The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

"Ving be heaven, with black, yield day to night; 
Comets importing change of Times and States,
And brandish your cygull Treffes in the Sky,
And with them loose all the all rejoicing Stars,
That have contrest into Henry's death:
King Henry the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne'er loft a King of so much worth.
Gloft. England ne'er had a King until his time:
Vertue he had, dangering to command,
His brandish Sword did blinde men with his beathes,
His Armes fired wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes reflect with wrathfull fire,
More dazed and douse back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce beat against their faces,
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall resume;
Upon a Woddren Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Writhe,
We with our blate presence glorifie,
Like Captains bound to a Triumphant Carre,
What shall we cure the Planetes of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we think the sublime-witted French,
Conisters and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verles have contriv'd his end,
Winds. He was a King, bleft of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his light,
The Batrailles of the Lord of Hofts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him to prosperous.
Gloft. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soon decay'd;
None doe you like, but an eneminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-sawe.
Winds. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And look to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, the holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou loue'th the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'lt,
Except it be to pray aginst thy foes,
But Carse, caste these strayes, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayes on vs,
In stead of Gold, we'll e'ere offr vp our Armes,
Since Armes assuate no not, now that Henry's dead,
Poteristic awaits for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers mofinished eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I muate:
Prayer this Realme, keep it from Cuiill Broyles,
Combat with aduenturous Planets in the Heavens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then Julius Cæsar, or brightest.

Enter a Messenger.

Messy. My honourable Lords, healths to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyens, Champagne, Birmingham, Orleans,
Paris Guivors, Poitiers, are all quite loaf.
Breif. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coastes?
Speake to'th, or the loffe of those great Townes
Will make him burth his Lead, and rise from death.
Gloft. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeilded vp?
If Henry were recall'd to life againe,
These news would caufe him once more yeild the Ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd
Meaf. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongt the Southers this is muttered,
That here you maintain feuerall Factiones;
And whil a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would have ingring Varies, with little cost;
Another would bye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without espence at all,
By guileful faire words, Peace may be obtray'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not flouth dimme your Honors, new begor;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luca in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.
Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theire Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Breif. Me they concur, Regent I am of France:
Give me my fleeced Coat, Ie fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in steed of Eyets,
To weep their intermituate Miseries.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mishance. France is revoked from the English quire, Except some petty Townes, of no import. The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes. The Balford of Orleance with him is Joyn'd: Reynold Duke of Anjou, d'Artois is in tour, The Duke of Alaron flyeth to his side, Exit. Exe. The Dolphin crownd King! all fly to him! O whether shall I fly from this approa'ch? Glof. We will not fly, but to our enemies threats. Bedford, thy hou shall fly from this refuge. Bedf. Glof, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? An Army have I matter'd in my thoughts, Wherewithal France is out-run. Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to add to your laments, Wherewith you now bedew King Henry heretofore, I must inform you of a dismal sight, Berov'd of the stout Lord Talbot, and the French, &c. What? wherein Talbot was assaught? The circumstance he tell you more at large. The tenth of August last, this dreadful Lord, Rejoicing from the Siege of Orleance, Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe, By three and twenty thousand of the French was found incompa'iled, and set upon: No lesure had he to enamke his men, He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers: In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges They pitched in the ground confounded, To keep the Horsemen off, from breaking in, More then three hours the fight continued: Where valiant Talbot, about humane thought, Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. Hundred he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him: Here, there, and every where enrag'd he flew. The French exclaim'd, the Devill was in Armes, All the whole Army fast agaz'd on him. His Soldiers fying his vaunted Spirit, A Talbot, a Talbot, city'd out amaine, And rush'd into the Bowers of the Battale, Here had the Conqueror fully beare dwp, If Ste John Falstaff had not play'd the Coward. He being in the Vatward, place belinde, With purpose to release and follow them, Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke. Hence grew the general wreak and massacre: Endoled were they with their Enemies. A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace, Thrift Talbot with a Spear in the Back, Whom all France, with their chiefes assembl'd strength, Durst not presume to looke once in the face. Bedf. Is Talbot TAne thus? I will play my selfe, For lining idly here, in pompe and cafe, Will't such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, Into his daibard foe-men is betray'd. 3. Mess. O no, he lives, but in the Prisoner, And Lord Seater with him, and Lord Hungerford. Most of the rest slau'th'er'd, or tooke likewise. Bedf. His Raniome there is none but I shall pay, He lachte the Dolphin headlong from his Throne, His Crowsne shall be the Raniome of my friend: Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours. Farwell my Maffers, to my Taskewill, I, Bonfies in France forthwith I am to make, To keepe our great Saint George's Feast withall. Ten thousand solder's with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 4. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is befeig'd, The English Army is grown weak, and faint: The Earl of Salisbury cruseth aply, And hardly keeps his men from routin, Since they to few, watch such a multitude. Exe. Remember Lords your Oaths to Henry Ivorne; Flyther to quell the Dolphin vertrey, Or bring in obedience to your yoxke. Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave, To goe about my preparation. Exit Bedford. Glof. He to the Tower with all the halfe I can, To view th'Artillerie and Munition, And then I will proclaim young Henry King. Exit Glofier.

Exe. To Elam will I, where the young King is, Being ordain'd his speciall Governor, And loe his parents there I will designe, Exit. wine. Each hath his Place and Function to attend: I am left out; for me nothing remains: But long I will not lacke out of Office, The King from Elam I intend to send, And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale. Exit.

Sound a Florest.

Enter Charles, Alanjon, and Reignier, Marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles, Mars his true moving, even as in the Heavens, So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne, Late did he finde the English side; Now we are victors, upon vs he smil's. What Townes of any moment, but we have As pleasure here we dye, neere Orleance: Otherwhiles the famit Encrypts, like pale Ghosts, Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth. Alan. They want their Porridge; & their fat Bul Beeneis: Eyther they must be dyed like Mules, And have their Provender & their moneths, Or pitious they will look, like drownted Mice. Reignier, Let's sayle the Siege: why lure we iedy here? Talbot is taken, whom we want to feare: Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury, And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre. Charles. Sound, Sound, loud Alarum, we will ruth on them. Now for the honour of the forlerne French: Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, When he leste me goe backe one foot, or flye. Exeunt. Here Alarum, they are beaten backe by the English, with great loss.

Enter Charles, Alanjon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who saw the like? what men have I? Dogges, Cows, Drovers, I would such aue fled, But that they left me mid the Enemies. Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, He fighteth as one wearey of his life: The other Lords, like Lyons wanting looide, Doe rupe vpun vs as their hungry prey.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Alas! from all men of arms, records, England all Oliver's and Roundheads bred, During the time Edward the third did reign: More truly now may this be verified; For none but Sancfous and Galtisfes It tendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne? Leastraw-won'd bastard, who would e'te suppose, They had such courage and audacity? Chafes. Let's leave this Towne, For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues, And hunger will enforce them to be more eager: Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth The Walls they'ere ear'd down, then for sake the Siege. Requies. I think by some odde Gimmons or Deuce Their Armes are felt like Clocks, still to strike on: If ne'er could they hold out so as they do: By my content, we'l be even let them alone. Alas! so. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.
Dolph. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs. Bast. Me thinks your looks are bad, your cheer appall'd. Hath the late outthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: A holy Maid hither with me I bring, Which by a Vixon sent to her from Heauen, Ordain'd is to rayfe this tedious Siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France: The spirit of deepe Prophecy he hath, Exceeding the nine. Style of old Rome: What's paft, and what's to come, she can defery, Speake, shall I call her in? beleev my words, For they are certaine, and unfaillible. Dolph. Goe call her in: but fift, to try her skill, Requies hast thou as Dolphin in my place: Question her proueuly, let thy Looks be iteme, By this means shall I found what skill the bath.

Enter Faie Pucel.

Requies. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt do these wondeorous feats? Pucel. Requies, is't thou thinekeft to beguile me? Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde, I know thee well, though neuer fecne before, Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me; In private will I talke with thee apart, I stand backe you Lords, and giue vs leave a while. Requies. She takes upon her brancie at first dash. Pucel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheardes Daughter, My wit vertuyn'd in any kind of Art : Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd To shine on my contemptible estate. Loue, whilst I was on my tennder Lambes, And to Sunnes parching heat displa'y'd my checkes, Gods Mother deigned to appere to me, And in a Vifion full of Maiestie, Will'd me to leave my bafe Vocation, And free my Countrie from Calamitie: Her ayde the promis'd, and affur'd faccerce, In compleat Glory she receiv'd her feile: And whereas I was black and swart before, With these clear Rays, which thee infused on me, That beautie am I blest with, which you may fee, Aske me what question thou canst possile, And I will answr unpresumticated: My Courage trye by Combat, if thou dar'ft, And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex. Requite on this, thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receivest me for thy Warlike Mate. Dolph. Thou haft assur'd me with thy high termes: Oney this proofe I'l of thy Valoure make, Dingle Combate thou shalt bucke with me; And if thou vanquish't, thy words are true, Otherwise I renounce all confidence. Pucel. I am prepare'd: here is my keen-edg'd Sword, Decks with fine Flower-de-Luces on eche side, The which at Toraines, St. Catharines Church-yard, Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chofte forth. Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I leere no woman. Pucel. And while I live, Ile ne'er bye from a man, Herethey fight, and Iane de Pucel overcomes. Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon, And fightest with the Sword of Deborah. Pucel. Churifs Mother helpes me, elle I were too weake.

Dolph. Who'eer he helpes thee, I thought that must help me: Imprudently I burne with thy desire, My heart and hands thou haft at once subdu'd, Excellent Pucel, if thy name be so, Let me thy seruort, and not Southeraigne be, 'Tis the French Dolphin foeth to thee thus. Pucel. I must not yeeld to any rigights of Loue, For my Profession is seruor from above: When I have chas't all thy Foes from hence, Then will I think upon a recompence. Dolph. Meane time looke graucious on thy prostrate Thrall. Requies. My Lord me thinks is very long in tale. Alas! Doubtlesse he figures this woman to her finck, Else were he could he long protract his speech. Requies. Shall we derebe him, since hee keepes no scene? Alas! He may meane more then we poor men do know, These women are firew'd tempters with their tongues. Requies. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on? Shall we giue o're Orleans, or no? Pucel. Why no, I say? distrustfull Recreants, Fight till the last galle: Ile be your guard. Dolph. What thee sayes, Ile confirme; we'e fight it out. Pucel. Affig'd am I to be the English Seorge. This night the Siege affuredly Ie rayfe: Except Saint Martinus Summer, Mahajny days, Since I have entred into thee Warses. Glory is like a Circle in the Water, Which never ceaseeth to enlarge it selfe, Till by broad spreading, it dipeartes to naught. With Harries death, the English Circle endes, Difperst are the glorie it included: Now am I like that proud infulting Ship, Which Cesar and his fortune bare at once. Dolph. Was Methemus inspir'd with a Doue? Thou with an Eagle art inspir'd then. Helen, the Mother of Great Constantine, Nor yet S. Philosophers daughters were like thee. Bright Starre of Fama, fake downe on the Earth, How may I reverently worship thee enough? • Alas! I leave off delayes, and let vs rayse the Siege. Requies. Wo.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

In sight of Pope, or dignitaries of Church,
Here by the Cheekes I'll drag thee vp and downe.

Gloft. thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Gloft. Winchester Gooft, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.

Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?

Thee Ile chafe hence, thou Wole in Sheeps array.

Our Tunny-Coates, our Scarlet Hypocrite.

Now Glosfers men best out the Cardinals men,
And enter in hereby Lastly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,

Come Officer, as low so e're thou canst cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,

Upon God Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you,

Thou hast no friend to God or to the King;

Open the Gates, or I'll put thee out of thy house.

Servingmen, Open the Gates into the Lord Protector,

Or we'll burne them open, at thy coming not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester

and his men in Towney Coates.

Wincheft. How now ambitious Vpmybeer, what means this?

Gloft. Piet'd Priest, doth't thou command me to be flout or?

Wench. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:

This be Damaluc, be thou curted Caue,

To flay thry Brothe Abyst of thou wilt.

Gloft. I will not flay thee, but Ile drive thee back:

Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,

Ile vpe, to carry thee out of this place.

Wench. Doe what thou darst it, I beard thee to thy face.

Gloft. What am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw men, for all this pratediled place,

Blew Coats to Towny Coates, Priest, be aware thy Beard,

I meant to tugge it, and to cuffle you soundly.

Vnder my feet I flame thy Cardinals Hat:
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them. Now do I watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernours.
Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
He neuer trouble you, if I may lay thee.
Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Terrace, with others.

Salish. Talbot, my life, my joy, against mine end?
How went thou handling, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Disconcre I preache on this Terrace yet.

Talbot. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Calld the brave Lord Ponte de Saincteau,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,
But with a bafer man of Armes by force.
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and wearied death,
Rather then I would be sold ilegall'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous false fellows wounds my heart,
With which I trust none save for my bafer Cell I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salish. Yet tell it thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tai. With scoffes and icomes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produce they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they in the Terror of the French,
The Scare-Crow that affrights our Children to,
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd flones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My gristy countenance made others fye,
None drif't come neere, for fear of subdaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my name mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barnes of Steele,
And spurre in pieces Peets of Aymant,
Wherefore a guard of choen Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but flire out of my Bed,
Ready they were to moove to the heart.

Enter the Daies with a Lingwack.

Salish. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be recon'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Olesance: Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let us looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrane, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your expresse opinions,
Where is bed place to make our Brave next?
Gargrane. I think at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glansdale. And I heare, at the Bulwakke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this citie must be bulfisht,
Or with light Skimmers enteBBled. Here they feast, and
Salish. O Lord have mercy on vs, we're bulfisht.

Gargrane. O Lord have mercy on me, wold man.
Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hast craft vs?
Speake Salisbury; at last, if thou canst, speake.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the wailes, by some apparent signe
Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you hall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Bourgundie, with sealing
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Bourgundie,
By whose approache, the Regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hating all day caroys'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting bitt to quittance their deceite,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorceries.
Red. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes forstode,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell,
Bar. Traitors have neuer other company,
But what's that Pauzel whom they tearme so pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.
Red. A Maid? And to be marriell?
Bar. Pray God the proue not malculine longe:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath began.
Tal. Well, let them praphite and converse with spirits,
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes,
Red. Acedence Talbot, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance feueral wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bar. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
Tal. And to this.

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graine.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, armes, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry. S, George, A Talbot.

The French leare are the wailes in their shirtes. Enter
several wayes, Baffard, Alanson, Regeur,
half ready, and halfe unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie for?
Bar. Vnoready? I and glad we leapt'd so well.
Reig. Twas time (I row) to wakeand leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venurious, or desperate then this.

Enter Charles and Ivanoe.

Baft. Thinkes this Talbot be a Friend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure fave him.

Aloof. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All haste, my Lords: Which of this Princely trayne Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts So much applauded through the Realmes of France?

Tab. Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him?

Mess. The verussian Lady, Countesse of Ouergue, With moste charitable harmony, Bade me oute and make him to speake. By her grace and by her goodnesse, I would yeeld such service to visit her, that she may boaste she hath beheld the man. Whole glory fills the World with lowd report.

Aloof. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Wainres Will turne unto a peacefull Cominck sport, When Ladies eraste to be encountered with. You make me merry, Lord, diverse my gentle face. Talb. Neere trueth me then, for when a World of men Could not presuayle with all their Orators, Yet hath a Womans kindeffe ouer-rul'd: And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes, And in obhaviour will attend on her, Will not your Honours beeke me company?

Mess. No, truly, its more then manners will: And I have hearde it sayd, Valbounen Guestes Are often welcome when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie) I mean to proue this Ladies courteous.

Come hither Captain, you perceiue my mind.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meanes accordingly.

Exeunt.

Aloon: Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:

They flye, leaving their Cloaths behind.

Sould. He be to bold to take what they have left:

The Cry of Talbot tierues me for a Sword,
For I have loadeen me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name,

Enter Talbot, Bidford, Burgundie.

Talb. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle oute-rayl'd the Earth.
Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuite.

Retreat. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here aduance it in the Market-place,
The middle Centurie of this cursed Towne.
Now haste I payd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For every drop of blood was drawnne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night,
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefes Temple I erect:
A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be inter'd:
Upon the which, that every one may see,
Shall be engraid the facks of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had bene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Offence,
I mule we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

I thought I should have scene some Herimans,
A second Hector, for his grant asephe,
And large proportion of his throng knit Limbes.
Atas, this is a Child, a sily Dusafe:
It cannot be, this weak and withfled Shrimp
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talk. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at Leygine,
I hope some other time to visit you.

Count. What manner he now?
Goe ask him, whither he goe?

Meft. Say my Lord Talbots, for my Lady erases,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talk. Marry, for that fere's in a wrong beleif.
I goe to certifie her Talbots here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. I thinke he be, then art thou Prisoner.

Talk. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I stay'd thee to my House,
Long time thy shadow had beene thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hange,
But now the subsance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne those Legges and Armes of thine,
That haue by Tyrannie these many yeares
Walled out of Country, from our Citizens,
And sent on Sonnes and Husbandes corpora,
Talk. Ha-ha-ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talk. I laugh to fee thy Ladyship so fond,
To thynke, that thou have outgude but Talbots shadow,
Woron to practive thy favourit.

Count. Whipt art not thou the man?

Talk. I am indecide,

Count. Then have I subsance too.

Talk. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are defea'd, my subsance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And half proportion of Humannitet:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contradictions agree?

Talk. That will I shew you presently.

Winds like Howes, Drummers strike up a Peale
Of Ordainances, Enter Sundries.

How say you Madame? are you now perverted,
That Talbots is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his subsance, finxes, armes, and strenght,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverteth your Townes,
And in a moment makes them defeaze,

Count. Vicious Talbots, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lefe then Fame hath bruted,
And more then may be gathered by thy flape,
Let my preumpption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talk. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor mischance
The minde of Talbots, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
But onely with your patience that we may
Take of your Wines, and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers stormacks alwayes come them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honored,
To feale so great a Warrior in my House.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Peels, and others.

Tyrk. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Cave of Truth?

Staff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Tyrk. Then say at once, if I maintaine the Truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the Error?

Staff. Faith I have bene a Tenant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law into my will.

Staff. I judge you, my Lord of Warrwick, then betweene vs,
W.r. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Gilde, which hatch the merriest eye,
I hate perhaps some falsho temper of Judgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillats of the Lawe.

Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

Tyrk. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearsance:
The truth appears so naked on my fide,
That any pursbide eye may find it out.

Staff. And on my fide it is so well apparrell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Talk. Since you are tongue-t'yd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbbe significues proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Staff. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours; and without all colour
Of base infamating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Staff. If I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And lay withall, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are crept from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Staff. Good Master Vernon, it is well obieded:
If I have feell'd, I subscribe in silence.

Tyrk. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainetie of the Cate,
I pluck this pale and Milden Blossome here,
Guing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Staff. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaft bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my fide so against your will.

Vernon. If I my Lord, for my opinion bleed.
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where full I am.

Staff. Well, well, come on, who elle?
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Lawyer, Yalle my Studie and my Booke bealle,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In figure whereof, I plucke a white Rose too.

Tarky. Now Somerset, where is your argument?
Soom. Here in my Scabbard, multiating that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Tarky. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses;
For pale they looke with fear, as writing
The truth on our side.

Soom. No Plantagenet.

Tarky. This is not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thine tongue will not confesse thy error.

Tarky. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?
Soom. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, Plantagenet?

Tarky. I shape and percing to maintain my truth,
Whiles thy confusing Canker cuts thee falsehood.

Soom. Well, I will find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where faile Plantagenet dare not be feece.

Tarky. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I see one thy faction, peecish, Boy.

Soff. Turne not thy frowmes this way, Plantagenet.

Tarky. Proud Poole, I will, and I will come both him and thee.

Soff. Ie turne my part thereof into thy throat,
Soom. Away, away, good William de la Poole,
We grace the Yeoman, by consulting with him.

Tarky. Now by Gods will thou wrong me, Somerset;
His Grandfather was Lyoyd Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England;
Spring Cellisse Yeomen from deeepe a Root?

Tarky. He beares him on the place's Privilege,
Or dut it not for his craves heart lay thus.

Soom. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plas of Ground in Christendome,
Was not thy Father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For Treacon executed in our late Kings days?
And by his Treacon, fland he not thou attained,
Corrupted, and extem from ancient Gentry ?

Tarky. My Father was attatched, not attainted,
Condemned to dye for Treacon, but no Traitor;
And this Ie prove on better men then Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you your selve,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Soom. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee fill:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes.
For thee, my friends, I pluck my rose in this world.

Tarky. And by my soul, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,
Vntil it wither with me to my Graue,
Or florinsh to the height of my Degree.

Soff. Go forward, and be check'd with thy ambition;
And so farewell unill I meet thee next.

Exit Soun. Haste with thee Poole: Furwell ambitious Richard.

Exit Tarky. How am I bauld, and must perforce endure
it? Warr. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whip out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Winchelsea and Glocester:
And if thou be not then created Tarky,
I will not lie to be accounted Warrick.

Meane time, in signal of my loue to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I vpon thy part weare this Rose.
And here I prophesie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall fende betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Souls to Death and deadly Night.

Tarky. Good Maister Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf we would pluck a Flower,
For in your behalfe full will I weare the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Tarky. Thanks gentle.

Cone, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drink Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Choyre,
and Lettard.

Wort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying Mortimer here refl hime selfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wreck,
So faire my Limbes with long imprisonment,
And thelgy Locks, the Purifante of death,
Neuer-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

Tiele Eyes, like Lampes, whose wavinge Oyle is venem,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weak Shoulder, euer Born with burthening Griefe,
And pytie Italia, like to a withered Vine,
That drope his baffe Italia Branches to the ground.
Yet are thelfe Feet, whole strength-baffe Styme is vanne,
(Visible to support this Lamp of Glory)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As winking into other comfort close.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet my Lord, will come:
We went to the Temple, into his Chamber,
And answere was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfyd,
Perusing, leaming his wrongs death equall mine.

Since Henry Mounmants first begun to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This lustious sequestrationuate I had;
And even since then, hath Richard beene obstrected,
Depriued of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Defraiures,
Just Defate, kinde Emperour of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dissipate me hence:
I would his troubles likewise with wife were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

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

Rich. I noble Vnkle, thus ignobly vs d,
Your Nephew late deforit Richard comes.

Wort. Direct mine Armes, I may enbrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gape.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiss,
And now declare sweet Stem from Tarkes great Stock.
Why did they shuie of late thou wert depis'd?

Rich. First.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Rich. Pithkleane thine aged Back against mine Armes, And in that case, lie tell thee thy Dispel.

This day in argument upon a Cafe, Some words there grew twixt Somerfor and me: Among which tearsme, he w’sd his laufh tongue, And did vpbryad me with my Fathers death: Which obloque set barres before my tongue, Else with the like I had requited him. Therefore good Vinkle, for my Fathers sake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance sake, declare the cause My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison’d me, And hath detayned me all my flowering Youth, Within a losesome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curled Infrument of his decease.

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

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit, And Death approach not, ere thy Tale be done.

Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depo’d his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire Of Edward the King, the Third of that Descent. During whose Reigne, the Percy of the North, Finding his Vmpiration most ynit, Endeavou’d my aduncation to the Thron.

The reason most thes Wustike Lords to this, W’s for that (young Richard thus remou’d, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Partnership; For by my Mother, I descended From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third: whereas hee, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Seing but foure of that Herouc Lyce, But marke: as in this haughty great attempt, They labour’d to plant the rightfull Heire, I los’d my Libertie, and they their Lives. Long after this, when Henry the Fifth, (Succeeding his Father Bolingbroke) did reliefe; 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 differe, Left an Army, vweeing to redeeme, And have infall’d me in the Diademe: But as the reft, to fall that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimer, In whom the Title refted, were suppress.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou feest, that I no Ifue have, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire, therefore, I with thee gather: But yet be wary in thy audacious care.

Rich. Thy grave admonishments presuye with me: But yet me thinkest, my Fathers execution Was nothing lefJe then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With fience, Nephew, be thou polltick, Strong fix’d is the House of Lanczfer, And like a Mountaine, not to be remou’d. But now thy Vinkle is remouing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy’d With long continuance in a feted place.

Rich. O Vinkle, would one part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the passage of thy Age.

Mort. Thou do it then wrong me, as I laughter doth, Which giveth many Wounds, when one will. Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely gue order for my Funeral. And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. dye. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule. In Prision hast thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermit out of thy days. Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Breif, And what I doe imagine, let that refi. Keepers consey him hence, and thy felle. Will see his Buryall better then his Life. Here dyes the duxisk Torch of Mortimer, Choskit with Ambition of the meaneer fort, And for these Wronges, those bitter Injuries, Which Somerfor hath off’d to thy House, I doubt not, but with Honor to retrefe. And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Eyther to be refored to my Blood, Or make my will th’advantage of my good.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Glover, Winchester, Warwick, Somerfor, Stokok, Richard Plantagenet, Glover offers to put up a Bill. Winchester schuches it, tears it.

Winch. Can’t thou with deep premadicated Lines? With written Pamphlets, ludiously devis’d? Humfrey of Glover, if thou cant accufe, Or ought intend it to lay into my charge, Doe it without inuenzion, suddenly. As I with fudden, and extemporal speech, Purpose to anwer what thou cant obiect.

Gla. Precumtiohsus Priest, this place comands my paucic, Or thou shouldt finde thou haft dis-honor’d me, Think not, although in Writing I pretend The manner of thy vile outragious Cynmes, That therefore I have not abled, or abled Verbaurn to rehearse the Method of thy Penne. No Prelate, such is thy audacious wicked nilfe, Thy lewd, peltiferous, and diffentions prancy, As very infants prattle of thy pride, Thou art a most pernicious Villain, Froward by nature, Enemye to Peace, Lascivious, wancon, more then well beennes A man of th’Profession, and Degree. And for thy Treherie, what’s more mercurial? In that thou layes’t it A Trap to take my Life. As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower, Peride, I fear me, thy thoughts were liftened, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From enuious mallice of thy dwelling heart. Wince. Glover, I doe defie thee, Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If we were courteous, ambitious, or puerile, As he will have me; how am I to oppose? Or how hap’s it, I seek not to advance Or rayle my felle, but keep my wonted Calling, And for Disputation, who preferreth Peace More then I doe? except I be provok’d. No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incend’d the Duke; It is because no one should sway but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breath.

And
And makes him take thee Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Gloste. As good?
Thou Baftard of my Grandfather,
Winch. 1, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one impetuous in another Throne?
Gloste. Am I not Protector, fairest Priest?
Winch. And am I not a Prelate of the Church?
Gloste. Yes, as an Owl-law in a Callie keepes,
And with it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Veneruntur cives regis.
Gloste. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remede this.
Warn. Rome shall thereto then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Smy. I see the Bishop be not over-homely:
Methinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warn. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbered,
It feareth not a Prelate's entreaty.
Smy. Yes, when his holy State is touched to the core.
Warn. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plunges his state of life out of his tongue,
Leaff it be said SpokesSircha when you should:
Muff your bold Verdick enter talkes with Lords?
Else would I have a flying at Winchester.
King. Wackies of Glosfer, and of Winchesteer,
The speciall Warch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuyse, if Prayers might preuyse,
To ioyn your hearts in louse and amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown;
That two such Noble Persons as ye should iatre.
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeare can tell,
Ciuii differtation is a vipersome Worne,
That guawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A writ within, Downe with the Tsawy-Coats.
King. What contriues this?
Warn. An Vp-koate, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A writ against, Stout, Stoutes.

Enter Major.

Major. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs.
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosfer men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockes full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Due pels so full at one anothers Pale,
That many have their giddy byrnes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compelld to shut our Shops.

Enter in scrow/f with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, an allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vackie Glosfer miteritise this thre.
1. Sermo. Nay, if we be forbidden Stonnes, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth,
2. Sermo. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Gloste. Not of my household, leave this puculius broyle,
And let this vanaccom'd flight aside.

3. Serue. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-wealth,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And hau our bodies slaughterd by thy foes,
1. Serue. I and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Gloste. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you louce me, as you say you doe,
Let me perlide you to forbear a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchesteer, behold
My dignities and tears, and will not once relent t
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should freely to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warn. Yeld my Lord Protector, yeld Winchesteer,
Except you meane with obfinate repulse
To fly your Sovereigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischief, and what Murder too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmities;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.
Gloste. Compasion on the King commands me to stoppe,
Or I would fee his heart, ere the Priest
Should ever get that priudelit edge of me.
Warn. Behold my Lord of Winchesteer, the Duke
Hath banished moody discontented fury,
As by his imoathed Browses it doth appeare:
Why looke you full so stern, and tragical?
Gloste. Here Winchesteer, I offer thee my hand,
King. Fie Vackie Beaforde, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grisious flame:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But preue a chief offender in the same.
Warn. Sweet Kings, the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchesteer relent;
What shall a Child instrue what you to doe?
Winch. Well Duke of Glosfer, I will yeeld to thee
Lone for thy Louse, and Hand for Hand I give.
Gloste. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This token seurich for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our felues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
King. Oh loving Vackie, kinde Duke of Glosfer,
How joyfull am I made by this Contra.
Away my Maffers, trouble vs no more,
But joyn in friendship, as your Lords have done.
2. Serue. And to will I.
3. Serue. And I will see what Pithick the Taurone a-

Exeunt.
Warn. Accept this Scrole, most gracious Sovereigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,
We doe exhibit to your Majestie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick; for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance,
You have great reason to doe Richard right,
Especially for those occasions
At Elton Place I told your Majestie,
King. And
The first part of Henry the Sixth.

King. And thofe occasions, Sack, were of force: Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be referred to his Blood.

Warw. Let Richard be referred to his Blood, So that his fathers wrongs be recompenced.

Winch. As will the reft, so willt let Winchefter.

King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone, But all the whole Inheritance I give, That doth belong unto the Haufe of York, From whence you spring, by Lineaill Decent.

Rich. Thy humble fervant waits obedience, And humble feruice, till the point of death.

King. Stopp then, and let your knee against my foot, And in regard of that dutie done, I gyft thee with the valiant Sword of York:
Rife Richard, like a true Plantagenet, And rife created Princely Duke of York.

Rich. And to thirde Richard, as thy foes may fall, And as thy dutie springes, so perifh they, That gudge one thought against thy Maiesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York.
Glof. Now will it beft beft all ye his Maiesties,
To croffe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyal Friends,
As it dif-animates his Enemies.

King. When Clyfford layes the word, King Henry goes,
For friendly counfaile cuts off many Foes.
Glof. Your Ships are alreadie in readiness.


Maeft Exeuter.

Exeuter. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to enfire.
This late diffention growne by the Peeres,
Burnes under fainted fiftes of forg'd loue,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As feene fiders room but by degree,
Till bones and befts and finewes fall away,
So will this base and enmuious discord breede.

And now I feare that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fif,
Was in the mouth of every luffing Babe,
That Henry borne at Monmouth fhould winne all,
And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is fo plainne, that Exeuter doth with,
His dayes may finifh, ere that hapleffe time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell difguif'd, with foure Souldiers with Sackes upon their backs.

Pucell. Thefe are the Cittie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Poleyli must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar fort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Comte,
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the flout-hill Watch but weak,
Tell by a figne glace notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks fhall be a meane to fack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers our Roan,
Therefore we'll knock.

Watch. Clofe it.

Pucell. Puaffons la pouvoir gens de France,
Poore Market flockes that come to fell their Comte,
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Afton, and others.

Charles. Saint Dennis bleffe this happy Stratagem.
And once againe we'll fliepe secure in Roan.
Baffard. Here enter Pucell, and her Pratificants:
Now she is there, how will she speake?
Here is the beft and fafteft pallage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once difcended, the wee that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakeffe) which the enter'd.

Enter Pucell on the top, throning out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talkhawes.

Baffard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our frind,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret flands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commne of Reuenge,
A Proportion to the fall of all our Peo.

Reig. Deferred no time, delays haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, prefently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excifion.

Talk. France, thou fhaile rue this Trefon with thy teares,
If Talbot but furviveth thy Treacherie.

Pucell. That Which, that cordain'd and Sodocerifte,
Hath wrought this Helpeff Mitchief unawares,
That hardly we ecape the Pride of France.

Exit.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without, within Pucell,
Charles, Baffard, and Chaffoner on the Wallis.

Pucell. God men of Calais, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinkk the Duke of Burgonie will fall,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'I was full of Darnell: do you like the fale?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shameleff Currizan,
I truft ere long to chace thee with shine owne,
And make thee fufe the Hamef of that Comte.

Charles. Your Grace may trade (perhaps) before that time.

Bed. Oh let no words, but deede, renenge this Trefon.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Break a Launce, and rumen =. Till at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talk. Poulc Feude of France, and Hag of all despiet,
Incompar'd th with infulli Paramours,
Becomes it thee to raue his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardije a man halfe dead?

Darnell, ile have a bowe with you againe,
Or elle let Talbot perifh with this Shame.

Pucell. Are ye fo hot, Sir; yet Pucell hold thy peace.
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counfel.

God spare the Parliament, who shall be the Speaker?

Talk. Dare.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Loft, and recovered in a day againe, This is a double Honor, Burgonie.
Yea Heuenes have glosy for this Victoarie.
Burg. Warlike and martiall Talbot, Burgonie
Infurnes thee in his heart, and there eredt
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Putell now e
I think her old Familiar is asleepe,
Now where's the Baffards braves, and Charles his glitk's?
What all amost? Roam hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young Henry with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleseath Burgonie.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late decaed,
But fee his Exequies fullfild in Roam.
A brauer Souldeier never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never swaye in Court.
But Kings and mightieall Potestates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alanouf, Putell.

Putell. Di'may not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roam is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrode,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock florease along his tayle,
Wye'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but wild.
Charles. We have been guided by thee hisbetro,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed drifft,
Baffard. Search out their wits for secret policies,
And we will make them famous through the World,
Alas! Wye'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Putell. Then thus it must be, this doth Isme deuise:
By faire perfusion, mix't with furged words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for Henrey Warrors,
Nor shoul'd that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extipected from our Prournces.
Alas! for euer should they be expul'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earle done here.
Putell. Your Honours flsh'll perceiue how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
Drame (stands atarde off.
Heare,by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching yno Paris-ward.
Here found an English March.

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

French Marchs
Now in the Rewarded comes the Duke and his:
Furtun in favour makes him lagge behinde,
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who creates a Parley with the Burgonie?
Puell. The Princeley Charles of France, thy Countryman.

Charles. Speake Puell, and enchaunt him with thy words.
Puell. Brave Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speak to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not one-sided.
Puell. Lookes on thy Country, look on tertiell France,
And see the Cities and the Townes deca.
By washing Reine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lovely Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
See, see the pining Madalie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturalle Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe haue given her woeful Breit.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that holpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countrie Bofoome,
Should grieve thee more then flames of forreigne gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And wash away thy Countrie flayed Spots.

Burg. Either the bate breathitt with me her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
Puell. Besides, all French and France excusses on thee,
Doubting the Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who sayst thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trueth thee, but for profits fayke?
When Talbot hath fet footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Infrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be trueth out, like a Fugitive.
Call we to mind, and marte but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisioner?
But when they heard he was chine Enemy,
They fet him free, without his Ranfome payd,
In spite of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou fight it against thy Countreymen,
And joynt it with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
And Charles and the reft will take the in their arms.
Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie worde of hers
Have bate reed me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almoft yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this haertie kind embrasse.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ie noe longer trueth thee.
Puell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaths.
Alas, Puell hath brately play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on my Lords,
And joyne our Powers,
And seek how we may predecide the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarrie.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchefter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with
his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talk. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeress,
Hearing of your arriual in this Realme,
I have a while giuen Truce vnto my Warses,
To doe my dutie to my Soveraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftte Fortrefles,
Twelve Cities, and feuen walled Townes of strength,
Befide fute hundred Prisioners of eftimme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with fulminifte loyalitie of war
Arith the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vuckle Gloucester,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glou. Yes, it pleaseth your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Capitaine, and victorious Lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father faid,
A fouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were refoluted of your truth,
Your faithfull servitce, and your cloyse in Warre:
Yet neuer have you tafted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with fo much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deferts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sect. 
Flourish. Exeunt.

Manus Vernon and Baffet.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of their Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorkes,
Dar't thou maintaine the former words thou spak't it?
Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enious barking of your favie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirs, thy Lord I honours as he is
Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorkes.
Vern. Hearke ye: no frow at witwetle take ye that.

Baff. Villain, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who do drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy defeart Blood.
But Ie vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong.
When thou that fee, I thee there to thy cost.
Vern. Well midicre, Ie be there as loone as you,
And after meete you, soon at then you would.

Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop let the Crownes upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Glo. No! Governor of Paris take your oath, that you faith no other King but him; Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious prafises against his State: This shall ye do, to helpe you rightous God.

Enter Fastolfe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice, To haue 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 (safe Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Cajun's legge,

Which I haue done, because (unworthy)

Thou wast enflamed in that High Degree,

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Daffard, at the barrel of our Friends,

When (but in all) I was of ten thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trufffe Squire, did run away,

In which affault, we lost twelve hundred men.

My felle, and divers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners,

Then judge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse;

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yes or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill becomming 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 haughty Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor thinking for Diftresse,

But always resolute, in most extremes.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,

Dost but vnappe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophesying this most Honourable Order,

And shoulde (if I were worthy to be judge)

Be quited degraded, like a fledge-borne Swaine,

That doth pretume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Counrnyen, thou hear'st thy dooms:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:

Henceforth we haft thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnkle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he haft chaung'd his Stile?

No more but plain and bluntly? (To the King.)

Hath he forgo're he is his Sovereigne?

Or doth this curtily Superinscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? I haue upon especiall cause,

A Map with incision of my Countrymen's wrackes;

Together with the piringfull complaints

Of faith in your oppression fleeter upon.

Forget your promises Faulcon, and winnow with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliaice, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such falce disguising guile?

King. What doth my Vnkle Burgundy resolve?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worste this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worste, and all (my Lord) he writes.

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

And give him chasiment for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But I am presented,

I should haue begg'd I might have beene employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march into him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deifying all

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Talbot.

Ver. Grant me the Comitate, gracious Sovereigne.

Baf. And me (my Lord) grant me the Comitate too.

York. This is my Scrunut, hear me Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) favour me.

Baf. Be patient Lords, and giue them leave to speake.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus excuse,

And wherefore cause you Comitate? 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

First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Baf. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow here with envious carping tongue,

Vpbraided me about the Rife I were,

Saying, the fanguine colour of the Leaues

Did represent my Mistres blushing cheekes:

When foolishly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argued betwixt the Duke of York, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearems.

In controversy of which rude reproach,

In defence of my Lords wordes hee,

I crave the beneift of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lords!)

For though he seeme with forged quent conscioe

To let a glosse upon his bold intent,

Yet know my Lord I was provok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

 Pronouncing that the palmeffe of this Flower,

 Bewray'd the faintesse of my Mistres heart.

York. Will not this malefic Somfetbe let be?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out,

Though we're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in braine-

fick men.

When for to fligher and frivolous a cause,

Such fichtous enlamentions shall arise.

Good chosen both of Yorke and Somfet,

Quize your felues (I pray) and be at peace.

York. Let this diffention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Som. The quareall toucheth none but vs alone.

Betwixt our felues let vs decide it then.

York. There is my pledge, accept it Somfet,

Ver. Nay, let itself where it began at first.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles, Then yet can be imag'd or suppos'd: But howsever, to all men that fees This tainting, doff'd of Nobilitie, This shouldering of each other in the Court, This factious bandying of their Favourites, But that it doth preface some ill event. 'Tis much, when Scepters are in Children's hands: But more, when Emrys breeds wynkide defiuion, There comes the ruine, there begins confusion, Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trompe and Drumme, before Bordeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Bordeaux Trumpeter, Summon their General vnto the Wall. Sounds. Enter General alio.

English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth, Servant in Armes to Harry King of England, And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates, Be humble to vs, call my Sovereigne yours, And do him homage as obedient Subjects, And I'll withdraue me, and my bloody power. But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Lese Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire, Who in a moment, even with the earthe, Shall lay your flatly, and eyre-braving Towers, If you forlike the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and carefull Owle of death, Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge, The periode of thy Tyrannie approacheth, On vs thou canst not enter but by death: For I proteste we are well fortified, And strong enough to slue out and fight. If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed, Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrions pitch'd, To wall thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canst thou tume thee for redreffe, But death doth from thee with apparant foyles, And pale deadness meetes thee in the face: Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament, To ryse there dangerous Artillerie Vpon no Christian foule but English Talbot: Loo, there thou standst a breathing valiant man.

Of an imvincible unconquer'd spirit, This is the lastt Glorie of thy prærie, That I thy enemy dew thee withall: For ere the Glasse that now begins to rume, Finishes the process of his ladyke hous: These eyes that fee thee now well colourd, Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Hakke, hakke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell, Sings heavy Mufiek to thy timorous foule, And mine holl ring theire departure out.

Exit. Talb. He Fables not, I heare the enemy: Out some light: Horrifymen, and pen theire Wings: O negligent and heerdlesse Discipline, How are we park'd and bounded in a pale? A little Hearde of England's timorous Deere, Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French Curres, If we be English Deere, be then in blood, Not Rascall-like to fall dowe with a pinch, But rather moodie mad: And desperate Sragges, Turne.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele;
And make the Cowards Hand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine;
And they shall finde decals Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Propper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York
with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That doe d the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meff. They are return'd my Lord, and gie it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your elypals were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which joynd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeaux)

York. A plague upon that Villaine Someret,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of housemen, that were leaved for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my syde,
And I amLowed by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot help the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessitie:
If the miscarie, farewell Warses in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Meff. Thou Princeely Leader of our English strengt,
Neuer to needfull on the earth of France,
Surely to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girded with a waife of Iron,
And hemd about with grim defluction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorkes,
Elle farseww Talbot, France, and Englands honor.
York. O God, that Someret who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee faue a valiant Gentleman,
By fortertyng a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weep,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.
Meff. O let our share succour to the disreft Lord.
York. He dies, we foes: I brake my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles: We loofo, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Someret.

Meff. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne young John, who two houres since,
I met in trauisle toward his warlike Father;
This feau yeeres did not Talbot fee his fonne,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Grave:
Away, vexation almost floppes my breath,
That fandred friends grieue in the house of death.
Lucie farewell, no moremy fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot syde the man.
Maison, lloys, vaytors, and Tours, are wonne away,
Long all of Someret, and his delay.
Exit Meff. Thus while the Vultur of fedition,
Feedes in the bofone of such great Commanders,
Sleeping negligence doth betray to loffe:
The Conquest of our scarle-'cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe,
Lites, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loffe.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by Turke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the outer-daring Talbot
Hath fullied all his gloffe of former honor.
By this vsheadfull, deperare, wilde adventure:
Talbot let him on to fight, and dye in flame,
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Capi. Hereis Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our once-matche forces forth for syde.

Som. How now Sir Williams, whether were ye sent?
Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L.Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold aduizie,
Cries out for noble Yorkes and Someret,
To beare syfaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody sweet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingering lookes for recusse,
You his false hopes, the trufe of Englands honor,
Keeps off afoose with worthlesse emolument:
Let not your private discors keep a way
The leuned succours that should lend him syde,
While he remownd Noble Gentleman
Yearld up his life into a world of odles.
Olesnce the Baffard, Charles, Burgwardie,
Alesoun, Reigndar, compass he about,
And Talbot perished by your default.

Som. Yorke fet him on, Yorke should have sent him syde,

Luc. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuted hoast,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. Yorke lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horfe:
I owe him little Dute, and lesse Love,
And take foule corse to fawme on him by fending.
Luc. The frand of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapp the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayd to Fortune by your firs.

Som. Come go, I will discharge the Horfemen strait,
Within five houres, they will be at his syde.

Luc. Too late comes refturce, he is base or flaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And flye would Talbot never thoght he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adies.
Luc. His Fame liues in the world, His Shame in you.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tuto thee in frafragems of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in thee reu'd,
When fifplicfe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But Osmall and ill-broading Starres,
Now thou art come vna a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnaundeyd danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swifteft horfe,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By fodie flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I flye? O, if you lose my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbot blood,
That basely flled, when Noble Talbot died.

Talbot. Flye, to requenge my death, that I be flame.

John. He that flyes to, will me returne againe.

Talbot. If we both fly, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me fly, and Father doe you flye:
Your life is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknowne, no life is knowne in me,
Upon my death, the French can little boast.
In yours they will, in all your hopes are lost.
Flight cannot flame the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'd say it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will fly,
If the first hour I drinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortallity.

Then ther Life, prefered with Invaine.
Talbot. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lie in one Tomb? John. I rather then life flame my Mothers Womb,
Talbot. Vpon my Bleffing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Poce.
Talbot. Part of thy Father may be said in thee.
John. No, my very Name is in me once.
Talbot. Thou never hast Renounne, nor canst not love it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talbot. Thy Fathers charge that clear thee from blaine.
John. You cannot witness for me, being blaine.

If Death be so apparent, then both fly.
Talbot. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never tainted with fuch flame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiſe of fuch blame?
No more can be ferved from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine dividde:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I.
For flue I will not, if my Father dye.
Talbot. Then here I take my leve of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ride by side, together lone and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot lea.

Talbot. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone,
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, intem'd with Captivitie,
Young Talbot Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me, I shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commene
Rough deeds of Rage, and serene Impatience:
But when my angry Guardain fled alone,
Tending my course, and safely'd of none,
Dazzle-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made me from his side to flar
Into the claturing Battale of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His out-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My laste, my Blosom, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Serm. O my deare Lord, loe where you. Sonne is borne,
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laughet's here to foern,
Anon from thy intuilgmg Tyranie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuittie,
Two Talbots winged through the litter Skie,
In thy delightfull shape Mortallity.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death, Speake to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath, Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no: Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe, Poorer Boy, he smites, 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 beare these harms. Souldiers attend: I have what I would have, Now my old arms are young. John Talbot gruece. Dyes.

Enter Charles, Alan, Sir Burgundie, Basfield, and Pucel.

Charles. Had York and Someret brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this. Basf. How the yong wholes of Talbot taging wood, Did filleth his punie sword in Frenchmen blood. Pucel. Once I encountered him, and thus I said: Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Male. But with a proud Majestick high converse He answered thus: Yon Talbot was not borne To be the pilage of a Giglet Wench: So rushing in the bowels of the French, He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. Basf. Doubtie we he had made a noble Knight: See where he lykes inhereted in the armes Of the most bloody Murfier of his harms. Pucel. Hiew them to peace, lack their bones affluend, Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder. Charles. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled During the life, let vs not wrong it. Enter Lucius.

Lucius. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent, To know who hath obtain'd the glory of day. Charles. On what subtile and merrie art thou bent? Lucius. Submission Dolphin to a most French word: We English Warrors wor's not what it means. I come to know what Prisioners thou hast take, And to surtey the bodies of the dead. Charles. For prisoners aske thou! Hell our prison is. But tell me whom thou seekst it? Lucius. But where's the great Acielides of the field, Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury? Created for his race successe in Armes, Great Earl of Shaldon, Warder, and Valence, Lord Talbot of Chichester and Firefelden, Lord Strange, Lord Constantine of Alton, Lord Cornwall of Wargayre, Lord Fennart of Shiffield. The thricest victorious Lord of Falconbridge. The noble Order of St George, Worthy Sir Michael, and the Golden Fleece. Great Marchall to Henry the sixt. Of all his Warrs within the Realme of France. Pucel. Here's a fuly flate file indeede: The Turke that two and fite kingdomes hath, Writeth not to tedious a Stile as this. Him that thou magnifit with all these Tides, Stinking and fly. Blowne eyes here at our feet. Lucius. Is Talbot blame, the Frenchmen only Scourge, Your kingdome terror, and blacke Nemesis? Oh were men eye - balls into Bullets turnd, That in rage might shoot them at your faces. Oh, that I could but call these dead to life, It were enough to fright the Realme of France. Were but his Picture left among you here, It would amaze the proud def't of you all. Give me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence, And give them Buriall, as becommes their worth. Pucel. I think this work is old Talbot's Ghost, He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit: For Gods sake let him have all his keys, To keep them here, They would but flanke, and purifie the same. Charles. Go take their bodies hence. Lucius. He beare them hence; but from their shews shall be reard A Phencis that shall make all France affraid: Charles. So we be rid of them, do with him what you will. And now to Paris in this conquering vaine, All will be ours, now bloody Talbot slaine. Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope, The Emperor, and the Earl of Arrinack? Gloucester. I have my Lord, and their intent is this, They humbly sue unto your Excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of, Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France. King. How doth your Grace affect their motion? Gloucester. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means To stop effusion of our Christian blood, And labout quietness on every side, King. Marry Vackel, for I always thought It was both impious and unmanly, That such immafy and bloody strife Should reigne amonge Prefiories of one Faith. Gloucester. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect, And furier binde this knot of amite, The Earl of Arrinacke neere knit to Charles, A man of great Authoritie in France, Professes his only daughter to your Grace, In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie. King. Marriage Vackel? Alas my yeares are yong: And fitter is my studie, and my Books, Than wanton dalliance with a Paramount. Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please, So let them have their anwers euer once; I shall be well content with any choyce Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale. Enter Winchelsey, and three Embassadors.

Exeter. What is, my Lord of Winchelsey install'd, And call'd vnto a Cardinall degree? Then I perceive, that will be verified Henry the Prit did sometime prophesie. I once he come to be a Cardinall, He'll make his cup coeeglall with the Crowne. King. My Lords Embassadors, yet your severall suites Have bin consider'd and debated on, Your purpose is both good and reasonable: And therefore are we certainly resolvd, To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Go. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd him his Highnesse is at large,
As liking of the Ladies virtuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the vallay of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

King. In argument and proofs of which contract,
Beseech him to accept, with all my affection,
And to my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exit. Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these great Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships fayre,
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudd Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
He either make thee hoppe, and bend thy knee,
Or facke this Country with a mutiny.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprise.

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proove
Of your accuton'd diligence to me.

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerful Regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may gain the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold menot with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile hop 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 have redresse My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

They flack their heads.

CANNOT my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England gie the French the toyle,

They depart. See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vall her lofty plum'd Creft,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.

My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckele with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Enter. Scena Tertia.

Entry of Charles, Bourgunde, a Lamon, Baffard, Regnier, and thou.

Charr. These news (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the foure Parisians do rcuclt,
And turne againe into the warlike French.

Lamon. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Baffard. Peace be enowgh them if they turne to vs,
Elfe rune comrade with their Palaces.

Entry Scena.

Scena. Success unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplies.


Scena. The English Army that distrest
Went amongst ye parties, is now conuoy'd in one,
And means to give you battell prefently.

Charr. Somewhat too faindaine Srts, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Barr. I truft the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Fear is most accurt.

Command the Conquett Charr, it is lye be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Charr. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exit. Alarums, Excursions.

Entry Ice of Pucell.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.

Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapses,
And ye choise spirits that adhonnt me,
And give me signes of future accidents:

You speedy helpee, that are substitutes

Enter Leve de Pucell:

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapses,
And ye choise spirits that adhonnt me,
And give me signes of future accidents:

You speedy helpee, that are substitutes

Thunder.

Oh stay:
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ferule vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, at Suffolkes friend, *She is going*
Oh day: I have no power to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As plays the Sunne vpon the glittering flame,
T'winkling another counterfeited beame,
So feemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Paint would I were her, yet I dare not speake:
I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pole, difable not thy felte:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heare?
Wilt thou be daunted as a Womans fight?
I: Beauties Princely Maitly is such,
'Confounds the tonge, and makes the linens rough.'
*Mar.* Say Earle of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What rancom must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisioner.
*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
*Mar.* Why speakest thou not? What rancom must I pay?
*Suf.* She is beautiful; and therefore to be Wooded:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
*Mar.* wilt thou accept of rancombe, yes or no?
*Suf.* Fond man, remembre that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Marguerite be thy Paramour?'
*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.
*Suf.* There is all mar'd: there lies a cooling card.
*Mar.* He talks at random: sure the man is mad.
*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may bee had.
*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me:
*Suf.* Ie win this Lady Marguerite. For whom?
*Mar.* Why for my King. Thus, that's a wondrous thing.
*Mar.* He talks of wood: I have none Carpenter.
*Suf.* Yet to my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace & blifh'd betweene thefe Realmes.
But there remains a femple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will forne the match.
*Mar.* Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyfure?
*Suf.* It shall be so, disdainne they're to much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reseale.
*Mar.* What though I be indrall'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dis honour me.
*Suf.* Lady, vouchefa to listen what I say.
*Mar.* Perhaps I shall be refus'd by the French,
And then I need not cause his present.
*Suf.* Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a caufe.
*Mar.* Tull, women have bene capitaine ere now,
*Suf.* Lady, wherefore talke you so?
*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quis que Quo.
*Suf.* Say gentle Princesse, would you not luppofe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
*Mar.* To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flave, in base slavery:
For Princes flould be free.
*Suf.* And so shall you,
Happy Englands Royall King be free.
*Mar.* Why what concerns his freedome vnto me?
*Suf.* I vnderstande to make thee Henry Queene,
To put a Golden Sceptre in thy hand,
And let a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt consider to be my:
*Mar.* What?

His lone.
*Mar.* I am worthy to be Henrys wife,
*Suf.* No gentle Madam, I am worthy am
To vowe to faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye content?
*Mar.* And if my Father please, I am content.
*Suf.* Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walls,
We'll cause a parley, to conferre with him,
*Sound.* Enter Reignier on the Wall.
See Reigniuer fey, thy daughter prisioner.
*Reig.* To whom?
*Suf.* To me.
*Reig.* Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Soullier, and vnap to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleffe.
*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Content, and for thy Honor give content,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her esie heald imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
*Reig.* Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?
*Mar.* Paine Marguerite knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faile.
*Reig.* Upon thy Princely warrant, I defend,
To giue thee answer of thy just demand.
*Suf.* And here I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

*Reig.* Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in Anjou what your Honor pleates.
*Suf.* Thankes Reigniuer, happy for to save a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with his King:
What answer makes your Grace into my suite?
*Reig.* Since thou dost daigne to use her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne, the Country Maine and Anjou,
From oppression, or the bache of Ware,
My daughter shall be Henry, if he please:
*Mar.* That is her rancombe, I deliver her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
*Reig.* And I againe in Henrys Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Give the her hand for signe of plighted faith.
*Suf.* Reignier of France, I giue thee Kindly thankes,
Because this is in Tracthe of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this cafe.
Ie ouer then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solenniz'd:
So farrewell Reignier, see this Diamond lafe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.
*Reig.* Reignier of France, I embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henry were he heare.
*Mar.* Farewell my Lord, good wives, praiers, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of Marguerite.
*Suf.* is going.
*Suf.* Fryall sweet Madam; but heare you Marguerite,
No Princely commendations to my King
*Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Servant, lay to him.
*Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed,
But
The first Part of Henry the Sext.

But Madame, I must trouble you again,
No losing Token to his Maiestie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with love, I send the King.

Saff. And this withall. Kesse her.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such pencill tokens to a King.

Saff. Oh went thou for my selfe? But suffered Nay,
That my safest not wander in that Lay, my Sheere
These Minions and vgye Treasons hurke,
Solicite Henry with her wonderous prise.
Bethink thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that exintinguish Art,
Repeat their famblance often on the Seas,
That when thou comit to kneele at Henrie leete,
Thou mayst because heam of his wits with wonder. Exit.

Enter York, Warwick, Sibbald, Peccel.

Ter. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemned to burne.

Shep. Ah love, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Hase I sought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Meth work thy timelie cruel death.

Shep. For evere daughter love, He live with thee.

Peccel. Deceiupt Miter, bale ignoble Wretch,
I am defendd of a gentler blood.

Ter. Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out, my Lord, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Paire knowes it.

Her Ladyneth lest, yet content.

Shep. My Lord, she is but a gentle wench.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Turke. This argueth what her kind of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and fo her death concludes.

Shep. Pye love, that thou wilt be so obstinat:

God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I spent many a teare.

Deny me not, I prichess, gentle love.

Peccel. Peradventure. You have thebouned this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Ter. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The mome that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blesting, good my Gyrie,
Wilt thou not floope? Now curst be the time
Of thy nativate; I would the Milke.
Thy mother gane thee when thou fakk'd her brest,
Hab bin a little Hare-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I with some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.

Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drap?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.

Ter. Take her away, for the hath left too long.
To fill the world with various qualitie.

Turke. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But inflatcd from the Progeny of Kings,
Vertuous and Holy, chosen 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,
And with the guiltie blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that Others hate,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass Wonders, but by helpe of ducle.

No misconceived, love of Acre hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought.
Whose Maiden-bloed thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

Turke. I will swain with her to execution.

War. And heart ye ye; for she is a Maide,
Spare for no Pagans, lest there be encon.
Place barretles of pitch upon the fatall flake,
That oher torture may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your vaelentling hearts?
Then love discounte shane imminence,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicids:
Murther not thees the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.

Ter. Now heaven forfind, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatst miracle that eere ye wrougthe,
Is all your stricke precifemce come to this?

Turke. She and the Dolphin have bin jujling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go we, we'll have no Bairdys lie, Especially since Girden must Faterd.

Puc. You are deceuyd, my childe is none of this.

War. I was Alasfor that ino dyd my lone.

Turke. Alasfor that notorious Maccheule?

It dyes, and if it had a thousand lines.

Puc. Oh give me leane, I have deyled you,

Ter. I was nether Charier, nor yet the Duke I stan'd,
But Redinger King of Naples that preuyd.

War. A married man, that's most inoffensible.

Ter. Why here's a Cyrlle, I think the knowes not wel
(There were fo many) whom the may accuse.

War. It's signe the hath beene liberal and free.

Ter. And yet forsooth the is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.

Puc. No intrest, for it is in vaine.

Ter. Then lead me hence with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sunne reflect his beams
Upon the Countrie where you make abode:
But darkneffe, and the gloomy fadde of death
Inuirion you, till Millesc and Diepaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your schites. Exit Enter Cardinal.

Turke. Breaks them in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou owle accursed miniftre of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Comission from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Haeu earefully implor'd a general peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aaspering French;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to concil the some Matter.

Turke. Is all our trannell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeces,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrel have beene outbroken,
And fold their bodies for their Countrie's benefit,
Shall we still conclude effiminate peace?

Turke. Have we not left most part of all the Townes
By Trenapol, Falshood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progeniors had conquer'd:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with greefe
The viter loffe of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorks, if we conclude a Peace
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Charles, Alaric, Balfour, and Regnier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peacefull truce shall be proclaimed in France, We come to be informed by your felices, What the conditions of that league must be.

Terk. Speak, Winecheffer, for boisting choller choaks The hollow passage of my paynfor'd voyce, By sigh of thee our baulefull enemies. Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: That in regard King Henry gives content, Of meere compassion, and of lenity, To ease your Crounthe of direfull Worre, And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, You shall become true Liegenmen to his Crowne. And Charles, upon condition thou wilt favore To pay him tribute, and submiestyfie, Thou shalt be plac'd a Vicerey vnder him, And all enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alar. Mult he be then as shadow of himselfe? Adorne his Temples with a Coronet, And yet in submißion and authoritie, Retaine but prindlyghe of a private man? This proffer is abased, and resaileffle.

Char. This knowes already that I am possf't With more then halfe the Gallian Territories, And therein requerr'd for their lawfull King. Shall I for lerce of the reft vn-vanquiff'd, Detraff so much from that prerogative, As I be called but Vicerooy of the whole? No Lord Ambassadour, I rather keep I that which I hate, than coneying for more Be caft from possibility of all.

Terk. Influfing Charles, shast thou by feter meanes W'sd interccion to obtain a league, And now the matter growes to comprize, Stand'th thou aboe' byon Comparison. Either accept the TIBE thou winp'it, Of benefite proceedyng from our King, And not of any challenge of Defett, Or we will plague thee with incessant Worres.

Reg. My Lord, you do not well in obbligation, To canill in the course of this Contract. If once it bee negelg't, ren't to one We shall not finde like opportunity. Alar. To say the truth, it is your policie, To faze your Sabitacs from fach mischeffe, And ruthleffslaughters as are dayly scene By our proceedyng in Hapitiety, And therefore take this compacts of a Truce, Although you break it, when your pleasure ferues. War. How fayst thou Charle? Shall our Condition stand?

Char. I shall.

Deste refer'd, you claime no interceff In any of our Townes of Carifon. Tur. Then fware allegeance to his Maiestie, As thou art Knight, neuer to disloye, Nor be Rebellions to the Crowne of England, Thou not thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England. So, now difmissey thy Army when ye please: Hang vp thy Ensignes, let your Drummess be still, For here we entertaine a solenne peace.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed,
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be prefered.
For what is wedlocke forsett but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continual strife;
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of Celestiall peace,
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerlesse feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fitt for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.

I feele such sharpe dillention in my breast,
Such fierce avarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do yowlsafe to come
To croste the Seas to England, and be crowned
King Henryes faithfull and appointed Queene.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I refled perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vaclle) banish all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Nor what you are, I know it will excite
This sedaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, wherefrom company,
I may resoule and ruminate my greefe.

Exit. Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

FINIS.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preui'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did;
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.
Exit.