The third Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
PL While we pursued the Horridmen of North, He flew hole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whole Waterlakes could never brooke retreat,
Cheat'd vp, the drowsing Army, and his folke.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battales fronts: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Soul'diers staine.
Edw. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either flaine or wounded dangerous,
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountered as the Battels joyn'd.
(blood, Rich. Spake thin for me, and tell them what I did.
PL. Richard hath bold defend'd all my forces:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nur. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.
Rich. Thus do I hope to make King Henry's head.
Warw. And to doe it, vicious Prince of York.
Before I see thee neediest in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurpes,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never cloze.
This is the Palace of the fearfull King,
And this the Regall Seat: polette it York,
For this is thine, and not King Henry's Heire.
Plant. Affift me then, sweet polette it York,
and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.
Nef. We're all affift you; he that lyes, shall dye.
Plant. Thanks gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,
And Soul'diers staff and lodge by me this Night.
they goe vp.
Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Valefe he seek to thrust you out perforce.
Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shal be of her counsaille,
By words or blows here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Valefe Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bathfull Percy depos'd, whose Cowardice
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Plant. Then leave me now, my Lords be resolue,
I meant to take possifition of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The proudeft hee that holds vp Lancastre,
Dares fifre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.
He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Resolve thee Richard, change the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Wolfford, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell fits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he means,
Backe by the power of Warwick, that faille Peere,
To aspire into the Crowne, and reigne as King.
The Earl of Northumberland, he strowd thy Father,
And thine Lord Clifford, & you both past vow'd reuenge
On him, his forces, his favorites, and his friends.
Northw. If I be not, Heaven be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford moune in Steele.
Welfin. What shall we suffer this? let us pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Wiltshir,
Clifford. Patience is for Poutrumors, such as he;
He dares not fit there, had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs affayle the Family of York.
North. We'll haue thou spok'n, Cousin be it so.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them,
And they have courses of Soul'diers at their beck?
Welfin. But when the Duke is slaine, they're quickly flye.
Henry. Fare be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House,
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that Henry means to vfe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descond my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feets,
I am thy Soveraigne.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
York. It was my Inheritance, as the Eartedome was.
Exe. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
Warw. Exeater thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this wulping Henry.
Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his natural
King?
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou kneel to him?
Torre. Moi and shall be fo, content thyself.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
Wesm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westminster shall maintain.
Warw. And Warwick shall disprize it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March through the Citty to the Palace Gates.
Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.
Wesm. Plantagenet, of thee and thee thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinmen and thy Friends, he haue more lyes
Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge into more, left that in head of words,
I fend thee, Warwick, such a Meffenger,
And slue revenge his death, before I live.
Warw. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthless
Threats.
Plant. Will you wee flow our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title hast thou to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of York,
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,
And feiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.
Warw. Talkle not of France, fish thou half loft it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine moneths old.
Ric. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinks you looke:
Fathers teare the Crowne from the Vipurers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe to, let it on your Head:
Mow. Good Brother,
As thou loue it and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand caitilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leaue to
speak.
Warw. Plantagenet shall speake first. Hear him Lords,
And be you silent and attende too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.
Hen. Think'lt thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfie, and my Father sat?
No so, Wall Warre vpepeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, goe our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Prout it Henry, and thou shalt be King.
Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.
Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Reign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his,
Plant. He rode against him, being his Soveraigne,
And made him to reigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppose my Lords, he did it on contrat'y'd,
Thinke you I were prejudicial to his Crowne?
Exe. No on for he could not to reigne his Crowne,
But that he nee Heire should succeed and reigne,
Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answere not?
Exe. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou layst, I thinke not, that Henry shall be for depos'd.
Warw. Depost he shall be, in deligbt of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Effex, Norfolke, Suffolk, norKent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in deligbt of me,
Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground speare, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.
Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words resound my heart.
Plant. Henry of Lancaster, reigne thy Crowne:
What matter you, or what confine you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vp to this Princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And ouer the Clayme of State, where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with vtipring blood.
He flampes with his feet, and the Souldiers flawe themselves.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Conferme the Crowne to me, and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou livest.
Henry. I am content; Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne t
Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?
Wesm. Bafe, fearefull, and despaying Henry:
Clifford. How haft thou intrud'd both thy selfe and vs?
Wesm. I cannot say to hear these Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Counsin, let vs tell the Quenne thefe
Newses.
Wesm. Farrell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of York,
And dye in Bands, for this vnamely deed:
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre myf't be ouercome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and delip'sd.
Warw. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They feake reunge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah Exeter.
Warw. Why shoulde you sigh, my Lord?
Northumb. Not for my felle Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,
Whom I,vnresurantly shall dis-inheritance.
But be as it may: there entaye
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that hereafter thou take an Oath,
To ceafe this Ciuall Warre: and what'lt I lue,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

To honor me as thy King, and Soveraigne:
And noth thy Treafor nor Hithilite,
To feake to purpose, if I may mislike,
Worse, this oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Henry. And long live thou, and thee thy forward
Sonne.
Plant. Now Turke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exeunt. Accurse be he that feakes to make them foes.
Sees. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, I lay to my Caffe.
Wors. And I leake London with my Soulliers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followere.
Mon. And I into the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.
Exe. Here comes the Queene.
Whoe lookes bewray her anger:
Ill fleake away.
Henry. Exeunt fo wil I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extremities?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'd a maid?
And never seee thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vainly all a Father,
Hast he deffer'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hidst thou but lod him half as well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then have made that fawse Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforce me.
Queene. Enforce theire thee? Art thou King, and will be forrest?
I shame to heare thee speake; ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vudone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n vnto the House of Turke th'head,
As thou shalre reigne but by theire suffersance.
To enlaye him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulture,
And crease into it bare before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Calliche,
Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shall hee be safe? Such safetie flodes
The trembling Lambe, intreated with Wolves.
Had I bene there, which am a sily Woman,
The Soulliers shou'd have to'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have grantid to that Ash.
But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And see what thou do'ft, here dooerse my felte,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
And till that Akes Parliament be repeale'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northern Lords, that have forworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule digrace,
And viter ruine of the House of Turke.
Thus doe I leave thee; come Sonne, let's away;
Our Army is ready; come, wee'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.
Queene. Thou haft spake too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be marrie'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I return with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace; till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Pover Queene,
How loute to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her break out into terms of Rage,
Reueng'd may he the on that hateful Duke,
Who hath cauled in, and with desire,
Will cut my Crowne off, and like an empry Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loffe of those three Lords tormentes my heart;
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Confine, you shall be the Meflienger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconize them all.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mowbray.
Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give me leave.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mowbray. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of York.

Turke. Why how now Sonne, and Brother, at a thirfe?
What is your Quarrell? how began it frist?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.
Turke. About what?
Keb. About that which concerns your Grace and vs.
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Turke. Mine boy, not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are here, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of Lancaster Leave to breathe,
It will out-rumme you, Father, in the end.
Turke. I tookke an Oath, that hee should quietely reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken;
I would make a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.
Turke. I shall be, if I playne by open Warre,
Richard. Ille proue the contrary, if you heare mee speake.

Turke. Thou canst not, Sonne it is impossibile.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate.
That hath autoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vтуре the place.
Then seeinge twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivoulous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but think,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elizabeth,
And all that Pears faire of Blisse, and Joy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vnill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the late warme blood of Henriss heart.
Turke. Richard young'sh: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And what on Warrick to this Enterprize.

Thou
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privately of our intent.  
You Edward shalt into my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly tiele.  
In them I trust: for they are Southerlers,  
Witte, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what retrench more?  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the King not priue to my Drift,  
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? Why commit thou in such posture?  
Gabriel. The Queene,  
With all the Northern Earles and Lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your Cattle.  
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your Hold, my Lord.  
York. I, with my Sword.  
What thinkst thou, that we feare them?  
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,  
My Brother Montague shall post to London.  
Let noble warlike Cobham and the rest,  
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,  
With powerful Policie firenghem themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry nor his Oathers.  
Montague. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not.  
And thus mott humbly I doe take my leave.  

Exit Montague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,  
You are come to Sandall in a happy hour.  
The Arme of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.  
John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meet her in the field.  
York. What, with five thousand men?  
Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.  
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?  
Edward. I beare their Drummets:  
Let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth, and bid them Battle straight.  
York. Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.  
Many a Battale have I wonne in France,  
When as the Enemie hath beene reme to one:  
Why should I not nowe have the like successe?  

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?  
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplain away, thy Priesthood sates thy life.  
As for the rest of this accursed Duke,  
Whose Father flew my Father, he shall dye.  
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.  
Clifford. Southerlers, away with him.  
Tutor. Ah Clifford, murtherer not this innocent Child,  
Least thou be hated both of God and Man.  

Exit Clifford. How nowe is he dead already?  
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?  
He open them.  
Rutland. He looks the pent-vp Lyon o'er the Wretch,  
That trembles under his desouling Paws.  
And lo he walks, infacting o're his Prey,  
And lo he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.  
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,  
And not with such a cruel tormenting Look,  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speake, before I dye:  
I am too meane to be subiect for thy Wrath,  
Betwixt reueng'd on men, and let me live,  
Clifford. In vaine thou speake, thou poor Soy:  
My Fathers blood hath flopt the passage  
Where thy words should enter.  
Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,  
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him.  
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for me:  
No, if I dridd vp thy Fore-fathers Graves,  
And hung their roten Coffins vp in Chapneys,  
It could not make mine ire, noe eafe my heart.  
The flight of any of the House of York,  
is as a furies to torment my Soule:  
And till I root out their accursed Line,  
And leave not one alle, I live in Hell.  
This in vaine, Rutland.  
Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:  
To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pity me.  
Clifford. Such pity as my Riapers point affords.  
Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?  
Clifford. Thy Father hath.  
Rutland. But was ere I was borne,  
Thu hast one Sonne, for his sake pity me,  
Least in reuenging thereof, th' God is just,  
He be as miserably blame as I,  
Ah, let me live in Prision all my dayes,  
And when I gaine occasion of offence,  
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause,  
Clifford. No cause? thy Father flew my Fathers there-fore dye.  
Rutland. By justes, Besides my Sonnes servant处.  
Clifford. Planteagenet, I come Planteagenet:  
And this thy Sonnes blood cleansing to my Blade,  
Shall ruft upon my Weapon, till thy blood  
Congel'd with this doe make me wipe off both.  


York. The Army of the Queen has got the fields:  
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;  
And all my followers, to the eagers foe  
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Windes,  
Or Lambs purfied by hunger-flaured Wolves.  
My Sons, God knowes what hath bechaned them:  
But this I know, they have demean'd them selves  
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.  
Three times did Richard make a Lance to me,  
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:  
And fall as oft came Edward to my side,  
With Purple Fauchion, painted to the Hilt,  
In blood of those that had encountered him:  
And when the hardyeft Warriors did retre,  
Richard cry'de, Charge, and gie no foot of ground,  
And cry'de, A Crown, or else a glorious Tombe,
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigle,  
Dicky, your Boy, that wits his grumbling voice  
Wants not to chase his Dadd in Mutiny?  
Or with the refle where is your Darling, Rutland?  
Looke Torke, I stay'd this Nephis with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,  
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy;  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to drie thy Cheeks withall.  
Alas poor Torke, but that I have thee dead,  
I should lament thy miserable fate.  
I promise guineas to make the mercy, Torke,  
What! hath thy fierie heart for paroch chine entries,  
That not a Tear can fall, for Rutlands death?  
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldest be mad:  
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ring and dance,  
Then would I be still, and see to make me sport!  
Torke cannot speake, unless he were a Crowne;  
A Crowne for Torke; and Lords, bow low to him:  
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on,  
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King;  
I, this is he that tooke King Hearon Chaire,  
And this is he was his adopted Heire.  
But how is it, that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd to loome, and broke his Solemne Oath?  
As I besichke you, pr'ythee ye should not be King,  
Till our King Henry had thooke hands with Death  
And will you pale your head in Eternitys Glory,  
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,  
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?  
Oh 's a fault too too unpardonable.  
Ow with the Crowne, and with the Crowne, his Head,  
And whilest we bare him, to doe him dead.  
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.  
Queene. Nay fly, let's hear the Orizons hee makes.  
Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France,  
But worse then Wolues of France,  
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:  
How ill-believing is it in thy Sex,  
To triumph like an Amazonian Trium,  
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?  
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, exchanging,  
Made impudent with we of evil decees,  
I would affay, provd Queene, to make thee blush.  
To tell thee whence thou com'st, of whom den'd,  
Were shame enough, to shame thee,  
Were thou nor shamelesse.  
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Siciles, and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English Yeoman,  
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to infult?  
It needs not, nor doth thee not, proud Queene,  
Vnleefe the Adage must be verified,  
That Beggers mounde, commaue their Horse to death,  
Tis Beanie that doth off make Women proud,  
But God he knowes, thy gingere thereof is small,  
Tis Vertue, that doth make them mott admitt,  
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.  
Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine,  
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.  
Thou art as opposite to every good,  
As the Antipodes are towards,  
Or as the South to the Sep tiempor.  
Oh Tygres Heart, wept in a Womanes Hide,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

How couldst thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be seen to beare a Woman's face? Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible; Thou, fierce, obdurate, flinty, tough, remorseless. Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy Will, Would it have me weep? why now thou hast thy Will. For raging Wind blows up incessant flowers, And when the Raging alays, the Raine begins. Their Teares are my sweet Battalions Obsequies, And every drop eyes vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and the faire French-woman, Northumb. Befire me, but his passions move me so, That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares, Torke. That Face of his, The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht, Would not have driv't with blood; But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless Queene, a leprous Fathers Teares: This Cloth thou didst in blood of my sweet Boy, And I with Teares doe wash the blood away. Keep thee the Napkin, and goe boast of this, And if thou tellst the beautie florish right, Upon my Soule, the tearers will flied Teares: Yet, now my Foes will fill their said Teares, And Lay, Alas, it was a pitious deed, There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I repose at thy too cruel hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads. Northumb. Had he beene a laughter-man so all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but weep with him, To see how inky Sorrow gries his Soule. Queene, What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? Thinkst thou of the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly dye thee melting Teares. Clifford, hence for my Oath, hence for my Fathers Death. Queene. And here's to right out gentle-hearted King. Torke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seek thee out. Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates, So Torke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke. Flaminb. Exit. A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father seeps't Or whether he be seeps't away, or no, From Cliffrords and Northumberland's pursuit? Had he beene ta'te, we should have heard the newes; Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes: Or had he seeps't, me thinks we should have heard The happy tidings of her good escape, How fares my Brother? why is he so sad? Richard. I cannot joy, till I be resolvd Where our right valiant Father is become. I saw him in the Battale range about, And watch't him how he fleglen Clifford forth, Me thought he bore him in the thickest trome, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Next, Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry, The reft flung all averse, and barke at him, So far'd our Father with his Enemies, So fle'd his Enemies my Warlike Father: Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne. See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne. How well remembles it the prisse of Youth, Trim'd I a Yonger, prancing to his Loue? Ed. Dazie mine eyes, or do I see three Sunnes? Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But featur'd in a pale clear-sky shining Skye. See, see, they loye, embrace, and seme to kiss, As if they would some League inviolable, Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heauen figures some equu. Edward. 'Tis wondrouse strange, The like yet never heard of. I think it cistes vs (Brother) to the field, That we, the Sonnes of brave Plantagenet, Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes, Should notwithstanding loye our Lights together, And out-shine the Earth, as this the World. What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare Vpon my Target three faire shinning Sunnes. Richard. Nay beare three Daughters: By your leue, I speake it, You lonne the Breeder better then the Male. Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose beaute Looke's fore-tell Some dreadfull flory hanging on thy Tongue? Mef. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine, Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord. Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too much. Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all. Mef. Enuated he was with many foes, And bending against them, as the hope of Troy Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy. But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes: And many siftothes, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fell's the hardest-tymber'd Oak. By many hands your Father was subdvd, But onely laugh'd by the irefull Arme On vn-releenting Clifford, and the Queene, Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high defight, Laug'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, The ruthless Queene gane him, to dry his Cheekes, A Napkin, steeped in the harmefull blood Of sweet young Battalions, by rough Clifford slaine: And after many Icones, many foule taunts, They toke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They set the fame, and ther is doth remaine, The Saddest token that ever I view'd. Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon, Now thou art gone, wee have no Rest to say. Oh Clifford, boy't thou Clifford thou haft slaine The flower of Europe, for his Chevalrie, And trecherously haft thou vanquish't him, For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee. Now my Soules Palace is become a Prison: Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body Might
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

In haste, o'! haste, are come to owe thee with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight against.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kindes. And graceful Richard, with the Burgundie,
With slyde of Noulders to this needful Warre.

Rich. Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in Pursuit,
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, doth thou have:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from saint Henries head,
And wring the aweful Scepter from his Pill,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnede, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame not,
Tis lone I bear thy glories make me speake;
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throwaway our Coastes of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
And numb'ring our Anoes with Burials Heads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Denouement with evenfull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords,

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Biamtynaughte:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many more proud Birds,
Hau'e wrought the easie-melting King, like War.
He swore content to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the route of Lancaster,
Their power (I think) to thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helps of Norfolke, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou once shewed Earl of March,
Amongst theouting Wellmen can't procure,
Will but amount to nine and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, bedride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe ery Charge upon our Fees,
But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now no more I bear great Warwick speak;
Ne're may he live to see a Sun-ne'shine day.
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him fly.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will Heave,
And when thou failest (as God forbid the house)
Muit Edward fall, which petit heaven forefend.
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree, in Englands Royall Throne;
For King of England shal he be proclaimed
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for joy,
Shall for the Pauls make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard Montagne:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renouince,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Tiske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewn it disticke by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
The third Part of King Henry the Sext.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news is there?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk doth send you word by me, the Queen is coming with a sufficient host, and craves your company, for speedy council.

War. Why then it is, brace your warriors, let's away.

Exeunt Officers.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and Prince, with drummers and trumpeters.

Que. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of York; ye enter the head of that Arch-enemy, that sought to be incompacit with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheer your heart, my Lord?

King. I, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrath, to see this sight, it likes my very soul: With-hold reuenge (deere God) tis not my fault, nor wittingly have I infringed my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do Lyons call their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beasts, that would vurnge their Den. Whose hand is that the Forrest Bear doth lick? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who feares the lurking Serpents mortall fling? Not he that setts his foot upon her backe, the small and Worme will turne, being troden on, and Doves will peke in safegard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorkes, did Iuell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knitt his angry browes. He buts a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, and raise his scife like a looking Sire. Thou being a King, blest with a goodly tonne, Didst yeel content to disheare him: Which argued thee a most inloving Father, Unreasonable Creatures feed their young, and though mans face be scarfe with his eyes, yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seen them run with those wings, Which sometime they have v's with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd into their nest, offering their owne lives in their yongs defence? For shame, my Liege, make them your President: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should lose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, and long hereafter pay unto his childe, What is my greatest Grandfather, and Grandfire gote, My carelesse Father fondly gave away. Ah, what a shame were this? Lookes on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promiseth Successfull Fortune steel thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and lease thine owne with him. King. Full well hast Clifford plaid off the Orators, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford told me, did I thought never hear, That things ill got, had ever bad success. And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell; Ie lese my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, and would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held as such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in possession any lot of pleasure.

Ah Colin Yorke, would they be friend did know,

How it doth greece me that thy head is here.

Que. My Lord, doth your spirit, our foes are nye, And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promisse Kindes to our forward foes, Vainishly your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, rise a Knight, And lead this Lestage, Draw thy Sword upon right.

Prun. My gracious Father, by your kingsly leave, Ie draw it at Apparent to the Crowne, And in that quarrel, yee is to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of York, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclames him King, and many fyle to him, Dargaine your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field, The Queen hath hett successe when you are aboint.

Que. I good my Lord, and let vs to our Fortune, King. Why, that's my Fortune too, therefore Ie fly. North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prun. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords, And heereth those that fight in your defence.

Vainethe your sword, good Father: Cry S. George.


Edw. Now perit all Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And let thy Diadem upon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field?

Que. Go rate thy Minions, proud influnting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his content.

Clif. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do wear the Crown, Hauet caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.


Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee, Or any he, the proudesse of thy fortesse.

Rich. Was you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods fake Lords give fignall to the fight. War. What fay thee thou Henry. Wilt thou yeeld the Crownes? (you speake)

Que. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare

When you and I, met at S. Alowe latt, Your legges did better servise then your hands, War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled. War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford dowe me thence. Nor, No, nor your manhood that disturb me fay. Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently, Breeke off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big-sowne heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer. Clif. I flew thy Father, call thou him a Child?
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Alarms, Executious. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe:
For stokes receiued, and many blows repaid
Have robb'd my strong knit bowes of their strength,
And spoile of spoile, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, meantime.

Ed. Smile gentle haunts, or strike with gentle death,
For this world shrouns; and Edward Sunne is clouded.
War. How now my Lord, what hap? what hope or good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loffe, our hope but sad dispair,
Our rakes are broke, and shine followes us,
What comitts you know whether Shall we fly?
Ed. Bootles is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weake we are: and cannot thus pursuuy.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warrick why so wretchedly thy felles?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Brooch't with the Steely point of Gifford Lanuice.
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde.
Like to a dismal Clamor heard from land to land
Warwick, remember: Brother, remeber my death,
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That rain'd their Feetlocks in his running blood.
The Noble Gentleman gave vp his ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.
He kill my Horfe: because I will not fly:
Why then: let weke hearted women here,
Wayling our losses, while the Peacock Slayn,
And looke upon, as if the Tragedie
Were paid in full, by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my knee, I vow to God, that
He never paws againe, never stands still,
Till either death hath clos'd the eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.
Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow I signe my soul to this day.
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou better vp, and plucker downe of Kings,
Befoche thee (if with thy will it standes)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And give sweete paige to my soulful foole.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Givyme thy hand, and gentle Warwick,
Let me immract thee in my weares ames:
I that did never wepe, now melt with we.
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time for.
War. Away, away,
Once more forward, Lords farewell.
Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And givethem leave to flye, that will not flye.
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs.
As Victors weare at the Olympic Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Lite and Victory.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Richard. Now Clifford, I have fenced thee alone,
Suppose this arm be for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Were thou insinu'd with a brazen wall.
Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that flab'ld thy Father York,
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheerful these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy self,
And to hate at thee.

They fight, Warwicke blesse, Clifford flies.

Richard. Nay, Warwicke, singe out some other Chace,
For my self will hast this Wolfe to death.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Henry. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contende, with growing light,
What time the Shephard blowing of his nayles,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now flay'st it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
For the Tide to combatt with the Wind:
Now flay'st it that way, like the salle-then Sea,
Force'd to recrye by force of the Warre.
Sometimes, the Flood presusals; and than the Wind:
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both rugg'd to be Vizors, breaf to breaf;
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equal poise of this fell Warre.
Here on this Mole-hill will I firme downe,
To whom God will, there be the Vizoric:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
Hath chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so:
For what is in this world, but Griefe and Woe.
Oh God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carie out Dials quitely, point by point,
Thereby to fee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleat,
How many Hourses brings about the Day,
How many Days will fixh upon the Year,
How many Years, a Mortall man may live,
When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
So many Hourses, must I rend my Body.
So many Hourses, must I take my Rest.
So many Hourses, must I Contemplate:
So many Hourses, must I Sport my selfe.
So many Days, my Eyes have bene with yong:
So many weeks, ere the poor Fooles will Eate.
So many years, ere I shall thee the Fishe:
So many Minutes, Hours, Days, Moons, and Years,
Past over to the end they were created.
Would bring white hairs, yea to a Quiet grave.
Ahi what a life were this? How sweet? how lonely?
Gines not the Hawthorne buft a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their fylly Shpeeps,
Then doth a rich Imbroader'd Canopie
To Kings, that fear their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepheards homely Curds,
His cold thimle drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wounted tongue, under a fresh tree shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Misfortun, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sone that hath kill'd his Father, at one devote; and a Father that hath kill'd his Sone at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profitis no body,
This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight,
May be poffisied with some score of Crownes,
And I that (happily) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeild both my Life and them
To some man elle, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! is't my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflit, (I vswares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begerting such Euenes.
From London, by the King was I prefte forth,
My Father being the Earl of Warwicke man,
Came on the part of York, prefte by his Mafter:
And, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereast me.
Pardon me God, I know not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe a way those bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O piteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poor harmless Lambs abyde their eminity.
Wepen wretched man: Ile syde the Tare for Tare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Guilt Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break one charg'd with griefes.

Enter Father fearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so flourly hast refusel me,
Gine me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
Burnet me fee. Is this our Poemans face?
Ah no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: see, see what Dowrres arise,
Blowne with the winde Tempeft of my heart.
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart,
O pitty God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems how felt how Butcherly,
Erroneous, miserable, and unnatural,
This deadly quarell daily doth begin,
O Boy! thy Father gauze thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wogreffe, more the common greffe.
O that my death would flay thee rugged deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Rofe and the White are on his face,
The fafcall Colours of our fnirding Housets,
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheeks (as methinks) prevention,
Wither one Rofe, and let it be the other flouh.
If you contend, a thousand and a thousand wight.
Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfied?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed tears of Teares, and ne're be satisfied?

King. How will the Country, for thes woful chances,
Mif-think e
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

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Mil-thynke the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever none, so rev'd a Father's death?
Fath. Was ever Father so bemoaned by his Son?
Hen. Was ever King so grieved for Subjects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.
Son. He bears thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne'er shall go;
My fencing braid, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And all obsequums will thy Father be,
Men for the love of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
He bear thee hence, and let them fight for thee,
For I have murdered where I should not kill. Exit
Hen. Sad-hearted men, much uttergone with Care,
Here fits a King, more woful then you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke ragges like a chasted Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuit.
Qn. Mount my Lord, towards Warwicke poole a-
maine:
Edward and Robert like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fleet full flying: Here in fight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steele graffes in their fierfull wrath:
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them,
Nay, thay not to expollutate, make speed,
Orelie come after, lie away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee; good sweet Exeter,
Now that I can't deare to stay, but houre to go.
Whether the Queen intends. Forward, away, Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Here he burns my Candle out; I heare it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gues King Henry light.
O Lancast! I hear thee out of power,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Lourne and Peare, gled'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy cough Commixtures melts,
Impairing Henry, strength'ng milープroud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnares, but to the Sunne?
And who finnes now, but Henry's Enemies?
O Peace! had I thou never given content,
That Pikton should chace thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Care neuer had fьrcli of the earth,
And Henry, had I thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Guing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
They neuer then had bragd like Sommer Fylies:
1, and ten thousand in this buckeffe Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, hadst thou kept thy Chane in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gendere syre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lertty?
Bootleffe are Plaines, and Curtleffe are my Wounds:
No waye to flye, or strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercifulle, and will not pity:
For at their hands I haue defend'd no pity.
The syre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effufe of blood, doth make me faint;
Come York, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
I flab'd you Fathers Dolonies; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and
Soldiers, Montague & Clarence.

Ed. Now breake we Lords, good fortune bids vs passe,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes pursuie the bloody-minded Queene,
That led unme Henry, though she were a King,
As doth a Sacle, fill'd with a freth Guff
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues,
But think you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should scape,
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard marketh him for the Grave,
And wherefore he is, he's farly dead. [Clifford groans
Rich. Whoe soeuer is that which taketh his heavy lease?
A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing,
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battales ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vlied.
Rich. Resoke that doome of mercy, for his Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his issues put forth,
But set his murthering knife vnto the Rootes,
From whence that tender spray did tenderly spring,
I sente our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down thy head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roomes,
Measure for measure, must be answered.
Ed. Bring forth that fals Schrechowe to our house,
That nothing long but death, to vs and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,
And his ill-hoarding tongue, no more shall speake,
War. I think is understanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, doft thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-thades his beames of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we say.
Rich. O would he did, and if (perhaps) the doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfer,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father,

Cla. If so thou think it,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootleffe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love Yorke, and I am lovest to Yorke,
Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Swarese at thoy was't wont.

Rut. What,not an Oath? Nay then the whole go's hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath?
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two hours life,
That (I in all despight) might steyle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the infuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose unhanged thrust
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satistifie
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And rearce it in the place your Fathers standes,
And now to London with Triumphe matchet,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwick cut the Seale as France,
And take the Ladie Bone for thy Queene:
So shalt thou know both these Lands togethers,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not drest.
The ficted Foe, that hopes to rise againes:
For though they cannot gratestly fling to hurt,
Yet look to have them bust, and offend duteous ears:
First, will I forge Coronation,
And then to Britanny I'll crowne the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwick, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I build my Seate;
And neuer will I undertake the thing:
Wherein my counterfeate and content is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George of Clarence, Watwick as our Selle,
Shall do, and vado as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glosarf,
For Glosarf Duke domes is too onomous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish interfention.
Richard, be Duke of Glosarf: Now to London,
To receive his Honors in possession.

Enter Sinko and Humphrey with Crofass bones
in their hands.

Sinko. Vnder this thick groonn brake, wee threw
For through this Land anon the Deere come will be,
And in this court will we make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deere.

Hum. Hee sty on the hill, to both may shoo.
Sinko. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crofass bow
Will scare the Heard, and so my fowre is left:
Here stand we both, and syne we at the belt:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
He tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this feast place, where now we yearne to stand.

Sinko. Heree comes a man, let's sty till he be past.

Enter the King with a Prayer book.

Hum. From Scotland am I (one ear of pure love, To green mine owne Land with my willful right:
No Harry, Harry, 's no Land of thine,
Thy place is ill's, thy Scepter straung from thee,
Thy Balme wafted off, where with thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will thee call Cesar now,
No humble letters prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redres of thee:
For how can I help them, and not my selfe?

Sinko. If here's a Deere, whose skins a Keepers Fees:
This is the quondam King; Let's skate upon him.

Hum. Let me embrace the fowres Adulatories,
For Wife men say, it is the wildest courte.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands upon him,
Sinko. Forbear a little while, wee have a little more.

Hum. My Queene and Son are gone to France for ait.
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwice
Is shortly coming to cruse the French Kings Sitter
To wife for Edward. If this news be true then:
Poor Queene and Sonne, your labour is but left.
For Warwice is a subtile Ossor:
And Lewis a Prince soon will come with mowing words:
By this account then, Margaret may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pitted much;
Her figues will make a best in his brest,
Her tears will pierce into a Marble heart.

The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doge mouns:
And News will be taint with remorse,
To hate and to despair, her Brittain Tears,
I, but these's come to bee a, Warwice to gibe:
Shee on his left side, crazing syde for Hunter:
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward:
Shee Weres, and ayes, hyre Harry is deap'd:
He Smiles, and ayes, his Edward is answer'd:
That the (poore Wretch) for greefe can spake no more:
Whiles Warwice tells his Fulle, imoques the Wretched,
Infereth arguments of mightly strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sitter, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place,
O Margaret, thus' will be and thou (poore foule) will:
Art then Forsaken, as thou went it forlorned:
Hum. Say, what art thou that talkist of Kings & Queene?
King. More then I see, and leethe then I was born to:
A man at least, for else I should not be:
And men may talk of Kings, and why not?
Hum. I but thou talkst, as if thou wert a King:
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indianstones:
Nor to be leene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne that is, that olden Kings know.

Hum. Well, if you be a King, command with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you must be content,
To go along with vs: For as we think,
You are the King, Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all Allegence,
Will appreind you, as his Enemie,
King. But did you every swear, and breake an Oath,
Hum. No, neuer an such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you durre when I was Kef England?
Hum. Heree in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was appointed King at nine months old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sinko. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were king.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Alas, I know you not what you swear:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes me to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gult:
Such is the lightness of you, common men.
But do not break your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intracte shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and I le obey.
Sinko. We are true Subjects to the king,
King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to Henrys,
If he were seate as king Edward is.
Sinko. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To come into the Officers.
King. In Gods name leade, your Kings name be obeyd, And what God will, that let your King performe.
And what he will, I humbly yeeld to.

Enter Edward, Glosafer, Clarrenet, Lady Grosh.
King. Brother of Glosafer, at Albonens field.
This Ladyes Husband,Sir Richard Grey, was stable. His Land then dion by the Conqueror, Her fuit is now, so repoffite those Lands, Which were in tuffifie cannot well deny, Because in Quarrell of the House of Torky, The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her fuit: It was dif honor to deny it her.
King. It was no leffe, but yet it makenapawfe.
Rich. Ye, it is so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble fuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keps the winde?
King. Widow, we will consider of your fuit, And come some other time to know our mind.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brake delay: May it please your Highnessse to resole me now, And what your pleasure is, shall fatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands, And if what pleases him, shall fatisfie you: Fight cloere, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, if I have the chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'll take vantages

King. How many Children haue thout, Widow? tell me
Clarence. I thinke he means to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whips mee: he'll rather give her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.
Rich. You shall haue four, if you'll be ruled by him.
King. 'Twere pitie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaque, I tey this Widoues wite.

Rich. I good leaque haue you, for you'll haue leaque, Till You take leaque, and leesse you to the Church.

King. Now tell me, Madame, do you looke your Children?

Wid. I full as delytely as I loule my leffe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would fouflye some harme.

King. Then get you your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came into your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesss feruice.

King. What feruice will then doe me, if I give them?

Rich. What you command, that rets in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone,

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meanto to ask.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Claren. Ass red as fire? say then, her Wax must melt,

Wid. Why doppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taskes?

King. An easie Taske'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's fooone performed, because I am a Subject.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. That would be tempe daies wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,
He: but is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Poes is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be contey'd into the Tower.
And doe we be Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.
 Widow goe you along; Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

James Richards.
Rich. I, Edward will vse Women honorably:
Would he were wastered, Marrue, Bones, and all,
That from his Lowses no hopefull Branch may spring.
To crolle me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, be weene my Soules desire, and me,
The luffull Edwards Title buried,
is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd-for Life of their Bodies,
To cast their Soules, ere I can place my felle:
A cold premeditated for my purpose
Why then I doe but dreame on Soveraignet,
Like one that stands upon a Promontorie,
And sypes a farre off shore, where hee would tread,
Willing his hoote were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, thatsender him from thence;
Saying, he'll lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being farre of foot,
And do I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And do I (Isay) Ile cut the Cauies off,
Flatterting me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much.
Vainele my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornament.
And vwitch sweet Ladies with my Words and Looke,
Oh miserable Thought! and more unluckly,
Then to accomplishe twenty Golden Crownes.
Why Looke for, wore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her lowe Lawes,
Shee did corrupt fraysle Nature with some Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountaine on my Back,
Where fits Deformite to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unquael size,
To dif-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-luck'd Beare-whelp,
That carryes no impreffion like the Danume.
And am I then a man to be beheld?
Oh monstrous fault, to barbours such a thought,
Then fence this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare fitch,
As are of better Perfon then my felle:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I live,'account this World but Hell,
Vutilly my mis-flap d Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impale with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lunes stand betweene me and home :

And lyke one loft in a Thorne Wood,
That rents the Thorns, and is rent with the Thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toying desperately to finde it out,
Torment my felle, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my felle,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why can I smile, and mutter whiles I smile,
And cry Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile fly more gazers then the Bafuile,
Ile play the Orator as well as Nefler,
Deceive more flyly then Piffer could,
And like a Synne, take another Troy.
I can addde Colours to the Camelion,
Change Hapes with Pretence, for advantages,
And fea the garrulous Macbeth to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siller Duke, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Clarence Margerets, and the Barre of Gafford.
Lewis fies, and vise on vp agone.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margeret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou shouldst I stand, while Lewis doth sit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France; now Margeret
Must drinke thy fayle, and leaue a while to tende,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Alibions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dis-honor laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like Sear into my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my felle.
Lewis. Why fay, faire Queene, whette springs this deep desire?
Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And drops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What eter it be, be thou still like thy felle,
And sit thee by our fide.
Sest her by hym, Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
But let thy dauntelefle mindes fill ride in triumph,
Ouer all mishance.
Be plaine, Queene Margeret, and tell thy griefs,
It shall be care'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Tho' these gracious words
Reuie my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd forrowes leaue to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry sole poiffeler of my Love,
Is, of a King,become a baniftf man,
And for'd to live in Scotland a Forlorn,
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke,
Vnistues the Regall Titles, and the Seate
Of Englands true anvoyed lawfull King,
This is the cause that I, poor Margeret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, He(uies Heir,
Am come to crauce thy iust and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasures feast d, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou feelest) our felonies in heautie plight.

_Lewis._ Renowned Queene,
With patience calm the Storme,
While we bethinke a meaneys to break it off.

_Mary._ The more we fly, the stronger grows our foe.

_Lewis._ The more I stay, the more I face the thee.

_Mary._ O, but impatient waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

_Enter Warwick._

_Lewis._ What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?

_Mary._ Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards greatest friend.

_Lewis._ Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?

_Warwick._ I come with true Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy well-beloved friend,
I come in kindnesse, and vnfatyned Loute
To doe greeings to thy Royal Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confute that Amitec
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

_Mary._ If that goe forward, Henrys hope is done.

_Warwick._ And gracious Madame, speaking to Bona,
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passioun of my Sovereigns Heart;
Where Fame, late eucuting at his headd full Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

_Mary._ King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speake,
Before you and Deare Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meaned honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceitie:
For how can Tyrants faliely governne home,
Valeffe abroad they purchase great alliancie?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henrys heath Hill: but were they dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henrys Sonne.
Look therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marriage
Thou drau not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Villagers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'n are iuft, and Time supprefteth Wrongs.

_Warwick._ Innuitious _Margaret._

_Edu._ And why not Queene?

_Warwick._ Because thy Father Henry did vnsue,
And thou no more art Prince, then fhee is Queene.

_Osx._ Then Warwick diffauts great Iohn of Gaunt,
Which did debase the greatest part of Spaine;
And after Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Widome was a Mirror to the wiseft:
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fift,
Who by his Prowsesse conquered all France:
From theft, our Henry lineally descends.

_Warwick._ Oxford, how hap's it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixt hath left
All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten:

Me thinks the Peers of France should smile at thee
But for the rest, you tell a Pedigree
Of threecore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prefection for a Kingdome worth.

_Osx._ Why Warwick, can't thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirteene and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treatnion with a Blush?

_Warwick._ Can Oxford, that did contemne the right,
Now buckle Fairhood with a Pedigree?

For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

_Osx._ Call him my King, by whose injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord _Ambrose_ Vere
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death?

_No Warwick._ No, while Life upholdeth this Arme,
This Anne upholdeth the House of Lancaster.

_Warwick._ And I the House of York.

_Lewis._ Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Osxord,
Vouchsafe at our requent, to stand aside,
While I vse further conference with Warwick.

_They stand alofe._

_Mary._ Herems grant, that Warwick would not be with him not.

_Lewis._ Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

_Warwick._ Thereon I prave my Credic, and mine Hon.

_Lewis._ But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

_Warwick._ The more that Henry was vnfortunate.

_Lewis._ Then futher: all diffembilling fet aide,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Unto our Sifter Bona.

_Warwick._ Such it seemes,
As may beforme a Monarch like himselfe,
My felle haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertuous ground,
The Lenes and Fruits maintaine with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Emuy, but not from Disdain;
Valeffe the Lady Bona quit his paine.

_Lewis._ Now Sifter, let vs heare your feme refolue.

_Bona._ Your graunte, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that once ere this day,
When I haue heard your Kings defert recounted,
Mince care hath tempered judgement to defire.

_Lewis._ Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sifter shall be Edward,
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:
Drawe neare, Queene Margaret, and be a witneffe,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

_Edu._ To Edward, but not to the English King.

_Mary._ Deceitfull Warwick, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my lot,
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henrys friend.

_Lewis._ And still is friend to him, and Margaret.

_Bona._ But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appear by Edwards good ducceffe:
Then is but reason, that I be releas'd
From guising ayde, which late I promis'd,
Yet shall you have all kindnesse to my hand,
That your Estates require, and mine can yeeld.

_Warwick._ Henry now lives in Scotland, at his cafe;
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose. And as for you your selle (our quandam Queene) You have a Father able to maintaine you, And better twoe, you troubled him, then France. 

Mar. Peasce impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke, Proud fuerter vp, and puller downe of Kings, I will not hence, till with my Tale and Teares (Both full of Truth) I make King Lewes behold Thy flye countenance, and thy Lords false love, 
Poet slaying a horse Within. 

For both of you are Birds of sellsame Feathers. 

Lew. Warwicke, this is some poete to ye, or thee. 

Enter the Poete. 

Poet. My Lord Ambassador, 
These Letters are for you. 

Speak to Warwicke, 
Sent from your Brother Marquess Montague, 
These from out King, into your Matetie, 
And Madam, these for you: 
From whom, I know not. 

The Poet adresses their Letters. 

Of. Like it well, that out faire Queene and Mistresse Smiles on her nevves, while Warwicke frowns at his, 
 whose Ed. Nay mark how Lewes rampes as he were needes. I hope, all's for the best. 

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy News? And yours, faire Queene. 

Mar. Mine is such, as fill my heart with vn hope'd joyes. 
War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent. 
Lew. What has your King married the Lady Gry? And how to fetch your Forgery, and his, 
Sends me a Paper to persuade me Patience? Is this the Alliance that he seeth with France? 
Dare he presume to seeme vs in this manner? 
Mar. I told your Majesty as much before: 
This proveareth Edwards Love, and Warwicke's falsehood. 

War. King Lewes, I heere protest in fight of heaven, And by the hope I have of heavenly life, That I am cleere from this middelee of Edwards, No more my King, for he dishonors me, But meeth himselfe, if he could see his shame. Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke My Father came vn timely to his death? Did I let paffe th'abuse done to my Nece? Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne? Did I put Henry from his Matetie Right? And shan I question'd at the left, who vans? Shame on himselfe, for my Defect is Honor, And to repair my Honor lost for him, I heere renounce him, and return to Henry, My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe, And henceforth, I am thy true Sentire, I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bond, And replant Henry in his former state. 

Mar. Warwicke, 
These words have turned my Hatre to Lour, And I forgive, and quite forget old faults, And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's Friend, 
War. So much his Friend, I his unfainest Friend, 
That if King Lewes vouchefer to furnish vs With some few bands of choosen Soldiours, He undertakes to Land them on our Coast, And force the Tyrant from his fear by Warre, 
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him, And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me, He's very likely now to fall from him, For matching more for warrant Luft, then Honor, 

Or then for strength and safety of our Country. 

Bona. Dear Broth, how shall Bona be recei'd, But by thy help to this disrestit Queene? 
Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry live, Vileste thou rescue him from foule dispaire? 
Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queene, are one. 
War. And mine faire Lady Bona, joyes with yours. 
Lew. And mine faire, with hers, and thine, and Margaret, 
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved 
You shall have aye. 

Mar. Let me give humble thanke for all, at once, 
Lew. Then Englands Melsefer, resume in Poete, And tell faile Edward, thy suppos'd King, 
That Lewes of France, is sending out Maskers To recolle it with him, and his new Bride. 
Thou feele what's pass'd, go fetch thy King withall, 
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll proue a widower shortly, I weare the Willow Garland for his sake. 
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weares are layde aside, And I am ready to put Armor on. 
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore Ie vn-Crowne, him, er' be long. 
There's thy reward, be gone. 

Exit Poete. 

Bona. Warwicke, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men Shall crost the Seas, and bid faile Edward battaille: And as occasion ferues, this Noble Queene And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply. Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt: What Pledge hast we of thy firme Loyalty? 
War. This shall affirme my constant Loyalty, That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree, Ie joyne mine eldrest daughter, and my Joy, To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands. 
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank ye for your Motion, Sonne Edward, she is Faire and Vetusous, Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke, And with thy hand, thy faith irreconcileable, To onely Warwicke daughter shall be thine. 
Dame Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well defends it, And heere to pledge my Vow. I give my hand. 
He gives his hand to War. 

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leued, And thos Lord Bounour, our High Admirall Shall wait them over with our Royall Flete. I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance, For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France. 

War. I come from Edward as Ambassador, But I return his sworne and mortall Poete. 

Mar. Matter of Warre was the charge he gaue me, But dreadfull Warre shall anwer his demand, Had he none else to make a state but me? Then none but I, shall turne his Jelt to Sorrow, I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne, And ye be Cheefe to bring him downe againe: 
Not that I pitty Horses misery, But seeke Revenge on Edwards mockery. 

Exit. 

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerst, and Montague. 

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray? Hath not my Brother made a worthy choice? 
Clare. Alas, you know, its faire from hence to France, How
How could he (stay till) Warwick made return?
Smy. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the
King,
Flowes.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford,
Hastings: some stand on one side,
and some on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.
 Clarence. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyse,
That you stand penfule, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,
Or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgemen,
That they be not of noffe at our abufe.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They see but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hafie Marriage feldome prooued well.

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no God forbid, that I should with them feter'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together;
I, and twoe pittie, to funder them,
That yeake so well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some folution why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, Sumter, and Montagu:
Skepticaly what you think.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King Lewis becomes your Enemie,
As mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Bona.

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gueue in charge,
Is now dis-honor'd by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By fuch instation as I can devise?

Montagu. Yet, to have ioyn'd with France in fuch alliance,
Would more have fhrength and this our Commonwealth
Gain fcarrain forms; then any home-bred Marriage.

Haff. Why, knowes not Montagu, that of felfe,
England is safe, if true within it felfe?

Montagu. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Haff. 'Tis better vring France, then truffing France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath givn for fence impregnable,
And with their helpe, onely defend our felues:
In them, and in our felues, our fafeties eyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Haffings well defends
To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunte,
And for this once, my Will fhall stand for Law.
Rich. And yet we think, that God hath not done well,
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scale
Into the Brother of your loyding Bride:
Shall better would have fitterd me, or Clarence:

But in your Brede you brie Brotherhood,

Clar. Or else you would not have bent bow'd the Heire
Of the Lord Bremis on your new Wines Sonne,
And leue your Brothers, and your women elsewhere.

King. Alas, poor Clarence, he is for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prooue thee.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you left,
For I will hence to Warwick other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your felloe.
You that lose me, and Warwick, follow me,
Exit Clarence and Somerset follows.
Rich. Not 1:
My thoughts ynow at a further matter:
I may not for the Love of Edward, but the Crown.
King, Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick:
Yet am I stand against the worst can happen:
And hate is needfull in this deep rate cafe.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf.
Goe Deane men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My felloe in person will straight follow you.
Exit Pembroke and Stafford.
But ere I go, Hassings and Montague.
Resolute my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are meete to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more then me then;
If it be, then both depart to him:
I rather with you then, when holow friends.
But if you mind to hold your courage, and credence,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspition,
Mount. So God helps Montague, as he proves true.
Hull. And Hassings, as hee famous Edwards cause,
King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Rich. I, in deignight of all that shall withstand you.
King. Why so? then am I true of Victorie,
Now therefore let vs hence forward, and loe no howre,
Till we meet with Warwick, with his forreigne power.
Exit.

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
with French Sailors.

Warn. Truth me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The commodious people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.
Warn. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardly,
To reit unfruitfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pown’d an open Hand, inigne of Loue:
Elfe might I think, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine,
And now, what refts? but in Nights Couture,
Thy Brother being careleslyly encamp’d,
His Sailors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scots have found the adventure very faire.
That as Vistis, and stout Dunsdale,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rheus Tent,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Seeds;
So wee, well coued with the Nights black Mante,
At warres may best be done Edwardi Guard,
And Oxlife himselfe: I say not, daughther him,
For I intend but only to surprize him,
You that will follow me to this attempt,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

K. Edw. Yes, Brother of Clarence, Art thou here too? Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe. Yet Warwick, in delighft of all mischance, Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices, Edward will always beare himselfe as King: Though Fortune mallice overthrow my State, My minde exceeds the compass of her Wheels. 

Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward England's King, 

Take off his Crowne. 

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne, And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow. My Lord of Somerfer, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be coney'd 

Into my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellows, Ite follow you, and tell what answere 

Lewi. And the Lady Bona send to him. Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke, 

They lead him one forcibly. 

K.Edw. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide; It boots not to refit both windes and tide, 

Exeunt. 

Ost. What now remains my Lords for vs to do, But march to London with our Soldiers? 

Warw. That's the first thing that we haue to do, To free King Henry from imprisonmeht, 

And bee him feasted in the Regall Throne. 

Enter Rysters, and Lady Gray. 

Rim. Madam, what makes you in this disorder change? 

Gray. Why Brother Ryster, are you yet to learn 

What late misfortune is befalne King Edward? 

Rim. What losse of some pitcch battell 

Against Warwick? 

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall Pfeffon. 

Rim. Then is my Souereigne flame? 

Gray. Ialmoft flame, for he is taken prisoner, Either betrayed by fallhood or by Guard, 

Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares: 

And as I further haue to understand, 

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke, 

Fell Warwick Brother, and by that our Foe. 

Rim. These News I must confesse are full of greefe, Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, 

Warwick may loole, that now hath wonne the day. 

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder fines decay: 

And I the rather waiue me from dispaire 

For losse of Edwards Offspring in my wome: 

This is it that makes me bridle passion, 

And bear with Mildnesse my misfortunes croffe: 

I, for this I draw in many a teare, And stop the rising of blood-staching sigues, 

Leath that doth fall or teares, I blash ordrowne 

King Edwards Frise, the beare to th English Crowne. 

Rim. But Madam, 

Where is Warwick then become? 

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London, 

To set the Crowne once more on Frontier head, 

Guesse thou the rest. King Edwards Friends must downe, 

But to prevent the Tyants violence, 

(For truth nor him that lieth once broken Faith) 

I herefore forthwith into the Sanctuary; 

To fase (at least) the beare of Edwards right: 

There still I tender free from force and fraud 

Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye, 

If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye. 


Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, 

Into this distress Thicket of the Park. 

Thus hand the cafe: you know our King, my Brother, 

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands 

He hath good vsage, and great liberty, 

And often but attended with weake guard, 

Come hunting this way to disport himselfe: 

I haue advertis'd him by secret mesmes, 

That if about this house he make this way, 

Vnder the colour of his wholl game, 

He shall here finde his Friends with Horses and Men, 

To fet him free from his Captivity, 

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman 

with him. 

Huntsman. This way my Lord, 

For this way lies the Game. 

King Edw. Nay this way man, 

See where the Huntsmen stand. 

Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest, 

Stand you thus close to feste the Bishops Decree? 

Rich. Brother, the time and cafe, requireth haft, 

Your horse flands ready at the Parkes-corner. 

King Edw. But whether shall we then? 

Hast. To Lyn my Lord, 

And flips from thence to Flanders. 

Rich. Wee gueft believe me, for that was my meaning 

K.Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnesse, 

Rich. But wherefore may we'tis no time to talk. 

K.Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? 

Wilt thou go along? 

Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd. 

Rich. Come then away, Lets ha no more ado, 

K.Edw. Bifhop farwell, 

Sheed thee from Warwick Crowne, 

And pray that I may re-posse the Crowne. 

Flourish. “Enter King Henry the first, Clarence, Warwick, 

Somerfer, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, 

and Lieutenant.” 

K.Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends 

Have shaken Edwards from the Regall state, 

And turn'd my captaine state to libertie, 

My feare to hope, my sorrowes into joyes, 

At our enlargement what are thy due Fees? 

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Soulls 

But, if an humble prayer may prevaile, 

I then crave pardon of thy Maiestie. 

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me? 

Nay, be thou sure, Ie well require thy kindnesse, 

For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure, 

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds 

Conceit, when after many moody Thoughtes, 

At last, by Notes of Houblow harmonie, 

They quite forget their losse of libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

But Warwick, after God, thou setst me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes flight,
By liking low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blest Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarring strakes,
Warwick, although my heart doth reverence the Crowne,
There resign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By rating and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Stares:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For changing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No. Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heaut'n in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Ollie Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free content.

War. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.

King. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands:
Not to lose your Hands, & with your Hands you Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To finnes reburke, and my Creatours peace.

War. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraigne will?

Clar. That he contents, if Warwick yield content,
For on thy fortune I repose my felic.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee're yseke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's Body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his cafe.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forweith that Edward be pronounced a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.
War. I therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For till I fee them here, by doubly full feare,
My joye of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. I shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speed.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmound.

King. Come bitherto, Englands Hope:

Lay'st thou Hands on his Head,
If secret Power suggest but truth
To my duining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peaceful Maistrie,
His Head by naturall straund to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Is likely in time to bleffe a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lord, for this is heere,
Mist helpeth you more, then you are hurt by mee.
Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose, He le foome finde means to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henry's Friends. Mayor. I, say you not? the Gates shall then be opened. He defends.

Rich. A wife foute Captaine, and foone perfwaded. Hast. The good old man would faine that all were well, So 'were not long of him: but being entred, I doubt not I, but we should foone perfwade Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Mayor: these Gates must not be shut, But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, fear not man, but yeold me vp the Keyes, Take vp the Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all thofe friends, that deign to follow mee.

March. Enter Montegoume, with Drumme and Sounder.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montgoume, Our trauellie fonne, vnlesse I be decea'd. Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms? Mont. To helpe King Edward in his time offlame, As etery Loyall Subiect ought to doe. Edw. Thanks good Montgoume: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And onely clayne our Dukefome, Till God pleafe to lend the ref.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I came to feue a King, and not a Duke: Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away, The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee'll debate By what fafe means the Crowne may be recouer'd. Mont. What talke you of debating? in few words, If you're not here declare your fettle our King, He lease you to your fortune, and be gone, To keepe them back, that come to fuccour you, Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title? Rich. Why Brothers, wherefore fland you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger, Then we'll make out克莱: Till then,its wifdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with Sinful thoughts, now Armes must rule.

Rich. And fearlesse minds clyme soonest vpont Crowns, Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand, The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for'ts my right, And Henry but winges the Diademe.

Mont. I now my Soveraine speakeketh as himfelfe, And now will I be Edward's Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpett, Edward shal be here proclaim'd: Come, fellow Souldier, make thofe proclamation.


Mont. And whoo'erer garnieth Edward King rights, By this I challenge him to a gentle fight.

Throwes down his Gournet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montgoume, And thanks unto you all:
If fortune fene me, Ile requite this kindeffe, Now for this Night, let's have a Banquet in Yorke, And when the Morning Sunne fhall rayle his Carre Above the Border of this Horizon, We'll forward towards Warwicke, and his Mate, For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier. Ah froward Clarence, bow cuill it be foome thee, To fatter Henry, and forfaie thy Brother? Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwicke, Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day, And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.

Flourish. Enter the King Warwicke, Montagnes, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What confaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia, With hate the Germanes, and blunt the Hollanders, Has paff'd in faete through the Narrow Seas, And with his troupe he doth march maine to London, And many ggidie people flock to him.

King. Let's feue men, and beat him backe againe, Clare. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being fuffer'd, Riewes cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true hearted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre, Thofe will I mutter vp: and thou Sonne Clarence Shall firre vp in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee, Thou Brother Montagne, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Lucellefberie, shalt fende Men well enclined to hear what thou command'st. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd, In Oxfordshere I'll mutter vp thy friends.

My Soveraigne, with the loyning Citizens, Like to his fide, gyne in with the Ocean, Or modeft Dynes, circled with her Nymphs; Shall ref in London, till we come to thee: Faire Lords take leaue, and fland not to repreffe:

Farewell my Soveraigne.

King. Farewell my Hiftor, and my Troyes true hope.

Clare. In ligne of truth, I hife your Highneß Head.

King. Well minded Clare, be thou fortunate. Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and fo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I feal my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montagne, And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Cowdenbury.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Palaffe will I ref the while, Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship?

Me thinks, the Power that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exeunt. The doubt is, that he will reduce the ref.

King. That's not my feare, my mead hath got me fame: I have not ftopt mine cares to their demands, Nor pofted of their fuites with flow defays.

My pittie hath beene balme to heal their wounds, My mildneffe hath alway'd their dwelling grieues, My mercie dry'd their water flowing teares.

I have not beene deffons of their wish, Nor much oppreff them with great Subfides, Nor forward of reuenge, though they much er'd.

Then why should they love Edward more then me?

No Exeunt, their Graces challenge Grace:
And when the Lyon saws upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him.

Enter Shakespeare, A. Lancaster, A. Lancaster.

Exit. Hecke, hecke, my Lord, what shouts are those by?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Be gone, be gone, I am not King.

Enter Warwick, the Major of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?

How fare hence is thy Lordship, noble fellow?

Mess. By this at Dunmore, matching hitherward.

War. How fare off is our brother Montague?

Where is the Post that came from Montague?

Mess. By this at Daintry, with a plentiful troop.

Enter Somerille.

War. Say, Somerille, what fayes my houing Somme?

And by thy gueffe, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somer. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And doe expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his Drumme.

Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyues:

The Drum your Honor hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who shoul that be, be like unlook'd for friends?

Somer. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.


Edw. O fe, Trumpes to the Walls, and found a Parle.

Rich. See how the bloody Warwick manes the Walls.

War. Oh God, shall this be? Is the powerful Edward come?

Where step our Scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear nonewes of his repaire.

Edw. Now Warwicketh with thuns opent the Citie Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands bagge Mercy,

And he shall pardon that hee being Outrageous.

War. Nay rather, will thou draw thy forces hence.

Gouille who set eight vp, and pluck thee down,

Call Warwick King, and be content,

And thou shalt fill remaine the Duke of York,

Rich. Although at last he would have said the King.

Or did he make the Jeff against his will?

War. Is not a Duke come Sir a goodly gift?

Rich. I by my faith, for a poor East to give,

He doth thee reverence for so good a gift.

War. Twa I, that gane the Kingdom to thy Brother,

Edw. Why then tis mine, if it be with Warwickye gifts.

War. Thou art no Atlas to so great a weight:

And Wexeling, Warwick taketh his gift againe,

And Harry is my King, Warwick his Subject.

Edw. But Warwick King is Edward Prince,

And gallant Warwick doe but answer this.

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that Warrick had no more fore-calm,

But while he thought to fishte the fingle Ten,

The King was flyely finge'd from the Deck:

You left poor Henry at the Bishops Palace,

And tenny to one you'll meet him in the Tower,

Edw. To even I, y'et you are Warrickye fill.

Rich. Come Warwick,

Take the same, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,

And with the other, finge it at thy face,

Then beare to low a fayle, to firsle to thine.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,

Haste Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This hand was wound about thy coste-black hayre,

Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the duff this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing Warrick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Ohe chargefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.


Rich. The Gates are open, lets enter too.

Edw. So other foes may fet upon our backs,

Stand we in good array: for they do not

Will issue out againe, and bid vs battle.

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wes'll quickly rowse the Tristors in the field.

War. Ohe welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mon. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Trefason

Even with the dearest blood thy bodies bere.

Edw. The harder match, the greater, Victorie,

My minde preadgeth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Duke of Somerset,

Hau hold their Liues unto the House of Tyke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sward hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepest along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battale:

With whom, in upright zeal to right, preuailest

More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Farther of Warwick know you what this meanes?

Look here, I throw my infamie at thee:

I will not ruin my Fathers House,

Who gave his blood to fume the fitches too,

And set up Lancaster. Why, wouldst thou, Warwick?

That Clarence is to haue, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the farall Instruments of Warre.
The Queene from France hath brought a poulissant power,
Even now we heard the news: ah, could I thine eye.
Warn. Why then I would not flye, Ah Mauhitaigne.
If thou be there, sweete Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lov'st me not: for, Brother, if thou diest,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Montaigne, or I am dead.

Sene. Ah Warwicke, Montaigne hath breath'd his last,
And to the Ilefe grape, cry'd out for Warwicke.
And said, Command me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spok'd,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vauue,
That mought not be diffingnish'd: but at last,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane,
Oh farewel Warwicke.

Warn. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your selves,
For Warwicke bids you all farewel, to meet in Heaven.

Of. Away away, to meet the Queenes great power:
Here they bear an of his Body.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King, Thus fare we our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are glad with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright shining Day,
Ijoy a black insipicous trembling Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attainse his eastefull Western Bed:
Iname my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our Coast,
And as we hearre, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will soone diffiperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxforde, bid her:
If she haue time to breathe, be well affir'd
Her faction will be as strong as ours.

King. We are aduentur'd by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their coutrie toward Tewskbury,
We hauing now the body in that Barren field,
Will thinder straight, for willingneffes rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every County as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry Courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Marche. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerset, Oxforde, and
Saudiers.

Qu. Great Lords, whise men me're fit and walle their loste,
But clearly seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mahe be now blowne oute-bord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loft,
And halfe our Sayers swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lingers our Pilot still, is meet, that hee
Should leave the Holme, and like a tearfull Lad,
With tearfull Eyes addresse Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which had too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship flottes on the Rocke,
Which Industrie and Courage might have saued?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say Warwicke was our Anchor: what of that?

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Sene. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, wept thou as we are,
We might recourre all our Loffe againe.

Q 3
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt

And, Monmouth our Top-Mast; what of him?
Our slighthed friends, the Tackles; what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
And Somerset, another goody Masts?
The friends of France our Showers and Tackling?
And though yksfulfull, why not Not and 1,
For once allow the skillful Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helm, to fit and weep,
But keep up our Course (though the rough Windye say no)
From Sables and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wraek,
As good to chide the Waies, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless Sea?
What Clarenor but a Quick-fand of Deciet?
And Richard, but a ragged fatall Rocks?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swym, slas'tis but a while;
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Beshide the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death,
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If caste some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthfulfe Waies, with Sands and Rocks,
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
Prince, Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
If a Coward had heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake nothith, as doubting any here:
For did I but susped a fearfull man,
He should have leave to goe away betimes,
Leift in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any turne by here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.
Of. Women and Children of to high a courage,
And Warrior's fain, 'twere perfectall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famoue Grandfather
Dorh hue agane in thee; long may it thou live,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.
Some say he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he saue, be mock'd and wondere at.
Qu. Thanks gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes.
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Moff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.
Of. I thought no lesse; it is his Politic,
To haft this fast, to finde vs vproued.
Som. Butchere's decei'd, we are in readiness.
Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardness.
Of. Here pitch out Bataille, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Someliers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stand the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heavens assistance, and your strengthe,
Maft by the Roots be hewn vp yet ere Night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Gute signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My leaves gaince say: for every word I speake,
Ye fee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Peo, his State vrup'd,
His Realme a slaunderous, his Subjectes flaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spente:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in successe then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and gine signall to the fight.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queen, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Brioles.
Away with Oxford to Hames Caffle (ight)
For Somerset, off with his gullite Head.
Goe bear them hence, I will not hear them speake.
Of. For my part, I he not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but thopse with patience to my fortune.
Qu. So. Part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meeet with lyo in sweet Ieraulme.
Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shalle have a high Reward, and he his Life?
Qu. It is, and see where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for lording vp my Subjectes,
And all the trouble thou hast tum'd me to?
Prince. Spakes like a Subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Refuge thy Chayse, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe same words to thee,
Which (Trayors) thou wouldst haue me answer to.
Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene to resolue'd.
Rich. That thou mightst full heare worse the Petticoat,
And n'e haue holine the Breech from Lancastre.
Pray. Let vs sup table in a Winters Night,
His Curtrill Riddles iert us no with this place.
Rich. By Heaven, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.
Qu. Thou walt beare borne to a plague to men.
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.
Pray. Nay, take away this fmalting Crooke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wisfull Boy, or I will charme thy tongue,
Clar. Vturos'd Lad, thou art too malapaters.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndoufull
Laficinous Edward, and thou perius'd George's,
And thou mis-shapen Dieck, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Trayors as ye are,
And thou wip't my Fathers right and mine.
Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.
Stabs him.
Rich. Sprawll't thou? take that, to end thy agonie.
Rich. spicks him.
Clar. And ther's for twisting me with perturie.
Clar. faks him.
Qu. Oh, kill me too.
Rich. Marry, and shall.
Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Rich. Why
Rich. Why should thee hie, to fill the World with words.


Rich. Clarence excuse mee to the King my Brother:
He hence to London on a serious matter.

Edw. Yee come there, be sure to hear some newes.

Clo. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Edw. O Ne, sweet Ne, speak to thy Mother Boy.

Clo. If thou not speake O Traitors, Murthersers.

Rich. They that stab'd Gafor, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blaine,
It this faulte deed were by, to equal it.

He was a Man; this (as you see) a Childere,
And Men, we're spend their fury on a Childere.

What's worse then Murthersers, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burn, if I speake,
And I will speake, that to my heart may burn.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Canibales,
How sweet a Pint you have vntimely cropt:
You have no children (such if you had),
The thought of them would have stirs'd vp remorse.
But if you ever chance to have a Childere,
Look in his youth to hate him to cut off.

As deathmen you have rid this sweet yong prince.
King. Away with her, go bear her hence perforce.

Sun. Nay, never bear me hence, dis part me sheere:
Here through thy Sword, live pardon thee my death:
What with thou name? Then Clarence do in thy hand.
By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Quo. Good Clarence do; sweet Clarence do thou do it.

Rich. Did'st thou not see me? Me would I not do it.

Quo. 1, but thou sittest to forswear thy selfe.

Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that durn'd butcher Richard?
Har. Harlow d Richard d Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here; Murthers is thy Alme-deado.

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put it backe.

Edw. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence,

Clo. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queen.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Clo. To London all in post, and as I gueffe,

I think a bloody supper in the Tower.

Em. He's gaunde if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort.
With Pay and Thanke, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queen how well the fayres,
By this (I hope) thee chance of a Sonne for Bell.

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard with the Lieutenant on the Water.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Bookke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I shoule say rather,
This fime to flatter, Good was little better:
Good G litter, and good Deull, were allike,
And both preposterous, therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirres, leave vs to our felues, we must conferen.

Hen. So flies the wreakelesse sheepe forthward from the Wolfe,
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throatse, vote the Butcheres Knife.

What Scene of death hath Religious noe to Accf?

Rich. Submission always hauueth the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each Buthe an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limede in a bush,
With trembling wings mildoubt every Bush.
And I the haplesse Maile to one sweet Bird,

Clive, how the fallall Objedt in my eye,
Whose my poore song is hymd, was caught and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a pecuill Folle we had of Greece,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Folle,
And yet for all his wings, the Folle was drown'd.

Hen. I Diddis, my poore Boy, fear.
Thy Father Minns, that deme our course,
The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selie, the Sea,
Whole enuisous Guile did swallow vp his life:
Oh, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words of war.
My brest can better brooke than thy Daggars point,
Then can my ears that Tragickie Hystory.

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my Life?

Rich. I think it thou am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perfector am I sure thou art,
Murtherring Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner,

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his prejumpton.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I dieth presmune,
Thou hadst not liue'd to kill a Sonne of mine.

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now ministrall no parcell of my fear.
And many an old mans sight, and many a Widdow,
And many an Orphans water-faunding-eye,
And many Poverit Men for their Sonnes,
Wives for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents times death:
Small see the house that ever thou was borne.

The Oxle shirk'd a thy birth, an eull signe,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckelife time,
Dogs how'd and hiddouse Tempcl shook down Tress:

The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chartring Pies in diffmall Discords sung:
Thy Mother fell more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indignesed and deformed lump:
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou was borne,
To dignifie, thou cam'tt to the world:
And if the reft be true, which I haue heard,
Thou cam'tt.

Rich. He heare no more:

Stabbes him.

For this (among the reft) was I ordain'd,

Hen. 1, and for much more laughter after this,

Dyes.

Rich. What will the aspiering blood of Lancaster
Sink in the grounds? I thought it would have mounted,
See how my Wourd weeps for the poor Kings death.
O may such purple teares be alwaies flid
From shoul'd with that the downfall of our house.
If any sparkel of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabbes him again.

I that haue neyther pitty, joye, nor fearce,
Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward,
Had I not reason (thikeye) to make haft,
And seek the Ruine, that sturn'd our Righte?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cried
O Jefus bleiest vs, he is borne with teeth,
And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should starle, and bite, and play the dogges,
Then since the heavenes haue shap’d my body so
Let Hell make crooked my minde to suffer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother.
And this word (Loane) which Gray-beards call Diatriue,
Be nothin in men like one another,
And not in men I am my selfe alone.
Clarense beware, thou keepest me from the Light,
But I will fort apitchy day for the.
For I will buzz abroad such Prophecies,
That Edward shall be faireful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, He be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarense, thy turne is issued, and then thereof,
Counting my selfe but bad, till be best.
Ile throw thy body in another room,
And Triumph Henry, thịsh day of Doome.

Flourish. Enter King, Queens, Clarense, Richard, Humings, Norfe and Attendants.

King. Once more we feare in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchased with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foo-men, like to Autumnes Cornes,
Haue we mou’d downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somertet, threesold Renovce,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two Cliffs, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberland, two brater men.
Ne’re fownd their Couriers at the Trumpers found,
With them, the two brave Bearers, Warwick & Montague,
That in their Chains feeter’d the Kingly Lyon,
And made the farrest tremble when they roat.

This time we sweep Sufferion from our State,
And made our Footboole of Security.
Goaste brother, Beff, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnclles, and my selfe.
Have in our Armours watch the Wintres night,
Went all afoot in Summers straunging here.
That thou mightst repelliste the Crime in pence,
And of our Labours thou shalt receipe the gaine.
Rich, He blast his Harst, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain’d to thicke, to heave,
And haue it shal some weight, or break my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute,
King, Clarense and Cliffor, Ione my baronly Queene,
And kis your Prince Nephew Brother both.

Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestie,
I caste upon the lips of this sweet Babe,
Cla. Thankes Noble Clarense, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I love the tree for which ye spright’s.
Witnesse the leaing halfe I give the Fruit,
To saie the truth, to Indus kilt his master,
And crept all hale, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I feast as my for delights,
Having my Countres peace, and Brothers loves.

Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margarete,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France?
Hath pawn’d the Stells and Ierusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ranlome.

King. Away with her, and waife her hence to France:
And now what reells, but that we spend the time
With hardly Triumphes, martialfull Comickste fiestes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court,
Sound Drumes and Trumpets, farwell fowre anny,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.