The second Part of Henry the Sixth,
with the death of the Good Duke Henry
HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaumonde on the one side.
The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk.

Suffolk: By your high Imperial Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicily,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calais, Brittany, and Alanjon,
Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Ethopians.
I have perform'd my Taske, and was eipour'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeress,
Deliver vp my Tale in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happyest Gift, that ever Marquess gave,
The Fairer Queene, that ever King receiued.
King. Suffolk arise. Welcome Queen Margaret,
I can express no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kiss: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repeate with thankfullesse:
For thou hast giv'n me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessing to my soule,
If SImpathy of Loue wvite our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Besdes,
With you mine Elder Inself Souteraigne,
Makes me the bolder to falure my King,
With touter termes, such as my wit affords,
And over joy of heart doth minister.
King. Her fight did raife, but her grace in Speech,
Her words ryclad with wisdomes Maiety,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes:
Such is the Fulness of her hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
All kneeled, Long live Q. Margaret, England's happiness.
Queen. We thank you all. Flourish.

Suff. My Lord Protector, so pleas'd your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracd peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightene moneths concluded by convent.
Glos. Read. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and william de la Pole Marquess of Saffolke, Am-
buscador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry that
schoose the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Renuer King of
Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, are the thirtieth of May next ensuing.
Item, That the Empry of Anny, and the Couney of Main,
shall be releas'd and delivered to the King her father,
King. Vnkle, how now?
Glos. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some foudaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
King. Vnkle of Wincheffer, I prays read on.
Win. Item, It is further agree betweene them, That the
Duchesse of Anny and Main, shall be releas'd and delivered
over to the King her Father, and freely sent over to the King of
Englands own proper Coys and Charges, without being any
Duty.
King. They please vs well. Lord Marques knoud down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
17h parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Besfull expy'd. Thanks vnkle Wincheffer,
Glotfer, Yorke, Buckingham, Someret,
Satisbanie, and Warwicke.
We thank you all for this great faiour done,
In entertainment to my Princke Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede proside
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queen, and Suffolke.

Mones the ryll.
Glos. Brune Peers of england, Pillers of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey mull yeold his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What's did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His value, coin, and people in the warres?
Did he of often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To keepe by policy what Henry gec:
Have you yourfaire, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receivde deepse fears in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnkle Berford, and my fife,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, fat in the Counsell houfe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his inceance,
Crowned in Paris despite of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henrys Conqueft, Berford's vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peires of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatail this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Racing the Chamberlans of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Violeing all as all had never bin.

Car. Nephe, what meanes this passionate discouer:
This preteration with fuch circumfance;
For France, tis ours; and we will keep it still,
Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossibl to be done.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roft,
Hath given the Dutche of Anjou and Normandy,
Vnlo the poore King Reginarde, whole large style
Agres not with the jeaneshee of his purtie,
Sad. Now by the death of him that dyed for all; these Countyes were the keyes of Normandie:
But werefore weepes Warwick, my valiant fomne?
War. For greete that they are paft recounted.
For were there hope to conquer them againe;
My sword should flie hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and Maine? My felie did win them both:
These Provinces, thofe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Doleuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dine.
York. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be bufficate,
That dimit the Honor of this Warlike fille:
France shoul haue tome and sent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings haue had
Large fummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King Henry gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper lief, and never heard before,
That Suffolk shoul demand a whole Fiftenth,
For Golds and Charges in transporting her:
She shoul have flaine in France, and flai'd in France before.

Car. My Lord of Goffefer, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleafure of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Wickenher, I know your minde.
Tis not my speeches that you do unlike:
But tis my prefence that doth trouble thee,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face.
I fee thy turie: If I longer flay,
We fhall begin our ancient bickering:
Lordings farewell, and fay when I am gone,
I prophefed, France will be flo here long.
Exit Harford.
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy.
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fere me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And he is apparant to the English Crowne;
Had Henry got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdome of the West,
There's reafon he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing wordes
Bewitch your hearts, be wife and circumspecte.
What thought the common people发音, calling him, Harfey the good Duke of Goffe?
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Tell me in the furface of your Royall Excellence,
With God préfrared the good Duke Harfey.
I fere me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Bus. Why should he then protect our Soveraigne?
He being of age to governe of himfelfe.
Cofin of Somerset, joyn ye with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoyle Duke Harfey from his feate.

Car. This lightly businesfe will not brooke delay,
He to the Duke of Suffolk prefently.

Som. Coffin of Buckingham, though Harfey's pride
And greatnesse of his place be greete to vs,
Yet let us watch the honour of the Cardinal,
His infolence is inftantly intolerable.
Then all the Princes in the Land before,
If Goffe be displeas'd, he'll be Protector.

Bus. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Defepe Harfey from the Cardinal.

Ext Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him,
While thefe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooves vs to labour for the Realme.
I never faw but Harfey Duke of Goffefer,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman.
Oft have I fene the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Souldier then a man of Church,
As flout and proud as we were Lord of all,
Sware like a Polifhan, and demean himfelfe,
Vilke the Ruler of a Commonwealth,
Warwick my fomne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deets, thy plainfife, and thy houfe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greteft favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Harfey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Ally in Ireland,
In bringing them to euill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honord of the people,
Joyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridge and suppresse
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Soveraines and Buckingham's Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Harfey's deeds,
While they do tend the proffit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwick, as he loues the Land,
And common proffit of his Countrie.

Tom. And to fayes Yorke,
For he hath greatfe caufe.
Salsbury. Then les make halt away,
And looke into the maine.
Warwick. Vinto the maine?
Oh Father, Catane, loffe,
That maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, to long as breath did lefe.
Main chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
Exit Warwick and Salisbury. Mantel York.
York, Amen and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two dukedoms for a Duke's faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is it to change
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own;
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pilage,
And purchase Friends, andidue to Carcassons,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And flacks his head, and trembling hands about,
While all is shaf'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to flerue, and dare not touch his own.
So Yorke must sit, and fleet, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the trallal brand of Athos bunt,
Where the Prince of Wales doth stand;
Amen and Maine both given unto the French;
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I hau of fertile England's foile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neues parts,
And make a show of loure to proude Duke Humphrey,
And when I spy aduantage, claim the Crowne,
For that's the Golden mark I seek to his
Not shall proud Lancaster v forfeiture my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fift,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whole Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be full a-while, till time do ferue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till House in Uterque in joys of love,
With his new bride, & Englands deere beate Queene,
And Humphrey with the Peers be faite at iars;
Then will I raise aloft the Milkes-white Rofe,
With whole sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfumed,f
And in and in my Standard beare the Arms of Yorke,
To grappling with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce he make him yield the Crowne,
Whole bookish Rule, hath pull'd of faire England downe.
Exit York.
Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Elizur.
Elis. Why droopes my Lord like over-rig'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plentiful load?
What doth the Great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the Favour of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fallen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dimme thy sight?
What frett thou there? King Henry Diadem,
Inchaed with all the Honors of the world?
Hes, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vantill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is it too short? It lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heas a vp;
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And power more shame our fight so low,
As to touchaste one glance unto the ground.
Hym. O Neil, sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Cancer of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world,
My troubous dreams this night, doth make me sad.
Elis. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'll requite it.
With sweet rehearseful of my mornings dream.
Hym. Me thought this stiffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by thy Cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreams, what it doth bode God knowes.
Elis. Tris, this was nothing but an Argonous,
That he breaks a sticke of Gloftier grose,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But lift to me my Humphrey, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sete in Seate of Majesty,
In the Cathedra Church of Welfynfier,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were crown'd,
Where Henry and his Name Marygaret knde'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem
Elis. Nay Elizur, then must I chide outright;
Presumptious Dame, ill-nature'd Elizur,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protector's wife belon'd of him?
Hast thou not worldely pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treasurie,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy felle,
From top of Honor, to Dilpciones fete.
A way from me, and let me heare no more.
Elis. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With Elizur, for telling but her dreams?
Next time I cleare my dreams vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.
Hym. Nay be not angry, I am pleased again.
Exit Elizur.
Meff. My Lord Protector, this his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto St. Albuns,
Where as the King and Queense do meane to Hawke,
Follow I must, I cannot goe before,
While Glofster beares this baste and humble minde,
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious thumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headeslie neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you thers? Six Tows may fesse not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee & I.
Enter Hym. Hym. See prestre your Royal Majestye.
Hym. But by the grace of God, and Homes advice,
Your Grace Titles shall be multiplied.
Elis. What saith thou man? Halt thou as yet condered
With Margerie Jorndane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bollingbrook the Conjuror?
And will ye undertake to do me good?
Hym. These they have promiseth to shew your Highnes
A Spirit raised from depth of under ground,
That noon she made answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him,
Elioun. It is enough, I think upon the Questions; When from Saint Albans we doe make returne,
Wee see all those things effectually to the fall.
Here Homes, take this reward, make merry man.
With thy Colleagues in this weightie cause.
Exit Elioun.
Homes. Homes must make merry with the Ducheiff Gold.
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir John Homes?
Seale vp your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The bellinthe asked silent ferrecce.
Dame Elioun, gues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come ammfie, were the de a Deuill;
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet doe finde it so: for to be plain.
They (knowing Dame Elioun aspiring humor)
Hate mynd me to vender-mine the Ducheiff,
And buzzze their Contestions in her brayne.
Theys, A craftie knave doe not goe broke,
Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinals Broke.
Home, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaves.
Well, it is (and thus); and yet I see at ll.
Homes Knauerie will be the Ducheiff Wraske,
And her Accracturer, will be Humphreyes fall;
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all.
Exit.

Enter three or some Petitioners, the Armours.
Man being one.
1. Pet. My Masters, let’s stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.
2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for he’s a good man, lea blest him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.
Peter. Here a comes me thinks, and the Queen with him: He be the first fire.
Suff. How now fellow? would it any thing with me?
Queen. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them; what is thine?
5. Pet. Mine is, and t’please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houte, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that’s some Wrong indeed.
Peter. Against my Master: Thomas Horner, for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crown.
Queen. What say’st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, he was rightfull Heire to the Crown?
Peter. That my Mistresse was no forroot: my Master told, that he was, and that the King was an Usurper.
Suff. Who is there?
Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Puri-

Queene. And as for you that loye to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protecorz Grace,
Begin your Sutes anew, and fui to him,
Tears the Supplication.
Away, base Cullions: Suffolk let them goe.
All. Come, let’s be gone.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guile?
Is this the Falsions in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltes of Albions King?
What, shall King Henry be a Puppil full,
Vnder the furry Ghoftes Governance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I telle this Pode, when in the Gite Town;
Thou ranst a S. in honor of my Lune,
And flot’t away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had reftablishe thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Propotion;
But all his minde is bent to Holinelle,
To numbet Ant-Maries on his Beads:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Savoys of Faith and Wise,
His Staffe is his Tis-yard, and his Loutes
Are brazen Images of Canonical Saints,
I would the Colledge of the Cardinall
Would chufe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And fet the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinelle.
Suff. Madame be patient; as I was caste.
Your Highnesse came to England, to will I,
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queene. Bedefe the haughty Protector, haue we Beaford.
The impierous Championships, somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York, and not the leafe of thel;
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Canno doe more in England then the Newell;
Sathoury and Harwick are no simple Peecers.
Queen. Not all these Lords do vse me halfe so much,
As that proved Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife.
She sweepes it through the Court with groups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreyes Wife.
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queen;
She bears a Dukez Reuerewes on her backes,
And in her heart she fosteres our Povertie;
Shall I not lie to be sweng’d on her?
Contemnous base-born Callot as she is,
She vaunted monget her Minions oth day.
She very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth than all my Fathers Lands.
Till Suffolk gave two Dukevdomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madame, my selle haue lyn’d a Bush for her,
And plac’d a Quieter of such enduing Birds,
That she will light to liben to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her reft: and Madame lift to us,
For I am bold to countaine you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey in ditgrace.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one we’re weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steer the happy Heeme. Exit.

Sounded a Sonnet.

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal, Backingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duke.

King. For thy part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or York, all’s one to me.
York. If York have ill demean’d himselfe in France,
Then let him be dement’d the Regent thence.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the Place,
Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.
Warne. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Difpute not that, York is the worthy.
Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speake.
Warne. The Cardinal’s not my better in the field.
York. All in this prefence are thy better, Warwick.
Warne. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Salsh. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Backingham.
Why Somerset should be prefer’d in this?
Queen. Because the King fortooth will have it so.
Humph. Madame, the King is old enough himself.
To give his Crown; These are no Women matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protecor of his Excellence?
Humph. Madame, I am Protecor of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will reignge my Place.
Suff. Refigne it then, and leave thine influence.
Since thou wast King, as is thyselfe, but thou
The Commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath pressti beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Hast beene as Building-men to the Soueraigne.
Card. The Commons haft thou tackt, the Clergiers Baggs
Are lane and lean with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Aytary
Have coft a masse of publique Treasure.
Back. Thy Cruelty in execution
Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee in the mercy of the Law.
Queen. Thy fall of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the upbeld is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humphrey.

Give me my Fanne: what, Mylton, can ye not?
She gives the Dukestiffe a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, Madame, was it you?
Duch. Was’t? yes, it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come nearer your Beautie with my Naples,
I could lett my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Auncet be quiet, was against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? look to’t in time,
She’ll hampre thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moff Matter were no Breaches,
She’ll not shrike. Dame Elizan upon my gendour.

Exit Elizan.

Back. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elizan,
And liften after Humphrey, how he procedes:
She’s tickled now, her Fanne needs no furres,
She’se gallop faire enough to her destruction.

Exit Backingham.

Humphrey. Now Lords, my Choller being outer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affairs.
As for your sightfulfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I yle open to the Law;
But God in mercie to deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie lose my King and Country.
But to the matter that we have in hand;
I say, my Soueraigne, York is meekest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, gie me leue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most well meet of any man.
York. Ile tell thee, Suffelcy, why I am meekest.
First for I cannot flatter thee in Pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without Discharge, money, or Furniture,
Till France be wone to the Dolphins hands:
Last time I dance’s attendance on his will,
Till I was being’d, famillies, and loof,
Warne. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fae.
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick:
Warne. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armerour and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus’d of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke exucse himselfe.
York. Doth any one accus’e York for a Traytor?
King. What mean’t thou, Suffelcy? tell me, what are thee.
Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accus’e his Master of High Treason;
His Words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightful Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was a Vrurer.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armerour. And shall please your Maiestie, I never sayd
not though any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am
fully accus’d by the Villaine.
Peter. By these tenn bones, my Lords, he did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were lecting
my Lord of Yorkes Armerour.
York. Bal Dungill Villaine, and Mechanick,
Ile haste thy Head for this thy Traytones speach:
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.
Armerour. Asa, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake
the words: my accuser is my Prentise, and when I did cor-
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his
kneu he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of
this I therefore beseech your Maiestie, doe not call
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
King. Vuckle, what shall we say to this in law?
Humph. This doone, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be Regent of the French,
Because in York this bredes suspition;
And let thef have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his tenants mislice;
This is the Law, and this Duke Humphrey doone.

Som. 1
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Gward and break in.

Duke. Lay hands upon thee Trumors, and their tracts: Beldam I think we watch you at an yncch.
What Madame, are you therewith the King & Commonswele Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well quier'd for these great defects.

Enter. Not half so bad as thine to Englands King,
initious Duke, that theacteft where's no cauche.

Duke. True Madame, none at all; what call you this? Away with them, let them be clape vp clofe; And keps affunder; you Madame shall with vs.

Enter: We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away.

Duke. Lord Buckingham me thinks you watch her well: A pretty Plot, well choen to build vp on,
Now pray my Lord let's see the Devils Writ,
What base we here be? Reads.

Duke. The Duke yet lives, but Henry shall depose:
But him out-tide, and dye a vident death; Why this is shift that Buccheras vincer quillos,
Well, to the rest: Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By Water shal he dye, and take his end.
What shal be betide the Duke of Somerset?

Enter Elenor aloft.

Elenor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this scene, the sooner the better.

Duke. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times; Depe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire.
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graves; That time belte fits the worke we have in hand.
Madame, fit you, and feare not; whom wee rayfe,
We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge,
Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circles,
Bullinbrook or Samwell reader, Conranoe te, &c. It Thunders and Lightnesse terribly: then the Spirit refeth.

Spirit. Ad fem. Frith. Afmai, by the eternall God,
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Anwere that I shal ask: for till thou speake,
Thou shal not passe from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.
Bulling. First of the King: What shal of him becomte?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-lie, and dye a vident deade.
Bulling. What fares await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By Water shal he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shal beft of the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him thun Cattles, Safer shal he vp on the fandle Planes,
Then where Cattles mounted stand.
Hau done, for more I hardly can endure,
Bulling. Difcend to Darkpoe, and the burning Lake: False Fiend auido.

Thunder and Lightnesse. Exit Spirit.
Card. I thought as much, he would be about the Clouds.

Gloft. I say my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?

King. The Treasure of euerlasting Joy.

Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts

Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,

Pernicious Protecor, dangerous Perre,

That smooth it is so with King and Common-wealth.

Gloft. What, Cardinal?

Is your Priest-hood grownesse perceptible?

Tauau animo Cellejbus ira, Church-men so hot?

Good V内科 hee such malice;

With such Holyneffe can you doe it?

Suff. No malice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrel, and so bad a Perre.

Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protecrship.


Queen. And thine Ambition, Gloster.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,

And what not on these furious Perre,

For blest are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blest for the Peace I make

Against this proved Protecror with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy V内科ke, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloft. Make vp no fashions numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person anwere thy abufe.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peep:

And if thou dar'st, this Efting?

On the Eft side of the Grove, 

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put vp the Fowlke so suddenly,

We had had more sport,

Come with thy two-hand Sword,

Gloft. True V内科ke, are ye advis'd?

The Eft side of the Grove:

Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why how now, V内科ke clofier?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Prietst,

He shewe thy Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall flye.

Card. Medle no more, Protecror fee to't well, protecr

your felte.

King, The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkisome is this Mufick to my heart?

When such Strings iatre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this Mifri.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What means this noyse e?

Fellow, what Miracle doth thou proclaime?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffalke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine,

Within this halfe hour hath receiv'd his sight;

A man that ne'er saw is his life before.

King. Now God be praie'd, that to beleeting Soules

Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Card. Here comes the Towns-men, on Proces,ion,

To present your Highness with the man,

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his fight his finne be multiplied.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him here the King,

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good fellow, dwell we here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord,

What hath thou benne long blinde, and now restored?

Simp. borne blinde, and please your Grace.

Wife. I tindeede was he.

Suff. What woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and like your Worships.

Gloft. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st have

better told.

King. Where were thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:

Let never Day nor Night withallowed paffe,

But full remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good-fellow.

Can't thou here by Chance, or of Denotion,

To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Denotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and often,

In my bereed, by good Saint Alban:

Who for, Symes, come, come offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Moll true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,

To call him fo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almightye helpe me.

Suff. How can'st thou fo?

Simp. A fall of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne fo, Master.

Gloft. What, and wouldst chiefly a Tree?

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

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

Gloft. 'Maffe, thou didst Out Pumisses well, that would'st

venture fo.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my wife defired some

Dawnons, and made me clime, with danger of my Life.

Gloft. A subtile Knau, but yet it shall not serue:

Let me see thine Eyes; wincke now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thank God and

Saint Albones.

Gloft. Say'lt thou me fo: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Gloft. Why that's well saied: What Colour is my

Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Blacks, as jet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet I think'le, Jet did he never see.

Gloft. But
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life,
Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simp. Alas Mafter, I know not.
Gloft. What's his Name?
Simp. I know not.
Gloft. Nor his?
Simp. No indeede, Mafter.
Gloft. What's his owne Name?
Simp. Soonder Simpson, and if it please you, Mafter.
Gloft. Then Soonder, sit there, The Hyng't Knase in Chriftendome.
If thou haft beene borne blinde,
Thou mightt it as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the feveral Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diftinguith of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint Albones here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunninp to be great,
That could reforme this Cripple to his Legsges againe.
Simp. O Mafter, what could you?
Gloft. My Maffers of Saint Albones,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippers?
Mafter. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace,
Gloft. Then send for one presently.
Simp. Sirrha goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by,
Now Sirrha, if you mean to cause your felde from Whipping,
leape me over this Stoole, and rane away.
Simp. Alas Mafter, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

End a Beadle with Whiper.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whipp me till he leape over that lame Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doubter, quickly.
Simp. Alas Mafter, what shall I doe? I am not able to
stand.
After the Beadle hath bit him once, he leapes over the
Stoole, and runnes away; and they
 follown, and cry, A Miracle!
King. O God, I feele this, and beare it too long?
Queen. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine ruine,
Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drag away.
Wife. Alas Sirrha, we did it for pure need.
Gloft. Let the be whippe through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Barkwine, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke Humphrey's done a Miracle to day.
Simp. True, made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham,

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?
Back. Such as my heart doth trouble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, ioyfully bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacy

Of Lady Ellesmer, the Protectors Wife,
The King-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Hauing prach't dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raying vp wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Privie Counsell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.
Card. And to my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London,
This News I think hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your house.
Gloft. Ambitious Churchmen, I leave to afflick my heart:
Sorrow and griefe have vanquished all my powers;
And vanquished as I am, yeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischines work the wicked ones!
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby,
Queen. Glitter, see here the Tainture of thy Neit,
And looke thy selfe be fauultifely, thou wert belte.
Gloft. Madam, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How have I lou'd my King, and Common-welte:
And for my Wife, I know not how it standes,
Sorry I am to heare what I have heare.
Noble thee is; but if thee have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conversely to thine
As like to Pynch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glitter honor Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repute vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Buftere thoroughly,
And call those foule Offenders to their Answers;
And paye the Cause in Justice equal Scales,
Whole Deeme standes sure, whose rightfull cause preulat.

Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our ample Suppel ended, give me leaue,
In this clost Walke, to satisfy my felie,
In courting your opinion of my Title,
Which is infaillible, to Englands Crowne.
Sallie. My Lord, I long to heare it as full,
Warw. Sweet York, begin atand if thalyame be good,
The Nelli are thy Subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William de Hatfield; and the third, Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was Edmund Longley, Duke of Yorke;
The firt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windfor was the fourth, and last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till Henry Buttingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster;
The eldest Sonne and Heire of Joh of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depo'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queen to France, from whence the came,
And
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

And him to Pumfret; where as all you know, Humeleffe Richard was murdered traitorously.

Warm. Father, the Duke hath told the truth; Thus got the Houfe of Lancaster the Crown.

Tork. Which now they hold by force, and not by right: For Richard, the first Sonne Heire, being dead, The Iffue of the next Sonne should have reigned.

Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Tork. The third Sonne Duke of Clarence,

From whose Line I clayne the Crowne,

Had ffive ffifles, a Daughter,

Who married Edward Mortimer, Earle of March:

Edward had fife, Roger, Earl of March;

Roger had fife, Edward, Anne, and Elizabeth.

Salib. This Edward, in the Reigne of Bohlingbrooke;

As I have read, laid clayne vnto the Crowne,

And but for Queen Glendavy, had beene King;

Who kept him in Captaine, till he dyed.

But to the reft,

Tork. His eldft Siter, Anne,

My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,

Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,

Who was to Edward Langley,

Edward the third fift Sonnes Sonne;

By her I clayne the Kingdome;

She was Heire to Roger, Earl of March,

Who was the Sonne of Edward Mortimer,

Who married Philip, fole Daughter

Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So if the ffive of the elder Sonne

Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warm. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this? Henry doth clayne the Crowne from John of Gavon,

The foure Sonnes, Torky claymes it from the third:

Till Lionel, ffie fayles his fhould not reign.

But fayles not yet, but fionnifie in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, faire fippes of fuch a Stock.

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,

And in this place not be we the fift,

That fhall divide our rightfull Soueraine.

With him is his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both Long fiju our Souersigne Richard, Englands King.

Tork. We thank you Lords;

But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,

And that my Sword be fayned.

With heart-blood of the Houfe of Lancastor:

And that's not, suddenly to be performed,

But with aduice and fecret Eccezice.

Do you as I doe in these dangerous days,

Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes infloune,

As Bedfordes Pride, at Somersets Amboction,

As Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they have vnder the Shepheard of the Floce,

That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Edmund:

That I am ready to doe to and in seeking that,

Shall fende their delegates, Torky can apprehend.

Salib. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde

at full.

Warm. My heart affuris me, that the Earle of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

Tork. And now, this I doe affure my felle,

Richard fhall dute to make the Earle of Warwick

The greatefl man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.
Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunken; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge followed to it; and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbour. Here Neighbour Hamor, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. Neighbour. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Channeco.

3. Neighbour. And here's a Pot of good Double Beer. Neighbour: drink and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come in, and I pledge you all, and I give for Peter.

1. Prnt. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not at a frad.

2. Prnt. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all, drink, and pray me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, give thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shalt have my Hammer; and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord, bless me, I pray; and if I am never able to drive with my Master, let him hear to make such fence already.

Salab. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows, Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.


Thumbs? Then see thou thumps thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it was upon my Mans insuffizance, to prove him a Knave, and my felie an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter, haste with thee with a doune-right blow.

Turk. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, shall I come to mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast my true right.

King. Go, take hence that Tyrant from our fight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Justice hath recual'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward, Sound a squirt; Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloes. Glosst. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud, And after Summer, euermore succeeds Barren Winter, with his withall nipping Cold; So Care's and Joyes abound, as Scantons fleer, Sirs, what's a Clock?

Srvn. Tenne, my Lord, Glosst. Tence is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my pursiit Duchess, Vaneath may thee endure the Sunne Streets, To tread them with thy tender-feeling Feet. Sweet Ned, I can thy Noble Minde a Brooke The abject People, gazzing on thy face, With envious Looks and lauging at thy Shame, That eft did follow they proued Charice-Wheels. When thou didst ride in triumph through the Streets, But for, I think thee comes, and I prepare My tears-flow'd eyes, to see her Majesty.

Enter the Duchess in a white Sheet, and 4 Tapers, burning in her hand, with the Sheriff and Officers.

Srvn. So pleased thy Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff. Glosst. No, thrice not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elisau. Come, my Lord, to see my open Shame? Now thou dost Penance too. Look how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. And Glosst, hide thee from their cruel looks, And in thy Clothes pent vp, rue my shame, And bane thine Enemies, both mine and thine. Glosst. Be patient, gentle Ned, forget this grief.

Elisau. Ah Glosst, teach me to forget my selfe; For whilest I think I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinks I should not thus be led along, May I do in shame, with Papers on my back, And Fellow'd with a Rabble, that repeal To see my tears, and heere my deepe-see groanes. The rustelese Hunt doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advis'd how I tread. Ah Humfrey, can I bear this shamefull yeake? Trovel well thou, that ere I looked upon the World, Or count them happy, that enjoy my Sunne? No, Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinkke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometimes Ie say, I am Duke Humfreys Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet doe I rue, and such a Prince he was, As hee by his, whilest I was fortunate Duchess, Was made a wonder, and a pointing flock To evey idle Rascall follow. But be thou milde, and bluss not at my shame, Nor thrre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will. For Sunnake, he that doe all in all With her, that hate thee and hates vs all, And Turk, and impious Beauford, that falleth Priest, Have till my blood, and drown. Iary thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee, But fear not thou, tilly thy foot be fear'd, Nor never feke prevention of thy foes.

Glosst. Ah Ned, forbear thee, say not all a' wry. I must offend, before I be acquainted, And had I twentie times so many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All thee could not procure me any feake, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimelese. Would it haue me rescue thee from this reproach?
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Why yet thy frantic were not wipe away,
But in danger for the breach of Law,
Thy greatest helper is quit, gentle Ned?
I pray thee for thy heart to patience,
These few days wonder will be quickly won.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maisters Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.
Gloster. And my content me ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Ned, I take my leave. And Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the Kings Commision.
Sh. And please your Grace, here my Commision stays:
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Gloster. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?
Stanley. So soon I glu in charge, may'st please your Grace.
Gloster. Extrem thee not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to doe you kindnefe, if you doe it her.
And I to Sir John, farewell.

Elizeron. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Gloster. Witnessfe my teares, I cannot fly to speake.

Elizeron. Art thou gone too? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abide with me: my joy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I often have bene afraid,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prether goe, and take me hence,
I care not whether, for I begge no favour;
Onely conveie me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, this is to the lie of Man,
There to bee v'd according to your Stare.
Elizeron. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be v'd reproachfully?
Stanley. Like to a Duchess, and Duke Humphrey Lady,
According to that Stare you shall be v'd.
Elizeron. Sheriff, farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast bene Conduct of my flame.
Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
Elizeron. I, I, farewell, thy Office is distraging me:
Come Stanley, shall we goe?
Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe at your pleasure for our journey,
Elizeron. My Shame will not be filted with my Sheet;
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And show it felt, as true me how I can.
Goe, I leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

Scena a Scena. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Toro, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warriours, to the Parliament.

King. I must my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis time his busines to the bindnoft man,
What e'er occasion keepes him from vs now.
Queen. Can you not see, or will ye not obserue
The irranonge of his alter'd Countenance?
What with a Maistes he bears himselfe,
How intolent of late he is become,
How proud, how persevering, and unlike himselfe,
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farr off Looke,
Inmediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shows an angry Eye,
And palfeth by with stiffe unbownd Knee,
Dissaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curries are not regarded when they gyrene,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And Humphrey is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me, mere thou, I am no Pollique,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceafe,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnes Councell,
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he plese to make Commotion,
'Tis to be feared they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and Weeds are shalow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they shall growe the Garden,
And choose the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me-collect thefe dangers in the Duke,
If it be fone, call it a Womens feare;
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplante,
I will subfcribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke,
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproce my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effeuall.

Swift. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:
And had I felt beene put to speake my minde,
I thinkes I should have told you your Grace Tale.
The Duchess, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her duellish practises,
Or if he were not prius to those Faults,
Yet by repute of his high discent,
As next the King, he wasaucefulf Heere,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did inftrigate the Bedim braine-fick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraigne fall.
Smooth rannes the Water, where the Brooke is deep,
And he dissemble he beware the treasoun.
The Fox barks not, when he would toke the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Glouster is a man,
Vnsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forms of Law,
Duelle strange deaths, for small offences done?
Toro. And did he not, in his Proteftorship,
Leaue great summes of Money through the Realm,
For Soulliers pay in France, and never lent it
By meanes whereof, the Townes every day reeled.

Toro. But, these are petty faults to faults unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
King. My Lords at once; the care you haue of vs,
To move downe Thomnes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speake my confience,
Our Kinman Gloster is as innocent,
From meaning Treasons to our Royall Person,
As is the fucking Lambe, or arrant Glouster Doe.:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well guen,
To dreame on eull, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he is dispoeed as the hateful Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skine is sorely lent him.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For he's entin'd as is the rauenous Wolves,
Who canrosse his shape, that means deceive?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that Trundell man.

Enter Somersey.

Som. All health vnto your gracious Soveraigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somersey: What News from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is viterly benefi't you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somersey: but God will be done.

Tyrck. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England,
Thus are my Bloomsies blasted in the Bed,
And Caterpillers eat my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this garrce ere long,
Or sell my Tite for a glorious Grace.

Enter Gloucester.

Glosf. All happiness vnto my Lord the King,
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay Glosfer, know that thou art come too soon,
Vnless thou went more royall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glos. What, Suff? doe you flatter me that you doe me blufi, Not change my Commande for this Arreft?
A Heart unspotted, is noe eazely daunted.
The purfet Spring is not so fine from muddle,
As I am cleare from Treason to your Soueraigne,
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

Tyrck. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, play'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof, his Highness hath lost France.

Glosf. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France,
So helpe me God, as I haue watch't the Night,
I, night by Night, in studing good for England,
That I may do it the better from the Kings,
Or any Great I bored to my wife,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not take the needeg Commons,
Hace I dis-pur'd to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for retribution,
Card. It feares you well, my Lord, to lay so much.
Glos. I lay no more then truth, to helpe me God.
Tyrck. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tlorces for Offenders, neuer heard of,
That England was defaun'd by Tyrannie.

Glos. Why is he well known, that whilst I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me.
For I should melt at an Offenders tears, and
Lowd by words Ibarante for their fault:
Vaillese it were a bloody Mrurhurere,
Or foule felonious Theife, that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them conscience punishment.
Mrurhe indeede, that bloody finne, i todt dur'd
About the Pecon, or what Treipsa elle,

Suff. My Lord, these facts are eafe, quicly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eailly purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highness Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall,
To keep, untill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Glosfer, it's my speciall hope,
That you will clear our felle from all suspi'nce,
My Confidence tells me you are innocent.

Glos. Ah gracious Lord, these days are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie char'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd you Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life.
If by my deat'h might make this Isle happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse,
But mine is made the Prelogue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yes suspict no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beawards red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Safely choose how heorme hate,
Sharpes tiris and thongs vnburchen with his tongue,
The emounis Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged Tyrck, that reaches at the Moonie,
Whose owr-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
By false accuse doth feele at my Life,
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the red,
Curfet the base lay'd, that doe not see me blufi,
And with your best endeav'our have fift'd vp
My left Liege to be mine Enemie:
I all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Compuinets,
And all to make away my gulttiefe Life.
I shall not want false Witness, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treason, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Promise he will be well effeeted,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his sayings is intolerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Perion
From Treason secret Knife, and Traytors Rake,
Be thus vprayed, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender graunted scope of speech,
I will make them coole in a gentle Grace.

Suff. Hath he not swor'd our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignomionous words, though Clarkely coul'd he?
As if he had obforned come to swerve
Falsie allegations, to o'rethrow his state,

Qu. But I can give the lofer leave to chlide.

Glosf. Fare troer spoke then meant: I love indeede,
Before the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well each lofer may haue leave to speake.

Back. He'll ere the fence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

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

Glos. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Cutch,
Before his Legges be firme to bear his Body,
This is the Shephered beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gazing, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fere were false, ah that it were.
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exi.Glosf. King. My Lords, what to your wiidomes seemeth best,
Due or vnioe, as if our felle were here.

Quene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliamet?

King. I margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whole flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My Body round engyr'd with suffrter:
For what's more miserable than Difcontent?
Ah Vracle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the house to come,
That ere I proue thee fall, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowing Starre now eneues thy sfate?
That thefe great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Do seeke subduion of thy harmefull Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the Butcher takes away the Carpe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so rememeflese hate borme him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmefull yong one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
Even so my felie bewayles good Glitter's exile
With fud vnhelpfull tears, and with dim'd ey'd ears;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vewed Enemies.
His fortunes will weep, and twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traitor? Glitter he is none.
Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snowe melts with the Sunnes not Beames:
And as my Lord, is cold in great Affaire,
Too full of Sfoolish pite: and Glitter shew
Beguiles him, as the soumefull Crocodile
With forrow flares rententing paffengers:
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
With thinning cheker'd flough doth fling a Child,
That for the beauteus thinks it excellent.
Beleue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet hereina I judge mine owne Wit good:
This Glitter should be quickly rid the World.
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
Card. That he shou'd dye, is worthie policie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemnd by courie of Law.
Suff. But in my minds, that were no policie.
The King will laboure full to loose his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to free his Life;
And yet we haue but triviall argument,
More then diftrust, that sottes him worthy death.
Turke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah Turke, no man alive, so faire as I.
Turke. 'Tis Turke that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardia difficulties, and you my Lord of Suffolk, say as you thinke, and speake it from your soules.
Wor't not all one, an emiptie Eagle were (es,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyre,
As place Duke Husmefey for the Kings Protecor &
Queene. So the poor Chicken should be fure of death.
Suff. Madame, 'tis true: and we't not madneffe then,
To make the Fox furthier of the Fold?
Who being scoured a crafty Murrherer,
His guilt should be but idly poited ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed,
No; let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature proud, an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chiaks be fraynd', with Crimson blood,
As Husmefey proud by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillet how to play him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Sublertie,
Sleeping or Walking, 'tis no manner how,
So he bedeed, that is a good decei,
Which makes him first, that first intends decei.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Tyrole. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteenene dayes At Briflow I expect my Souldiers, For there ile shippe them all for Ireland,
Suff. He seere truly done,my Lord of York, Exeunt.
Moorer Tyrole.
Tyrole, Now Tyrole, or neuer, blest be the fallen thoughts, And change midlynde to reformation; Be that thou holp't to be, or what thou art. Refugio death, it is not worth thenyning?
Let Pale-face's face kepe with the meanes-borne man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart, Faileth the Spring-time showes, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignity.
My Brayne, more buste then the laboring Spider, Weaver redude Snakes to trample enemies. Well Noble, well, 'tis politicly done, To send me packeing with an Host of men: I scare me, you but warme the starved Snake, Who chores in your breath, will ring your hearts, 'Twas men I flack, and you will give them me: I take it kindly; yet be well afford, You put sharp Weapons in mad-mans hands. While I in Ireland nouthe a mightie Band, I will fire vp in England some black Storme, Shall blowe thou thousand Souls to Heauen, or Hell: And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Vattill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sannes transparant Beaus, Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Plane. And for a minifer of my intent, I have seduced a head-strong Kentishman, John Cade of Ailford, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Under the Tittle of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seenke this stubborne Cade Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of kernes, And taught fo long, till that his thighes with Darts Were almost like a harpe-quilled Portentone: And in the end being refuued, I have seenke Him capre vriget,like a wilde Merico, Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells, Full often,like a flag-hay'r d craftie Kerne, Hath he conuerred with the Enemy, And wulfscouer'd,come to me againe, And given me notice of their Villanies. This Desuill here shall be my substution: For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gait, in speech he doth ressemble. By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde, How they affect the Houfe and Grayme of Tyrole.
Say he be taken, rackd, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict upon him, Will make him say, I must'd him to thole Armes. Say that he thrive, as his great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strength, And repeal the Harueft which that Raffcall sow'd. For Hunnyfoor being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart; the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Marcher of Juck Hunnyfoor.
1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke; let him know We haue dispattech the Duke, as he commanded. 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done? Diid ever hear a man so penitent? Enter Suffolk.
1. Here comes my Lord.
I would be blinde with weeping, sick with groans,
Looke pale as Prin-ts oth with blood-drinking fighes,
And all to hate the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For is knowne we were but hollow Friends?
It may be sug'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue bewounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me whipparie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infame.

King. Ah woee is me for Gisler, wretched man.
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is,
What, Dost thou tumne away, and hide thy face?
I amn loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder wassen deafe?
Be poynous too, and kill thy forlorn Queene.
Is all thy comfort that in Glosters Tombe?
Why then Dame Elizabeth was neere thy joy.
Erech his Statute, and woofrap it,
And make my Image but an Afe-house signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd spon the Sea,
And twice by awakwr windes from Englands banke
Drone backe a gaine into my Natruie Clime.
What bounded this? but well fore-warning windes
Did feerne to say, feckenot a Scorpion Neft,
Nor yet no footing on this vikinike Shore.
What did I then? But curft the gentle gentt,
And he that loost them forth their Brazen Cages,
And bid them blowe towards Englands blest shore,
Or turn our Steering upon a dreadfull Rocke?
Yet Eolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vno thee.
The pretty vauenting Sea refused to drowne me,
Knowing that thou woulde hast me drown'd on shore
With teares as fast as Sea, through thy vinkinose.
The splittin Rockes cou'd not in the linking lands,
And would not daff me with their ragged sides,
Because thy fliny heart more hard then here,
Mightie in thy Pallace, perih Eleanor.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy Shore, the Tempell bestes vs backe,
I bolt with the Hatchets in the formne:
And when the dyke the sky, began to roel.
My earnes-gaping-side of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coily Jewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And throw it towards thy Land: The Sea receu'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body migh my Heart:
And even with this, I loffe faire Englands view,
And bid mine eye be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and diskinke Spectacles,
For looking ken of Astarte wittout Coasl.
How often have I temstpped Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconuenice)
To sit and watch me as Acastus did,
When heo madding Duke would vufofd
His Fathers Acts, commi'dd in burning Troy.
Aye me, I can nowere Dye Eleanor.
For Henry weepes, that thou dost live so long.

Noys within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke Humphrey Traisterously is murthered.

By Sutholkes, and the Cardinale Beauforde means:
The Commons like an angry Hone of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And none not what they do in his revenge.
My faith hauie calmd my spleenfull mutine,
Vntill they heare the order of his death:
King. That he is dead good Warwick, its too true.
But how he dyed, God knowes, tov Henry
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpse,
And comment then upon his sodaine death.
War. That shall I do my Lige; Stay Salsbury.
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that judgest all things, thy my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to peridue my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on Hamfrises life:
If my supsect be false, forgive me God,
For judgment onely doth belon to thee;
Paine would I goe to chafe his pale lips,
With twenti thousand kiffes, and to shaine
With his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my love vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feel his hand, unfeeling;
But all in vaine are these meane Obliquities.

Bed past forth.
And to surrune his dead and eathly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this day.
King. That is to see how deep the grace is made,
For with his foule shed all my worldly socke:
For seeing him, I see my life in death:
War. As surely as my sole intends to live
With that dread King that tooke our state upon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wastfull cutte,
I do beleue that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this three-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, torome with a solemn tale,
What instanche gues Lord Warwickke for his vow,
War. See how the bloud is feterd in his face.
Of haste I fee the timly-paced Ghoot,
Of affuy tendence, meaged, pale, and bloodleffe,
Being all defended to the labouuring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
And his the fame for aydence gannet the enemy,
Which with the heart there coolest, and ne're returneth,
To bloue and beannifie the Cheek again.
But se, his face is blace, and full of bloud:
His eye,balles further out, than when he lied,
Starting full gasly, like a strangl'd man:
His hayre upreard, his nostrils fretches with strugling:
His hands abroad displaide, as one that graps
And nagg'd for Life, and was by strength labbude,
Lookes on the fleches his haires (you see) is sticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made rude and rugged,
Like to the Summes Corne by Tempell lodg'd:
It cannot be but he was murthered here,
The leave of all these signes were probable.
Suf. Why Warwickke, who should do the D. to death?
My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,
And we hope for, are no murtherers.
War. But if you were vowe to Hamfrises foes,
And you (forbough) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not caft him like a friend,
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you beleeke supsect thee Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Hamfrises timeleffe death.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Warw. Who finds the Hayefer dead, and bleeding frely, And fees fat by a Buscher with an Axe, But will sufpe? says he that made the slaughter? We find the Partridge in the Puttcock's Neet, But may imagine how the Bird was dead,

Altho' the Kyse fastes, whist vable dying Beke? Even so suspicion is this Tragedy. They say in him they fear your Highefellie death, And meere intind of Loue and Loyalty, Free from a stubborne opposit inten, As being thought to contrdi your liking, Makes them thus forwar in his Banishment, They say, in care of your most Royall Person, That if your Highefellie should intend to sleepe, And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest, In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; Yet notwithstanding such a strat Edeic, Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue, That flyly-gleded towards your Majestie, It were but necessit your wenswak:

Lesst being suftered in that harmefull number, The mortall Worme might make the sleepe exterm.
And therefore doe they say, though you forbide, That they will guard you, where you will, or no.
From such fell Serpents as falsie Suffolke is;
With whose intemperall and fatal fling,
Your loving Vnkle, twentie times his worth,
They say is harmefull berefit of life.

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

Suff. Til the Commons, nude vopollis Hades, Could send such Messenge to the Soueraigne?
But you, my Lord, were glad to be impoy'd, To shew how quieint an Orator you are.
But all the honor Salisbury hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all brake in.

King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not beene cited to by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe outrate.

For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie,
Mischance into my State by Suffolke meanes.
And therefore by his Majestie I sweare,
Who is farre-vaunted Departe I am,
He shall not breathe the infection in this ayre,
But three daies longer, on the paine of death.

2a. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke.

No more I say: if thou do'lt please for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreased into my Wrath.
Had I but sawd, I would have kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irrecouerc:
If after three daies space thou here bee't found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Rameone for thy Life.
Come Suffolke, come good Warrick, goe with mee,
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exit. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Distinctes, and souere Affiliactions.
Be play-fellows to impresse you company:
There's two of you, the Devils make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

1 Suff. Caze, gentle Queene, these Executions,
And let thy Suffolke take his heavie lease.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Queen. Tye Coward, woman, and lost hearted wretch,
Haft thou not spirit to curfe thine enemy,
Saf. A plague upon them: whencefore should I curfe them?
Would curfes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curfes, as harsh, and horriable to heare,
Deliter'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-lanc'd arrow in her loathsome cane.
My tongue should thumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the heavens Flint,
Mine hair be fixt an endy, as one diffa::
I, every joynt should feeme to curfe and ban,
And even now my burrenth heart would breake
Should I not curfe them. Poyon be their drinke.
Gay, worse then Gall, the damneife that they take:
Their sweete leaf, a group of Cyprife Trees :
Their chereft Precious, murr'd Ring Baldrikes :
Their forfeft Touch, as tame as Lyzeards fying:
Their Museke, frightfull as the Serpents hiffe;
And boading Sceech-Owles, make the Comfort fall.
All the foule terrors in darke scatered hell.

Q. Enought sweet Suffolk, shaft torments thy selfe,
And thine dread curfes like the Sunne's gainft glaffe,
Or like an outer-charged Gun, recoille,
And turns the force of THEM upon thy selfe.
Saf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am ban'd from,
Well could I curfe away a Winters night,
Though flanding bade on a Mountain top,
Where byring cold would never let grassie grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monument.
Oh, this kiffe be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon thee by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand fighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grease,
Tis but burn'd wicke, with thou art flanding by,
As one that faines, thinking on a want,
I will repeale thee, or be well affure.
Advenure to be banisht my felle:
And banisht I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; even now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loath that a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
Saf. This is poore Suffolk ten times banisht,
Once by the King, and three times thriue by thee.
Tis not the Land I care for, yet I thone chance,
A Wilerneffe is populous enough,
So Suffolk have thy heauenly compaine,
For where thou art, there is the World in felle,
With erue fenueall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Detraction.
I can no more: Lue the thou to ley thy life;
My felle no joy in thought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vane.

Queen. Whither goes Vane so fast? What newes I prethee?
Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands upright,  
Like Limes-wings for to catch my winged soule:  
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apotheearie  
Bring the strong poxyton that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternal mouer of the heavens,  
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,  
Oh best away the buie medling Fiend,  
That layes strong fievge vnto this wretches soule,  
And from his boleome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.  
Suf. Disturb him no more, let him peaceably live.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.  
Lord Cardall, if thou thinke it on heauens bliss,  
Hold vp thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe; Oh God forgive him.

War. Soe bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to sadge, for we are sinners all.

Clofe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine clofe,  
And let vs all to Meditation.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lieut. The gaudy blabling and remorsefull day,  
Is crept into the boleome of the Sea:  
And now loud howling Wolves groane the Iades  
That dragge the Tragick melancholy night.

Who with their drowne, and hagging wings  
Clears dead men graves, and from the mantity Taxes,  
Breath foule contagious darkneffe in the ayre.  
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of your priz.

For whilst our Pineace Anchors in the Dowes,  
Here shall they make their ranlome on the land,  
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Master, this Prifoner freely give I thee,  
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other Walter Whitmore is thy faire.

1. Gent. What is my ranomfe Matter, let me know,  
M1. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.

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

Lieut. What thinkes you much to pay 2000.Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cutt both the Villaines throats, for you shall  
The lines of lome which we have left in flight.

Be counter-poyse'd with such a pestilence,  
1. Gent. He gie me it, and therefore spare my life.

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

War. I llome mine eye in laying the prize about.

And therefore to reuenge it, thall thou dye,  
And so shouldst he, if I might have my will.

Lome. Be not so rash, take ranome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,  
Rice me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

But. And so I am: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? Why hates thou? What doth death afford?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death;  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me that by Water I should dye:  
Yecler let not this make thee a bloody-minded.

Thy name is Guiltier, being rightly founded.

Whit. Guiltier or Walter, which it is I care not,  
Neuer yet did base dishonour blushe our name,  
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchants like I fell sentence,  
Broke be my sword, my Armes torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay Whitmore, let thy Prifoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolk, a Prince of the Peole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffed vp in raggges?  
Suf. I, but these raggges are no part of the Duke.

Lome. But long was neuer thall as thou shalt be,  
Obstrepe and loue Swaine, King Henrys blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancashier,  
Must not be fied by such a ruded Groome:

Halt thou not kill thy hand, and hold my fitrop?

Bare-headed ploddled by my foot-clotch Mule,  
And thoght thee happy when I flokke my head.  
How ofthen halt thou waierd at my cup,  
Fed from my Trencher, kneeld downe at the board,  
When I haue satisfied with Queene Margaret?

Remember it, and let me make thee Creede-faine,  
I, and alay this thy abstrusit pride.

How in our voyalng Lobby hast thou speld,  
And duly wayted for my comming forth?

This hand of mine hath write in thy behalfe,  
And therefore shal it charme thy riotous songue.

Suf. Speak Captain, shal I flab the ague Swain.

Lome. First let me words flab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Bafe flate, thy words are blut, and do not thou.

Lome. Conwy me him hence, and on our long boats hide,  
Strike off his head. Suf. Thou dast not for thy owne.

Lome. Poole, Sir Poole-Lord,  
I kennell, paddle, lufke, whose thall and durt  
Troubles the faire Spring, where England drinkes.

Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth.

For swollowing the Treasure of the Ralpne,  
Thy lips that kiss the Queene, shall weep the ground.

And thou that fum'll oft at good Duke Hamfries death,  
Against the soule-shake shall grin in vaine,  
Who in contempt shall hifie at thee againe,  
And welled be thou to the Haggess of hell,  
For daring to affye a mighty Lord.

Into the daughter of a worthie King,  
Having neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:

By duellish policy art thou grown great,  
And like ambitious Sylly ower-gird'd,  
With gobbes of thy Mother-bleding heart.

By thee Annes and Maine were fold to France.

The faile revolting Normans thorough thee,  
Dishame to call the land, thyself and Lord,  
Hath laine his Gournours, surprise our Ports,  
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princeely Warwicke, and the Neauls all,  
Whole dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,  
As hating thee, and rifing vp in armes.

And now the Hoefe of York seath from the Crownne,  
By the shamefull murder of a guiltie King.

And lefty proud inrassing tyranny,  
Burnes with renguing fire, whose hopefull coloure  
Advancce our halfe-fac'd Sunne, fluorishing to shine:

Vnder the which is wri't, Iustitia nabiius.

The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,  
And to conclude, Reprootch and Beggrie,  
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,  
And all by thee: away, contrey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to doubt forth Thunder.  
Vpon thee palsy, feruic, abeict Drudges:  
Small things make base men proud, This Villaine heere,  
Being Captain of a Pineace, threatens more.

Then Turgulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate,  
Drones fucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should dye.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

By such a lowly Vassall as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me:
I go to Mefflage from the Queen to France:
I charge thee with me safely cross the Channel.

Lien. Water. W. Come Suffolkes; I must waft thee
to thy death.

Suff. If the goddesd times occupat orus, is it thee I fear.
Wild he think that I fear to be I leave thee,
What, are ye dented now? Now will ye floope,

1 Gen. My gracious Lord interest him, speak him fair.
Suff. Suffolkes Imperial tongue is reinde and rough;
V'st to command, vouchsafe to pleade for favour,
Farre be it, we should honor such as thee.
With humble dutie: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then thefe knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heaven, and to my King:
And loosenue dance upon a bloody pole,
Then stand vauou'd to the Vagar Groume.
True Nobility, is exempt from faire.
More can I bearre, then you dare execute.
Lien. Hale him away, and let him talke no more.
Come Souldiers, thew what cruelty ye can.
Suff. That this my death may never be forget,
Great men off dye by vilde Beozions.
A Romanes Swerder, and Banidette lasse,
Murder'd v'st Twys. Brown Battard hand
Scab'dd Inland Gaffers.
Pumpey the Great, and Suffolkes dyes by Pyrras.

Exit Water with Suffolkes.

Lien. And as for these whole ranions we house it,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Enter Lieutenant, and the rest.

Monsr le fefl Genet. Enter Walter with the body.
Wald. There fell his head, and fueyllie bodie. Ye.
Vssull the Queen his Misfortun bury it.

Genet. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body I will bear into the King.
If he requage it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living, hold him deere.

Enter Genet, and John Holland.

Benne. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they have bene vp these two days.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.

Benne. I tell thee, Lachy Cadde the Cloather, means to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and fea a new
nap vp on it.
Hol. So be had need, for this thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Benne. Of miferable Age: Virtue is neuer regard in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke thence to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Benne. Nay more, the Kings Counsellare no good
Wheate.

Hol. True: and yet it is fald. Labour in thy Vociati
which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labou
ring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benne. Thou shalt hit is for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's Byne Some, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Benne. Hee shall have the skynnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benne. Then is fin struke downe like an Oxe, and ini
quities throte cut like a Calde.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Ben. Argo, their thred of fire is spun.

Hol. Come, come, lets fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cadde, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,
and a Lawyer, with infinite number.

Cadde. Wee John Cadde, so teez'm'd of our supposed Fa
er.
But. Or rather of stealing a Cadde of Herrings.

Cadde. For our enemies shall fail before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes, Com
mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cadde. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cadde. My mother a Plantagenet.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cadde. My wife defended of the Lanchise.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Weater. But now of late, not able to travel with her
five Packts, the five. She stays here at home.

Cadde. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
she be borne, under a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cage.

Cadde. Valiant I am.

Weater. A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cadde. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have fenc't him whipt
three Market days together.

Cadde. I fear neither sword, nor fire.

Weat. He neede not fear the sword, for his Coste is of
proofo.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, be
ing burn't with hand for stealing of Shepe.

Cadde. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and
Your Reformation. There shall be in England, seven
half peny. Loans smold for a penny: the three hoard'd pen
shall have ten hooper, and I will make it Fellony to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and
in Chesfield shall my Palfrey goe to grass: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Maiesty.

Cadde. I thank you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall care and drinke on my score, and I will ap
tall them all in one Livery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cadde. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambbe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being incendiare
ould reduce a man. Some saye the Bee slings, but I say,
'tis the Bees warse for I did but feale once to a thing, and
I was never more owne man since. How now Who's
there?

Enter a Clerke.

Weater. The Cleareke of Charsam: hee can write and
reade, and caft accompys.

Cadde. O monitrus.

Weat. We tooke him setting of boys Copies.

Cade.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Staff. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Contiuer.

Staff. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour; yelawde I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither forth, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Cade. Eamonnell.

Staff. But, they vie to write it on the top of Letters: Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vie to write thy name? Or haft thou a make to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Cade. Sir, I thank God, I have bins for well brought vp, that I can write my name.

Staff. He hath confed, away with him; thes is a Villainne and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necks.

Exit one with the Cearske.

Enter Michael.

Michael. Where's our General?

Cade. Here he is, and a most particular fellow.

Staff. He's a Fly, By By, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the King's Forces.

Cade. Stand Villaines, stand, or else tell thee downe: he shall be encountered with as man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is he? 

Michael. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knighe presently; Ripe vp Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the fith and seuen of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: for take this Groome.

The King is merciful, if you repent.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or dye.

Cade. As for these filthy-cover'd claes I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake; Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heere vnto the Crownne.

Staff. Villaines, thy Father was a Playfeller, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edward Mortimer Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staff. I tis.

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

Bro. That's tis.

Cade. 1. There's the question; But I say, tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman (for shame away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His fonne am I, deny it if you can.

Bro. Nay, tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Staff. Six, he mad a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alue at this day to refilfe it: therefore deny it not.
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

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

Scales. How now? Is Lucky Cave slain?

r.Cri. No my Lord; not likely to be slain:

For they have wome the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstood them:

The L. Mayor craves you of his Honor from the Tower

To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such aye as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them selfe,

The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Mathew Coffe.

Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,

And forsooth, for I must hence againe.

Enter Lucky Cade and the rest, and Srikes his 

flags on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,

And heere sitting upon London Stone,

In large and command, that of the Cities cost

The pulling Condiun run nothing but Clarinet Wine

This fift yere of our tainge.

And now henceforward it shall be Tresfon for any,

That calls me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Lucky Cade, Lucky Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

But. If this Fellow be wife, he'll never call yee Lucky

Cade more, I think he hath a very faire warning.

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

Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:

But, fly, go and bent London Bridge on fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come, let's away.

Enter another.

Alarums. Mathew Coffe is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Lucky Cade with his Company.

Cade. So first: now goe some and pull downe the Sauoy

Others to'th lanes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I have a force into your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that

world.

But. Only that the Lawes of England may come out of

your mouth.

John. Maske 'twill be for Law then, for he was thrust

in the mouth with a Sprake, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay John, it will be finicking Law, for his breath

flinches with eating roastd cheefe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away,

burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the

Parliaments of England.

John. Then we are like to have binging Statutes

Vnlcse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common.

Enter another Messenger.

Mfis. My Lord a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,

which fold the Townes in France. He that made us pay one

two and twenty Ficenteres, and one shilling to the pound,

the last Subside.
Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, say thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blakke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiestie, for giving vp of Normandie unto Mareount Bastemecu, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne to thee by thefe presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Belonke that must swepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art; Thou hast malterly corrupted the youth of the Realme, incorrupting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other Booke but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caufed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be pouced to thy Face, that thou hast made unrighteous, that vnsallly take of a Woman and a Verse, and such abominable words; as to Christian ear can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prision, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'lt not so to let thy horses ware a Cloake, when honest men thenthou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dike. And workes in their shirto, as my felle for example, that is a butchers.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dike. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: This is a secret, male gen.

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

Say. Hears me but speake, and breake mee where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cadar writ, is terr'd the euill place of all this life; Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberall, Valiant, and Brave, Westely, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty, I told not England, I left not Normandie, Yet to recover them would looke my life: Justice with favour have I always done, Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never. When have I sought easyed at your hands? Kent to maintaine the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts have I beleeved on learned Cleachers, Because my Booke prefereth me to the King, And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven. Vailefe you be poifled with dwelitly spirits.

You cannot but beare to mutter me: This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings for your behoofe.

Cade. Tis, when this knave doth one blow in the field? Say. Great men have reaching hands to haue I Struck Those that I neuer saw, and Struck those dead.

Gen. Monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. These cheeks are pale for waching for your good Cade. Give him a box of tharte, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long fitting to determine poore mens caufes, Hath made me full of ticknefle and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of Halberd.

Dike. Why doth thou quieter man?

Say. The Palsye, and not feare proueke me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who should say, I be euen with you. He see if his head will fland steadied on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behed him.

Say. Tell me wherein haue I offended most?

Hau e I affected wealt, or honuer? Speake.

Are my Chefs fill'd vp with extracted Gold?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I inuirt'd, that ye seek me death?

These hands are free from guiltife bloodstredding,

This beard from harbours foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorse in my felle with his words: but he bride it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a familiar vnder his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his Sonne in lawes house, Sir James Crovve, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles bither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ad Courtiers: If when you make your prair's, God shoulbe to obdurbate as your felues:

How would it fare with your departed soules,

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weares a head on his shoulers, vnlesse he pay me tribut: there shall not a maid be married, but the shal pay to me her Maydenhead es she haue it: Men shal hold of me in Capite, And we charge and command, that their wives bee at ftre as heart can with, or tongue can tell.

Dike. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodityes upon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braue: Let them kiffe one another! For they lou'd well When they were shute. Now pant them again, Least they confult about the giuing vp Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Defere the spoille of the City vntill night: For with these borne before vs, in fceed of Maces, Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner Hawe them kiffe. Away.

Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rablement.

Cade. Vp Fifth-strete, downe Saint Magness corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What speke is this I heare?

Dare any bee so bold to found Retreat or Palsie

When I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee:  
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King  
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,  
And hence pronounce free pardon to them all,  
That will for sake thee, and go home in peace,  
Clif. What say ye Communicate, will ye relent  
And yield to mercy, whilst it is offered you,  
Or let a rabble lead thee to your death?  
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling vp his cap, and say, God save his Maiestie,  
Who hatcheth him, and honors not his Father,  
Henry the Rift, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by,  
Said. God save the King, God save the King.  
Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?  
And you base Peasants, do ye believe him, will you needs  
be hangd with your Pardons about your necks? Hath  
your sword therefore broke through London gates, that  
you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwark.  
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes till  
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are  
all Recruits and Distaffs, and delight to live in slavery  
to the Nobility. Let them break your backes with burthens,  
take your houses out of your heads, rauh your  
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will  
make shift for one, and to Gods Curfe light yepton you all.

All. We'll follow Cadets,  
We'll follow Cadets.

Clif. Is Cade the sonne of Henry the Rift,  
That thus you do exaltly you go with him.  
Will he conduct you through the heat of France,  
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes &  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye to;  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoyls,  
Vulturie by robbing of your Friends, and vs.  
We're not a thame, that whilist you live at leisure,  
The fearefull French, whom you late vanquished  
Should make a fast or cesar, and vanquish you? Me  
chinkes already in this small broyle,  
I see them loading it in London streets,  
Crying Village into all they meet,  
Better ten thousand base-born Cade miscreant,  
Then you should flye into a Frenchmans mercy,  
To France, to France, and get what you have lost:  
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:  
Henry hath many, you are strong and many:  
God on our side, doubt not of Victory.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

Clade. We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Clade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,  
As this multitude? The name of Henry the Rift, hales them  
to an hundred milchies, and makes them leave mee desolate.  
I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no playing:  
in desight of the ditches and bell, haste through the very  
midst of you; and heauen and honor be witness, that  
no want of resolution in me, but only y's Followers  
safe and ignominious trestons, makes me betake mee to my heels.

Exit Back. What is he fled? Go home and follow him,  
And he that brings his head unto the King,  
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Cad. e.

Cad. Eve on Ambitions: fie on my felte, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famity, These fine daies have I hid me in these woods, and dufft not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bracke wall have I clombd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans blood in this hot weather: and I thinke this word Sallet was borne to do me good; for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pain has bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brusely marching, it hath sendd me infecele of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live tyrannyled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? This small inheritance my father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enyme: Sufficeth, that I have maintaine my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate. Cad. Here's the Lord of the fole come to freze me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without issue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a reuche. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but He make thee eate iron like an Offridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin eie thou and I part. Iden. Why rude Companion, whatfoure thou be; I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? It's not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my wallis infipight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these faweice terrys? Cad. Baste thee? by the butt blood that euer was breach'd, and head thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no more these fine days, yet come thou and thy freemen, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall neere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Enquite of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate a poore famity man, Oppose thy Method gazsing eyes to mine, See if thou canst outface me with thy looks: Sete limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesse: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a fike compared with this Truncheon, My foote fike flicht with all the strength thou haft, And if mine arm be heaced in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: For words, which great neeffe answers words, Let this my sword report what speecch forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moost compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steelee, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bond's Chowne in chines of Befee, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I becheef Ione on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Here they Fight.

O I am faigne, Famynne and no other hath faigne me, let ten thousand duelles come against me, and gie me but the ten meales I have loft, and I'd deie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of Cad is fled.

Iden. Is't Cad that I have slayn, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. We're shal this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coat, To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewel, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, the last hath bringt a man, and exhort all the world to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. Dyke.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge; Die damn'd Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heelles Into a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head, Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunke for Crownes to feed upon.

Enter Horkes, and his Army of Irith, with Drum and Colours.

Hor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henrys head, Ring Belles slow'd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah stella Manxu! who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter balance it, A Scepter shall it have, have I a loufe, On which Ie toffe the figure-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath sent him sure: I must dilfemble. Tuc. Yorke, if thou meanest well, I gree thee well, Hor. Hurnfrey of Buckingham. I accept thy greeting, Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure, Tuc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armies in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne, Should raife to great a power without his leve? Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court? Hor. Searcely can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abject tearmes. And now like Astus Telamonius, On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my faire, I am farre better borne thene in the king. More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts, But I must make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I have given no answere all this while: My minde was troubled with deep Melancholly, The cause why I have brought this Army hither.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King, Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy Arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Tork. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Tork. Then Buckingham I do dismiss my Powres.
Souldiers, I thank you all: I dispire your felues;
Meet me to morrow in St. Georges Field;
You shall have pay, and every thing you with.

And let my Somerset, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, may all my tonnes,
As pledges of my Faine and Love,
He send them all as willing as I live;

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have
Is his to vfe, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kind submission,
We tweene will go into his Highness Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harm to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee some in arms?

Tork. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth profess himselfe vnto your Highness.
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Tork. To heaue the Traitors Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Iads head.

Iden. If one to rule, and of to meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Lce, I present you your Grace's Traitors head,
The Head of Cade, whom I in combat blew.

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how Issit art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou callde? And what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So please it you my Lord, I were not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service,

King. Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thousand Marles,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May Iden live to merite such a bounty,
And never illbut true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queen,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qn. For thousand Yorke he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and boast him to his face.

Tor. How now! is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke volonte thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart,
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
Fallest King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did he call thee? Nothou art not King:
Not to governe and rule multitudes,
Which drft it not, nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne;
Thy Hand is made to graspe Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awfull Princes Scepter.

That Gold, must round enquire these browses of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Spear
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Gius place; by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O'v ye whom, heauen created for thy Ruler.

Somm. O monstrous Traiter! I arrfe thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason'gainst the King and Crowne;
Obey audacious Traiter, kneele for Grace.

Yorke. Wold'th haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow to a man.
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale;
I knowe where they will haue me to go to Ward,
They I payne their swords of my infrachtiments.

Qn. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amisse,
To say, if that the Baffard Bayes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Tork. O blood-beposted Neapolitan,
Out-call of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The fommes of Yorke, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to chose
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyses,

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant the they make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qn. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Cliff. Health, and all happynesse to my Lord the King.

Tor. I thank thee Clifford. Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not flight vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Sovereigne Clifford, kneele against;
Prey thy miftaking vs, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not mislike,
But thou misakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man grewe mad,
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and amitious honor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King,

Cliff. He is a Traiter, let him to the Tower,
And choose away that factionate of his.

Qn. He is straited, but will not obey:
His tonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

Tor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will suffice.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal,

Cliff. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?

Tork. Look he in a Glass, and call thy Image fo.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traiter;
Call hither to the flake my two brane Beares,
That with the very flaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish the selfe fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy Beares? We'll bait thee thy Beares to death,
And massacre the Berard in their Chains,
If thou darst bring them to the bayling place.

Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curr,
Run backe and bite, becouse he was with-hold,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his tale, betweene his legges and crde,
And such a pece of ferucce you will do,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

If you oppose your felone to match Lord Warwick.

tex. Hence heape of wrath, foulie indiged lempse,
As crooked in thy manneres, as thy shape.

Tor. Nay we thall heate you thoroughly anon,

tex. Take heete leaflet by your heate you burne your felonies:

King. Why Warwick, beth thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy bluer haurie,
Thou mad misleater of thy brain-sicke fomme,
What wilt thou on thy death-bred play the Ruffian?
And secke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Earth? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banuished from the froide head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thee honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and wilt not experience?
Or wherefore dost abuie it, thou lauf it?
For shame in due tend thy knee to mee,
That bowes unto the grave with mekle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have confedit with my selfe:
The Title of this mott renownd Duke,
And in my conscience, do thou good grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall state:

King. Halfe thou not sworne Allegiance unto me?

Sal. I haue,

Ki. Canst thou dispene with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great fine, to sweare unto a flame:
But greater fine to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solene vow
To do a murdrous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastite,
To reuse the Orphan of his Patrimone,
To wring the Widdow from her cuthom drigity,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solene Oath?

Qu. A subtle Tructor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himselfe.

Tor. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haue,
I am resolued for death and dignitie,
Old Clift. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were bett to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempell of the field.

Old Clift. I am resolued to beare a greater terme,
Then any thou canst confine upp to day:
And that he write upon thy Burgone.
Might I but know thee by thy houled Badge,
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Nemis Creft,
The rampante Beare chainst to the ragged bauble,
This day I wee afoot my Burgone,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar steeues,
That keeps his leaes infight of any formee,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clift. And from thy Burgone I rend thy Beare,
I tread it under foot with all contemptes,
Deipight the Bearnard, that protectes the Beare.
To Clift. And to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rex. Fie, Chariote for thame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sip with lefe Chrift to night.

To Clift. Foule flymountacke that's more then thou canst tell.

Exe. If not in heauen, you'll surely sip in hell.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberlard, 'ts Warwicke calleth:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bear, now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie syre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberlard,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Torke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?

Tor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kyes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beall he loued so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Tor. Hold Warwick: feck thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death,
Ther. Then nobly Yorke, 'ts for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greuces my soule to leave thee unassayd.

Exit War.

Clift. What feeleth thou in me Yorke?

Thy selfe paute?

Torke. With thy brave bearing should I be in loute,
But that thou art to falt mine enemie.

Clift. Nor should thy selfe, if we praife & eterne,
But that 'ts femeignably, and in Treason.

Torke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.

Clift. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Tor. A dreadfull lay, adresse thee in cantily.

Clift. La fors Corrooe les ennemies.

Thr. Thus Warre hath gitten thee peace, for art still,
Peace with his soule, heauenly be thy will,

Enter Yong Clifford.

Clift. Shame and Contitution all is on the rout,
Fears frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou fomme of hell,
Whom angry heauen do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flyes.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no felse-love: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premeddde Flames of the Lait day,
Knt eth earth and heaven together.

Now let the generaall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds
To caule. Was't thou ordaind (deere Father)
To looche thy youth in peace, and to archeue
The Silver Lirne of aduluted Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-days, thus
To die in Ruffian barret? Even at this fight,
My heart is turnid to stone: and while 's mine
It shall be thine. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginal,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beatiue, that the Tyrant of reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforthe, I will not have to do with pitty,
Meet me an innat of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde Medes yang Affris did,
In cruelty, will I fecute my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliftords house:
As did a Aeneas old Anchises beare,
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then, Aeneas bare a sliueing loades.

Nothing
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paistry signe,
The Castle in S., Albans, Sommester
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still:
Princes pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excusins.

Enter King, Queens, and others.

Que. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good Margaret stay.

Que. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wifedome, and defence,
To glute the enemy way, and to secure us:
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farce off.

If you be tame, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes; but if we haphily scape,
(As well we may, if not through your negligence)
We shall to London get, where you are loud,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopp.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeafe fet,
I would speake blasphemyere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Youcurable difforme,
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your reliefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune guie.
Away my Lord, away.


York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brists of Time;
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not in feile, nor hate we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perwased him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely housie,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, leooke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day;
By th' Masie, so did we all. I thank you Richard,
God knowes how long it is I hate to line:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day,
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I hear) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursuie him ere the Wits goe forth.

What sayes Lord Warwick, shall we after them?
War. After them, may be before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans batell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be enomied in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more inch dayes as these, to vs befall.