live.  

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentlemen,  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou fhalt be payed.  

Whit. And fo am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.  

How now? why flarts thou? What doth death affright?  

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

Whit. Gualter or Walter, which is it I care not,  
Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,  
But with our word we wp'd away the blot.  
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell revenge,  
Broke be my word, my Armes torne and defi'd,  
And I proclain'd a Coward through the world.

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

Whit. The Duke of Suffolkke, muffed vp in ragges?  
Suf. I, but thefe ragges are no part of the Duke.  

Lieu. But Ioue was never flaine as thou shalt be,  
Obfure and lowse Swaine, King Henrys blood.  

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster  
Muft not be fpred by fuch a laded Groume:  
Haft thou not kiift thy hand, and held my fhirropp  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I fhooke my head.  
How often haft thou waited at my cup,  
Red from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,  
When I have feated with Queene Margarett?  
Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-falne,  
I, and alay this thy abtutte Pride:  
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou ffood,  
And duly wayted for my comming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,  
And therefore fhall it charme thy riotous tongue.  

Whit. Speak Captaine, fhall I flab the forlorn Swain.  
Lieu. First let my words flab him, as he hath me.  
Suf. Bafe flave, thy words are blunt, and fo ar thou.  
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,  
Strike off his head.  

Suf. Thou darft not for thy owne.  

Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,  
I kennell, paddle, flinke, whose fithe and diff.  
Trobles the flower Spring, where England drinks.  
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,  
For swallowing the Trefure of the Realme.  
Thy lips that kiff the Queene, fhall fweep the ground:  
And thou that fmit'ft at good Duke Humphries death,  
Against the fenfible windes fhall grin in vaine,  
Who in contempt fhall hisse at thee againe.  
And weded be thou to the Haggges of hell,  
For daring to affy a mighty Lord.  

Unto the daughter of a worthelffe King,  
Hauing neyther Subjef, Wealth, nor Diadem:  
By diuellish policy art thou groome great,  
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,  
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.  
By these Abius and Maine were fold to France.  
The fale revolting Normans thorough thee.  
Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Picardie  
Hath faine their Governors, purfiz'd our Forts,  
And fent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.  

The Princely Warwicke, and the Neviles all,  
Whofe dreadful fwords were neuer drawne in vaine,  
As hating thee, and rifing vp in armies.  
And now the Houfe of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,  
By shamefull murther of a guiltelffe King,  
And lofty proud increaing tyranny,  
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopeful colours  
Advance our halfe-fad Sunne, fhining to shine;  
Vnder the which is writ, I write unblye.  

The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armies,  
And to conclude, Reprofe and Beggerie,  
Is crept into the Palace of our King,  
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.  

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder  
Vpon thefe paity, ferenite, abfclt Drudges:  
Small things make base men proud. This his Villaine heere,  
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more  
Then Barcylus the fhrow Illyrian Pyraze.  
Drones sache not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should dye

By
By such a lovely Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I goe of Message from the Queen to France:
I charge thee waft me safely croffe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolk, I must waft thee
to thy death.
Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat arius, it is then I feare.
Wad. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leave thee.

What, are ye daintled now? Now will ye stoope.
Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is herne and rough:
V'd to command, vntaught to please for favour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as thefe
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then thefe knea bow to any,
Sauc to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncou'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I bear, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Haile him away, and let him takl no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.
Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft dye by wilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto flau.
Murther'd Sweet Tally. Bratm Baffard hand
Stab'd Julius Cæsar. Savage Ilanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Lieu. And as for thefe whole ranforme we haue fet,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Mans the fift Gent. Enter Walter with the body.
Wad. There let his head, and lineelefe bodie lye,
Ven til the Queen his Misfiris bury it. Exit Walter.

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody speatecle,
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beauties and John Holland.

Beaut. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they have bene vp these twelue dayes.
Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.
Beaut. I tell thee, Looke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to
dreffe the Common-wealth and turne it, and let a new
nap vp on it.
Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thredbare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.
Beaut. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.
Hol. The Nobilitie thinks scone to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Beaut. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen.
Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation; which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be
labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.
Beaut. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
brave minde, then a hard hand.
Hol. I see them, I see them: There's Rest: Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Beaut. Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.
Beaut. Then is fin strucke downe like an Ox, and ini-
quities throat cut like a Calfe.
Hol. And Smith the Weaver.
Beaut. Argo, their thred of life is spun.
Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumm. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee John Cade, so tearn'd of our supped Fa-
ther.
But. Or rather of steeling a Cade of Herrings.
Cade. For our enemies shall fall 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, & fold 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 never a
house but the Cage.
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 needs not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt with hand for steeling of Sheep.
Cade. Be braye then, for your Captaine is Braye, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, feuen
halfe peny Loues, for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall
haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Felony to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey goe to graffe: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God bleue your Majesty.
Cade. I thank you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall eat and drinke on my score, and I will
aparrell them all in one Livery, 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 mean to do. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vn doe a man. Some say the Bee flings, but I say,
tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was never mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and
read, and cant account.
Cade. O montrous.
Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.
Cade. Here's a Villaine.
Wen. He's a booke in his pocket with red letters in't.
Cade. Nay then he is a Conjuror.
But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.
Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine honour: vnaile I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
Come hither sirrabb, I must examine thee: What is thy name?
Cleark. Emanuell.
But. They vse to write it on the top of Letters: Twill go hard with you.
Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vse to write thy name? Or haft thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?
Cleark. Sir I thank God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.
All. He hath confest away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.
Cade. Away with him I say! Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.
Exit one with the Cleark.

Enter Michael.
Mich. Where's our Generall?
Cade. Here I am thou particular fellow.
Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.
Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?
Mich. No.
Cade. To equal him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rife vp Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Galloweys: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you resolute.
Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclinde to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.
Cade. As for these silken-coated fluers I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to reigne:
For I am rightful heyre unto the Crowne.
Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playster,
And thou by felle a Shearesman, art thou not?
Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.
Bro. And what of that?
Cade. Marty, this Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?
Staff. I fir.
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.
Bro. That's false.
Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His name am I, deny it if you can.
But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.
Wen. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
the bricks are alee at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges wordes,
that speaks he knowes not what.
All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.
Bro. Jacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.
Cade. He lyes, for I inuened it my selfe. Go too Sirrabb,
tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Henry
the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile
be Protector over him.
Butcher. And furthermore, wee'll have the Lord Sayes
head, for selling the Dukedom of Maine.
Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a flauce, but that my puissance holds it vp.
Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath
hooled the Commonwealth, and made it a Unuch: &
more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor.
Staff. O groffe and miserable ignorance.
Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or
no?
All. No, no, and therefore wee'll have his head.
Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Affaile them with the Army of the King.
Staff. Herald away, and throughout every Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May even in their Wives 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 love the Commons, follow me:
Now shew your felues men, 'ts for Liberty,
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman,
Sparre none, but fuch as go in clouted Flouer,
For they are thrifty honest men, and fuch
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 Staffordes are slain.
Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?
But. Here he is.
Cade. They fell before thee like Sheeps and Oxen, &
thou behauedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-houe: Therefore thus will I reward thee,
that the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.
But. I defire no more.
Cade. And to speake truth, thou deferrst not leffe.
This Monument of the victorie will I bear, and the bodiess
shall bee dagg'd at my horse heele, till I do come to
London, where we will have the Majors sword born before
vs.
But. If we meant to thrive, 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 Staffordes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greese softens the mind,
And
And therefore am I bold and resolute. Exeunt.

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

Scales. How now? Is Jacke Cade slain?

i. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slain:

For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all tho'fe that withfand them:
The L. Major caues y'd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such y'd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my felfe,
The Rebels have afay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will fend you Matthew Giff.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. Exeunt

Enter Jacke Cade and the reft, and flrike his ftaffe on London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And heere fitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coft
The pifling Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
This firt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it fhall be Trefon for any,
That caules me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

Bar. If this Fellow be wife, hee'll neuer call ye Jacke
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Duck. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in
Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's goe fight with them:
But first, goe and fet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Matthew Giff is slain, and all the reft.
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So firs: now goe some and pull down the Saucoy:
Others to' th Inner of Court, downe with them all.

Har. I have a fulte vnto your Lordfhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordfhippe, thou fhalt have it for that word.

But onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Make 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thruft
in the mouth with a Sperare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay John, it wil be flinking Law, for his breath
flinke when eating tofted cheefe.

Cade. I have thought vpon it, it fhall bee so. Away
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth fhall be

John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes
Wolfe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things fhall be in Common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mefl. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Saff,
which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifenees, and one shilling to the pound,
the laft Subfide.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, say thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Miewetie, for giving vp of Normandie vnto Mounfer Bajfinesse, the Dolphin of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by thee presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beefome that must swepe the Court cleanse of such filth as thou art: Thou haft most trainerly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haft caus'd printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haft built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face, that thou haft men about thee, that vuly talk of a Nowne and a Vrbe, and such abominable words, as no Christian care can endure to heare. Thou haft appointed Judicес of Peace, to call poorest men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prizon, and because they could not reade, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have bene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'nt not to set thy horse wear a Cloake, when honest men then thou goe in their Hoc and Doublets.

Dicky. And ware in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: *Tis bona terra, mala gens.*

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

Say. Hear me but speake, and bare mee where ye will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cesar writ,
Is term'd the ciusel'd place of all this life:
Sweet is the Coven, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Adue, Wealthy,
Which makes mee hope you are not void of pitty.

I fold not Normandie, I fold not Normandie,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour haue I always done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could never.

When haue I ought exalted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestowed on learned Clerkes,
Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.
And feeling Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
Vnlesse you be poufleth with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forbeare to muthe me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoole.

Cade. Tut, when struck't thou one blow in the field?
Say. Great men haue receiuing handsomf haue I struck
Those that I never saw, and strucke them dead.

Geo. O monfrons Cru'd Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good
Cade. Give him a box o'th'ear, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long fitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of affections and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicky. Why doft thou quier man?

Say. The Palese, and not feare pronokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein haue I offended most?

Hauve I affected wealth, or honor? Speakese.

Are my Cheifs fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparel fumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I injur'd, that ye lecke my death?

These hands are free from guiltfull bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foule deceitful thoughts.

O let me live.

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 under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then brake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Contrivmen: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your felues:

How would it fare with your departed foules, And therefore yet relent, and faue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proued 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 shee 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 wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicky. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commoditie
upon our bills?

Cade. Marry prestantly.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the head.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
When they were alue. Now part them again;
Leave they consult about the giving vp
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Delere the spoile of the Citie untill night:
For with these borne before vs, in fircd of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every corner
Hauve them kisse. Away.

Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fifteere, 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 found Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter
Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

**Buc.** I hear thee be, that dare and will disturb thee:

Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misliked,
And hereon pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forswake thee, and go home in peace.

**Clif.** What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilst it's offered you,
Or let a ready leader you to your deaths.

Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God save his Maleity.

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 save the King, God save the King.

And you base Tiemates, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'd with your Parions about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke,
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Prerogative. But you are all Recontents and Daftards, and delight to liue in flauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthen, take your houfes ouer your heads, raifie your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and to Gods Cure light vppon you all.

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

**Cliff.** Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
Vnleffe 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-feas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuil brolle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Village vnto all they meece.
Better ten thousand base-borne Cades mischance,
Then you should fcape vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you hauе left:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

**All.** A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

**Cade.** Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred milchfieles, and makes them leave mee solate.
I fole them lay their heads together to拜师me me.
My sword make way for me, for here is no faying:
in despight of the dukes and halle, hauе through the vire midde of you, and heaunts and honor be winneffe, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominous treafons, makes me betake mee to my heales.

**Buck.** What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

**Exeunt some of them.**

Follow mee fouldiers, wee'l deprive a mane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

**Exeunt omnes.**

**Enter King, Queen, and Somerset on the Terras.**

**King.** Was ever King that of his own creation
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months old.
Was 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 Maleity.

**Kin.** Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade furpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

**Enter Multitudes with Halter about their Neckes.**

**Cliff.** 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 heaven let one thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vows of thankes and praise.

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And therefor how well you love your Prince & Country:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Affire your selves will never be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your severall Countries.

**All.** God save the King, God save the King.

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Maj.** 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 proclamation as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he turns a Traitor.

**King.** Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke divided,

Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driven backe, his men disspair'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.

I pray thee Buckingham goe and meece him,
And aske him what's the reaon of these Armes:
Tell him, I say Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be dismis from him.

**Somerset.** My Lord,
I'll yeelde my selfe to prifon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

**King.** In any case, be not to rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

**Buc.** I will my Lord, and doubt not to do steele,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

**King.** Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
For ye may England curie my wretched naige.

**Flourish.**

**Exeunt.**

Enter
Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. Thee fine daies have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a leaf of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brice wall have I climbed't into this garden, to see if I can eate Grasfe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amistie to coole a man flamacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath fer'd me instead of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would Iue turmolyed in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as thee? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to wage great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate. Cade. Here's the Lord of the foile come to ferue me for a fray, for entering his Fee-simpie without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ie make thee eate Iron like an Offrige, and flawme my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoeere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my wallis insfipht of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these fawcie terms? Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Lookke on mee well, I have eate no meate these fawce days, yet come thou and thy fawce men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doore nalle, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent, Tooked odes to combe a poore famishit man. Opposte thy redfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookeis: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leffer: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a stickie compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strenth thou haue, And if mine arme heaue in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greateffes answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares. Cade. By my Valour: the most compleat Champi on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech thee on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, let ten thousand duelles come against me, and gue me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'll defe them all. Wither Garden, and be henceth a buying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of Cade is red.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slaine, that monfrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne'shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coat, To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, the bath loft her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dias. How much thou wrong'dst me, heauen be my judge; 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 Into a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy moft vngracious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leaving thy truncke for Crowes to feed upon.

Enter Yorkes, and his Army of Ireland, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowes from feeble Harrys head, Ring Belles alow, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah sancta Majestas! 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 glue due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter balance it. A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a foule, On which Ie toffe the Fleur-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath lent him sure: I must dissemble. But. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. Yor. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Meffenger, or come of pleasure. But. A Meffenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Aligance svorne, Should raise so great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force so nearer the Court? Yor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could how vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abiette trame, And now like Aias 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 have guesed no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepse Melancholy. The caufe why I have brought this Arme bither,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

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 other end, 
The King hath yeelded 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 thank you all: diſperfe your felues: 
Meet me to morrow in S. George Field; 
You shall haue pay, and every thing you wish. 
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry, 
Command my cliefte sonne, nay all my fonnes, 
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loe, 
Ile fend them all as willing as I live: 
Landa, Goodes, Horfe, Armor, any thing I haue 
Is his to vfe, to Somerset may die. 

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submiſſion, 
We twaine will go into his Highneffe Tent. 

Enter King and Attendants. 

King. Buckingham, doe Yorke intend no harme to vs 
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme? 

Yorke. In all submiſſion and humility, 
Yorke doth prefent himselfe vnto your Highneffe. 
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring? 
Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence, 
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell Cade, 
Who since I heard to be diſcomfitted. 

Enter Iden with Cades head. 

Iden. If one so rude, and of no meane condition 
May passe into the presence of a King: 
Los, I present your Grace a Traitors head, 
The head of Cade, whom I in combat flew. 
King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iuft 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 thatlew him? 
Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty. 
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree? 
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name, 
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves his King. 
Buc. So plesa it you my Lord, twere not amiffe 
He were created Knight for his good service. 
King. Iden, kneel downe, rise vp a Knight; 
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes, 
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs. 
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bountie, 
And never live but true vnto his Liege. 

Enter Queen 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 boldely hand, and front him to his face. 

Yor. How now is Somerset at libertie? 
Then Yorke vnloffe thy long imprisoned thoughts, 
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart. 
Shall I endure the fight of Somerset? 
Fals King, why haft thou broken faith with me, 
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuses. 
King did I call thee? Not thou art not King: 
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes, 
Which darst not, nor canst not rule a Traitor. 

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne: 
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe, 
And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter. 
That Gold, myt round engirt these browes of mine, 
Whole Smile and Crowne, 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 sete controlling Lawes: 
Glue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more 
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Rule. 

Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke, 
Of Capital Treafon, against the King and Crowne: 
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace. 
Yorke. Wold't haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee, 
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man: 
Sirrah, call in my fonne to be my bale: 
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward, 
They'll pawsne their swords of my infranſhiment. 

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine, 
To fay, if that the Baftard boyes of Yorke 
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father. 
Yorke. O blood-befpotted Neopolitian, 
Out-cait of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge, 
The fones of Yorke, thy betters in their birth, 
Shall be their Fathers bale, and bane to chofe 
That for my Surety will refufe the Boyes. 

Enter Edward and Richard. 

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their bale. 

Cliff. Health, and all happineſſe to my Lord the King, 
Yor. I thank thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee? 
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke: 
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele again: 
For thy miftaking fo, We pardon thee. 
Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not miftake, 
But thou miftakes me much to think I do, 
To Bedlem with him, is the man crowne mad. 

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor 
Makes him oppofe himselfe againſt his King. 
Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower, 
And chop away that faſciuous pate of his. 

Qu. He is aſtræfed, but will not obey: 
His fonnes (he fayes) shall giue their words for him. 

Yor. Will you not Sonnes? 

Edward. I Noble Father, if our words will ferve, 
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons fhall. 

Cliff. What a brood of Traitors have we here? 

Yorke. Lookes in a Glass, and call thy Image fo. 

I am thy King, and thou a falfe-heart Traitor: 
Call hither to the fire my two braue Beares, 
That with the very faking of their Chaines, 
They may affonish thefe fell-lurking Cures, 
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me. 

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and 
Salisbury. 

Cliff. Are thefe thy Beares? We'll bake thy Beares to death, 
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines, 
If thou dar'st bring them to the baying place. 
Rich. Often have I feene a hot ore-weeping Curre, 
Run backe and bite, becaufe he was with-held, 
Who being fatter'd with the Beares fell paw, 
Hath clapt his tale, between his legges and cride, 
And fuch a peeece of fencce will you do,
If you oppose your subjects to match Lord Warwick.

Cliff. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall hate you thoroughly anon.

Cliff. Take heed least by your hate you burne your felues:

King. Why Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salsbury, flame to thy sinke haire,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick sone,

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?

And fecke for favor with thy Spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

If it be banish from the profite head,

Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,

And shame thine honourable Age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want' st experience?

Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou haft it?

For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,

That bowes vnto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my selfe

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Haft thou not sworn Alledgeance, vnto me?

Sal. I haue.

Ki. Canst thou dispence with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great finne, to sweare vnto a finne:

But greater finne to keepe a finfull oath:

Who can be bound by any Solemn Vow

To do a mur'drous deed, to rob a man,

To force a footlesse Virgins Chastitie,

To resue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,

To wring the Widdow from her cumb'd right,

And haue no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a Solemn Oath?

Qed. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft,

I am resolu'd for death and digistie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst conjure vp to day:

And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy houed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neuilis Creft,

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,

This day Ile ware afofte my Burgonet,

As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,

That keepe his leaves insight of any storme,

Even to a brightnesse, vnder the visuall thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,

And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,

Despite the Bearward, that partes the Beare.

To Clif. And to Armes victorious Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fee, Charite for flame, speake not in spoit,

For you shall sup with Iefu Christ to night.

To Clif. Foule fyngmaticke that's more then thou canst tell.

Ric. If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. Exeunt

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calleth:

And if thou doft not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpeter sounds alarum,

And dead mens cries do fill the empitie aere,

Clifford I lay, come forth and fight with me,

Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter York.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?

Tor. The deadly handed Clifford drow my Steed:

But match to match I have encounters him,

And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes

Euen of the bonnie beafe he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Tor. Hold Warwicke: seek thee out some other chace

For I my selfe must hunt this Desire to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:

As I intend Clifford to thrife to day,

It greaues my foule to see thee vanfhill'd. Exit War.

Clif. What feest thou in me Yorke?

Why doft thou pause?

Yorke. With thy brave bearing should I be in loue,

But that thou art so faft mine enemie.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise & esteeme,

But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,

As I in justice, and true right express it.

Clif. My foule and bodie on the action both.

Tor. A dreadful lay, adtreffe thee instantly.

Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.

Tor. Thus Warre hath gien thee peace, for yart fill,

Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,

Fears frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou fonne of hell,

Whom angry heauen do make their minisher,

Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,

Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier faye.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,

Hath no felle-lone: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not esenntially, but by circumstance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the premied Flames of the Laft day,

Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the general Trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities, and pette founds

To cease. Was't not ordain'd (deere Father)

To looke thy youth in peace, and to stчеue

The Siluer Luyery of acutted Age,

And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-days, thus

To die in Ruffian battel? Even at this fight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be fone. Yorke, not our old men spares:

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginal,

Shall to me, even as the Dew to Fire,

And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclames,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty.

Meet I am infant of the house of Yorke,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it

As wilde Medea yong Alphista did.

In cruelty, will I feke out my Fame.

Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffsords house:

As did Eneas old Anchises beare,

So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders:

But then, Eneas bare a living loade;
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lyest thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albans, 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 low, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdome, and defence,
To give 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 bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we hapyly scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglece)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake haiphye ere bid you fuye:
But fuye you must: Uneareable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releafe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune glie.
Away my Lord, away.

Enter Richard and Somerset.


York. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all bruist of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it felfe, 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 befried 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 freble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th'Maffe so did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knowes how long it is I have 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 oppolites of such repaying Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preftent Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

What fayes Lord Warwick, shall we after them?
War. After them: may before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albans battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternall in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as thefe, to vs befall.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.
Wonde how the King esca'd our hands? Pl! While we purf'd the Horfmen of the North, He fly'd toke away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whole Warlike ears could never brooke retreat, Chear'd vp the drooping Army, and himfelfe.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breath
Charg'd our maine Battles Front: and breaking in, Were by the Swords of common Souldiers flaine.
Edw. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckinghame, Is either flaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltbircs
Whom I encountered as the Battels ioyndd. (blood,
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. Richard hath beft defem'd of all my fonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nor. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.
Rich. Thus do I hope to flake King Henry's head.
Warw. And fo doe I, victorious Prince of York.
Before I fee thee feated in that Throne, Which now the Houfe of Lancastor vfurps, I vow by Heaven, these eyes fhall never clofe.
This is the Palacie of the fearefull King, And this the Regall Seat: poiffie it York,
For this is thine, and not King Henrys Heires.
Plan. Affift me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For bither we have broken in by force.
Nor. Wee're all affift you: he that flies, fhall dye:
Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
They goe vp.
Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnleffe he fecke to thruft you out perforce.
Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we fhall be of her counfale,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's fly within this Houfe.
Warw. The bloody Parliament fhall this be call'd,
Vnleffe Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King,
And bashful Henrj depos'd, whose Cowarize
Hath made as by-words to our enemies.
Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be refolute,
I meane to take poffeffion of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beft,
The proudeft hee that holds vp Lancastor,
Dares firre a Wing, if Warwick flake his Bells.
He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Refolu thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the furdie Rebell fits, Even in the Chayre of State: belike he means, Backt by the power of Warwick, that felfe Peere, To aspire onto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he flew thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd reuenge
On him, his fones, his favorites, and his friends.
Northumb. If I be not, heauen be reuenge'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

Wefim. What, fhall we fuffer 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, fuch as he:
He durft not fit there, had your Father liu'd,
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs affayle the Family of Yorks.
North. Well haft thou spoken, Cousin be it so.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?
Wefim. But when the Duke is flaine, they're quickly fye.
Henry. Fare be the thought of this from Henrys heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houfe.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that Henry means to vie.
Thou faditious Duke of Yorke defend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.

York. I am thine.

Exeunt. For flame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorks.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exeunt. Thy
Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
Warm. Enter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vfurping Henry.
Cliff. Whom should hee follow, but his natural
King?
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?
Yorke. It must and shall be, content thy selfe,
Warm. Be Duke of Lancafter, let him be King.
Wesm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancafter,
And that the Lord of Wefmerland shall maintain.
Warm. And Warwack shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those who chas'd you from the field,
And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd through the Citty to the Palace Gates.
Northumb. Yes, Warwack, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.
Wesm. Plantagenet, of thee and thee thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinfmen, and thy Friends, Ille have more lyes
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Virge it no more, left that in stead of words,
I send thee, Warwack, such a Meffenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I firr.
Warm. Poor Clifford, how I feorne his worthleffe
Threats.
Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the Sonne of Henry the Firr,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to fpupe,
And feiz'd upon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warm. Talkte not of France, fith thou haft loft it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loft 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 looke:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vfurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe fo, let it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou loue't, and honoroe Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not fland caulling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye.
Plant. Sones peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and glue King Henry leave to
speak.
Warm. Plantagenet shall speake firft: Hearre him Lords,
And be you silent and stentleue too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.
Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandire 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.
Warm. Prouce 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,
Reign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rofe against him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.
Warm. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vconceav'd,
Think you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?
Exe. 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?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and anfwer not?
Exe. My Confidence 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,
Think not, that Henry shall be fo depos'd.
Warm. Depos'd he shall be, in defight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Effex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus prejudicionat and proud,
Can fet the Duke vp in defight 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 alie,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.
Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuie my heart.
Plant. Henry of Lancafer, resigne thy Crowne:
What matter you, or what conpire you Lords?
Warm. Doe right vnto this Princeley Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houfe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fits
Write vp his Title with vfurping bloud.
He flambat with his feet, and the Souldiers
Show themselves.
Henry. My Lord of Warwack, hear but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Conforme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liuat.
Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet
Enjoy the Kingsdome after my deceafe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your
Sonne?
Warm. What good is this to England, and himfelfe?
Wesm. Bafe, fearefull, and defpaying Henry.
Clifford. How haft thou inuad'd both thy feife and vs?
Wesm. I cannot fay to hearfe theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene thefe
Newes.
Wesm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold bloud no fparkle of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houfe of Yorke,
And dye in Bands, for this vnamably deed.
Cliff. In dreadful Warre may't thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and defpife'd.
Warm. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.
Exeter. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah Exeter.
Warm. Why shoulde you figh, my Lord ?
Henry. Not for my felfe Lord Warwack, but my Sonne,
We whom I vntaturally shall dif-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entaye
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceafe this Civil Warre: and whil't I live,
To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne;  
And neyther by Treason nor Hoilitie,  
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.  
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.  
Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.  
Plant. Now Torke and Lancasfer are reconcil'd.  
Esset. Accurt be he that seeke to make them foes.  
Sonne. Here they come downe.  
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.  
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Soul'diers.  
Nor. And I to Norfolke with my followers.  
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.  
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.  

Enter the Queen.  
Esset. Here comes the Queene,  
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:  
Ile steal away.  
Henry. Esset fo so I.  
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.  
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.  
Queene. Who can be patient in such extremes?  
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?  
And never seene thee, never borne thee Sonne,  
Seeing thou hast prom'd fo vnnaturall a Father.  
Hath he deferr'd to loose his Birth-right thus?  
Hast thou but lou'd him halfso well as I,  
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;  
Thou would'rt have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather then have made thatoutline Duke thine Heire,  
And diu-inherited thine onely Sonne.  
Prince. Father, you cannot diu-inherit me:  
If you be King, why should not I succede?  
Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,  
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.  
Queene. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?  
I blame to hear thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,  
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,  
And giu'n into the Houfe of Touke fuch head,  
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.  
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crown,  
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,  
And crepe into it farre before thy time?  
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Callice,  
Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,  
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,  
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such fletcher finds  
The trembling Lambes, inuironned with Wolves.  
Had I bene there, which is a filly Woman,  
The Soul'diers should have toof'd me on their Pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that Act.  
But thou prefer'rest thy Life, before thine Honor.  
And seekeing thou do'ft, I here diuorce my selfe,  
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,  
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,  
Whereby my Sonne is diu-inherited.  
The Northern Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
And spread they shall be, to thy foule digrance,  
And vntter ruine of the Houfe of Touke.  
Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,  
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.  

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and hear me speake.  
Queene. Thou hast spake too much already get thee gone.  
Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?  
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.  
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,  
Ile fee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.  
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.  
Henry. Poore Queene,  
How loue me to, and to her Sonne,  
Hath made her brke oute into termes of Rage.  
Reueng'd may he be on that hatefull Duke,  
Whose haughtie spirit, wing'd with desire,  
Will fold my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,  
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne,  
The loffe of thofe three Lords torments my heart:  
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them fare;  
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.  
Esset. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  
Exit.  

Flourijh. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.  
Richard. Brother, though I bee youngeft, giue me leave.  
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.  
Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.  

Enter the Duke of Touke.  
Torke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?  
What is your Quarrell? how begun it first?  
Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.  
Torke. About what?  
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,  
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.  
Torke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.  
Richard. Your Right dependes not on his life, or death.  
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:  
By giuing the Houfe of Lancasfer leave to breathe,  
It will ou-runne you, Father, in the end.  
Torke. I took an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.  
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.  
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.  
Torke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.  
Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you're hearre mee speake.  
Torke. 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 over him that swears.  
Henry had none, but did usurpe the place.  
Then feeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and fruidious.  
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,  
How sweet a thing it is to ware a Crowne,  
Within whose Circuit is Elisium,  
And all that Poets faine of Bliffe and Ioy.  
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reft,  
Vntill the White Rose that I ware, be dy'de  
Even in the lake warme blood of Henrys heart.  
Torke. Richard ynowh: I will be King, or dye.  
Brother, thou shalt to London preffently,  
And whet on Warwick to this Enterpise,
Enter Gabriel.

But say, what Newes? Why committ thou in such posta?

Gabriel. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.
York. I, with my Sword.

What? thinke'st thou, that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall fly with me,
My Brother Mountague shall poste to London.
Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Politicke strengthen themselves,
And trust not fimple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Mortimer. Brother, I goe: Ie winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leve.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York, Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happy hour.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.
John. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.

York. What, with fives thousand men?

Richard. I, with fince hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we fear?

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's let our men in order,
And iffe forth, and bid them Battle straight.
York. Fince men to twenty: though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battle haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemy hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

York. Why materlye?

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. Chapleine away, thy Priesthood slues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accurst Duke,
Whose Father flew my Father, he shall dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will haue him company.
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child,
Leaft thou be hatted both of God and Man.

Enter Clifford.

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 Wretch,
That trembles under his doysouring Pawes:
And so he walks, insuffeting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes alouder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening Looke.
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too manie a subject for thy Wrathe,
Be thou remou'd on men, and let me live.

Clifford. In vain thou speake'st, poor Boy:
My Fathers blood hath foiget the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him.
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lines and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not make mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurst Line,
And leave not one alue, I live in Hell.

Therefore---

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou haue one Sonne, for his fake pitty me,
Left in reuenge thereof,ist God is iuft,
He be as miserably flaine as I.
Ah, let me live in Pirion all my dayes,
And when I give occaision of offence,
Then let mee dye, for now thou haft no caufe.

Clifford. No caufe? thy Father flew my Fathertherefore dye.

Rutland. Diu faciant laudos summa sit ista tua.

Clifford. Plantagenets, I come Plantagenets:
And this thy Sonnes blood diing cleasing to my Blade,
Shall ruft vpun my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both.


York. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slain, in refuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes purfud by hunger-starued Wolves.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath behanch'd them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselfes
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.

Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,

And thricie cry'd, Courage Father, fight it out:
And fell as oft came Edward to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardyeft Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and gave no foot of ground,
And cry'd, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tomb,

A
A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.

With this we charg'd againe; but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I have seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with over-matching Waues.

A short Avarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatal followers doe pursuie,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furiu:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furiu.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muft I stay, and here my Life muft end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
The young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Baff, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthleffe Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vao my Father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carr
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Torke. My affes, as the Pheanix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and fear e?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Cowes doe peck the Faulcon's piercing Talons,
So dejarst Theeneus, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breathe out Inequities 'gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once again,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee fain and fyre ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand caules
I would prolong a while the Trayrons Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, do not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger,though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grime,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so strivest the Woodcocke with the Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Conny struggle in the Net.

Torke. So triumph Theeneus vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, fo o're-matcch.

Northumb. What would your Grace have done vnto him now?

Queene. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Defent?
Where are your Meffe of Sonnes, to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lyte George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to chare his Dad in Mutinies?

Or with the ref't, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Torke, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Boisme of the Boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I glue thee this to dri ye Cheekes withall.

Also poore Torke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate.
I prythee giue, to make me merry, Torke.

What, hath thine stiee heart fo perish thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, rau, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be free'd, I thee, to make me sport:

Torke cannot speake, vnleffe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Torke; and Lords, bow love to him:
Hold thee his hands, whilelfe I doe set it on.

I marry Sir, now looke he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King Henrie Chaire,
And this he is he was adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet?
Is crowned'd fo foone, and broke his solenn Osth?
As I bethinke me, you shoulde not be King,
Till our King Henrie had hooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in Henrie Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Osth?
Oh 'tis a fault too vnpardonable.

Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Queene. Nay say, let's heare the Orisons hee makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolves of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beleeing is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchangeable,
Made impudent with vle of euill deeds.
I would affay, prowd Queene, to make thee blash,
To call thee when thou cam'ft, of whom deriu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beats the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so weallie as an English Yeoman.

Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not; nor but it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Vnleffe the Adage must be verifyd,

That Beggers mounted, ruune their Horfe to death.

'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.

'Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.

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 couldst thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be scene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, scribe, obdurate, fline, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou haft thy wish.
Wouldst haue me weep? why now thou haft thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceffant flowers,
And when the Rage alayles, the Raine begins,
These Tears are my sweet Rutlandes Obsequies,
And evry drop cries vengeance for his death,
"Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee fell French-woman,
Northumb. Behew me, but his passions moves me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Tares.
York. That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not have touchd,
Would not have stay'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hycrania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless Father Teares:
This Cloth thou dippt in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waft the blood away.
Keepes thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tellst the heauie story right,
Upon my Soul, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will shed falt-falling Teares,
And say, alas, it was a pitious deed,
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curfe,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I wepe at thy cruell hand,
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been slaught't-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weep with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripe's his Soule.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Thinkes but upon 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.
York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soul ye flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.
Queen. Off with his Head, and let it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorks may ever-looke the Towne of York.
Flourish. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father can't:
Or whether he be can't away, or no,
From Cliffords and Northumberland's pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the newes;
Had he beene slain, we should have heard the newes:
Or had he can't me thinkes we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?
Richard. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battale range about,
And watcht him how he fang'd Clifford forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thicket troops,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Nast,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogs:

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest fland 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 remembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'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 seer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they joyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light; one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some event.

Edward. 'Tis a wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I thinkes it cites vy (Brother) to the field,
That we, the Sunnes of brave Plantagenet,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should withstanding joyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Upon my Target three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leave, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heanie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?
Meff. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will heare it all.
Meff. Emirone was he with many foes,
And flood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greccees, that would haue entred Troy,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes:
And many stroues, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oak:
By many hands your Father was laboure'd,
But onely hearted by the Irrefuall Arme
Of vn-releeting Clifford, and the Queene:
Who crownd the gracious Duke in high despot's,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruffell Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the haramelle blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine:
And after many scorces, many foule taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of York,
They set the flame, and there it doth remaine,
The faddest speacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh Clifford, boy'trous Clifford, thou haft slaine
The florow of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherously haue thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish'd thee.
Now my Soules Palacce is become a Prifon;
Ah, would she brake from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shal I joy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more joy.

Rch. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moyitute
Scarce serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue unloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-fame winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breth,
And burns me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To wepe, is to make life the depth of grieve:
Tears then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for mee.
Richard, I bear thee name, Ie venge thine death,
Or dye renouned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rch. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy delyct by gazin' gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throme and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wost not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What news abroad?

Rch. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompst
Our balefull newes, and at each words delierance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguished then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick, that Flamaghenet
Which helt thee dearly, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ferna Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten daies ago, I drownd these newes in teares.
And now to add me more mesure to your woes,
To come to tell you things right then base.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father broth'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loafe, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albas, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertiz'd
That he was comming with a full intent
To dafs our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henrie Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albas met,
Our Battailes loyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who lookd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spicene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of Clifford's Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night.Owles lasie flight,
Or like a lasie Threisher with a Flie,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheat'd them vp with judice of our Caufe,
With promize of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioynye with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately tent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rch. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Often haue I heard his praiies in Purflite,
But we're till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, doft thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henrie head,
And wring the awefull Sceptre from his Fir.
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnones, Peace, and Prayer.

Rch. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thee 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'ren our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Denotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the laft, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seck you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the cafe-melting King, like Wax.
He fwoere content to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beffe
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power (I think) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
Amongst the louing Welsman can't procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, befrinde our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry Charge upon our Foes,
But never once againe turne backes and flye.

Rch. I now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake;
Ne're may he live to see a Sun-thine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him fly.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fallyst (as God forbid the houre)
Must Edward fall, which perill heaven foretold.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, in Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shal I be proclaimed
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joy,
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.

Rch. 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 glue thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S.George for vs.

War.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mef. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me, The Queene is conning with a puiffant Hoofl, And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it forts, brave Warriors, let’s away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northam and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpetts.

Qy. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompaft with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord. K. I, as the rockes cheare them that fear their wrack, To see this fight, it irk’s my very foule: With-hold reenue (deere God) ’tis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infringing’d my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmful pitty must be laid aside: To whom do Lyons call their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaf, that would vfurpe their Den. Whose hand is that the Forrest Bear doth lick? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who escapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting? Not he that fets his foot upon her backe. The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on, And Dues will pecke in safeguard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou finnling, while he knitt his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raise his issue like a Louing Sire. Thou being a King, biet with a goodly Sonne, Did’t yeeld consent to difhoner him: Which argued thes a most valouing Father. Vrreatable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not feene them even with those wings, Which sometime they have v’d with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb’d vnto their net, Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence? For shame, my Liege, make them your President: Were it not pity that this goodly Boy Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long hereafter fly vnto his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My cardeffe Father fondly gave away. Ah, what a flame were this! Lookes on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promiseth Successfull Fortune feele the melting heart, To hold his owne, and leave thine owne with him. King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford tell me, did’t thou never heare, That things ill got, had euer bad successe. And happy always was it for that Sonne, Whole Father for his hoarding went to hell: Ie leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behind, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in possession any lot of pleasure. Ah Coyn Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greece me that thy head is here.

Qy. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye, And this soft courage makes your Followers faint: You promit Kighthood to our forward sonne, Vnfeath your sword, and dub him prefently.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And learne this Leffon; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave, Ie draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrel, vfe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Royall Commanders, be in readiness, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwick the backing the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaims him King, and many fye to him, Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field, The Queene hath beft fucceffe when you are absent.

Qy. I good my Lord, and leue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that’s my fortune too, therefore Ie fay. Norib. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere thes Noble Lords, And hearten thoes that fight in your defence:

Vnfeath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.


Edw. Now perrin’d Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And fet thy Diadem upon my head? Or bide the mortal Fortune of the field.

Qy. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Edw. I am his King, and he shoul bow his knee:

I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Ca. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do wear the Crowne, Have 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.


Clif. I crooke-back, here I stand to anfwer thee, Or any he, the proudefl of thy fort.

Rich. ’Twas you that kill’d yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not fafhioned.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords glue signall to the fight.

War. What fay’t thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speake?)

Qy. Why how you now long-tongu’d Warwick, dare When you and I met at S. Albons left, Your leges did better servife then your hands.

War. Then ’twas my turne to fly, and now ’tis thine: Clif: You faid fo much before, and yet you fied. War. ’Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that duct to make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently, Breake off the parley, for scarce I can reftaine The execution of my big-toune heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer.

Clif. I flew thy Father, cal’t thou him a Child?

Rich.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. I like a Daffard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ite make them curse the deed.

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

Rich. Then Executioner vnheath thy word:
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,
That Clifford's Manhood, lies upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand men have broke their Falls to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yield the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head.
For York in Justice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick faies is right,
There is no vrroong, but every thing is right.

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands.
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mihapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deffinies to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreaded full stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whole Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham't thou not, knowing howe thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue dete& thy bafe-borne heart.

Ed. A wipse of straw were a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her false:
Helen of Greece was farre ferre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Mamelus;
And ne'r was Argamemnon Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.

His Father reueld in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin foote:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That wash'd his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home;
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had it thou bene meeke, our Title still had ftept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had flipt our Claime, untill another Age.

Cl'A. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increas,
We let the Axe to thy vfurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our scyes,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll neuer leave, till we have heuven thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolutioun, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle King to speake.

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Vtctorie, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay Edw.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer say,
These words will coft ten thousand lites this day.

Exit enmasse.
Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.  

Excus. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone,  
Suppose this armes is for the Duke of Yorke,  
And this for Rutland, both bound to revunge,  
 Wert thou inuiron'd with a Brassen wall.  

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,  
This is the hand that flabb'd thy Father Yorke,  
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
And cheerest these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like upon thy selfe,  
And so have at thee.  

They Fight, Warwicke flies, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, singe out some other Chace,  
For my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.  

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell faires like to the mornings Warre,  
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,  
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nalles,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now fwyes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
Now fwyes it that way, like the selfe-fame Sea,  
Forc'd to returne by furie of the Winde.  

Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:  
Now, one the better: then, another beft;  
Both tugging to be Violor, breft to breft:  
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.  
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.  

Hereon on this Mile-hill will I fit me downe;  
To whom God will, there be the Victoria:  
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too  
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,  
They proper beft of all when I am thence.  

Would I were dead, if Gods good will were fo;  
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.  
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,  
To be no better then a homely Swaine,  
To fit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To cause our Dials quicly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:  
How many makes the Houre full compleate,  
How many Houres brings about the Day,  
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,  
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live.  

When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:  
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;  
So many Houres, must I take my Rest:  
So many Houres, must I Contemplate:  
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:  
So many Dayes, my Eues haue bene with yong:  
So many weekes, are the poore Fowles will Eate:  
So many yeares, ere I shall shere the Fleece:  
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Months, and Yeares,  
Past over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet grave.  
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?  
Glues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade  
To Shephards, looking on their filthy Sheepe,  
Then doth a rich Embroider'd Canopie  
To Kings, that fear their Subiects treacherie?  
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the Shephards homely Cursd,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
His wonted sleepe, under a fresh trees shade,  
All which fecure, and sweetly he enjoyes,  
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
His bodie couch'd in a curious bed,  
When Care, Misfrut, and Trefon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blows the winde that profits no body,  
This man whom hand to hand I flew in flight,  
May be possest 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 Conflict, I (wanares)have kill'd:  
Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.

From London, by the King was I preft forth,  
My Father being the Earle of Warwicke men,  
Came on the part of Yorke, preft by his Matter:  
And I, who at his hands receiued my life,  
Hau e 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 marks:  
And no more words, till they have how'd their fill.  

King. Oh piteous sheachel! Our bloody Times!  
Whiles Lyons Warre, and bataille for their Dennes,  
Poor lame Alemberts abide their enmy.  
Weape wretched man: I ayde thee Teare for Teare,  
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cussill Warre,  
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so floutly hast refuited me,  
Gie me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold:  
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.  
But let me fee: Is this our Foo-mans face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only Sonne.  
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw vp thine eye: fee, fee, what showres arife,  
Blowne with the windie Tempeft of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart.  
O pity God, this miserable Age!  
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?  
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,  
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.  
O Boy! thy Father gaueth thee life too soone,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.  

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more then common greefe  
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:  
O pity, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:  
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,  
The fallat Colours of our firiuing Houses:  
The one, his purple Blood right well refembles,  
The other his pale Cheeckes (me thinkes) pretenteth:  
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourishing:  
If you contend, a thousand liues muft wither.  

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death  
Take oh with me, and ne're be fatisfied?  

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,  
Shed fears of Teares, and ne're be fatisfie'd?  

King. How will the Country, for these wofull chances,  
Mif-thinke
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth. 157

Mif-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Sunn. Was ever sonne, so rewd a Fathers death?
Path. Was ever Father so becom'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was ever King so green'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.
Sunn. He beare thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
Path. These arms of mine shall be the winding sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne'rr shall go.
My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priaum was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
I'll beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murthered where I should not kill. 
Exit Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Hearse fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Pris. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chaced Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuit.
Qy. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a maine:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hewing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands.
Are at our backes, and therefore amaine.

Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
or else come after, Ie away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to fly, but lone to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. Exeunt

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Heere burns my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it lafted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I feare thy ouethrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Fear, glee'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commissures melt,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning milsproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnat's, but to the Sunne?
And who shiness now, but Henry's Enemies?
O Phæbus! had'st thou never gluem content?
That Phaeton should check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had eorth'ch the earth. And Henry, had'st thou sware'd as King's should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did.
Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
They never then had springe like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this huckstref Realme,
Held left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleffe are Plains, and Curelefte are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is merciflesse, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue defuer'd no pitty.
The ayre 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.


Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs paufe,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull looks:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Sallie, fill'd with a fretting Gult
Command an Argoffe to stemme the Waves.
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 marc't him for the Graue,
And wherefor he is, hee's surely dead. Clifford grones
Rich. Whole foule is that which takes hisheavy leau?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battallies ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vfed.
Riche. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he loopt the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murthering knife vnto the Roote,
From whom that tender spray did sweate spring,
I meant our Principel Father, Duke of York.
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,
Meare for meare, must be anwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatal Schreechowle to our house,
That nothing fhang but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue, no more shall speake.
War. I thinke is vnderstanding is hereft:
Speake Clifford, doft thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death ore-shades his besmes of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we say.
Riche. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeft,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If fo thou think it,
Vex him with eager Words.
Riche. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootleffe penitence.
War. Clifford, do uexes for thy faults.
Cla. While we defile full Tortures for thy faults.
Riche. Thou didst lose Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke.
Ed. Thou pittiedst Rutland, I will pitty thee:
Cla. Where's Captain Marget, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Sware as thou was't wont.
Riche. 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 houre life,
That I(in all despienge) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the iffing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose unfanchanted thift
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,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And ask the Ladie Bonn for thy Queene:
So shalt thou find both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The featted Fee, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly fling to hurt,
Yet looke to have them bus to offend thine cares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britannie Ie crofe the Sea,
To effcct this marriage, so it please my Lord.

For in thy shoulder do I found my Sate;
And neuer will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counfaile and content is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glouceftar,
And George of Clarence; Warwicke as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleafeth heft.
Richard, let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glofter,
For Glosters Dukedom is too ommous.
War. Tut, that's a foolifh obfervation:
Richard, be Duke of Glofter: Now to London,
To fee thefe Honors in poffeffion.

Enter Sinkoy, and Humffry, with Croffe-bowes
in their bands. (our fincles:

Sink. Vnder this thicke crowne brake, wee'll throwd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couer will we make our Stand,
Calling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile stay aboue the hill, fo both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noife of thy Croffe-bow
Will feare the Heard, and fo my shoot is loft:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the heft:
And for the time shall not fee me tedious,
Ie fee the what befell me on a day,
In this felle-place, where now we meane to stand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be paft:

Enter the King with a Prayer book.

Hen. From Scotland am I sole, even of pure loue,
To grette mine owne Land with my wilfull fight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
This place is fill'd, the Scepter wrong from thee,
Thy Balme wafted, wherewith thou was Annotated:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble futers preafe to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redrefs of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?
Sink. I, here's a Deere, whole skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King: Let's feize vpon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the fower Adueraries,
For Wife men say, it is the wiffet courfe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbear we awhile, we'll hear a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I hear) the great Commanding Warwicke
It 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 loft:
For Warwicke is a subfle Orator:
And Lawy a Prince soone wonne with mourning words:
By this account then, Margaret may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her fighes will make a batt'ry in his bref,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and fee her plaints, her Brinifh Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shew on his left fide, craving as ye for Henrie;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shew Weepes, and fayes, her Henrie is depos'd:
He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is infaile'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for grace can speake no more:
Whilees Warwicke tells his Time, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promife of his Sifter, and what else,
To strengthe and support King Edwards place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore foule)
Art then forfaken, as thou woult forlone.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk't of Kings & Queens? King.
More then I fee-me, and left then I was born to:
A man at leaft, for lefle I should not be:
And men may tale of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'ft, as if thou wer't a King.
King. Why fo 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 fee: my Crowne is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that fiddle Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crownd 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, sworn in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemy,
King. But did you never swear, and break an Oath.
Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hum. Heree in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was anointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworn true Su biefts unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sw. No, for we were Subiefts, while we wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you feare:
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 blows,
Commanded always by the greater Gui:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that flame,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ie obey.
Sinko. We are true Subiefts to the king,
King Edward.
King. So would you be againe to Henrie,
If he were feated as king Edward is.
Sinko. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto 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.

Enter K. Edward, Glofter, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Glofter, at S. Albons field

This
This Ladies Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine,
His Land then fell'sd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to reposeifie those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrel of the Hous of Yorkes,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highness shall doe well to grant her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.
King. It were no lesee, but yet Ile make a pawse.
Rich. Yea, is it so?
I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes
the winde ?
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracius Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highness to refoule me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall fatisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall fuficie you :
Fight clofer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnleffe the chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children haft thou, Widow? tell me.

Clarence. I thinkke he meanes to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me : hee'le rather give her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracius Lord.
Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pitie they should lofe oyle their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pfittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords graue vs leave, Ile trie this Widowes意志.
Rich. I good lease haue you, for you will haue lease,
Till Youth take lease, and leave you to the Chutche.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your Children ?

Wid. I full as dearly as I love my selfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them good ?

Wid. To doe them good, I would subfayne some harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maieftie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So haue you bind me to your Highness service.

King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give thee?

Wid. What you command, that reft in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracius Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee pyles her hard, and much Raine wears the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire ? nay then, her Wax muft melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord ? shall I not heare my Taskes ?

King. An easie Taskes, tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's soone performd, because I am a Subject.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely gue thee.

Wid. I take my lease with many thousand thankes.

Rich. The Match is made, hee fayles it with a Curse.

King. But thy thew, tis the fruits of love I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another fence.

What Loue, think'ft thou, I sue fo much to get?

Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue gruants.

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 perceive my minde.

Wid. My mindes will never graunt what I perceive
Your Highness aymes at, if I syme aigre.

King. To tell thee plaine, I syme to lyke with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lyke in Prifon.

King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honeffe shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Thereby thou wrong'ft thy Children mightly.

Wid. Herein your Highness wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you disimpe me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say to my request:

No, if thou don't say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knes her Brows.

Clarence. Hee is the blunttest Wooer in Chriftendome.

King. Her Looks doth doer argue her replete with Modesty,
Her Words doth shew her Wit Incomparable,
All her perfectiones challenge Soueraigne,
One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And see she 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 fubjeft fit to ieaf withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enjoy 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 caull, Widow, I did mean 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 haft some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Hawe other-fame. Why, tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes?

Answere no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghofly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shruier, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you mufe what Chat wee two haue had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for thee lookest very sad.

King. You'd think it strainge, if I should marrie her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord ?

King. Why Clarence, to my self.

Rich. That
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lafts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, jest on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her fuit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henrie your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goo wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goo you aong: Lords vfe her honourable.

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. 1, Edward will vfe Women honourably:
Would he were wafted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crofte me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene mySoules desire, and me,
The luftfull Edward's Title bured,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd-for blisse of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my felfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraignty,
Like one that finds upon a Promontorie,
And sees a farre-off shore, where hew would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that fumders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to hau his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being to farre off,
And fo childe the meanes that keeps me from it,
And fo (I fay) Ile cut the Cautes off,
Fluttering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quickke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleffe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, fay there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornamentes,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplih twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Louis forwore me in my Mothers Womb:
And for I should not deal in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frawle Nature with some Bripe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuisous Mountain on my Back,
Where fits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unequall fize,
To dil-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carres no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monfrons fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare fuch,
As are of better Perfon then my felfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, to account ths World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-shap'd Truncke, that bears this Head,
Be round impale with a glorie Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lues fand betwixt wee me and home:

And I, like one loft in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and fraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling desperately to finde it out,
Tortment my felfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my felfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can implee, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Tears,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile flye more gazers then the Bafillake,
Ile play the Orator as well as Nefer,
Deceive more flyly then Vliffes could,
And like a Scona, take another Troy.
I can add colour to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And fet the meruous Macbeuill to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Louis the French King, his Siler Bona, his Admireall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
Queene Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford.

Louis, Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou shouldest finde, while Louis doth fit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret
Muft strike her fayle, and learne a while to Jerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now mitchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muft take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my felfe.

Louis. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this deeps despair?

Marg. From fuch a caufe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And frops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Louis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy felfe,
And fit thee by our fide.

Seats be by him.

Yeeld not thy necke to Fortune yoke,
But let thy dauntlesse minde fill ride in triumph,
Ouer all mitchance.

Be plainge, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It fhall be eaf'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words
Reuie my drooping thoughts,
And gyue my tongue-ty'd bowres leufe to speake.
Now therefore be it knoune to Noble Louis,
That Henrie, fole possiflor of my Loue,
Is of a King, become a banift man,
And for'd to lie in Scotland a Forlorn:
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke,
Vfurps the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englandes true anointed lawfull King.
This is the caufe that I, poure Margaret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Henries Heire,
Am come to crave thy juft and lawfull aye:
And if thou falles, as all our hope is done.
Scotland hath wil to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz’d, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our suliers in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger grows our Foe.
Lewis. The more I stay, the more I shall succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And fee where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What’s hee approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, Edward’s greatest Friend.
Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?
Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy voved Friend,
I come (in Kindness, and vnflaying Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Perfon,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And laftly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawful Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, Henry’s hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona.
In our Kings behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraigne Heart;
Where Fame, late entering at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac’d thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
Before you answere Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necelttie:
For how can Tyrans safely gouerne home,
Vnneale abroad they purchase great alliancye?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry lueth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry’s Sonne.
Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vforpers Iway the rule a while,
Yet Heau’n’s are iuft, and Time suppresteth Wrongs.
Warw. Insidious Margaret.  
Edw. Whose why not Queen?
Warw. Because thy Father Henry did vforpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then she is Queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick dianfull great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth.
Whose Wildome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our Henry lineally descends.
Warw. Oxford, how hap’s it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath loft
All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten.

Me thinks these Peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time
To make presecription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey’dst thirtie and six yeares,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Bluff?
Warw. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome,
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere
Was done to death? and more then to, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow’d yeares,
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 York.
Lewis, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand afide,
While I vse further conference with Warwick.
They stand afide.
Marg. Heauen’s graunt, that Warwicke’s words be
With which he shall not.
Lewis. Now Warwick, tell me eu’n vpon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that Henry was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all diffembling let aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister Bona.
Warw. Such it seems,
As may becom a Monarch like himself.
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 Disdaine,
Valeffe the Lady Bona quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Sifter, let vs hear your firme resolute.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, Spakes to Warw.
When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath remt tempted judgement to defire.
Lewis. Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sifter shall be Edwards.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poynt’d:
Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witneffe,
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 deuice,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henry’s friend.
Lewis. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weak,
As may appear by Edwards good successe:
Then tis but reason, that I be releas’d
From giving ayde, which late I promis’d.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his cave;
Where having nothing, nothing can be lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Profit feter 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 fyle conuencie, and thy Lords falle loue,

Poet. Blowing a hormone Within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-fame Feather.
Lews. Warwicke, this is some poete to vs, or thee.

Enter the Poet.

Poet. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you.
Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague.
These from our King, unto your Maiesty,
And Madam, thes for you:
To Lewis. From whom, I know not.
They all read their Letters.

Oaef. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mithris
Smiles at her news, while Warwicke frownes at his,
Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lewis lampes as he were netted.
I hope, all's for the best.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Neues?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd joyes.
War. Mine fall of sorrow, and hearts discontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?
And now to sooth your Foryrge, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he presume to scorn me in this manner?
Mar. I told you on your Maiferie as much before:
This proue th'Edwards Loe, and Warwicke honesty.
War. King Lewis, I heere protest in fight of heaven,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliss,
That I am cleere from this middec of Edwards;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could fee his face.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came vnminly to his death?
Did I let pass th'abufe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Reallic Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Nation Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Defert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loft for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitor:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke,
These words have turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henrys Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnblam'd Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
Ie undertake to Land them on our Coate,
And force the Tyrant from his feat 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 Luft, 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 diffreued Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry live,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?
Bona. My quarre, and this English Queene, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady Bona, joynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret.
Therefore, at laft, I firme am resolvd
You shall haue syde.
Mar. Let me gee humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meffenger, return in Poffe,
And tell fale Edward, thy supped King,
That Lewis of France, is lending our Maskers
To rewel with him, and his new Bride.
Thou feart what's past, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I ware the Willow Garland for his fake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weare are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ie vn-Crown the, e't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men
Shall croffe the Seas, and bid fale Edward battale:
And as occasion ferues, this Noble Queene
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply,
Yet ere thou go, but anfwere me one doubt?
What Pledge haue we of thine furnes Loyalty?
War. This shall affure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ie Ioine mine eldeft daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank thou for your Motion.
Sonne Edward, she is faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreucable,
That onely Warwicke daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for the well defends it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.
He gives his hand to Warm.

Lew. Why stay we now? These foldiers shalbe leued,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral
Shall wait them ouer with our Royal Fleet.
I long till Edward fall by Warres milchance,
For mockng Marriage with a Dame of France.

Enter, Monet Warwicke.
War. I came from Edward as Ambaffador,
But I returne his fwarne and mortal Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre shall anfwere his demand.
Had he none els to make a faile but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Left to Sorrow,
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ibe Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pity Henrys misery,
But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and
Montague.

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?
Cla. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,
How
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

How could he stay till Warwick made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

**Flourish.**

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chozen Bride.

**Clarence.** I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

**King.** Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choice,

That thou stand penfue, as halfe malecontent?

**Clarence.** As well as Lewis of France,

Or the Earle of Warwick,

Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,

That they'll take no offence at our abat.

**King.** Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,

Your King and Warwick, and must haue my will.

**Rich.** And shall have your will, because our King:

Yet haffe Marriage felome proue well.

**King.** Yes, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

**Rich.** Not I: no:

God forbid, that I shoulde with them feuer'd,

Whom God hath ioyn'd together:

I, and twere pittie, to funder them,

That youke fo well together.

**King.** Setting your skorne, and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reafton, why the Lady Grey

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, Somerset, and Mountague,

Speake freely what you thinke.

**Clarence.** Then this is mine opinion,

That is Lewis becomes your Enemy,

For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady Bona.

**Rich.** And Warwick, doing what you gaine in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage

**King.** What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

By fuch inuention as I can define?

**Mount.** Yet, to have ioyn'd with France in fuch alliafe,

Would more haue strengthned this our Commonwealth

'Gainft fome ftranger, then any home-bred Marriage.

**Halif.** Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it felfe,

England is safe, if true within it felfe?

**Mount.** But the fayer, when 'tis back'd with France.

**Halif.** 'Tis better wing France, then trufting France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giue for fence impregnable,

And with their helpe, onely defend our felues:

In them, and in our felues, our fafeties lyes.

**Clar.** For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deferves

To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

**King.** I, what of that? it was my will, and graunte,

And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

**Rich.** And yet me thinke, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales

Vnto the Brother of your loving Bride;

She better would have fitte me, or Clarence:

But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

**Clar.** Or else you would not have befored the Heire

Of the Lord Bonville on your new Wives Sonne,

And leave your Brothers to goe speeche elsewhere.

**King.** Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent? I will pronoue thee.
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 prove inferior to your selfe.  
You that love me, and Warwicke, follow me.  
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I:  
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:  
If I stay not for the love of Edward, but the Crowne.  
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwicke?  
Yet am I arm’d against the work can happen:  
And hate is needfull in this desprate cafe.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe  
Go to Lejou men, and make prepare for Warre;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
My selfe in person will straitly follow you.  
Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague  
Refuse my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
Are neere to Warwicke by blood, and by aliance:  
Tell me, if you love Warwicke more then me;  
If it be so, then both depart to him:  
I rather with you goe, then hollow friends.  
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
Glue me affurance with some friendly Vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mount. So God helpe Montague, as hee proovs true.

Hast. And Hastings, as hee favours Edwards caufe.

King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs?
Rich. I, in despit 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 foreaine powre.

Exit.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,  
with French Souldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarne to vs.  
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:  
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?  
Clarm. Fear not, my Lord,  
Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwicke,  
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,  
To rest mistrufffull, where a Noble Heart  
Hath pawn’d an open Hand, in signe of Loue;  
Else might I thinkke, that Clarence, Edwardes Brother,  
Were but a faied friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.  
And now, what refus? but in Nights Courture,  
Thy Brother being carelesely encamp’d,  
His Souldiers lurking in the Towne about,  
And but attended by a simple Guard,  
Wee may surpize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our Scootes have found the adventure very caufe:  
That as Vflyjes, and stout Diomed,  
With flight and manhood fole to Rbesus Tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fiall Steeds;  
So wee, well couerd with the Nights blacke Mantle,  
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,  
And seize himselfe: I say not, slaunder 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 silent fort,  
For Warwicke and his friends, God and Saint George.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch, Come on my Masters, each man take his stant,  
The King by this, is set him downe to fleape.
2. Watch, What, will he not to Bed?
1. Watch, Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,  
Never to dye and take his natural Life,  
Till Warwicke, or himselfe, be quite supprest.
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 refeth in his Tent?
1. Watch, ’Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest friend.
3. Watch, O, is it so? but why commands the King,  
That his cheife followers lodge in Townes about him,  
While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?
2. Watch, ’Tis the more honour, because more dangeorous.
3. Watch, I, but give mee worship, and quietneffe,  
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwicke knew in what estate he stands,  
’Tis to be doubted he would wakken him.
1. Watch, Vonlyse our Halberds did shut vp his paffage.
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 Souldiers, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:  
Cource my Masters: Honor now, or never:
But follow mee, 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 upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Armes, Armes,  
Warwicke and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King  
in his Gowne, fitting in a Chare: Richard  
and Hastings flye over the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?
Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, here is the Duke.

K.Edw. The Duke?
Why Warwicke, when wee parted,  
Thou call’d me King.
Warw. I, but the cafe is alter’d.

When you disgrace’d me in my Embassadore,  
Then I degraded you from being King,  
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.  
Alas, how should you governe 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 finde for the Peoples Welfare,  
Nor how to throw your selfe from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yea,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 167

K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I fear, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwicke, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes malice overthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheel.
Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,
Takes off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall ware the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerfet, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey’d
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I have fought with Pembrooke, and his fellows,
Ie follow you, and tell what anfwer
Lewis and the Lady Bona fend to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They lade him out forcibly.

K.Ed What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to reft both winde and tide. Exeunt.
0 x. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that’s the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. exit.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this fadin change?
Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befallne King Edward?
Riu. What losse of some pichet battell
Against Warwicke?
Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne flaine?
Gray. I almoft flaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray by falhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpise’d at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderstand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwicke Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. These News were I must confesse are greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loofe, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, fair fortune must hinder lies decay:
And I the rather waine me from despair.
For love of Edwards Offspring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me briede passion.
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes croffe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a tear,
And flite the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Leafe with my fighes or tears, I ablaze or drownne
King Edwards Fruitie, true heyre to the Englishe Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform’d that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on Henry head,
Guesse thou the reft, King Edwards Friends must downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truft not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ie hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To faue (at last) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye. exeunt.

Enter Richard, Lord Hastingh, and Sir William Stanley.

Riich. Now my Lord Haftings, and Sir William Stanley
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefe Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the cafe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whole hands
He hath good vantage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weakke guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I have aduertised him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vifull game.
He shall here finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivitie.

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 Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Glofier, Lord Haftings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to haze the Bishops Deere?
Riich. Brother, the time and cause, requireth hafte,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Edw. But whether shall we then?
Haft. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders.
Riich. Wel guesse beleevne me, for that was my meaning
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardesse.
Riich. But wherefore stay we? tis no time to talke.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say’st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Haft. Better do so, then tarry and be hang’d.
Riich. Come then away, let ha no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop farweil,
Sheeld thee from Warwicke crowne,
And praty that I may re-poffe the Crowne. exctu.

Flourish. Enter King Henry the first, Clarence, Warwicke,
Somerfet, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,
and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken Edward from the Regall seat,
And turn’d my captivitie to libertie,
My feare to hope, my forrowes vnto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subjectes may challenge nothing of their Sou’rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then crave pardon of your Maiestie.
K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vning me?
Nay, be thou sure, Ie well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisionment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Houhhold harmonic,
They quite forget their loft of Libertie.

But
But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Infrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blest Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting starres,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crowne,
I here resigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wife as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding 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'n in thy Nativity,
Adiu'dg an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.
War. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.
King. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands:
Now loyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no diffention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To finnes reuoke, and my Creators praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his Soueraigne
will he?
Clar. That he contents, if Warwick yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the Honor, and his estate.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.
War. What else? and that Succession be determined.
War. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Quene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull fear,
My joy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speed.
King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeeme to have so tender care?
Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl 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 prove our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maittie,
His Head by nature fram'd to wear a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to bleffe a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Might helpes more yet, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poeste.
War. What newes, my friend?
Dosto. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee hears faire) to Burgundie.
War. Ynfaurose newes: but how made he escape?
Dosto. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Glosfer,
And the Lord Haystings, who attended him
In secret ambusc, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercitse.
War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to provide
A value for any more, that may betide.
Exeunt.

Manet Somerset, Richard, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yield him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before long.
As Henries late presaging Prophecye
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befal him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith wee'se fend him hence to Brittanie,
Till thrones be paft of Ciuill Emittice.
Ox. I: for if Edward re-poisse the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the reft, shall downe.
Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedely.
Exeunt.


Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Haystings, and the reft
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterechange
My wain'd state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pas'd, and now re-pas'd the Seas,
And brought defir'd helpe from Burgundie.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Rauenfprune Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made faih?
Brother, I like not this.
For many-men that stumble at the Throhound,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw. Tuff man, abodeaments must not now afferve us:
By faire or foule means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to vs.
Hai. My Liege, Ie knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
Edw. But, Mayor Major, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the leaft, is Duke of Yorke.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leffe.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.
Rich. But
Enter the Maiors, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut, but in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, fear not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes, to take his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, and all those friends, that deene to follow mee.

March. Enter Montegomerie, with Drumme and Soldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montegomerie, our truflte friend, vnleffe I be deceiu’d.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, as every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thanks good Montegomerie:

But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, and one daymme our Dukedom.

Till God please to fend the refit.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, and I came to serve a King, and not a Duke: Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and we’ll debate by what fafe meanings the Crowne may be recover’d.

Mount. What talk you of debating, in few words.

If you’re not here proclaim your selfe our King, he leave you to your fortune, and be gone.

To kepe 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 we’ll make our Clayme:

Till then, ‘tis wise to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scurpulous Wit, now Armes must rule.

Rich. And fearlesse minds clyme foonest vnto Crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim 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 vndergoe the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Sovereigne speake as like myselfe, and now will I be Edwards Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward that be here proclaim’d:

Come, fellow Souldier, 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 whose soe’r gainseyes King Edwards right.

By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throw downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montegomerie, and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serue me, I’ll requite this kindness.

Now for this Night, let’s harbor here in Yorkes:

And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre

Above the Border of this Horizon, we’ll forward towards Warwick, and his Mates:

For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.

Ah froward Clarence, how e’er it befalmeta thee,

To flatter Henry, and forfake thy Brother?

Yet as wee may, wee’ll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. 

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsaille, Lords? Edward from Belgia, with hafte Germanes, and blust Hollanders, hath passe’d in saftetie through the Narrow Seas, and with his troupes doth march amaine to London, and many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let’s leue men, and best him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being suffer’d, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre. Those will I mufet vp: and thou Sonne Clarence shall firre vp in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, the Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.

Thou Brother Montague, in Buckinghame, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find men well enclined to heare what thou command’st, and thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belon’d, in Oxfordshire shalt mufet vp thy friends. My Sovereigne, with the Iouing Citizens, Like to his land, gyte in with the Ocean, or modest Dyuan, circled with her Nymphs, shall rest in London, till we come to him:

Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell my Sovereigne.

King. Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse thy Highneffe Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I feale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, and all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let’s meet at Coventry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeunt, what thinkes your Lordship?

Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, should not be able to encounter mine.

Exeunt. The doubt is, that he will deduce the reft.

King. That’s not my feare, my meed hath got me fame: I have not flopt mine eares to their demands, nor pofted off their suites with flow delays.

My pitty hath beene balme to heale their wounds, my mildnesse hath alay’d their swelling grieues.

My mercie dry’d their water-flowing tears.

I have not beene defirous of their wealth, nor much opprest them with great Subsidies, nor forward of revenge, though they much err’d.

Then why should they lose Edward more then me?

No Exeunt, these Graces challenge Grace.
And when the Lyon fawes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never 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, bear him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now flops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell fo much the higher, by their ebbes,
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry,
And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptorie Warwick 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-grown Traytor vsnares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Coventry.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwick, the Major of Country, two
Miffengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?
Miff.1. By this at Dunfoare, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?
Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Miff.2. By this at Daintry, with a puifant troope.
Enter Someruile.

War. Say Someruile, what sayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?
Somer. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his Drumme.
Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lies:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike vnoook'd for friends.
Somer. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.


Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.
Rich. See how the fuly Warwick mars the Wall,
War. Oh vnbid fpiet, is sportfull Edward come?
Where flept our Scouts, or how are they fuedoc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repaire.

Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Kneee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee thee Ouffages.

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who let thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call Warwick Patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaft he would have faile the King,
Or did he make the Jefet againft his will?
War. Is not a Dukeoc'd, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,
Ile doe thee feruice for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwickes gift,

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, Warwick takes his gift againe,
And Henry is my King, Warwick is his Subject.

Edw. But Warwickes King is Edwards Prisoner:
And gallant Warwickes doe but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-caut,
But whiles he thought to faile the fingle Ten,
The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,
And temne to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are Warwick still.

War. Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
'Nay when? frike now, or else the Iron cokes.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare fo low a fyle, to frike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canft,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fift wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duff this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, fee where Oxford comes.

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may fet vppon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iffue out againe, and bid vs battle;
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,
Welle quickly rowse 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 Trefon
Even with the deareft blood your bodies bere.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquett.

Enter Somerfet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerfet, Somerfet, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerfet,
Hauie fold their Lives vnto the Houfe 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 sweepees along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale:
With whom, in vpright seale to right, preuails
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Cl. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houfe,
Who gane his blood to lyme the flames together,
And let vs Lancaster. Why, thouwert thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is fo hard, so blunt, unnaturall,
To bend the fataill Instrumentes of Warre.
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King. Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath: To keep that Oath, were more impotie, Then life, when he sacrific'd his Daughter. I am so sorry for thy Troubles made: That to defend us well at my Brothers hands, I here proclame my selfe thy mortall foe; With resolution, wherefore I meet thee, (As I will meet thee, if thou firre abroad) To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I define thee, And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes. Pardon me Edward, I will make amendes: And Richard, doe not frownne upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant. 


Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded. 

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare, For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all. Now Mountague fit saft, I seek for thee, That Warwicke Bones may keep thine companie. 

Warm. Ah, who is night? come to me, friend, or foe, And tell me this is Victoria, York, or Warwicke? Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes, My blood, my want of strength, my sike heart shewes, That I must yeeld my body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge, Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle, Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon leapt, Whose top-branch over-peer'd fome spreading Tree, And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde. These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Vyele, Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne, To search the secret Treaftons of the World: The Wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with blood, Were lik'd oft to Kingly Sepulchers: For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue? And who durft smilie, when Warwicke bent his Brow? Loe, now my Glory smear'd in duft and blood. My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had, Even now forfake me; and all my Lands, Is nothing left me, but my bodies length. Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duft? And like we how we can, yet dye we must. 

Enter Oxford and Somersett. 

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, went thou as we are, We might recover all our Losse againe: 

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power. Even now we heard the newes: ah, could it thou flye. 

Warm. Why then I would not flye. Ah Mountague, If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand, And with thy Lippes keep in thy Soule a while. Thou lout me not: for Brother, if thou didst. Thy tears 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 laft, And to the latest gape, cry'd out for Warwicke: And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother. And more he would have faith, and more he spoke, Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault, That mought not be difinguished: but at laft, I well might heare, delievered with a groane, Oh farewell Warwicke. 

Warm. Sweet rest his Soule: Flye Lords, and faue your sulues, For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen. 

Ox. Away, away, to meet the Queens great power. Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt. 

Flourisb. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest. 

King. Thus farre our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are gude with wretches of Victorie; But in the midft of this bright-shining Day, I spy a black fulpicious threatening Cloud, That will encounter with our glorious Sunne, Ere he attaine his easfull Western Bed: I mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queene Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arrived our Coats; And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs. 

Clar. A little gale will boone difperfe 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 thirteene thousand strong, And Somersett, with Oxford, fled to her: If she haue time to breathe, he well affur'd Her faction will be full as strong as ours. 

King. We are auter'd by our louing friends, That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury. We haue now the beft at Barnet field, Will thither straight, for willingneffe rides 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. 


Qu. Great Lords, wise men he's fit and waile their losse, But cleerely seeth how to redresse their harme. What though the Maue be now blowne ouer-board, The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loft, And halfe our Saylers swallow'd in the flood? Yet liues our Pilot still. Isn't meet, that bee Should leave the Helme, and like a searefull Lad, With tearefull Eyes addde Water to the Sea, And give more strength to that which hath too much, While his in moone, the Ship slips on the Rock, Which Indurcie 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 Montague our Top-Mast: what of him?  
Our fraught'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?  
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?  
And Somerset, another goody Maff?  
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?  
And though skilfull, why not Ned and I,  
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?  
We will not from the Helm, to fit and weep,  
But keepes our Courfe (though the rough Windes say no)  
From Sheltes and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.  
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.  
And what is Edward, but a ruthless Sea?  
What Clarence, but a Quick-land of Deceit?  
And Richard, but a rag'd fatal Rocke?  
All thefe, the Enemies to our poore Batke.  
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:  
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,  
Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will waft you off,  
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.  
This speake I (Lords) to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would flye from vs,  
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,  
More then with ruthless Waues, with Sands and Rocks.  
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,  
'Twere childifh weaknesses to lament, or fear.  
Prince. Me thinks he is a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,  
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimite,  
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
I speake not this, as doubting any here:  
For did I but fopect a fearefull man,  
He should have leave to goe away betimes,  
Least in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.  
If any fuch be here, as God forbid,  
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.  
Oxf. Women and Children of fo high a courage,  
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.  
Oh braue young Prince: thou famous Grandfather  
Doth live againe in thee; long mayf thou live,  
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.  
Som. And he that will not fight for fuch a hope,  
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
If he grife, be mock'd and wondere at.  
Qu. Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes.  
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elfe.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Maff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Readie to fight: therefore be refolute.  
Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,  
To hate thus faft, to finde vs vnprov'd.  
Som. But hee's dec'd, we are in readinesse,  
Qu. This chares my heart, to fee your forwardnesse.  
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.  

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,  
Clarence, and Souldiers.  

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should fay,  
My tears gaine-fay: for every word I fpeake,  
Ye fee I drinke the water of my eye.  
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne  
Is Prifoner to the Foe, his State vfurp'd,  
His Realme a flaughter-houfe, his Subjects flaine,  
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:  
And yender is the Wolfes, that makes this fpoyle.  
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.  

Alarum, Retreat, Excorcisms.  

Exeunt.  

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queens, Clarence,  
Oxford, Somerset.  

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his gullitie Head.  
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.  
Oxf. For my part, Ie not trouble thee with words.  
Som. Nor I, but foupe with patience to my fortune.  

Exeunt.  

Qu. So part we fadly in this troublous World,  
To meet with Ioy in Iweet Jerusalem.  
Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,  
Shall have 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 hear him speake.  
What? can fo young a Thorne begin to prick?  
Edward, what fatisfaccion canst thou make,  
For bearing Armes, for fliring vp my Subiects,  
And all the trouble thou haft turn'd me to?  
Prince. Speake like a Subieft, proud ambitious Turke,  
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
Refigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,  
Whilfit I prpofe the felfe-fame words to thee,  
Which (Traytor) thou wouldst haue me answer to.  
Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene fo refolu'd!  
Rich. That thou might full haue wonne the Petticoat,  
And we haue holne the Brench from Lancaster.  
Prince. Let efcape fable in a Winters Night,  
His Curri'n Riddles forts not with this place.  
Rich. By Heaven, Brat, hee plague ye for that word.  
Qu. I, thou waft borne to be a plague to men.  
Rich. For Gods fake, take away this Captive Scold,  
Prince. Nay, take away this folding Crooke-hacke, rather.  
Edw. Peace willfull Boy, or I will charmme thy tongue,  
Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.  
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnдутful:  
Lafciuous Edward, and thou periur'd George,  
And thou milf-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,  
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,  
And thou vfurp't my Fathers right and mine.  
Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.  

Stabs him.  
Rich. Swappe'th thou? take that, to end thy agonie.  
Clar. And ther's for twittinge me with periurie.  
Clar. Stabs him.  
Qu. Oh, kill me too.  
Rich. Marry, and shal.  
Offers to kill her.  
Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for I have done too much.  
Rich. Why
Rich. Why should shee like, to fill the World with words.


Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower, the Tower. 

Exit Qy. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.
Can't thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that rabb'd Cesur, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this in respect a Child:
And Men, ne'er spend their fury on a Child.

What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,
How sweeke a Plant haue you vntimely crypt,
You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have frizz'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to have a Child,
Looke in his youth to have him cut off.

As deathmen you have rid this sweett yong Prince.

King. Away with her, goe bare his heare perchance.

Qy. Nay, neyer bear me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheathe your Sword, Ile pardon thee my death.

What wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qy. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou it do.

Cla. Did'st thou not heare me? I would not do it.

Qy. J, but thou vfe't to forswear thee selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'ts Charity.

What wilt you? Where is that duelu butcher Richard?

Hard favours Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here, Murtherer is thy Alme dead:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put't backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence,

Qy. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guess, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's fadaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With Fay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well the faires,
By this (I hope) the hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Bookke so hard.

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, Tis sine to batter, Good was little better: 'Good Cloofer, and good Deuil, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leas ye to our felues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreckeless shepheard from ? Wolfe:
So first the harmefull Sheepe doth yeild his Fleece,
And next his Throte, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath Rosius now to Aete?

Rich. Suspetion always haunt the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth fear each bushe an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mistidoubteth every bush;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird.

Rich. Why what a pseufo Folle was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Fowle was drown'd.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy Icarus,
They Father Minos, that dide our course,
The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selve, the Sea
Whole eniuous Gulfe did swallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My breft can better Brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my ears that Tragicke History.

But wherefore deoft thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perfector I am for thee art,
If murthering Innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preemption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first 'y didt presumt,
Thou had't not liud to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now misseufr no parcell of my seare,
And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death,
Shall rie the houre that ever thou was't borne.

The Owle shreek'd at thy birth, an eull sigh.

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lackeife time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeft shook down Trees:
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatter'd Pies in dimmell Dicordia flug:

Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Nor like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth had't thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To signifie, thou cam't not to bite the world;

And if the reft be true, which I have heard,
Thou can't——

Rich. Ile hear no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech, Stabbes him.

For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this, Dyes.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancafter

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my fword weeps for the poore Kings death.
O may such purple teares be alway shed.

From those that with the downfall of our house.
If any spark of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I fent thee thither.

Stabs him again.

I that have neyer pitty, love, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that Heurie told me of:

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (think ye) to make haste,
And fecke their Ruine, that vfurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth, And
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And so I was, which plainly signific'd,
That I should share, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens haue shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answr it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keepest me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophetics,
That Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, Ie 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.
Ie throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome. Exit.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Husiugs, Nurfe, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What vaillant Foe-men, like to Autumnnes Corne,
Hawe we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberland: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two braine Beares, Warmick & Montague,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seat,
And made our Footstoole of Security.
Come hither Buff, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vackles, and my selfe,
Hawe in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might't repose the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt recepe the gainse.
Rich. Ie blast his Harnef, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to haue
And haue it shall some weight, or breake my backe,
Work in thy way, and that haue execute.
King, Clarence and Glofter, love my louely Queene,
And kiss your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestie,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.
Cla. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence y sprang't:
Witnesse the louing kisse I loue the Fruite,
To say the truth, fo Iudas kis his mafter,
And cried all halie, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I feared as my foule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace haue done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawnd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And biter hauing they sent it for her ranfome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what refts, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befit the pleasures of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell fowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lafting joy. Exit omnis

FINIS.
Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Ow is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowd vpon our house
In the deepse boosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our flerue Alarums changd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-vifag’d Warre, hath smooth’d his wrinkled Front;
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleading of a Lute.
But I, that am not that’d for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely taump’d, and want loues Maitety,
To frust before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail’d of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform’d, vn-finish’d, fent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them,
Why I (in this weak e piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnleaf to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And dauntant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Louer,
To entertaine thefes faire well spoken dasies,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dasies.
Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophefies, Libels, and Dreams,
To fet my Brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and luft,
As I am Subtle, Falle, and Treacherous,
This day shou’d Clarence clofeby be meud vp:
About a Prophefie, which faies that G,
Of Edward’s heynes the murtherer shalbe.
Dусe thoughts doone to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Breckenbury, guarded.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waite vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maitety tendering my perfon’s safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conveying me to the Tower
Rich. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He shou’d for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maitety hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what’s the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Ye Richard, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophefies and Dreams;
And from the Croffe-row plucks the letter G:
And faies, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His ifue difhinerited shou’d be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
Thefe (as I learne) and fuch like toyes as these,
Hath moou’d his Highneffe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul’d by Women:
’Tis not the King that tends you to the Tower,
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence’s thee.
That tempts him to this hard Extremity.
Was it not thee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Wodehull her Brother there,
That made him send Lord Haftings to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliverr’d?
We are not fake Clarence, we are not fake.

Cla. By heav’n, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queens Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miftris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Haftings was, for her delivery?

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 favour with the King,
To be her men, and ware her Lucre.
The lew’d ore-worne Widdow, and her lutf,
Since that our Brother dub’d them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gopsips in our Monarchy.

Era. I bafheed your Grace both to pardon me,
His Maity hath straigly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(0f what degree faucer) with your Brother.
Ricb. Euen to, 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 jealous.
We say, that Shore Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pleasing speaking tongue:
And that the Queens Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to
do.
Ricb. Naught to do with Mistris Shore?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Exceptioning one) were best to do it secretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Ricb. Her Husband Knaue, would't thou betray me?
Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbearce
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey.
Ricb. We are the Queens abode, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will implore me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepse difgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Ricb. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, have patience.
Cla. I must performe: Farewell. Exit Clar.
Ricb. Go tred the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaines Clarence, I do louse thee fo,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new delineed Hasting?

Enter Lord Hasting.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Ricb. 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 live (my Lord) to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Ricb. No doubt, no doubt, and fo shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have preuail'd as much on him, as you,
Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.
Ricb. What news abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weakne, and melancholy,
And his Physitians fear him mightily.
Ricb. Now by St.John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greenous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Ricb. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hasting.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack'd with poe-horse vp to Heauen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin passe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'th thou when I command:
Advanc thy Halberd higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Duell.
Anne. Thou dostfull minifter of Hell;
Thou hadst but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not have. Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity be not so curst.
An. Feule Duell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell;
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations
If thou delight to view them heymous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemens, see, fee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed arieth.
Blush, blush, thou lumpes of fowle Deformite:
For 'tis thy prudence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhumane and void-natural,
Provokes this Deluge most void-natural.
O God! which this Blood mad'rt, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink't, revenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murtherer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doft swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hall-govern'd armes hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curstes.
An. Villaine, thou knowst nor law of God nor Man,
No Beasf so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beasf.
An. O wonderfull, when duels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angles are so angry:
Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these suppol'd Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient yeloure to excufe my selfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou canst make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.
Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
And by dispairing slayt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That didt unworthily slayt vpon others.
Rich. Say that I slue them not.
An. Then say they were not slaine:
But dead they are, and diuellish flame by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'dst,
Queene Margaret saw
Thy mur'drous Faulchion smoking in his blood:
The which, thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beatte aside the point.
Rich. I was provoked by her fland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guilties Shoulders.
An. Thou was't provoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream't on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God grant me too.
Thou may't be damned for that wicked deed,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thankes me, that holpe to fend him thither.
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou woulst for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place els, if you will haue me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
An. Ill reft bevide the chamber where thou lyest.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope so.
Rich. I know fo.
But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wittes,
And fell something into a flower method.
Is not the cauler of the timelesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henries and Edward,
As blamemfull as the Executioner.
An. Thou woul'st revenge, and more accurst effect.
Rich. 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 live one houre in your sweet boffome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure thy beauties wrack,
You shoul not blemish it, if I flood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
Rich. Blacke night o're-hade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curse not thy felle faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell most void-natural,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell left and reasonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to haue thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfe-same name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere:
Why doft thou spit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.
Rich. 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.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.
An. Would they were Easifikes, to sprite thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a lising death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawn the pallet.
For
Sham’d their Aspects with store of childish drops:  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tears,  
No, when my Father York, and Edward wept,  
To heare the piteous moane that Rutland made  
When black-fac’d Clifford spoke his fword at him.  
Nor when they warlike Father like a Childe,  
Told the sad story of my Fathers death,  
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weep:  
That all the flanders by had wet their cheeks  
Like Trees bedash’d with raine. In that sad time,  
My many eyes did Scorne an humble tears:  
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,  
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.  
I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy:  
My Tongue could never learnne sweet smoothing word.  
But now thy Beauty is prop’d my Fee,  
My proud heart fue, and prompts my tongue to speake.  
She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made  
For killing Lady, not for such contemp.  
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,  
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,  
Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true breat,  
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it nacked to the deadly stroke.  
And humbly begge the death upon my knee.  
He lays his brist open, for effort at with his fword.  
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henry,  
But twas thy Beauty that prouuced me.  
Nay now dispatch: ’Twas I that stabb’d yong Edward,  
But twas thy Heavenly face that set me on.  
She fails the Sword.  

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.  
An. Arile Diffembler, 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 have already.  
Rich. That was in thy rage:  
Speake it againe, and even 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 accesiary.  
An. I would I knew thy heart.  
Rich. ’Tis firgur’d in my tongue.  
An. I fear me, both are false.  
Rich. Then newer Man was true.  
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.  
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.  
An. That shalt thou know hereafter.  
An. All men I hope live fo.  
Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.  
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompafteth thy Finger,  
Even fo thy Breit inclofeth my poore heart:  
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poore denoted Servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost conforme his haplesse for ever.  
An. What is it?  
Rich. That it may please you leash these sad designes,  
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,  
And presently repaire to Crosbie House:  
Where (after I have solenmly inter’d  
At Chertsey Monastery this Noble King,  
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)  
I will with all expedient duty fee you,

For divers vunowne Reasons, I befeech you,  
Grant me this Boon.  
An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,  
To fee you are become so penitent.  
Treffil and Barkley, go along with me.  
Rich. Bid me farwell.  
An. ’Tis more then you deferve:  
But since you teach me how to faster you,  
Imagine I have faile farwell already.

Exit two with Anne.  
Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?  
Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming  
Exit Coarse.

Was euery woman in this humour wou’d?  
Was euery woman in this humour wonne?  
The fteue, but I will not keepe her long.  
What? I that kill’d her Husband, and his Father,  
To take her in her hearts extreme hate,  
With curfes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,  
The bleeding witnoffe of my hatred by,  
Hauing God, her Conflience, and thefe bars against me,  
And I, no Friends to backe my fuite withall,  
But the plaines Duely, and difmiffing looks?  
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.  
Hah!  
Hath she forgot alreadie that brave Prince,  
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three moneths fince)  
Stab’d in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?  
A fweeter, and a loueller Gentleman,  
Fram’d in the prodigality of nature:  
Young, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt)right Royal,  
The facious World cannot againe affoord:  
And will she yet abafe her eyes on me,  
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,  
And made her Widow to a wofull Bed?  
On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie?  
On me, that halts, and am mihiphen thus?  
My Dukedom, to a Beggerly denier!  
I do mifake my perfon all this while:  
Upon my life the faine (although I cannot)  
My felfe to be a maru’lous proper man.  
Ill be at Charges for a Looking-glaufe,  
And entertaine a score or two of Taylers,  
To ftudy fashions to adornne my body:  
Since I am crept in fauour with my felfe,  
I will maintaine it with fome little coff.  
But firft Ite turns you Fellow in his Graue,  
And then returns lamenting to my Loue.  
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaufe,  
That I may fee my Shadow as I paffe.

Scena Tertia.  

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,  
and Lord Gray.

Riu. Have patience Madam, there’s no doubt his Maiestie  
Will foone recover his accustom’d health.  
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,  
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,  
And cheere his Grace with quickne and merry eyes  
Qn. If he were dead, what would betide on me?  

Gray.
If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but loffe of such a Lord.

Qu. The loffe of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heauens have blest you with a goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is young; and his minority Is put vnto the truft of Richard Glofter,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you. 

Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin’d, not concluded yet:

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. 

Bur. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace. 

Der. God make your Maiesty joyfull, as you have bin

The Counteffe Richmond, good my Lof. of Derby. 

To your good prayer, will scarishly say, Amen.

Yet Derby, notwithstanding she’s your wife, And loves not me, be you good Lord affur’d,

I hate not you for her proud arrogances. 

Der. I do befoeeth you, either not beleuee

The envious flanders of her female Accusers:

Or if she be accus’d on true report,

Bear with her weakneffe, which I think proceedes

From wayward fickneffe, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Bur. Madam good hope,his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Bur. I Madam, he desires to make attonement Between the Duke of Glofter, and your Brothers, And betweenes them, and my Lord Chamberlain, And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all well were, but that will never be, I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard,

Ric. They do me wrong, and I will not induce it, Who is it that complains vnto the King, That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?

By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly, That fill his ears with such diffentious Rumors. Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge, Ducke with French nods, and Apith curtefe, I must be hold a rancorous Enemy. Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme, But thus his simple truth must be abus’d, With filken, flye, insinuating Laces?

Gray. To who in all this preference speaks your Grace?

Ric. To thee, that haft nor Honesty, nor Grace: When haue I inuited thee, when done thee wrong? Or thee? or thee? or any of your Factions? A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preferre better then you would wish) Cannot be quiete facre a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glofter, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall disposition, (And not prouek’d by any Sutor elze) Ayming (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.

Ric. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch. Since euery Glofter became a Gentleman, There’s many a gentle person made a Jache.

Qu. Come, come, we know your knowing Brother You enuy my advancement, and my friends: (Glofter) God grant we never may have neede of you.

Ric. Meane time, God grants that I have neede of you. Our Brother is imprifon’d by your meanes, My selfe disgrac’d, and the Nobilitie Held in contempt, while great Promotions Are daily gien to ennable those That scarce find them two days since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais’d me to this carfull height, From that contented hap which I Inloy’d, I never did incense his Maiestie Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin An careft advocate to plead for him. My Lord you do me shamefull injure, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspicets.

Ric. You may deny that you were not the meance Of my Lord Gloster’s late imprisonement.

Qu. She may my Lord,for——

Ric. She may Lord Rivers, why who knowes not so? She may do more fir then denying that: She may help you to many faire preferments, And then deny her ayding hand therein, And lay thofe Honors on your high defert. What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Qu. What marry may she?

Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King, A Batcheller, and a handsome marrying too, I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne Your blunt vpbradings, and your bitter fcoffes: By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie Of thofe grosse taunts that oft I haue endur’d. I had rather be a Cowrie feruant maide Then a great Queene, with this condition, To be so baited, scorn’d, and thorned at, Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I befeech him, Thy honor, fiate,and feate, is due to me.

Ric. What threat ye me with telling of the King? I will auouch’t in presence of the King: I dare adventure to be sent to th’Tooure. It’s time to speake. My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Dicell, I do remember them too well: Thou kill’d my Husband Hawrie in the Tower, And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Ric. Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King: I was a packe-horfe in his great affairs: A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries, A liberall rewarder of his Friends, To royalze his blood, I spent mine owne. Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey
Were faithless, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, fo were you: Was not your Husband,
In exile at Bataville, at Saint, Alen and Baine?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.
Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
Rich. Poore Clarence did forfacke his Father Warwick,
I, and forwore himselfe (which Iefu pardon.)
Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poor Lord, he is meued vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint,like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull, like mine;
I am too childill foolish, for this World.
Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdoms is.
Riu. My Lord of Gloucester: in those bufe days,
Which here we urge, to prove vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord,) as thou appoese
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy thou may supposee in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am thee, and altogether loyleffe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you have pil'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 depo'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.
(fight?) Rich. Foule wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my
Q. M. But repetition of what thou haft 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't to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vnforme, are mine.
Rich. The Curfe my Noble Fader layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Browes with Paper,
And with thy forermes drew it Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gave it the Duke a Clown,
Steep'd in the fouldeff blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curles then, from hironfie of Souls,
Denounced against thee, are all faine upon thee:
And God, not we, hath plag'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So luft is God, to right the innocent.
Hoff. O'twas the fouleff deed to slay that Babe,
And the most miscreffte, that ere was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dorf. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. M. What? were you nursery all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread Curfe preuaille so much with Heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdome loffe, my wofull Banifhment,
Should all but anwer for that pittifull Brat?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then give we way to all Clouds to my quick Curfes,
Though not by Warre, by Surfe dyes 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 yth, by like untimely violence.
Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched felle:
Long may't thou live, to waze thy Childrens death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rightes, as thou art flall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie days, before thy death,
And after many length'd howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorset, you were flanders by,
And fo wait thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne
Was lab'd with bloody Daggars; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have done thy Charme, y hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q. M. And leave out thee? say Dog, for shalt hear me.
If Heauen have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy fannes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indigation
On thee, the truber of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Confusioe full bengaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspefct for Traytors while thou liu'ft,
And take depe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnlife it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrighte thee with a Hell of ougy Deuils.
Thou eulish mark'd, abortive rooting Hogge,
Thou that wait fial'd in thy Natiuite
The flaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou fander of thy heausie Mothers Womb,
Thou loathed Iffe of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested.
Rich. Margaret.
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 Curfe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curfe against your self.
Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourishe of my fortune,
Why brew'st thou Sugar on that Bottle'd Spiders,
Whoelde deadly Web enfarinreth thee about?
Fool, foolie, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt with for me,
To helpe thee curfe this myonfous Bunch-baek Toade.
Heav. Falks boding Woman, end they francit Curfe,
Left to thy harme, thou move our patience.
Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you have all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you wel Iern'd,you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ferue me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ferue me well, and teach your selues that duty.
Dorf. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
Q. M. Peace Master Marqueffe,you are malapert,
Your fire-new flame of Honor is scarce currant.

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O that your yong Nobility could judge 
What twere to lose it, and be miserable. 
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them, 
And if they fall, they daft themselves to pieces. 

Rich. Good contrive marry, learne it, learne it Mar- 
quesse. 

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me. 
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne fo high: 
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top, 
And dailles with the winde, and scorces the Sunne. 

Mar. And turns the Sun to shade: alas, alas, 
Witness my Sonne, now in the shade of death, 
Whole bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy wrath 
Hath in eternall darkneffe folded vp.

Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Neft: 
O God that feast it, do not suffer it, 
As it is wound with blood, loft be it fo. 

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity. 

Mar. Virg neither charity, nor shame to me: 
Uncharitably with me haue you dealt, 
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd. 
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame, 
And in that shame, still live my forrowes rage. 

Buc. Have done, have done. 
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I lese thy hand, 
In signe of League and amity with thee: 
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house: 
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood: 
Nor thou within the compass of my care. 

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curfes never paffe 
The lips of thofe that breath them in the ayre. 

Mar. I will not thinkes but they ascend the sky, 
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace. 
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dogge: 
Looke when he fawne, he bites; and when he bites, 
His venom tooth will rinkle to the death. 
Haue not to do with him, beware of him, 
Sinne, death, and hell haue fet their markes on him, 
And all their Ministers attend on him. 

Rich. What doth the say, my Lord of Buckingham. 

Buc. Nothing that I relpeft my gracious Lord. 

Mar. What doft thou fomne me 
For my gentle counfell? 
And foorth the diuell that I warne thee from. 
O but remember this another day: 
When he shall fplitt thy very heart with sorrow: 
And fay (poore Margarita) was a Propheteffe; 
Live each of you the fuicides to his hate, 
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. 

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother, 
She hath too much wrong, and I repent 
My part thereof, that I have done to her. 

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge. 
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong: 
I was too hot, to do somebody good, 
That is too cold in thinking of it now: 
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed: 
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his pains, 
God pardon them, that are the caufe thereof. 

Riu. A vertuous, and a Chritian-like conclusion 
To praye for them that have done fatth to vs. 
Rich. So do I euer, being well advis'd. 

For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe. 

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Enter Catesby. 

Cates. Madam, his Malefie doth call for you, 
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. 

Qs. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee. 

Riu. We wait vpun your Grace. 

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl. 
The secret Mifcheefes that I fet abroach, 
I Lye vnto the greuous charge of others. 

Clarence, who I indeede haue caft in darkneffe, 
I do bewepe to many simple Galles, 
Namely to Derby, Hafing, Buckingham, 
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, 
That firs the King against the Duke my Brother. 
Now they beleue it, and withall whet me 
To be reueng'd on Rivers, Derd, Gryp. 

But then I figh, and with a peace 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 moft I play the deuil. 

Enter two warthurers. 

But fof, heere come my Executioners, 
How now my hardy flour refolved Mates, 
Are you now going to dispatch this thing? 

Ulf. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant, 
That we may be admitted where he is. 

Rich. Well thought vpun, I haue it heare about me: 
When you have done, repaire to Crosby place; 
But firs be fodaine in the execution, 
Withall obdurate, do not heare him plead; 
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps 
May move your hearts to pity, if you marke him. 

Ulf. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not fand to prate, 
Talkers are no good doers, be affur'd: 
We go to vie our bands, and not our tongues. 

Rich. Your eyes drop Milletones, when Fools eyes 
fall Tearre: 
I like you Lads,about your businesse straite. 
Go, go, dispatch. 

Ulf. We will my Noble Lord.

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Scena Quarta. 

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Enter Clarence and Keeper. 

Keep. Why lookes your Grace fo heauily to day. 

Cla. O, I haue past a miferable night, 
So ful of fearesfull Dreames, of vyg images, 
That as I am a Chriftian faithfull man, 
I would not fpend another such a night 
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies: 
So ful of difmal terror was the time. 

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me 

Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, 
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy, 
And in my company my Brother Glouffer, 
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke, 
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England, 
And cited vp a thoufand heavy times,

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During
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

During the warses of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me the sight that Gloufter flumbe'd, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to fav'ring) outer-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadful noists of water in mine ears,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wraakes :
A thousand men that Fishes ganw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, unsaved Jewels,
All flattred 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 fcone of eyes) reftling Gemmes,
That wold the flamy bottome of the deepse,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay flattred by.

Keep. Had you fuch leyture in the time of death
To gaze vpon these facres of the deepse?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often di I flrie
To yeeld the Ghost : but still the enious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaft, and wand'ring ey'se:
But than'ther it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burft, to beleth in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fere Agony?

Cla. No, no, my DREAMe was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeft to my Soule.
I paft (me thought) the Melacholly Flood,
With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetual Night.
The fift that there did greet my Stranger-foule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwick,
Can this darke Monarchy afford felle Clarece?
And fo he vanisht. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadoke like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he frick'd out alow'd
Clarence is come, falle, fleeting, per'r'd Clarence,
That flabb'd me in the field by Twewkesby:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noife,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a feaston after,
Could not beleuee, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Imprefion made my DREAMe.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now glue euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and fee how he requites mee.
O God! if my deeps prayses cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be angug'd on my midfeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone :
O spare my guileffe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee fit by me a-while,
My Soule is heaue, and I finde would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Breahebury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Season, and reposeing hours,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfeit Imaginations
They often feele a world of reflefte Care.
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differes, but the outward fame.

Enter two Marthebers.

1. Mar. Ho, who's here ?
Bra. What wouldst thou Fellow? And how com'st thou hither?
2. Mar. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
Bra. What to breafe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reafon what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guileffe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keyes,
To the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have regned't to you my charge.

1. You may see, 'tis a point of wisdome:
Far you well.
2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepe.
1. No: he'll fay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he shall never wake, untill the great judgement day.

1. Why then he'll fay, we stab'd him sleepeing.
2. The vrging of that word judgement, hath bred a kinde of remorie in me.

1. What'rt thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant:
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou had'ft bin resolute.
2. So I am, to let him live.
1. He brings me to the Duke of Gloufter, and tell him so.
2. Nay, I prythee say 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'ft thou feele thy selle now?
2. Some certaine dregges of confience are yet within mee.

1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy confience now.

1. When hee opens his purse to glue vs our Reward,

2. Thy Confidence flies out.
3. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe?
2. Hee not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot selle, but it accuteth him: A man cannot Sware, but it Checketh him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blussing flamefac'd spirit, that mutines in a mans boosome: It filleth a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepe's it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truft to himselfe, and liue without it.

1. 'Tis
For in that sinne, he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his pow'rful arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
To cut to off those that have offended him.

Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Notice was strucke dead by thee?

Cia. My Brothers love, the Diuell, and my Rage.

I Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prvoke vs hither now, to slue thy Brother.

Cia. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hir'd for me, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Gloufter:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Gloufter hates you.

Cia. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.

I If we will.

Cia. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Bleth his three Sons with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid Gloufter think on this, and he will wepe.

Cia. O do not flander him, for he is kinde.

Right, as Snow in Harleia:
Come, you deceive your selfe,
'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you here.

Cia. It cannot be, for he bewert my Fortune,
And bugg'd me in his armes, and swore with fobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
Why fo doth, when he deliveres you
From this earths thralkome, to the iyces of heaven.

Make peace with God, for you must dye my Lord.

Cia. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,
To confesse me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne soules fo blinde,
That you will ware with God, by murthering me.

O first consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as your felowe came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diterde.

Relent no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, saue, diewli:
My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looke:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

Looke behinde you, my Lord.

I Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him.
Ile drove you in the Malmesey-But within.

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:
How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greuous murder. 

Enter 1. Murderer

I How now? what mean'th thou that thou help't me not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how flacke you have done.

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The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

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 have spent the day:
Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Between thee swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong furnize
Hold me a Peoe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Hauue 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 enmiety:
I hate it, and defire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service.
Of you my Noble Coyn Buckingham,
If euery grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord Rivars and of Dorset,
That all without defeat have grown'd on me:
Of you Lord Woodall, and Lord Scalys of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any lot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thank ye my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do befeech your Highness
to take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, have I offered loue for this,
to be so flouted in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?

Qu. You do him injustice to scorn his Coare,
All paint

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Look ye I go pale Lord Dorset, as the rest.

Der. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheeks.

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was requir'd.

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 lat to see him buried.

God grant, that some left noble, and lefte Loyall,
Neere in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Defence not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from Suplication.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Der. A bone to my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rife, vallese your Highness hear me.

King. Then say at once, what is it thou requestes.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my servants life,
Who swel 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 give pardon to a faine?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who
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Who fled to me for him? Who (in my wrath) Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be auid? Who spake of Brother-hood? who spake of love? Who told me how the poor soule did forake The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, When Oxford had me downe, he rescue me: And said deare Brother lieue, and be a King? Who tolde me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen(almoft)to death, how he did lap me Euen in his Garments, and did give himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutifh wrath Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you, Had so much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your waying Vaflalls Have done a drunken Slaughter,and defac'd The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You ftraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, And I (vniuftly too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my felfe For him poyne of Soule. The proudeft of you all, Haue bin beholding to him in his life: Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. O God! I fear thoy justice will take hold On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this. Come Haftings helpe me to my Clofett, Ah poore Clarence. Exeunt Jome with K. & Queene.

Rich. This is the fruits of rafhnes: Market you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. O! they did vflle it fill vnto the King, God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company.

But. We wait vpon your Grace.

Enter the old Dutcheffe of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Dutch. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? Dutch. No Boy.

Daugb. Why do weep ffo oft? And beate your Bref? And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne. Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and thake your head, And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caffawyes, If that our Noble Father were alue? Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both, I do lament the fickneffe of the King, As loath to lofe him, not your Fathers death: It were loft forrow to waile one that's loft. Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead: The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it. God will reuenge it, whom I will importune With earnft prayers, all to that effect, Dut. And fo will I. Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loure you wel. Incapable, and fhalow Innocents, You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death. Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Glofetter Told me, the King proueok'd to it by the Queene, Deuis'd impeachments to imprifon him; And when my Vnkle told me fo, he wept, And pitied me, and kindly kifft my cheeke: Bed me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would love me deepear as a childle. Dut. Ah! that Deceit should feats ftich gentle shape, And with a vertuous Vizio hide depe vice. He is my Sonne, I, and therein my fame, Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit. Boy. Think ye my Vnkle did diftemble Grandam? Dut. I Boy. Boy. I cannot think it. Hearke, what noft is this?

Enter the Queene with her baire about her eare, Rivers & Dorfet after her.

Que. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and wepe? To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe, Ile loyne with blakke difpaire against my Soule, And to my felfe, become an enemie. Dut. What means this Scene of rude impatience? Que. To make an act of Tragickc violence. Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead. Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone? Why wither not the leaves that want their lap? If you will live, Lament: if dye, be breffe, That our swift-winged Souls may catch the Kings, Or like obiedent Subiefts follow him, To his new Kingdom of nere-changing night. Dut. Ah fo much intereft haue in thy sorrow, As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: I haue be wp a worthy Husband death, And liud with looking on his Images: But now two Mirrors of his Princely fembance, Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death, And I for comfort, have but one falle Glaffe, That greues me, when I fee my fame in him. Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother, And haft the comfort of thy Children left, But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes, And placett two Crutches from my Grave hands, Clarence, and Edward. Que. what caufe haue I, To ouer-go thy woes, and drown thee cries. Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death: How can we ayle you with our Kindred tears? Daugb. Our fatherleffe diftreffe was left vnmoano'd, Your widdow-doule, likewife be vnwept. Que. Give me no helpe in Lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I being gourned by the watterie Moone, May find forth plentiful teares to drowne the World. Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward. Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence. Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence. Que. What flay had I but Edward, and hee's gone? Chil. What flay had we but Clarence and he's gone. Dut. What flayes had I, but they? and they are gone. Que. Was never widow had fo deere a loffe. Chil. Were never Orphans had fo deere a loffe. Dut. Was never Mother had fo deere a loffe. Alas! I am the Mother of thefe Greeves, Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall. She for an Edward weepes, and fo do I.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Hassings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Suffer have comfort, all of you have cause.

To wail the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can help us harmes by wayling them.

Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

But. God bleffe thee, and put meknes in thy brest,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and may I make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessinge ;
I maruell that her Grace did leave it out.

But. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Prerers,
That beare this heauie mutuell loades 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 ranoure of your high-sventh hates,
But lately splinterd, knit, and lain together,
Mift gently be prefered,cherif, and kept:
Me seethem good, that with some little Traine,
Fortwth from Luddlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown’d our King.

Riners. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

But. Marrie my Lord, leafe by a multitude,
The new-heat wound of Malicie should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much thee estate is greene, and yet yngouern’d.
Where every Horse bears his commanding Reine,
And my selfe in their charge as pleases himselfe,
As well the fears of harme, as harme apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be preuaded.

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 think) 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 shoulde fetch the Prince.

Hoff. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that shall fell pots to London.
Madam, and you my Sifer, will you go
To glue your censes in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

But. My Lord, who euer journeys to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, he fort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk’d of,
To part the Queenses proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other sefe, my Counsellors Confiictory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cofin,
I, as a childle, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for we’ll not stay behindes.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so faile?

2.Cit. I promise you, I scarce know my selfe:

Hearre you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes bylady, seldom comes the better:

Ifare, I scarce, ‘twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Glue you good morrow sir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

2. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Makers look to see a troublesome world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to this Land that’s govern’d by a Child.

2. In him there is a hope of Government,

Which in his monage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe

No double shall then, and till then govern well.

1. So inst the State, when Henry the fift

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 famouly enrich’d

With politicke graue Counfell; then the King

Had vertuous Vndeles 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 necerf

Will touch vs all too neere, if God prevent not.

O ful of danger is the Duke of Glouster,

And the Queenses Sons, and Brothers, haught, and proud:

And were they to rul’d, and not to rule,

This fickle Land, might falace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the word: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clothes;

When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand,

When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vnitely formes, makes men expect a Deareth:

All may be well; but if God fors it so,

’Tis more then we deare, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fears:

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

That lookes not heauly; and full of dread.

3. Before the days of Change, fill is it so,

By a divine infinit, mens minde misfruits.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen, and the Dutcheff.

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 here.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince; I hope he is much grew one since last I saw him.

Qu. But I hear no, they lay my fonne of Yorke

Tor. I Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dut. Why my good Coyn, it is good to grow. Tor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper, My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More then my Brother. Quoth my Vnkle Gloster, Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space. And since, me thinks I would not grow so fast, Because sweet Flowers are flowre, and Weeds make haft.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did obiect the fame to thee.

He was the wretched thing when he was young, So long a growing, and so leyurely, That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Tor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Tor. Now by my troth, if I had bene remembred, I could have gien my Vnkles Grace, a flower, To touch his growth, nearer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my young Yorke, I prythee let me heare it.

Tor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so faft, That he could grow a våtree at two hours old,

"Was full two years ere I could get a tooth."

Grandam, this would have bene a bying left.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Tor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere i waft borne.

Tor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parous Boygo too, you are too shewed.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childre.

Qu. Pitchers haue ears.

Enter a Messenjer.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenjer: What Newes?

Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mef. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mef. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, Are sent to Pomfret, and with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty Dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York, 
Would long ere this, have 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, here comes the sweating Lord. 
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come? 
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; 
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother York, 
Have taken Sanctuarie: the tender Prince 
Would none have come with me, to meet your Grace, 
But by his Mother was perforce with-held. 
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course 
Is this of his? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace 
Peruse the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke 
Vnto his Princely Brother recreation, 
If she deny, Lord Hastings goe with him, 
And from her fateful Armes pluck him perforce. 
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weakes Oratorie 
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, 
Anon expect him here: but if the be obdurate 
To milde entreaties, God forbid 
We should infringe the holy Prouidence 
Of blesseed Sanctuarie: not for this all Land, 
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
Buck. You are too fencelosse obstinate, my Lord, 
Too ceremonious, and traditionall. 
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of this Age, 
You bracke not Sanctuarie, in seating him: 
The benefit thereof is always granted 
To those, whose dealings have defera'd the place, 
And those who have the wit to clame the place: 
This Prince hath neyther clam'd it, nor defera'd it, 
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot beauen it. 
Then taking him from thence, that is not there, 
You bracke no Prouilde, nor Charter there: 
Of late I heard of Sanctuarie men, 
But Sanctuarie children, ne'te 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. 
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haft you may. 
Say, Vnckle Glossefer, if our Brother come, 
Where shall we solounre, till our Coronation? 
Glo. Where it think't be't vsnto your Royall selfe. 
If I may confine you, some day or two 
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower: 
Then where you plese, and shall be thought most fit 
For your best health and recreation. 
Prince. I do 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 have re-edify'd. 
Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported 
Successively from age to age, he built it? 
Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord. 
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred, 
Mee thinkes the truth should live from age to age, 
As tware retyed to all posteritie, 
Euen to the generall ending day. 
Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe never liue long. 
Prince. What say you, Vnckle?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter a Messenger to the Doors of Haflings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hafl. Who knocks? 

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hafl. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Haflings.

Hafl. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:

First, he commendes him to your Noble selfe.

Hafl. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bowd had rais'd off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Counsellors kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other:
Therefore he fends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will pretend take Horie with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Hafl. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnvo to thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Counsell:
His Honor and his felse are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are shalow, without influence.
And for his Dreams, 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 chace.
Goe, bid thy Master rife, 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.

Hafl. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tatt'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleue will never stand upright.
Till Richard wear the Garland of the Realme.

Hafl. How wear the Garland?

Doeft thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hafl. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro my shoulders,
Before Ie see the Crowne so foule mist-laced:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he fends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hafh. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have bene fill my adveraries:
But, that Ihe give my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Defant,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God kepe your Lordship in that gracious
minde.

Hafh. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-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.

Hafh. O monstrovs, monstrovs! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill doe
With some men elle, that thinke themselues as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are dearer
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hafh. I know they doe, and I have well deser'd it,

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Fearer you the Bore, and goe so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby:
You may leaft off, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these feuerall Counsellors,
Hafh. 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 :

Catesby. Wisely, my Lord, I thinke you, that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, whè they rode from London,
Were iodous, and suppos'd their flates were sure,
And they indeed had no caufe to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-caft.

This sudden flab of Rancour I middoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needless Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hafh. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accoutr'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hafh. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purf. The better, that your Lordship pleases to ask.
Hafh. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met't me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggeftion of the Queenes Allies.

But now I tell thee (keep it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ere I was.

Purf. God hold it, to your Honor good content.
Hafh. Gramercie fellow: there, drink that for me.

Purf. I thanke your Honor. Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Prieft. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to fee your Ho-
nor.

Hafh. I thanke thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Prieft. 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 thraving worke in hand.
Hafh. 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 returnes before your Lordship, thence.
Hafh. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper to too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?
Hafh. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Schieff die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God blewe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers.

Uangh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-
after.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Priofon!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the gulfie Clofure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy difmall Seat,
Wee glie to thee our guttieble blood to drinke.

Grey. Now Margaret's Curfe is false vpon our Heads,
When freee excliam'd on Haddington, you, and I,
For standing by, when Richard lab'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then curs'd thee Richard,
Then curs'd thee Buckingham.
Then curs'd thee Haddington. Oh remember God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satysf'y'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vnially must be spilt.

Rat. Make hafe, the hour of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace,
Farewell, until we meet againe in Heauen.

Exit.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met, is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royal day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Whose knows the Lord Protector mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.
Buck. We know each others faces: for our Hearts, he knows no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine: Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in love.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation, I have not found him, nor he deliuerc'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe I give my Voice,
Which I promise heele take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I have beene long a sleeper: but I trueth,
My absence doth neglect no great defence,
Which by my presence might have beene seen.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was left in Holborne,
I law good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, fend for some of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath found Hastings in our businesse,
And finds the tefte Gentleman so hot,
That he will loose his Head, ere give content
His Masters Child, as worshipful he teares it,
Shall loose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, he goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgiment, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well provis'd,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these Strawberries.
He. His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning,
There's some conceit or other lyes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's never a man in Christendome
Can lewer hide his love, or hate, then hee,
For by his face straight shall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceiv you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?
Ely. Mary, that with no man here he is offender:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they defere,
That doe conspire my death with diuellifh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preual'd
Upon my Body with their Hellifh Charmes.
Hast. The tender love I bare you Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offenders, whose'ere they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deferead death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euffl
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edwards Wife, that montroush Witch,
Confostered with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk't thou to me of Id: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, until I see the fame.
Lovell and Ratcliffe, looks that it be done:
Exeunt.
The rest that love me, rife, and follow me.

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and delaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horfe did stumble,
And farterd, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to bare me to the slaughter-house,
O now I need the Priest, that flake to me:
I now repent I told the Purifian,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and favour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curfe
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head,
Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shift, 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,
Lues like a drunken Sayer on a Maff,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come, come, dispatch, tis bootless to exclaine.
Hast. O bloody Richard, miserable England,
I prophesie the fearfulll time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd vp
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come, Cousin.

Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, Murther thy breath in middle of a word, And then again begin, and stop again, As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror? Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side, Tremble and start at wagging of a straw: Intending deepes of persifation, gaily looks Are at my servuce, like enforced Smiles; And both are ready 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. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-look the walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have rent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliff, with Haftings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends. Ratcliff, and Louell.

Louell. Here is the head of that ignoble Traytor, The dangerous and unsuspected Haftings.

Rich. So dear I lou'd the man, that I must weep: I took him for the plainest harmeless Creature, That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian. Made him my books, wherein my soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts. So smooth he daw'd his Vice with shew of vertue, That his apparant open Guilt omitted, I meanes, his Conversation with Skeres Wife, He liv'd from all estimaters of suspicion.

Buck. Well, well, he was the courerst shielder Traytor That euer liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe, Wert not, by that great Preterititation We live to tell it, that the subtill Traytor This day had plotted, in the Counsell-Houfe, To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What think 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 peril of the cafe, The Peace of England, and our Persones safety, Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he defer'd his death, And your good Graces both have well proceeded, To waarme faire Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with Mis'tresse Shore: Yet had we not determin'd he should dye, Vntill your Lordship came to see his end, Which now the louing haffe of these our friends, Something against our meanings, have prevented; Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signify'd the same Vnto the Citizens, who haply may Miconfer vs in him, and wayle his death.

But, my good Lord, your Grace words shal servce, As well as I had seene, and heard him speake: And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, But Ie acquaint our dutious Citizens With all your just proceedings in this cafe.

Rich. And to that end we will'd you Lordship here, To avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent, Yet witness what you heare we did intend: And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham. The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all post: There, at your meekest vantage of the time, Inferre the Battarly of Edwarsd Children: Tell them, how Edwars put to death a Citizen, Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crown, meanes, indeed his Houfe, Which, by the Signe thereof, was teareed fo. Moreover, vege his hatfull Luxuries, And beastiall appetite in change of Luf, Which fretcth vnto their Servants, Daughters, Wives, Even where his raging eye, or saugue heart, Without control, lufted 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 infratate Edwars; Noble Yorks, My Prince and Father, then had Warres in France, And by true computation of the time, Found, that the Iffue was not his begot: Which well appeared in his Lineaments, Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father: Yet touch this sparrowly, as'twere farre off, Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues. Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ie play the Orator, As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead, Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrie weel, bring them to Baynards Castle, Where you shall finde me well accompanied With reverend 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 Shaw, Goe thou to Fryer Peaker, bid them both Meet me within this house at Baynards Castle. Exit. Now will I goe to take some priuie order, To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight, And to give order, that no manner person Have any time recourse unto the Princes.

Enter a Scrivener.

Ser. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Haftings, Which in a certtaine Hand fairely is engross'd, That it may be to day read o're in Pauls. And mark how well the sequeste hangs together: Eleven hours I have spent to write it ouer, For yeater-night by Catesby was it sent me, The Precedent was full as long a doing, And yet within these five hours Haftings liu'd, Vntainted, vnexamined, free, at libertie. Here's a good World the while, Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable device? Yet
Yet who so bold, but fayes he fees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When fuch ill dealing must be feene in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, fay not a word.

Rich. Touch'd you the Bafardie of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnfatiate graces fineffe of his defire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bafardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his refemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
Lady open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Wntouch'd, or defantly handle in disconfort.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God fave Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they fay?

Buck. No, fo God helpe me, they fpake not a word,
But like dumb Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I faw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Major, what meant this wilfull silence?
His anfwcr was, the people were not vied
To be fpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred,
But nothing fpoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, fome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd vp their Caps,
And fome tenne voyces cry'd, God fave King Richard:
And thus I took the vantage of thofe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, futh I,
This generall applaufe, and cheerfull shout,
Argues your wildome, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leffe BLockes were they,
Would they not fpake?
Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Major is here at hand: intend fome fear,
Be not you fpake with, but by mightie fuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And fand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Defcant:
And be not eafily wonne to our requesets,
Play the Maide part, full anfwery nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can fay nay to thee for my felle,
No doubt we bring it to a happy fssue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be fpoke withall.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

"Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

But, know then, it is your fault, that you refuse
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiestically,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemish Stock ;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ie doth want his proper Limes :
His Face deaf'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost thouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deep Oblution.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious felse to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
or Lowly Factor, for another gaine :
But as succcsequently, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empryrie, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshippfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement inination,
In this last Caufe come I to move your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs,
Belt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to anfwer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoke of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprooue you for this fult of yours,
So fafet'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other fide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the fift,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the laft,
Definitue thy I anfwer you.

Your love deferves my thanknes, but my defert
Vnumerable, shannes your high requent.
First, if all Obfacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet fo much is my pouerite of spirit,
So mightie, and fo manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneffe,
Being a harke to brooke no mightie Sea ;
Then in my Greatneffe couet to be hid,
And in the vapoour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the fealing hours 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 happy Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triviall,
All circumstances well confidered.
You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For firft was he contract to Lady Lucie,
Your Mother lies a Witneffe to his Vow ;
And afterward by subftitute betroth'd
To Bona, Sifter to the King of France.
Thefe both put off, a poore Peiterbury,
A Care-craft'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and diffirefed Widow,
Even in the after-noone of her bift days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base defcension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in her unlawful Bed, he got
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expolulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive,
I gue a fparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignific :
If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true and virtuous Gov.:
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refufe not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O makes them joyfull, grant their lawful fuit.
Rich. Alas, why should you heape this Care on me?
I am vnsift for State, and Maiestie :
I doe before you take it not amiffe,
I cannot, nor will I not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refufe it, as in loue and zeal,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As we well know you your tenderneffe of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorfe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And egalement to all Eftates:
Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never 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 leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.


Exeunt.
Catesb. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their fuit:
If you deny 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.
Counf of Buckingham, and fage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, where I will or no.
I must have patience to endure the Load :
But if black Scandal, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the feguell of your Impoffion,
Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and flaines thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly fee,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Maior. God bleffe your Grace, wee fee it, and will
say it.

Rich. In saying fo, you shall but fay the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King Richard, Englands worthie King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it pleafe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Even when you pleafe, for you have it fo.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquess Dorset.

Duch. York. Who meetest vs here?
My Nece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, thee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both, a happie
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sifer: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueffe,
Upon the like devotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sifer thankes, we'e enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Mafter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York?
Lieut. Right well, deare Madam: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath stricly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieut. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betwixte their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt, I am in law, in love their Mother.
Then bring me to their fights, Ie beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.
Lieut. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ie salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverent looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must direct to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Delightfull tidings, O unpleasing news.
Dorset. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-frip Death, goe croffe the Seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Marquises Curfe,
Nor Mother, Wif, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wife care, this your counsaille, Madame:
Take all the swift advantage of the howres:
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardle by vnwife delay.

Duch. York. O ill disposing Winde of Miserie,
Of Golden Mettall, that muft round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to feare me to the Braines,
Ancyont let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God faue the Queene.
Qu. Go, goe, poore foule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy felfe no harme.
Anne. No? why? When that he is my Husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Curfe,
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:
0, when I say I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wifh: Be thou (quoth I) secure,
For making me, fo young, fo old a Widow:
And when thou we'lt, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haft made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curfe againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Groffely grew captive to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curfe,
Which hitherto had held mine eyes from reit:
For newer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd,
Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicks,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pity thee complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourn for yours.
Dorset. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leve of it.

Du. York. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angles tend thee,
Go thou to Sanquarie, and good thoughts possifie thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lies with me.
Eightie odder yeeres of sorrow haue I seen,
And each howres joy wrackt with a wecke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you yeought Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurfe, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babes well;
So foolish Sorrows bids your Stones farewell.

Exit. Sound
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Loue.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Souveraine.


Thus high, by thy advice, and thy affiance,
Is King Richard pleased?

But shall we wear these Glories for a day?
Or shall they laft, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they; and for ever let them laft.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young Edward lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my loving Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why fo you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.


Rich. O better consequence!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou war not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plane? I with the Baffards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perfom’d.

What say’st thou now? speake suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, deare Lord,
Before I politiuely speake in this:

I will resolute you herein presently.

Buck. Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will converse with iron-witted Foolies,
And varesepciue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with confedurate eyes,
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumfpect.


Rich. Know’st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whole humble manners 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 Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Exit Boy.

The deepe revolving wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsails.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyrd, And flops he now for breath? Well, be it fo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what’s the newes?

Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marqueffe 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 pover Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dreamt’st: I lay againe, give 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 married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertayne waye of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that finne will plucke on finne,
Tearr-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obiedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dareft thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Plesse you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Reft, and my sweet sleepes disturb’d,
Are they that I would have thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Baffards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And loone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou figne & fweet Museque:

Heartke, come hither Tyrrel, Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eares, Whifters.
There is no more but fo: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue confider’d in my minde,
The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that ref: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wifes Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promife,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn’d,
Th’Earleldome of Hertford, and the mueables,
Which you have promised I shall possife.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife; if the conuey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my letter request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt
Did prophecye, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little puefhi Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolute me in my suit,

Rich. Thou troubleft me, I am not in the vaine.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deepse servuce
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Haffings, and be gone
To Brencroft, while my fearefull Head is on.

Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pitious massacre

That
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Digbt0n and Forreft, who I did suborne
To do this piece of ruthfull Butcherly,
Albeit they were fiefht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneffe, and milde compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus (quoth Digbt0n) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus,thus (quoth Forreft) girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a skieke,
And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.
A Books of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Forreft) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diesell, there the Villaine flote:
When Digbt0n thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creacion ere she framed.

Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bear this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tir. If to have done the thing you gue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done.

Ric. But didst thou see them dead.

Tir. I did my Lord.

Ric. And buried gentle Tirrell.

Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, (to say the truth) I do not know.

Ric. Come to me Tirre1l gone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the proceed of their death.

Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy dire.

Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

Ric. The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meane ly haue I matichd in marriage,
The Sonses of Edward sleepe in Abrahams boforme,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond symes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a lolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Good or baue newes, that thou com'nt in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Woldmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Rich. Ely with Richard troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rath leusted Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leden feruitor to dill delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery :
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King :
Go mutter men : My counfaile is my Sheeld,
We must be brieve, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

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"Therefore I shall never speak to thee again.

Ricb. You speak too bitterly.

Dur. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speak to thee again.

Ricb. So.

Dur. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:

Or I with grete and extreme Age shall fall, and

Never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curfe,

Which in the day of Battell thyre thee more

Then all the clorest Armour that thou wear'ft.

My Prayers on the averse party fight,

And there the little soules of Edwards Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promis them Succes and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will thy end:

Shame fernes thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Qu. Though far more caufe, yet much leffe spirit to cure

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Ricb. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I have no more fonnes of the Royal Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)

They shall be praying Nunnens, not weeping Queens:

And therefore leuell not to hit their lyes.

Ricb. You have a daughter call'd Elisabeth,

Vernous and Faire, Roiall and Gracious?

Qu. And muft the dye for this? O teacher lie,

And Ie corrupt her Manners, sheer her Beauty,

Slender my Selle, as falfe to Edwards bed;

Throw over her the vaile of Infamy,

So she may live vncaer'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

Ricb. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Roiall Princesse.

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so:

Ricb. Her life is faiet onely in her byrth.

Qu. And only in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Ricb. Loc at their Birth, good farres were opposite.

Qu. No, to their lyes, ill friends were contrary.

Ricb! All vnauyded is the doome of Deftiny.

Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Deftiny.

My Babes were deftin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ricb. You speake as if that I had faine my Coifins?

Qu. Coifins indeed, and by their Vnkle couzond,

Of Comfort, Kindred, Freedom, Life,

Whose hand foure landd'th their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.

No doubt the murderous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To reuill in the Intrails of thy Lambs.

But that still vfe of green, makes wilde greene tame,

My tongue should to thy cares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a depair Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling rest,

Rufh all to pieces on thy Rocky befoome.

Ricb. Madam, so thrie I in my enterprise

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

Ricb. Th'advanceament of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lofe their heads.

Ricb. Vate the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperial Type of this earthes glory.
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The loffe you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loffe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindeffe as I can.

Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented footsteps in Dorsett soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calleth your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset, Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distrifefull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we have many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interest.
Often-times double gaine of happiness.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bathfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her cares to hear a Wears Tale.

Put in her tender heart, that firing Flame
Of Golden Sovereignty: Acquitn the Princeffe
With the sweet flente hoares of Marriage joyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastified
The petty Rebell, dull-braind 'Buckingham,
Bound with TriumphantGarlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaine my Conquest wonne,
And she shall sole Victo'rius, Ceafort Cesar.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnlke?
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkle?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loe,
Can make feeme pleasaing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with all lasting warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intent.
Qu. That her hands, which the kings King forbids.
Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that tider euer last?
Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire lives end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hall and Richard likes of it.
Rich. Say I her Sovereigne, am her Subject low.
Qu. But the your Subject, loth to such Sovereignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a fyle.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quick.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it till shall I, till heart-strings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Catter, and my Crownne.
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.
Rich. I swear.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath loft his Lordly Honor;
Thy Catter dishonour'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne of fure'd, dignac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldst sweare to beleev'd,
Sware then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is felsse-mis've'd.
Qu. This full of thy foule wrongs.
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heaven.
Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:
If thou didst feare to brake an Oath with him,
The wnty the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to brake an oath by him,
The Imperial metall, circling now thy head,
Had grace'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duff,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can't thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time oer-past:
For I my selse have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children lye, whose Fathers thou shalt slaughter'd,
Vngovern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents lye, whose Children thou shalt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sware not by time to come, for that thou hast
Mis'dere er'd v'd, by times ill-v'd repast.
Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selsse, my selsse confound:
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reft.
Be opposit all Planets of good Use:
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts lye,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughtes,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, confiasts my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, follows to my selsse, and thee;
Herselfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoied, but by this:
It will not be avoied, but by this.
Therefore desire Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my lye to her:
Plesse what I will be, not what I have beene;
Not my defects, but what I will defende:
Vrg the Necessity and state of times,
And be not pusilin found, in great Deignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich. If the Diuell tempt you to do Deignes;
Qu. Shall I forget my selsse, to be my selsse?
Rich. If your selsse remembrance wrong your selsse.
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselves, to you recomforture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, to write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me the deed.
Exit Q.
Rich. Beare her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.

Relenting Poole, and hollow-changing Woman.

How
How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coaste Rides a piaissant Nauie; to our Shores Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends, Vnarm'd, and vnreolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admiral:
And there they hault, expetcing but the aide
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a fhore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend pofet to y Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Rich. Catesby come hither, pofet to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
What thou shalt here, and go'ft not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to them.
Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leue straight
The greateft strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddeyny at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe.
Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should pofte before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,
Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Heyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke?
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerer way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him,
White-Blue'd runnagate, what doth he there?
Sta. I know not, mighty Soueraigne, but by guffe.
Rich. Well, as you guffe.
Sta. Stirr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword vnfit for it?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoifst?
What Heire of York is there alive, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire?
Then tell mee, what makes he upon the Seas?

Sta. Vnleffe for that, my Liege, I cannot guffe.
Rich. Vnleffe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guffe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Sta. No, my good Lord, therefore mitigate me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Sta. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King!
Pleafeth your Majestie to give me leave,
Ie mutter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou wouldst be gone, to joyn with Richmond
But Ie not trust thee.
Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and mutter men: but leave behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads affurance is but faile.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well adverfed, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty Prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederaotes, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guiilfords are in Armes,
And ever more powerful 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 him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The news I have to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by hudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is diuers'd and shattered,
And he himselfe wanderd away alone,
No man knowes where or whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my Purse, to c ure that Blow of thine,
Hath any well-advised 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 Britaine Nauie is diuers'd by Tampett.
Richmond in Dorsethire sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to take those on the Banks,
If they were his Affidants, yea, or no?
Who answered them, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partes: he mistrustfull them, as
Hoy's tyme, and made his course againe for Britaine.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with foraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beft newes: that the Earl of Richmond

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The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

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 battall might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. Floris. Execut

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the eye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I resolv, off goes young George head,
The fear of that, holds off my present syde,
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartly confessed
He should compound Eliasabeth his daughter with me,
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Penbroke, or at Hartford Weild in Wales.
Der. What men of Name refort to him.
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice op 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 bye thee to thy Lord: I kill his hand,
My Letter will refolute him of my mind.
Farewell. Execut

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No my lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Haftings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and the faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule infalutice,
If that your moody discontented foules,
Do through the clouds behold this present howe,
Euen for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. 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
Falfe to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish to fall
By the falfe Faith of him whom moft I trusted.
This, this All-foules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reper of my wrongs:
That high All-fer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fainted Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in left.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Master's bosomes.
Thus Margaretts curst falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall spilt thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophete: come
Leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Execut Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my moost loving Friends
Brui'st vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment;
And here we receive us from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vfurping Boare,
(That sproyl'd you Summer Fields, and fruitful Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waft, & makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Ille,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicesters, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerly on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Harrest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody trystal of Sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Confidence 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 fear,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Execut Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratchiffe, and the Earls of Survey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euene here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Survey, why looke you so sad?
Sar. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Heere moost gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both grese and take my loving Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that:
Who hath deliverd the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six of seven thousand is their vmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia troubles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want:
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs furvey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of found direction:

Let's
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a.busie day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox
ford, and Dorset.

Rich. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Glues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:
Give me five Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Batallie,
Limit each Leader to his several Charge,
And part in just proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert play with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Defire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnlefe I have mitaine his Colour much,
(Which well I am affir'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaft
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Iie undertake it,
And to God give you quiet rest to night.
Rich. Good night good Captaine Blunt:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Buneffe ;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clokke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clokke.
King. I will not sup to night,
GIVE me some Inke and Paper :
What, is my Beauer eaier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineffe.
Rich. Good Norfolk, bye thee to thy charge,
Vfe carefull Watch, choofe truftey Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. Exit
Rich. Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Parliuamant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment; bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leaft his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine : Glue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow :
Look that my Statues be found, & not too heay. Ratcliff.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ft the melancholy Lord Northumberland ?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himelefe,
Much about Cockes time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied : Glue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheerie 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. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arm me. Leave me I say. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darkest might can afford,
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Atournye, bleffe thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent hours oreale on,
And fakie darkennesse breaks within the East.
In breewe, 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 bett advantage will deceie thetme,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
Leate being seene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell : the leyfure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discours,
Which so long fundred Friends should dwell vpon:
God gue vs leyfure for these rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile strive with troubled noife, to take a Nap,
Left leate flumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Mauie Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my felfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracius eye.
Put in their hands thy bruiling Irons of wrath,
That they may cruft downe with a heavy fall,
Th'wraping Helmets of our Adversaries :
Make vs thy miniftrers of Chaffement,
That we may praife thee in thy victory :
To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me fll.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
Henry the first.

Gho. to Ri. Let me fit heay on thy foule to morrow:
Think ye how thou flab'ft me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury : Difpare therefore, and dye.
Ghoft to Richm. Be cheersfull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henrys effue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the first.

Ghoft. When I was mortal, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes ;
Think ye on the Tower, and me : Difpare, and dye,
Harry the fixt, bids thee difpare, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror :
Harry that prophesied thou flould'ft be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe : Live, and flourith.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

_Ghost._ Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow. I that was woful to death with Fullsome Wine: People _Clan._ Enter by thy guile betray'd your death: To morrow in the battell think on me, And fall thy edgewise Sword, dispaire and dye. _Rich._ Thou off-foring of the house of Lancaster The wronged yeares of York do pray for thee, Good Angells guard thy battell, Luie and Flourish.

_Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan._ _Riu._ Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow, Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye. _Grey._ Think on _Gray._ and let thy soule dispaire. _Vaugh._ Think on _Vaughan._ and with guilty feare Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye. _All to Rich._ Awake. And think on wrongs in Richards Bosome, Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

_Enter the Ghosts of Lord Hastings._ _Ghost._ Let vs be laid within thy bosome _Rich.,_ And weep thee downe to ruine, flame, and death, Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye. _Ghost to Rich._ Sleepe _Richmond._ Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy, Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy, Luie, and beget a happy race of Kings, Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Anne, _his Wife._ _Ghost to Rich._ Richard, _his Wife._ That wretched _Anne thy Wife._ That neuer slept a quiet hour with thee, Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battale, think on me, And fall thy edgewise Sword, dispaire and dye.

_Ghost to Rich._ Thou quiet soule, Sleep thou a quiet sleepe: Drame of Successe, and Happy Victory, Thy Adueraries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghosts of Buckingham._ _Ghost to Rich._ The _first was_ I That help'd thee to the Crowne: The _left was_ I that felt thy Tyranny. O, in the Battalke thinke on Buckingham, And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse. Drame on, dramme on, of bloody deeds and death, Fainting dispaire; dispairing yield thy breath.

_Ghost to Rich._ I dyed for hope Ere I could lend thee Ayde; But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diuys'de: God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side, And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

_Richard starts out of his dream._


What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by, _Richard loves Richard_, that is, I am I. Is there a Murderer here? No, Yes, I am: Then fy; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why? Let I Reuenge. What? my _Selfe_ vpon my _Selfe_? Alacke, I love my _Selfe_. Wherefore? For any good That I my _Selfe_ have done vnto my _Selfe_?_O no._ Alas, I rather hate my _Selfe_, For haffeful Deeds committed by my _Selfe_. I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not. Foole, of thy _Selfe_ speakes well: Foole, do not flatter. My Confession hath a thousand several _Tongues_, And every _Tongue_ brings in a feuerall _Tale_, And everie _Tale_ condemnes me for a Villaine; Periurie, in the high'st Degree, Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'est 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 loves me; And if I die, no soule shall pittie me. Nay, wherefore sh'd they? Since that I my _Selfe_, Findes in my _Selfe_, no pittie to my _Selfe_. Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd Came to my Tent, and every 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 Morn, Your _Friends_ are vp, and buckle on their Armour. _King._ _Ratcliffe._ I feare, I feare. _Rat._ Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows. _King._ By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night Have stroke more terror to _the soule of Richard_, Then can the Substancce of ten thousand Souliours Armed in proofs, and led by shalow _Richmond_. 'Tis not yet noon day. Come goe with me. Vnder our Tents _It_ play the _Eafe-dropper_, To heare if any meanes to shrinke from mee.

_Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe._

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in _his_ Tent.

_Rich._ Good morrow Richmond. _Rich._ Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you have tane a tardie flaggarded heare? _Lords._ How haue you lefpt my _Lord_? _Rich._ _The sweetest sleepe_, And fairest bounding _Dreames_, That euer entred in a drowsie head, Have I since your departure had my _Lords_. Me thought their _Soules_, whose _bodies_ _Rich._ murther'd, Came to my Tent, and cried on _Victory_; I promisse you my _Heart_ is very iocond, In the remembrance of so faire a _dreame_, How farre into the _Morning_ is it _Lords_? _Lor._ Vpon the _stroke_ of _four_. _Rich._ Why then 'tis time to _Arme_, and glue direction. _His Oration to his Soldiours._

More then I haue said, _mouring Countrymen_, The _leuitive_ and _inforcement_ of the _time_ Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this.
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rea'd Bulwarke, stand before our faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base soule Stone, made precious by the holy
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely let:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you doe swear to put a Tyrant downes,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the lyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Chils quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these right,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpses on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaf of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victoy.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?  
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?  
Rat. He swor'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and to indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.  
Clocke strikes.
Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?  
Rat. Not my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shone: for by the Booke
He should have braudk the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it bee to somebody.  
Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and loure vpom our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-fame Heauen
That frownes on me, looks sadly vpom him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buffle, buffle. Caparison my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battall shall be ordered.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horfe and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;  
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directed, we will lower.

In the maine Battell, whose pujance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheeself Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'th thou Norfolk.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraine,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Lucky of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dyckon thy master is fought and fold.
King. A thing deuised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our foules:
For Consience is a word that Cowards fye,
Devis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Consience, Swords our Law.
March on, loyne bruely, let vs too't pelt smoll,
If not to heaven, then in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have infeart'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
A scorn of Britaines, and base Lackey Peasants,
Whom their o're-ployed Country vomits forth
To desperate Aduentures, and affor'd Deiuition.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnaught:
You having Lands, and blest with beautous wives,
They would reiaime the one, defaine the other,
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-tape, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold, as ouer floothes in Snowe:
Let's whip these stragers o'er the Seas againe,
Lath hence thefe ouer-weening Ragges of France,
These famill'd Beggers, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselfes.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Hauie in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? Iye with our Wines?
Raiseth our daughters?  
Drum alarum off.
Hearke, I hearre their Drummes,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomens,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Sparre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Melejger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne George.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battel, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, let vp our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helps.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is insane, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum.

t 2 Enter.
Whither
But
We are
Haue
From
Heere
Well
The
Be
Retreat, and
A
Fiue
I
And
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,
Here these long vfurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Hauing 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 Stanly living?

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?

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, sibyl, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Scarmes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pity, beare
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May beare that Trueth too. Those that come to see
Onely a flow or two, and so a great,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their spilling
Richly in two short hours. Onely they
That come to beare a Merry, Bowdy Play,
A noyle of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be decy'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choien Truth with such a show
At Fools, and Fight is, before forgetting
Our owne Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that only true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Good-nesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be said, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Perfons of our Noble Story,
As they were Lining: Thinke ye see them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soon this Mightiness, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doors. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aborgauery.

Buckingham.
Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank ye your Grace:
Healthfull, and courteous since a fresh Admireer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Age
Staid me a Prifoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twas Guynes and Arde,
I was then preuent, law them Salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement,as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prifoner.

Nor. Then you left
The view of earthly glory : Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one above it selfe. Each following day
Became the next days master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heaten Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that bread,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vo'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incomparable ; and th'enfuing night
Made it a Froole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lufire, were now beft, now worst
As preence did prezent them : Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being prezent both,
'Twas said they law but one, and no Diuerner
Durft wagge his Tongue in cenzure, when these Sunnes
(For fo they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

541 Beyond
Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now fene, possible enough, got credit
That Bred was beleau'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the track of e'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourter loose some life,
Which Actions felle, was tongue too,

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who fet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One certes, that promis no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good Difcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell sped him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That he a Kech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficinal Sun,
And keeps it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him fluffe, that puts him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncstress, whose grace
Chalkes Succeffors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to' th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminente Affifants: but Spider-like
Out of his Selve-drawing Web. O gives vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guilt that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abru. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can fee 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 given all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himfelfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vp upon him
(Without the privity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moft part fuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vp: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councell, out
Muf't fetch him in, he Papers.

Abru. I do know
Kinfmen of mine, three at the leaft, that haue
By this, fo fcken'd their Estates, that newer
They fhall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Hauue broke their backes with laying Mannors on'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minifter communication of
A moft poore issue.

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclufe it.

Buc. Every man,
After the hideous forme that follow'd, was
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophefie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The fodeain break on't.

Nor. Which is wobbled out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Bordeaux.

Abru. Is it therefore
Th' Ambaffador is fien'de?'

Nor. Marry it's.

Abru. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Buizenfe
Our Reuereund Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduife you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentefull safety) that you reade
The Cardinalls Malice, and his Potency
Together; To confider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minifter 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 fide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend.
Thither he darts it, Bofome vp my counfel,
You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purfe borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinall in his paffage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Serr. Here he pleafe you.
Car. Is he in perfon, ready?
Serr. I, pleafe your Grace.
Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall leffen this bigge lookes.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venon'd-mouth'd, and I
Hauue not the power to muzle him, therefore beft.
Not wake him in his slumbe. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you achi'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 abfct object, at this infant
He bores me with fome tricke; He's gone to' th'King:
Ile follow, and out-fare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller quifition
What 'tis you go about: to climb the steep hilles
Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduife me like you: Be to your felle,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe.

This
This Ispasch fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.
Norf. Be adult'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do finde your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent twiftnesse that we which run at;
And lofe by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wafts it: be adult'd;
I say againe there is no English Sole
More strong to direct you then your selfe;
If with the fap of reason you would quench,
Or but alay the fire of paffion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flour of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofs as cleere as Fountains in July, when
Wee fee each graine of grasse;
I doe know
To be corrupt and trefonious.
Norf. Say not trefonious.

Buck. To th'King Ile say't, & make my vouche as strong
As shore of Rocks: attend. This holy Foe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'ous
As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, fugges the King our Master
To this laft confly Treaty: Th'interieur,
That swallowed so much treafure, and like a glaffe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me fauour Sir; This cunning Cardinal
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As give a Cruc'h to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Woleay
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this nowlooses,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppet
To th'old dam (Treason) Charles the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to fee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolfe) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harms that menas'd him. Priually
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,
Tha. he would pleafe to alter the Kings courfe,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone as he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his Honour as he please,
And for his owne advantage.

Norf. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could with he were
Somthing mitaken in't.
Buck. No, not a fillable!
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in prove.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. And for me, I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not paff me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Touched by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perform, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fare of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue muft goe through: we must not fint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenfuners, which ever,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Veffell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By fickle Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worth, as aft
Hitting a greater quality, is cride vp
For our beft Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd; or carp'd at,
We fhould take roote here, where we fit;
Or fit State-Satus onely.

Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt THEMfelves from feare:
Things done without example, in their ifhne
Are to be fear'd: Have you a President
Of this Compiffion? I beleue, not any.
We muft not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And fickle them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution: why we take
From every Tree, top, baffe, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, fend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this Compiffion: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greedied Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be no b'd,
That through our Inteception, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduif ye
Further in the proceeding. Exit Secret.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

Kin. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learnd, and a moft rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning fuch,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never feeke for ayd out of himfelfe: yet fec,
When thefe fo Noble benefits fhall prove
Not well disposed, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgl
Then ever they were faire. This man fo compleat,
Who was enrold monft wonderes; and when we
Almoft with rauihed liftening, could not finde
His hour of speech, a minute: He, my Lady
Hath into monftrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beftem'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you fhall hear
(This was his Gentleman in truf't) of him
Things to strike Honour fad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited praftifes, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you Most like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kin. Speak freely.

Sur. First, it was vizual with him; every day It would infect his Speech; That if the King Should without issue dye, he'ld carry it to To make the Scepter his. Thefe very words I'vee heard him vter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aburdg, to whom by oath he menace'd
Reuenge vpon the Cardinal.

Card. Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frened by his with to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it fretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deluer all with Charity.

Kin. Speak on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this point haft thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophefie of Nicholas Henton.

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him euerie minute
With words of Sovereignty.

Kin. How know'lt thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highness sped to France, The Duke being at the Roife, within the Parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the Speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men hear the French would prove perfidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the faire indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, fayes he,
Hath fent to me, willing me to permit

John de la Car, my Chaplainke, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seal,
He follenly had fworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplainke to no Creature living, but
To me, I should vter, with demure Confidence,
This paufingly enfu'd: neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him friue
To the loue o' th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke Surveyor, and loft your Office
On the complaint o' th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your Speene a Noble perfon,
And fpoyle your nobler Soule; I fay, take heed;
Yes, heartily befeech you.

Kin. Let him on: Gone forward.

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by that Diuels illusions
The Monke might be decei'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this fo farre, until
It forg'd him fome defigne, which being beleev'd
It was much like to doe: He afwer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laft Sickness fell'd,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lowel heads

Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha! What, fo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canft thou say further?

Sur. I can my Ledge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprovd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer.

(quant,)

Kin. I remember of fuch a time, being my sworn fer-
The Duke receive'd him hit. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have paid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'Vifuper Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made fuit to come in his prefence; which if granted,
(As he made feemblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedom,
And this man out of Prifon.

Queen. God mend all.

(aye?

Kin. Ther's fomthing more would out of thee; what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ftrecht'd him, and with one hand on his daggger,
Another spread on's breath, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euiild, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreproachable purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To heath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to prefent trayll; if he may
Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not feck't of vs: By day and night
Hes Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spelles of France should juggle
Men into fuch strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be neuer fo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnamanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I fee, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but mercely
A fit or two o'th face, (but they are through ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would fwear direolly
Their very notes had been Counsellors
To Pelon or Clauharius, they keep State fo.

L. San. They have all new legs,
And lamed ones; one would take it,
That neuer fee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt run'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That fure th'have worn out Ch iffendome:how now?
What newes, Sir Thomas Lowel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lowel.

Lowel. 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 truel’d Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I’m glad ‘tis there; 
Now I would pray our Monfeurs
To thinken an English Courtier may be wife,
And never see the Loure.
Lou. They must either
(For to run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foeole and Fheather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining therunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abufing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wifedome, renovation cleane
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blifher Breeches, and thofe types of Truelld;
And vnderhand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may Come Pruiute, bee, wee away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh’d at.
L. San. Tis time to give ‘em Phyficke, their diseases
Are growno fo catching.
L. Cham What a foilfe our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the flie whorfons
Hauce got a speeding tricke 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 plains song,
And have an houre of hearing, and byr Lady
Held currant Muficke too.
L. Cham. Well faid Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a Blumpe.
L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordchip 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 affure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall surely where.
L. Cham. No doubt he’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 worfe finne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be moft liberall,
They are set heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now glue so great ones:
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 Guiford
This night to be Comptrollers.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboes. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a
longer Table for the Guest. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guest at
one Door; at another Door enter
Sir Henry Guiford.

S. Hen. Guif. Ladies,
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: she would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chambrerlaine 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 Guiford.
San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinal.
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they refrfet.
I thinken 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 penance.
Lou. Faith how easie?
San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord 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 leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgive 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, juft as I doe now,
He would Kiffle you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well said my Lord;
So now y’are fairly leated: Gentlemen,
The pennancelyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Paffe away frowning.
San. For my little Care,
Let me alone.

Hoboes. Enter Cardinal Wolfsye, and takes his State.
Card Y’are wel ome my faire Guest; 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 have such a Bwol ye may hold my thankes,
And faue me fo much talking.
Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry: Gentlemen,
What fault is this?
San. The red wine first must rise.
In their faire cheeles my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,
Talk vs to silence.
An. Sir. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands.
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladithip, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.
An.B. You cannot shew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
San. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of Warre y'are priuilged'd.

Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what's the't?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they feeme; th'have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From foraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speake the French toung
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
All rise, and Tables remov'd.
You have now a broken Banket, but wee'1l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewe a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hobbes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire Assembly,
This night to meet here they could doe no lese,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But least their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Crane leue to view these Ladies, and entertain
An hour of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They have done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musick, Dance.

Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Wisper.
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
Of divers witnesseth, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought

At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and John Car, Confessor to him, with that Dicell Monke, Hopkins, that made this mistchiefe.

That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.

The fame,
All these accus'd him strongly, which he false Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And to his Peere's upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all Was either pitted in him, or forgotten.

After all this, how did he bear himselfe?
When he was brought again to th' Bar, to heare His Knell rung out, his Judgetment, he was fir'd With such an Angoy, he sweate extremly, And somthing spoke in choller, ill, and haftly:
In all the rest thew'd a most Noble patience.

He do not thinks he feares death.

Sure he does not,
He never was to woaninft, the caufe Hes may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

Tis likely,
By all coniectures: First Kildares Attendee;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd Earle Surve, was lent thither, and in haft too, Leaff he should help his Father.

This tricke of State
Was a deepes envious one,

At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted (And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinal infantly will finde employment, And fare enough from Court too.

All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddem deepe: This Duke as much They love and doste on; call him bounteous Buckingham, The Mirror of all courstee.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tipstaffes before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halbards on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicolas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, 

Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck All good people,
You that thus fare haue come to pity me; Haue what I say, and then goe home and loose me.
I haue this day recei'd a Traitors Judgement, And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnesse, And if I haue a Conscience, let it finde me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Tha's done uppon the premises, but Jusitice:
But those that fought it, I could with more Christians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mistchiefe;

Nor build their euils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltie 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 wepe for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes: whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angells 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 malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Envy shall make my Grace.

Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowe and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and loving, 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 convey your Grace;
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes 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 Greatesth of his Perfon.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Contable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poore Edward Bohun;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That never 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 Wurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his Servant Banifer,
Being diffrest; was by that wretch betrail,
And without Tryall, fell God peace be with him.
Henry the Seuenth succeeding, truly pitying
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
Refor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruins
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eigh, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke he'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 faire we are one in Fortune; both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lou'd most:
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Sercue,
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are Liberall of your loves and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And
And give your hearts to; when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they mean to finke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done, and God forgive me.

Exit Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it calns
I feare, too many curfes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guildeffe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an enuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? do you not doe my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is fo weighty, 'twill require
A strong Secret to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betwenee the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but it haue not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor frigght
To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues
That durst difperse it.
2. But that flander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will vn doe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beftowing on him at his asking,
The Archichiprcke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the fmit of this: the Cardinal
Will haue his will, and she must fall.
1. Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in private more. 

Excunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Horfes your Lordsip sent for, with all the
care I bad, I few well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handfome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to fet out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinal's, by Commission, and maine power toeke
'em from me, with this reafonabe matter would bee fera'd be-

fare a Subjeft, 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-
folk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imploied?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the caufe?

Cham. It feemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Confidence.

Suff. No, his Confidence
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Nor. Tis fo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieft, like the eldeft Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he lift. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'll never know himselfe else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal! For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soules, and there flatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Confiquence,
Fears, and defpaire, and all thefe for his Marriage.
And out of all thefe, to restore the King,
He counsells a Divorce, a loffe of her
That like a Jewell, he's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never loit her lurfe;
Of her that love him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greateststroake of Fortune falls
Will bleffe the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from fuch counfel: tis moft true
These newes are euer where, euer tongue speaks 'em,
And euer true heart weepes for't. All that da re
Looke into these affaires, fee this maine end,
The French Kings Sifter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that fo long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And frees vs from his flauery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fasion'd
Into what pitch he pleafe.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, fo I lea fland,
If the King pleafe: his Curfes and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breach I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: fo I leave him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Nor. Let's in 
And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youe beeare vs company?

Cham. Excufe me.

The King ha's sent me otherwhare: Befides
You'll finde a moft vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

v
Norfolk. Thanks me my good Lord Chamberlaines.
Exit Lord Chamberlaines, and the King draws the Curtaine
and fits reading penfully.
Suff. How fast he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norfi. Pray God he be not angry. ( epilepsy
Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norfi. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is bufiness of E fate; in which, we come
To know your Royal pleasure.
Kin. Ye are too bold;
Go too; he make ye know your times of bufiness:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? Ha?
Enter Woljey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Woljey,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you're welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Ye vs, and it: My good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would ve but an houre
Of private conference.
Kin. We are bufe; goe.
Norfi. This Prieft ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be fo fickle though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norfi. If it doe, He venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.
Wol. Your Grace ha's given a President of wifedome
Above all Princes, in committting freely
Your cruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Emuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Mufit now confefs, if they have any goodneffe,
The Tryall, just and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meant the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Have their feue voyces. Rome (the Nurfe of Judgement)
Invited by your Noble felfe, hath fent
One general Tongue unto vs. This good man,
This luft and learned Prieft, Cardinall Campeius,
Whom once more, I prefent unto your Highneffe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thankes the holy Conclave for their loues,
They have fent me fuch a Man, I would have with'd for.
Cam. Your Grace much needs deferve all strangers loues,
You are fo Noble: To your Highneffe hand
I tender my Commission; by whom vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of Yorke, are loyn'd with me their Servant,
In the vnpartiall judging of this Buftine.

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquain-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's always lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of jeffe Place might ask by Law;
Scholler allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the bett she shall haue; and my favour
To him that does bett, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prether call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & 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.
Woljyes 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. Beleene me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your felfe Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not ficke to say, you enuie him;
And fearing he would rife (he was fo vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which fo greue'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.
Wol. Heau'n peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for living 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 have none fo neere els. Learne this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perfons.
Kin. Delier this with modesty to th' Queen.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullein, and an old Lady.
Ar. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneffe, hauing lou'd fo long with her, and he
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce difhonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweete at firit to acquire. After this Proceffe.
To give her the anuall, it is a pity
Would move a Monifter.
Old La. Hearts of moft hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Ar. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though it be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a fluffurance, pangin
As soule and bodies feuering.
Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.
Ar. So much the more
Muft pitty drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,
And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to perk'd vp in a glistening grieve,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best hauing.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Behad me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrify:
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affecte Emience, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to fay tooth, are Blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chimerell Conscience, would receive,
If you might pleafe to touch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.

Anne. How you doe talke;
I sware againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old L. In faft, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for Carnarvysere, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here ?

Enter Lord Chamberlains. 

Cham. Lady;
I shall not fail to approce the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a femme,
To lighten all this Ille. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have beene begging fixteen yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fult of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fih heere; fy, fy, fy vpon
This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tallis it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promisses to mytouhands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

Anne. Good Lady,
Make your felte mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a lot; itaints me
to think what follows.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetful
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What heere you have heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me —— 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vurgers, with short ladies mants; next them two
Scribes in the habits of DoStors; after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely,
Rochester, and S. Aluph: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse,
with the great State, and a Cardinals Hat; Then two Priests,
bearing each a Siluer Crofe; Then a Gentleman Vjar bare
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Siluer Mace; Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Siluer Pilleers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit
under him as Judges. The Queene takes place some dis-
ance from the King. The Bishops place themselfs on
each side the Court in manner of a Conf carniv: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Car. Whil't our Commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need? It hath already publicly been read, And on all odes th' Authority allow'd, You may then spare that time.
Car. Bee't fo, proceed.
Sri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.
King. Here.
Sri. Say, Katherine Queen of England, Come into the Court.
The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet. Then speakes.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice, And to bestow your pity on me, for I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger, Borne out of your Dominions: having here No Judge indifferent, nor no more affurance Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir: In what have I offended you? What cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witness, I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife, At all times to your will conformable: Euer in fear to kindle your Dislike, Yes, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd? When was the hour I ever contradicted your Desire? Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends Have I not groze to lose, although I knew He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine, That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaze notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde, That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience, Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest With many Children by you. If in the course And proccede of this time, you can report, And proove it too, against mine Honor, aught? My bond to Wedlocke, or my Louse and Dutie Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name Turne me away: and let the fowlt Contempt, Shut doore upon me, and do giue me vp To the sharpest kind of Justice. Please you, Sir, The King your Father, was reputed for A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent And vnmatch'd Wit, and judgement. Ferdinando My Father, King of Spaine, was reckond'on The wisest Prince, that there had reigned, by many A yeare before. It is not to be question'd, That they had gather'd a wife Counsell to them Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse, Who demean'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my Friends in Spaine, advise'd; whose Counsaille I will implore. If not, I'th name of God Your pleasure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have heere Lady, (And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men Of singular Integrity, and Learning; Yea, the elect of th'Land, who are assembled To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlcss,

That longer you defire the Court, as well For your owne quiet, as to redlife What is vested in the King.
Camp. His Grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam, It's fit this Royall Session do proceed, And that (without delay) their Arguments Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that We are a Queen (or long have dream'd fo) certaine The daughter of a King, my drops of teares, He turne to sparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before, Or God will punish me. I do believe (Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge, You shall not be my Judge. For it is you Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me; (Which Gods dwell seeketh) therefore, I say againe, I vitally abhorre; yea, from my Soule Refuze you for my Judge, whom yet once more I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet Have strowd to Charity, and displeased the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wifedom, Oe-topping womeans powre. Madam, you do me wrong I have no Spleene against you, nor inuincible For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded, Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted By a Commision from the Consistorie, Yes, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me, That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it, The King is presen'f: If it be knowne to him, That I gaineay my Deed, how may be wound, And worthily my Fallhood, yea, as much As you have done my Truth. If he know That I am free of your Report, he knowes I am not of your wrong. Therefor in him It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to Remoue thes Thoughts from you. The which before His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking, And to say fo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord, I am a simple woman, much too weake To oppose your cunning. Y're meeke, & humble-mouth'd You fine your Place, and calling, in full seeming, With Meckenne and Humilitie, but your Heart Is cram'md with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride. You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favor, Gone slightly o're lowe steps, and now are mounted Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words (Domestickes to you) ferue your will, as't please Your selfe pronounce their Office. I mutt tell you, You tender more your persons Honor, then Your high profession Spirituall. That agen I do refuze you for my Judge, and heere Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope, To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse, And to be judg'd by him.

She Curtseyes to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queene is obfinate,
Stubborn to juftice, apt to accuse it, and
Difdainfull to be trie by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her again.

Que. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Oub. Madam, you are cold backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cold returne. No the Lord helpe,
They veze me paft my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy ways Kate,
That man i'th world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouvernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Souveraine and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Wel. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfide) whether eu'er I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on'tor eu'er
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall, Lady, speake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinal,
I doe excuse you; yes, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to Villain CURTSES,
Burke when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger, y'are excused:
But will you be more insufli'd? You eu'er
Have with'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd
It to be fir'd; but oft have hindered, oft
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mood me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
(Too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vter'd
By th'Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,
Who had beene hither fent on the debating
And Marriage twixt the Duke of Orlant, and
Our Daughter Mary; ful Progresse of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a refpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This refpite shooke

The bofome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yes, with a flattering power, and made to tremble
The region of my Brest, which fore'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings, did throng
And preft 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 conceu'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too'ty then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or di'd where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ay'r them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th World) should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followed, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
By this my Issue faille, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hullying in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did feere
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now prefent here: that's to say, I
Meant to reclaime my Conscience, which
I then did feele full fickle, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctor's learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How vnder my oppression I did recke
When I first mood'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liege;

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 flagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringft Counsels which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courfe,
Which you are running here.

Kin. I then mood'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present Summons vnsolicited.
I left no Reverend Perfon in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th world against the perfon
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drives this forward:
Prove 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 primeft Creature
That's Parragon d'oth World

Camp. So please your Highnes,
The Queene being abent, 'is needfull fitneffe
That we adjoin this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earneft motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends unto his Hollineffe.

Kin. I may perswade
These Cardinals trie with me: I ahorre
This dilatory iloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloved Servant Cramer,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women at at workes.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule growses sad with troubles, Sing, and disperfe 'em if thou canst: leave working:

O Repentus with his Lute made Trees, And the Mountaines tops that freeze, Become themselfes when he did sing, To his Musick, Plants and Flowers Ever spring; as Sune and Showers, There had made a lasting Spring. Ever thing that heard him play, Even the Billionnes of the Sea, Hang their heads, & then lay by. In sweet Musick is such Art, Killing care, & griefe of heart, Fall asleep, or hearing 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 your Graces To come neere: what can be their busines With me, a poore weake woman, false from favour? I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't, They should bee good men, their affairs as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monkes Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campan. Wol. Peace to your Highnesse. Queen. Your Graces finde me heere part of a Houswifes, (I would be all) against the worke may happen: What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords? Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber: we shall give you The full cause of our comming. Queen. Speake it heere. There's nothing I have done yet o'my Conscience Deferes 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 Above a number) if my actions Were tri'd by y're tongue, eu're eye saw 'em, Envy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life to beuen. If you 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 sincerissima. Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin; I am not such a Truant finde my comming, As not to know the Language I have li'd in: (cou's A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, falsity. Pray speake in English; here are some will thank you, If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris fake: Beleeue me he's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing it finnes 1 ener yet committed, May be abou't in English. Card. Noble Lady, I am forry my integrity houl breed, (And servuce to his Maitrey and you) So doce suflication, where all faith was meant; We come not by the way of Accusatson, To taint that honour every good Tongue blestes; Nor to betray you any way to forrow; You have too much good Lady: But to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Betweene the King and you, and to delier (Like free and honest men) our just opinions, And comforts to our cause. Camp. Most honour'd Madam, My Lord of Yorkes, out of his Noble nature, Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace, Forgeting (like a good man) your late Cenfure Both of his truth and him (which was so farre) Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace, His Service, and his Counsell. Queen. To betray me. My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue fo) But how to make ye fudt'anly an Answer In such a point of weight, so neere mine Honour, (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit; And to such men of graviety and learning; In truth I know not. I was set at worke, Among my Maides, full little (God knowes)looking Either for such men, or such businesse; For her sake that I have beene, for I feele The last fit of my Greatness; good your Graces Let me have time and Counsell for my Cause: Alas, I am a Woman frendlefe, hopelile. 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 glue me Counsell? Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highnes pleasure, (Though he be gowne to desparete to be honest) And liue a Subiect? Nay fortho, my Friends, They that mutt weigh out my afflictions, They that my trut muet grow to, liue not heere, They are (as all my other comforts) far hence In mine owne Countrie Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace Would ease your greefes, and take my Counsell. Queen. How Sir? Camp. Put your maine caufe 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 dignore. Wol. He tells you rightly. Queen. Ye tell me what ye with for both, my ruine: Is this your Christian Counsell? Out upon ye, Heauen is above all yet; there sits a Judge. That no King can corrupt. Camp. Your rage misakes 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 fear 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, scornd? I will not with ye halfe my miseries,
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heauen's sake take heed, lest at once The burden of my sorrow, fall upon ye.  
Car. Madam, this is a meree distraction, You turne the good we offer, into enuy.  
Qu. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye, And all such false Professors. Would you have me (If you have any Justice, any Piety, If ye be any thing but Churchmene Habits) Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me? Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already, His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is only my Obedience. What can happen To me, above this wretchedness? All your Studies Make me a Curfe, like this.  
Camp. Your fears are worfe.  
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe, Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare fay without Vainglory) Neuer yet branded with Suipition? Haue I, with all my full Affections Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n?Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondneffe) superflitious to him? Almost forget my Prayres to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords, Bring me a conftant woman to her Husband, One that we're dream'd a Toy, beyond his pleafure; And to that Woman (when she has done moft) Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience.  
Car. Madam, you wander from the good We ayme at.  
Qu. My Lord, I dare not make my felfe fo guiltie, To give vp willingly that Noble Title Your Matter wed me to; nothing but death Shall e'er divorce my Dignities.  
Car. Pray heare me.  
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth, Or felt the Flatteries that grow vp on it: Ye haue Angels Faces, but Heauen knowes your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched Lady? I am the moft vnhappy Woman liuing. Alas (poore Wenchets) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pity, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me? Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly That once was Midfl's of the Field, and flourished, Ie hang my head, and perish.  
Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know,our Ends are honest, You'd feeke more comfort. Why shold we(good Lady) Vpon what caufe wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such sorrows, not to fowe'em. For Goodneffe fake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your felfe: I, vterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kiffe Obedience, So much they love it. But to stubborn Sprits, They swell and grow, as terrible as storms. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soul as even as a Calme; Pray thinke vs, Tho' we profess Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.  
Camp. Madam, you'll finde it fo: You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens fears. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, ever cuts Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you, Beware you lose it not: For vs (if you please To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready To vie our vmoft Studies, in your service.  
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I haue v'd my felfe vnmanfully, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a feemely anfwer to fuch perfons. Pray do my fervice to his Maiestie, He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayrs While I haue my life. Come reuned Fathers, Bewill your Counsellors on me. She now begges That little thought when she fet footing heare, She should haue bought her Dignitities fo deere. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.


Norm. If you will now wine in your Complaints, And force them with a Confinacy, the Cardinall Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promife, But that you shall fuffaine noe newe disgraces, With these you bearde alreadie.  
Sur. I am ioyfull To meete the leaft occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be reueng'd on him.  
Suf. Which of the Peeres Have unconstamment gone by him, or at leaft Strangely neglected? When did be regard The flame of Noblenesse in any perfon Out of himlef?  
Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleafures: What he deferves of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Glues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot Barre his acces to'th King, neuer attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Over the King in's Tongue.  
Nor. O feare him not, His ipell in that is out: the King hath found Matter againft him, that for euer marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetted (Not to come off) in his difpleaure.  
Sur. Sir, I should be gla'd to heare such Newes as this Once every howre.  
Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the Divorce, his contrarie proceedings Are all unfolded: wherein he appears, As I would with mine Enemy.  
Sur. How came His pratticis 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 Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the judgement o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangle in affection, to
A Creature of the Queen, the Lady Anne Bullen.
Suf. He's the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Suf. Will this work? O Cheam. The King in this perceive him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickses founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Suf. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you have it.
Suf. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too.
Nor. All men.
Suf. There's o' order given for her Coronation:
Married this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some cares varecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and complete
In minde and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Suf. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be mone Waspes that buzz about his Nofe,
Will make this flyng the sooner. Cardinal Campeius,
Is holne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
He's left the cause o'th' King vnhandled, and
Is pofted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To fecond all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd Ha's at this.
Cheam. Now God incence him,
And let him cry Ha's joywyder.
Nor. But my Lord
When returns Grammer?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have satisfies the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Prinsefse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This fame Grammer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings busines.
Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-byhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.
Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in a Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'ch'inside of the Paper?
Crom. Presently
He did vtile them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here to morrow morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leave me a while.

The shall it be to the Dutch of Alanfor
The French Kings Sifer; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ie no Anne Bullens for him,
There's more in't then faire Vilage. Bullen?
No, weel no Bullens: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchioncse of Penbrooke?
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does what his Anger to him.
Suf. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Jucifie.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miftris Miftris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burns not clear, 'tis I must suffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her verruous
And well deferving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholefome to
Our caufe, that she should lye i'th'bofome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; Crommer, one
Hath crawly'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Suf. I would 'twere somthing I would fret the ftring,
The Mafter-cord on his heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What pikes of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? Now, I th' name of Thrift
Does he take this together? Now my Lord,
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heare observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he caffs
His eye againft the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue feene him let himfelf.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in his minde. This morning,
Papers of State he lent me, to perufe
As I requir'd: and not you what I found
There (on my Conscience put unwrittingly)
Forthof the Inventorie, thus importing
The feveral parcels of his Plate; his Treasure,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Houold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subject.
Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bieffe your eye withall,
King. If we did thinke
His
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still
Dwell in his Musinges, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes to the Cardinal.

Car. Heauen forgive me,
Euer God bleffe your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly stuffing, and beare the Inventory
Of your beft Graces, in your minde ; the which
You were now running o'ere; you have scarce time
To steale from Spirituall lesseyre, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To thinkke vpon the part of bufinesse, which
I beare i' th' State; and Nature does require
Her times of preferuation, which perforce
I her fraile fonne, among'lt my Brethren mortall,
Mutt give my tendance to.

King. You have faid well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you caufe) my doing well,
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deedes. My Father lou'd you,
He faid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kcpt you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane ?

Sur. The Lord increasse this bufinesse.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mens endeavours. My endeavours,
Have euer come too short of my Defires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities : Mine owne ends
Have beene mine fo, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your most Sacred Perfon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Happ'd vpon me (poore Vnderferue) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyalty
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly anfwer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illufrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The foulenesse is the punishment. I prejume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd Love, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any; So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As twer 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 approch of this wilde River brake,
And stand vnbroken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he's a Loyall breth,
For you have seene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
throng after him smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?

What fodie Anger's this? How haue I reaped it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntman that has gaff'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis fo :
This paper ha's vndone me; 'Tis an Accomp.
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drayne tother
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gain the Popedome,
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What croffe Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I fent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No newe deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill firre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in sight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope
The Letter (as I live) with all the Bunnesse
I witt 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 halfe now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man fee me more.

Enter to Weale, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Hear the Kings pleasure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
To After-house, my Lord of Wincheffers,
Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority fo weighthy.

Sef. Who dare croffe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(As I meane your malice) know, Officous 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
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton.
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courtes, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt:
In time shall finde their fit Rewards. That Scale
You ask with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Matter) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and honors.
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou liest:
Within these fortie houres, Surrey durft better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then faide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet finne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beast parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland.
Farre from his presence; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the faults, thou gau'ft him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty,
Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his defects. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Uriel, and foule Caufe can witnesse.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You had as little Honeste, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalitie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Mater,
Dare make a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that lose his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou shou'dt feels.
My Sword l'life blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peecce of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse

Is payton to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaming all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You write to the Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Iiffies,
(Whom if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinner the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile fartle you
Worfe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiffing 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. Tho'se Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wol. So much faire.

And spotiflie, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot fails you:
I thankes my Memory, I yet remember
Some of those Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blufh, and cry guiltie Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honeste.

Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worst Objections: If I blufh,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want tho'fe, then my head;
Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or elfe
To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex menus
Was still infcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Scale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To Gregory de Caffado, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferrara.

Sur. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be fampt on the Kings Coine.

Nor. Then, That you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what meaneas you, I leave to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for Dignities, to the meere vndoouing
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 farret's Virtue:
His faults eye open to the Lawes, let them
(No you) correct him. My heart wepe to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Nor. I forgive him.

Sur. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Becawse all those things you have done of late
By your power Legitiam within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th commiss of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfait all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caflles, and whatsoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And fo we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your flagborne anfwer
About the giving backe the Great Scale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) that thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse
This is the flate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blosomes,
And bears his blushing Honors thick on him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full purely

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His Greatness is a ripening peps his roote,  
And then he falls as I do. I have round'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
At length broke vnder me, and now he's left me  
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy  
Of a rude fireame, that must for ever hide me.  
Waine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women hau;  
And when he falleth, he falleth like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell?  
Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.  
Car. What, amaz'd  
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder  
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep  
I am falne indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.  
Card. Why well:  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,  
I know my felw now, and I feele within me,  
A peace above all earthly Dignities,  
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,  
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders  
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken  
A loade, would finke a Navy, (too much Honor.)  
O 'tis a burden Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,  
Ha's made that right use of it.  
Card. I hope I haue:  
I am able now (me thinke's)  
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)  
To endure more Miferies, and greater farre  
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.  
What Newes abroad?  
Crom. The unquiet, and the worst,  
Is your disquieture with the King.  
Card. God bleffe him.  
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is choen  
Lord Chancellor, in your place.  
Card. That's somewhats foain.  
But he's a Learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highnesse favoure, and do Justice  
For Truths-fake, and his Conscience; that his bones,  
When he ha's run his course, and sleepe in Bleffings,  
May have a Tomb of Orphans tears wept on him.  
What more?  
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;  
Infall'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.  
Card. That's Newes indeed.  
Crom. Laff, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the King hath in favorie long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,  
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now  
Onely about her Coronation.  
Card. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.  
O Cromwell,  
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories  
In that one woman, I have loft for ever.

No Sun, shall ever vther forth mine Honors,  
Or glide againe the Noble Troopes that weighted  
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwell,  
I am a poore faine man, vnworthy now  
To be thy Lord, and Mafter. Seeke the King.  
(That Sun, I pray may never fel) I haue told him,  
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me, will flire him  
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let  
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good Cromwell  
Negle'st him not; make vne now, and proude  
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,  
Muft I then leave you? Muft I needes forgo  
So good, so Noble, and so true a Mafter?  
Bear winneffe, all that have not hearts of Iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.  
The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayers  
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Card. Cromwell, I did not thinke to shed a teare  
In all my Miferies: But thou haft forc'd me  
(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwell,  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention  
Of me, more muft be heard of: Say I taung thce;  
Say Wofes, that once trod the ways of Glory,  
And found all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,  
Found thee a way (out of his wrackes) to rile in:  
A sure, and safe one, though thy Mafter miift it.  
Markes but my Fall, and that that Ruind'me:  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,  
By that fine fell the Angels: how can man then  
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?  
Lowe thy selfe laft, cherishe those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more then Honesty.  
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace  
To silence envious Tongues. Be luft, and feare not;  
Let all the endes thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,  
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell)  
Thou fall'st a bleffed Martyr.  
Serve the King: And prytthee leade me in:  
There take an inventory of all I haue,  
To the laft peny, the Kings. My Robe,  
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,  
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale  
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age  
Have left me nacked to mine Enemies.  
Crom. Good Sir, have 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'are well met once againe.  
2 So are you.  
1 You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The Lady Anne, passe from her Coronation.  
2 'Tis
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

2 "Tis all my business. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 "Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This general joy.

2 "Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure have hearse at full their Royal minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Sheaves,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuter greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken Sir,
2 May I be bold to sake what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the Lift
Of those that claim their Offices this day,
By cutom of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshall: you may read the rest.

1 I thank you Sir; Had I not known those customs,
I should have beene beholdng to your Paper:
But I believe you, what's become of Katherine
The Princeesse Dowager? How goes her business?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Have a late Court at Dunstable; six miles off
From Amphill, where the Princeesse lay, to which
She was often cyled by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine affluent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where she remains now fickle.
2 Alas good Lady,
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queen is comming. Ho-boyes.

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
2 Then, two Ledges.
3 Lord-Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
4 Quirrelers singing. Muffick.
5 Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in
his Coat of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper
Crown.
6 Marquess Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,
a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey,
hearing the Rod of Silver with the Nurse, Crowned with an
Earles Coronet. Collars of Effes.
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his
head, hearing a long white Wand, at High Steward.
With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshalship,
a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effes.
8 A Canopy, borne by tapers of the Cinque-Ports, under it
the Queen in her Robe, in her biret, richly adorned with
Pearls, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London,
and Winchester.
9 The Old Dutchesse of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold,
worthen with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traines.
10 Certaine Ladies or Countesse, with plate Circlets of
Gold, without Flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine belewe me: These I know:
Who's that that bears the Scepter?
1 Marquess Dorset.
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolk.
1 "Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleeve thee,
Thou hast the sweeteest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King he's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straights that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour over her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2 Tho's men are happy,
And fo are all, are neere her.
I take it, she that carries up 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 Stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
2 Among the crowd'd 'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be weig'd in more: I am flitwood
With the meere ranknese of their joy.
2 You saw the Ceremony?
1 That I did.
2 How was it?
3 Well worth the seeing.
2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich fumes
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fall off
A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe
To rest a while, some half an hour, or fo
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Beleue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That euer 1 by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the thrordes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doctorles, I thinke) fiew vp, and had their Faces
Bin loofe, this day they had beene loof. Such joy
I never faw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a weeke to go, like Rannimede
In the old time of Ware, would shake the greates
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man luuing
Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen
So strangely in one piece.
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 devoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makeings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Conflit Cromwe, the
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With
With all the choicest Musick of the Kingdome,
Together sung To Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1 Sir,
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinal fell, that Titles loft,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byhops
Were thole that went on each side of the Queene?
3 Stokley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.

2 He of Winchester
Is held no good great Ioner of the Archbishops,
The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrink from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much eftome with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Mafter o'th'Jewell Houses,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will defend more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to th'Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I wilke thither,
Ile tell ye more.

Bob. You may command vs Sir.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, fiche, lead betweene Griffith,
her Gentleman Vfler, and Patience
her Woman.

Grif. How doe your Grace?
Kath. O Griffith, fiche to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eafe.
Did'ft thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'ft mee,
That the great Child of Honor, Cardinal Wolsey
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the pains you suffer'd, gave no case too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he fielpt before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man forly tainted, to his Anfwer,
He fell fiche sodainly, and grew fo ill
He could not fit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man
Grif. At laft, with eafe Rodes, he came to Leicefter,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the renuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiued him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the fiormes of State;
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his fickneffe
Purfe'd him ill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himfelfe
Foretold should be his lafe, full of Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gave his Honors to the world agen,
His blesfed part to Heauen, and flept in peace.

Kath. So may he reft,
His Faults ly genteely on him:
Yet thus farre Griffith, give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded fomacke, euer ranking
Himfelfe with Princes. One that by fuggefion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was raise play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'prefence
He would fay vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine ) pitiful:
His Promifes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gue
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens eull manners, live in Brasfe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highneffe
To hear me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious eife.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stocke, vn doubtly
Was fashioned to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a rife, and good one:
Exceeding wife, faire spoken, and perfwading:
Lofty, and fowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thole men that fought him, fweet as Summer.
And though he were vnfatisifed in getting,
(Which was a fnne) yet in befowing, Madam,
He was moft Princeful: Euer witneffe for him
Those twinnnes of Learning, that he rai'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vallwing to out-lie the good that did it.
The other (though vnfinish'd) yet fo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ftil fo rifting,
That Chriftendome shall euer speake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd hapinnesse upon him:
For then, and noftill then, he felthimfelfe,
And found the Bleffedneffe of being little.
And to add greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my living Actions,
To keeps mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moft hated Liiuing, thou haft made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modell.
(Now in His Abie) Honor: Peace be with him,
Patience, be notre me still, and let me lower,
I have no long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the Muftians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell; whilf't I fit meditating

On
On that Celestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is aleep: Good wench, let’s sit down quiet, For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vifen.
Enter solemnly tripping one another, face Personages, clad in white Robes, wearong on their heads Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vinards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Come unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a faire Garland over her Head, at which the other faire make reverend Caratif. Then the two that held the Garland deliver the same to the other next two, who deliver the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise deliver the same Order. As which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her Sleepes) signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And jo, in their Dancing umplie, carrying the Garland with them.

The Musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not even now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis’d me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall affuredly.

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams
Poffeff your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick cease,
They are harsh and heavy to me. Musick cease.

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alterd on the Sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Markes her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. And’t like your Grace—

Kath. You are a fawcy Fellow,
Deferves we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing the will not looke her wonted Greatnesse
To vie it rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.

Mef. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haft made me vnmanerly. There is stayning
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me ne’re see again.

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambaffador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchius.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter’d strangely
With me, force first you knew me,
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would vift you,
Who greues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
’Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phycike given in time, had cur’d me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poor name
Banish’d the Kingdom. Patience, is that Letter
I caus’d you write, yet sent away?

Par. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moft willing Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our charges love: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thickes in Blessings on her,
Befeeching him to give her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deiare well: and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake, that lon’d him,
Heauen knowes how dearly.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Upon my wretched women, that fo long
Have follow’d both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare say
(And now I should not lye) but will deere
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honeftie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall have’em.
The laft is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw ‘em from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid’em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas’d to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you lose the dearest in this world,
As you with Christan peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrg the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank 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 leaze me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be va’d with Honor: strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grace: Embalm 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 564.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Gardner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath strooke.
Gard. These shoud be houres for necessities, Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature With comforting repose, and not for vs To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas: Whether so late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero.
Lou. I muft to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: that's the matter? It feemes you are in haft: and if there be No great offence belongeth too, give your Friend Some touch of your late businesse: Affairs that walke (As they lay Spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse That fecket dispatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I love you; And durft commend a secret to your eare Much waughter then this worke. The Queens in Labor They fay in great Extremity, and fear'd Shee' with the Labour, end.
Gard. The frolfe fhie goes with I pray for heartily, that it may finde Good time, and leue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinks I could Cry the Amen, and yet my Confcience fayes Shee's a good Creature, and Sweet-Ladie do's Defere our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir Sir, Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will ne're be well, 'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and shee SLEEPE in their Graues.
Lovell. Now Sir, you Speake of two The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for Cromwell, Befide that of the Jewell-Houfe, is made Mafter O'th'Rolls, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preterments, With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyhop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare Speake One syllable againft him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, There are that Dare, and I my felfe haue ventur'd To Speake my minde of him: and indeed this day, Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have Inceft the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is (For fo I know he is, they know he is) A moft Arch-Heretique, a Pelfifence That does infect the Land: with which, they moved Haue broken with the King, who hath fo faire Given eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace, And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Miffchiefes,

**Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded**
**To morrow Morning to the Counsell Board**
**He be conuened. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,**
**And we must root him out. From your Affairs**
**I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.**

**Exit Gardner and Page.**

**Lou.** Many good nights, my Lord, I left 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 never win of you before,

**King.** But little Charles,

**Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.**

**Now Louell, from the Queene what is the Newes.**

**Lou.** I could not perfonally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I sent your Message, who return'd her thankes In the great humbleffe, and defir'd your Highneffe Most heartily to pray for her.

**King.** What fa'yt thou? Ha?
**To pray for her? What, is she crying out?**

**Lou.** So feld her woman, and that her suffrance made Almoft each pang, a death.

**King.** Alas good Lady.

**Suff.** God fately quitt her of her Burthen, and With gentle Trauaille, to the gladding of Your Highneffe with an Heire.

**King.** 'Tis midnight Charles,

**Praythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember**

**The estate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,**

**For I muft thinke of that, which company**

**Would not be friendly too.**

**Suff.** I wish your Highneffe

**A quiet night, and my good Miftris will**

**Remember in my Prayers.**

**King.** Charles good night. Exit Suffolke.

**Well Sir, what followes?**

**Enter Sir Anthony Denny.**

**Den.** Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbyhop,

**As you commanded me.**

**King.** Ha? Canterbury?

**Den.** I my good Lord.

**King.** 'Tis true : where is he Denny?

**Den.** He attendes your Highneffe pleasure.

**King.** Bring him to Vs.

**Lou.** This is about that, which the Byhop speake, I am happily come hither.

**Enter Cranmer and Denny.**

**King.** Anooyd the Gallery.

**Louel.** Seemes to fheay.

**Ha? I haue fald. Be gone.**

**What?**

**Exeunt Louell and Denny.**

**Cran.** I am fearfull: Wherefore frownes he thus?

**'Tis his Affect of Terror. All's not well.**

**King.** How now my Lord?

**You do defire to know, wherefore**

**I fent for you.**

**Cran.** It is my dutie.

**T'attend your Highneffe pleasure.**

**King.** Pray you arife:

**My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury :**

**Come, you and I muft walke a turne together ;**

**I haue Newes to tell you.**

**Come, come, gleue me your hand.**

**Ah my good Lord, I greewe at what I fpeake, And am right forre to repeat what followes.**

**I haue, and moft vnwillingly of late**

**x 2**
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Hee not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldenesse, manners, Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy perfon
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I geese 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 heaven
Both now, and euer blewe her: 'Tis a Gyrl
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Defires your Visitat, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.
Lou. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. Exiit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Grooms is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? Ile
Have more, or els vnfay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue.

Exit Ladie.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Counsell, pray'd me
To make great haste. All faile? What means this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waige 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.

Cran. 'Tis Buts.
The Kings Phyitian, as he past along
How earneftly he cast his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by fome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait els at doore: a fellow Counsellor
'Mong Boyes, Grooms, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts. at a Windowe
above.

'Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that Buts?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day,
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dore amongst Parleuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha! 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted fo much honeyly among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Pot with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine clofe:
We shall heare more anon.

A Counsell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A State being left void above him, as for Canterbury's State. Duke of Suffolkes, Duke of Norfolkes, Survey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiners, feast themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.
Chan. Speake to the businesse, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Counsell?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefest cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbisphe:
And he's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Crom. Approaches the Counsell Table.
Chan. My good Lord Archbisphe, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present; and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures frailtie, and capable
Of our steds, few are Angels; out of which frailtie
And want of wisdom, you that beft should teach us,
Have midlemans'd your selves, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are informed with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Herefies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for tho' that tame wild Horses,
Peace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
Out of our caufine and childish pity
To one mans Honour, this contagious blackneffe;
Farewell all Phyficke: and what follows then?
Commotions, vpvores, with a general Taint
Of the whole State; as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany can deereely witneffe:
Yet freably pittied in our memories.
Crom. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progress,
Both of my Life and Office, I have laboure'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more deferts, more ftrifes against
Both in his private Confidence, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may never find a heart
With leffe Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the butt. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this cafe of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vigre 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 have busines 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 private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than (I fear) you are provided for.
Crom. Ah my good Lord of Wincheste: I thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will paffe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge 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,
Caft none away: That I shall cleare my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Seifyer,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloffe dilcouers
To men that undershand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Wincheste, y'are a little,
By your good fauer, too charge; Men fo Noble,
How ever faulty, yet should finde resepct
For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may woor
Of all this Table fay so.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Faourer
Of this new Seft? ye are not found.
Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found I say.
Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would feele you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Gard. This is too much;
For bare for shame my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Gard. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be consaid to th' Tower a Prifoner;
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 go like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there my Lords,
By virtue of that Ring, I take my caufe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Ts no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n; I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous lone a rowling,
'Tould fall upon our selves.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be wor'd?

Cham. 'Ts now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seates.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gave vs such a Prince;
Not onely good and wife, 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 felle in Judgement comes to heare
The caufe betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were ever good at fomeone Comendations,
Bishop of Winchefter. 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 whatsoever thou tak'st it for; I'm sure
Thou haft a cruel Nature and a bloody.

Good man fit downe: Now let me fee the proudest
Hec, that dares malt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better fl arne,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;

Kin. No Sir, it does not please me,
I had thought, I had bad men of some understanding,
And wisedome of my Counsell; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deferve that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowfie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commision
Bid ye so farre forget your faules? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Gromme: There's some of ye, I fee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtoeft, had ye meane,
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cham. Thus farre
My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue exauce all. What was purpo'd
Concerning his Imprisnment, 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 vfe him well; hee is worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his loue and seruice, fo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for thame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and anfwere for her.

Cran. The greattest Monarch now alue may glory
In such an honour: how may I deferve it,
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchefte of Norfolk, and Lady Marquettte Dorjet; wilt these please you?
Once more my Lord of Winchefter, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witneffe how deare, I hold this Confirmation, (hearts,
Kin. Good Man, those joyfull teares shew thy true
The common voype I fee is verified
Of thee, which Iays thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we trifie time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. Exceunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyfe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noyfe anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye rogue:
Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
Staves, and strong ones; these are but Switches to 'em:
He scratch your heads; you must be seeing Chriftentunes?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnleffe wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe.

On May-day Morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against Powles as 'fire 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?  
As much as one found Cudgel of foure foote,  
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spaire Sir.  
Port. You did nothing Sir.  
Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Celebrand,  
To mow 'em downe before micht, but if I spair'd any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:  
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,  
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.  
Within. Do you hear M. Porter?  
Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy,  
Kepe the dore close Sirha.  
Man. What would you haue me doe?  
Port. What should you doe,  
But knock 'em downe by th'o dozens? Is this More fields  
to murther in? Or haue we some strange Indian with the  
great Tools, come to Court, the women to befeige vs?  
Bleffe me, what a fry of Fanaticion is at dore? On my  
Christian Conscience this one Christianing will beget a  
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all togeth-  

Man. The Spoonses will be the bigger Sir: There is  
a fellow somewhat nearer the doors, he should be a  
Brathe by his face, for o'my Conscience twenty of the Dog-  
days now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about are  
under the Line, they need no other pennisance: that Fire-  
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times  
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there  
lke a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-  
thers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd upon me,  
till her pinck'd a porringer fell off her head, for kindling  
such a combustion in the State. I mift the Meteor once,  
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I  
my selfe from farre, some forty Truncheones draw to  
hers facour, which were the hope o'th Strond where she  
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at  
length they came to th'broome staffe to me, I defin'd  
'em still, when sodainly a File of Boys behind'em, loote fot,  
deliver'd such a shower of Bills, that I was faile to  
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Works, the  
Duell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.  
Port. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,  
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the  
tribulation of Tower Hall, or the Limbes of Limbehoue,  
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of  
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance  
these three days; besides the running Banquet of two  
Beadles, that is to come.  

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.  
Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?  
They grow stille too; from all Parts they are comming,  
As if we kept a Faire heere! Where are thes Porters?  
These lazy knaes? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?  
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all thefe  
Your faithfull friends o'th Suburbs? We shall haue  
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,  
When they passe backe from the Christianing?  
Port. And't please your Honour,  
We are but men and what so many may doe,  
Not being borne a pieces, we have done:  
An Army cannot rule 'em,  
Cham. As I live,  
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all  

By th' heelles, and sodainly and on your heads  
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaes,  
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when  
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets found,  
Th'are come already from the Christianing,  
Go breake among the presife, and finds away out  
To let the Troope passe fairly; or Ile finde  
A Marshalley, shall hold ye play these two Months.  
Port. Make way there, for the Princesse.  
Man. You are great fellow,  
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake.  
Port. You l'ch Chamblet, get vp o'th'raile,  
Ile pecke you o're the pales eile.  

Scena Quarta.  

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor,  
Garter, Crumner, Duke of Norfuke with his Marshalls  
Staffes. Duke of Saffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great  
standing Banners for the Christianing Gifts: Then seeu  
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchess  
of Norfuke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in  
A Mantle, &c. The Trumpets sound, a Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows  
The Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-  
dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-  
ter speakes.  

Gart. Heauen  
From thy endlesse gooodness, fend prosperous life,  
Long, and ever happier, to the high and Mighty  
Princesse of England Elisabeth.  

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.  
Gran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,  
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray  
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,  
Heauen ever laid vp to make Parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon you.  
Kin. Thank you good Lord Archbiphop:  
What is her Name?  
Gran. Elisabeth.  
Kin. Stand vp Lord,  
With this Kiffe, take my Blessing: God protect thee,  
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.  
Gran. Amen.  
Kin. My Noble Gossipes, y'haue bene too Prodigious;  
I thanke thee heartily: So shal this Lady,  
When she's so much English.  
Gran. Let me speakes Sir,  
For Heauen now bids me: and the words I vter,  
Let none thinke Flattery; for they finde 'em Truth.  
This Royall Infant, Heauen vlll moue about her;  
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiseth  
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,  
Which Time shal bring to ripeness: She shal bee,  
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse)  
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Saka was never  
More comteous of Wifedom, 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 shal Nurse her,  

Holy
Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counsel her;
She shall be loud and fear'd. Her owne shall bleffe her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days, Every 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 truly knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatness; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dies, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,
(When Heauen shall call her from this cloud 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 Servants to this choisen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever 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 bleffe Heauen.
King. Thou speakest wonders.
Graunt. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Prince; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But the must dye,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A most vnspotted Lilly she passe
to th'ground, and all the World shall mourne her.
King. O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, never 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 praiue my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receu'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 fike els. This day, no man think
'this businesse at his house; for all shall say:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. — Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Is ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an All or two; but those we fear
Who be frightened with our Trumpets: so 'tis clear,
They'll say it was naught. Others to beare the City
Abus'd extremly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither; that I fear.

All the expert good w're like to beare.
For this Play at this time, it only in
The mercyfull 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.

Finis.