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&amp;
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 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

<lb/>COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.**</titlePart>**

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>`
`<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>`
`<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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`<persName type="form">`Glost. 1. Man.`</persName></person>`
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  <persName type="form">Win.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-1h6-shp">
    <persName type="standard">Shepherd, father to Joan of Arc</persName>
    <persName type="form">Shep.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-som">
    <persName type="standard">Duke/Earl of Somerset, John
Beaufort</persName>
    <persName type="form">Som.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-sol">
    <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sould.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Souldier.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-suf">
    <persName type="standard">Earl of Suffolk</persName>
    <persName type="form">Suf.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Suff.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-tal">
    <persName type="standard">Lord Talbot/Earl of
Shrewsbury</persName>
    <persName type="form">Tal.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Talb.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Talbot.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-ver">
    <persName type="standard">Vernon, of the White Rose, or York,
faction</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ver.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Vern.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Vernon.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-1h6-war">

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    <persName type="standard">Earl of Warwick</persName>
    <persName type="form">War.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Warw.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-1h6-wat">
    <persName type="standard">Watch</persName>
    <persName type="form">Watch.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-1h6-woo">
    <persName type="standard">Woodvile, lieutenant of the
Tower</persName>
    <persName type="form">Wooduile.</persName>
  </person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-1h6">
  <body>
    <div type="play" n="20">
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0452-0.jpg" n="96"/>
      <head rend="italic center">The first Part of Henry the Sixt</head>
      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Dead March.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Funerall of
King Henry the Fift, attended on by
            <lb/>the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke
            <lb/>of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-
            <lb/>wicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and
            <lb/>the Duke of Somerset.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Bedford.</speaker>
            <l>
          <c rend="decoratedCapital">H</c>Vng be ye heauens with black, yield
day to night,</l>
            <l>Comets importing change of Times and States,</l>
            <l>Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,</l>
            <l>And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,</l>
            <l>That haue consented vnto <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
death:</l>
            <l>King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the fift, too famous to liue
long,</l>
            <l>England ne're lost a King of so much worth.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>

```

<|>England ne're had a King vntill his time:</|>
<|>Vertue he had, deseruing to command,</|>
<|>His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,</|>
<|>His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:</|>
<|>His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,</|>
<|>More dazled and droue back his Enemies,</|>
<|>Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.</|>
<|>What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:</|>
<|>He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-exe">

<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>

<|>We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?</|>

<|>

<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:</|>

<|>Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;</|>

<|>And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,</|>

<|>We with our stately presence glorifie,</|>

<|>Like Captiuies bound to a Triumphant Carre.</|>

<|>What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,</|>

<|>That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?</|>

<|>Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,</|>

<|>Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,</|>

<|>By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>

<|>He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.</|>

<|>Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day</|>

<|>So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.</|>

<|>The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:</|>

<|>The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>

<|>The Church? where is it?</|>

<|>Had not Church-men pray'd,</|>

<|>His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.</|>

<|>None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,</|>

<|>Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>

<|>

<hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, what ere we like, thou art

Protector,</|>

<|>And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.</|>

<|>Thy Wife is prowde, she holdeth thee in awe,</|>

<|>More then God or Religious Church-men may.</|>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,</l>
 <l>And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,</l>
 <l>Except it be to pray against thy foes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>
 <l>Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace:</l>
 <l>Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;</l>
 <l>In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,</l>
 <l>Since Armes auayle not, now that <hi
 rend="italic">Henry's</hi> dead,</l>
 <l>Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,</l>
 <l>When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,</l>
 <l>Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,</l>
 <l>And none but Women left to wayle the dead.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:</l>
 <l>Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,</l>
 <l>Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;</l>
 <l>A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi>, or bright----</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>My honourable Lords, health to you all;</l>
 <l>Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,</l>
 <l>Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:</l>
 <l>Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,</l>
 <l>Paris Guysors, Poicters, are all quite lost.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>What say'st thou man, before dead <hi
 rend="italic">Henry's</hi> Coarse?</l>
 <l>Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes</l>
 <l>Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Is Paris lost? is Roan yeilded vp?</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> were recall'd to life
 againe,</l>
 <l>These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">

<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
 <l>How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.</l>
 <l>Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,</l>
 <l>That here you maintaine seuer<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot"
 resp="#ES"/>ll Factions:</l>
 <l>And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,</l>
 <l>You are disputing of your Generals.</l>
 <l>One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;</l>
 <l>Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:</l>
 <l>A third thinkes, without expence at all,</l>
 <l>By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.</l>
 <l>Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,</l>
 <l>Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;</l>
 <l>Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes</l>
 <l>Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
 <l>Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,</l>
 <l>These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:</l>
 <l>Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.</l>
 <l>Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;</l>
 <l>Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,</l>
 <l>To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0453-0.jpg" n="97"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter to them another
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.</l>
 <l>France is reuolted from the English quite,</l>
 <l>Except some petty Townes, of no import.</l>
 <l>The Dolphin <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> is crowned King

in Rheimes:</l>

<l>The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:</l>
<l>

<hi rend="italic">Reynold</hi>, Duke of Aniou, doth take his
part,</l>

<l>The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-exe">

<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>

<l>The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?</l>

<l>O whither shall we flye from this reproach?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>

<l>We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Bedford</hi>, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">

<speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, why doubtst thou of my
forwardnesse?</l>

<l>An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts,</l>

<l>Wherewith already France is ouer-run.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

<l>My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,</l>

<l>Wherewith you now bedew King <hi
rend="italic">Henries</hi> hearse,</l>

<l>I must informe you of a dismall fight,</l>

<l>Betwixt the stout Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, and the
French.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Win.</speaker>

<l>What? wherein <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> ouercame, is't
so?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-mes.3">

<speaker rend="italic">3. Mes.</speaker>

<l>O no: wherein Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> was
o'rethrown:</l>

<l>The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.</l>

<l>The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,</l>

<l>Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,</l>

<|>Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,</|>
 <|>By three and twentie thousand of the French</|>
 <|>Was round incompassed, and set vpon:</|>
 <|>No leysure had he to enranke his men.</|>
 <|>He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:</|>
 <|>In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges</|>
 <|>They pitched in the ground confusedly,</|>
 <|>To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.</|>
 <|>More then three houres the fight continued:</|>
 <|>Where valiant <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, about humane
 thought,</|>
 <|>Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.</|>
 <|>Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:</|>
 <|>Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.</|>
 <|>The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,</|>
 <|>All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.</|>
 <|>His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,</|>
 <|>A <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, a <hi
 rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, cry'd out amaine,</|>
 <|>And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.</|>
 <|>Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,</|>
 <|>If Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi> had not play'd the
 Coward.</|>
 <|>He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,</|>
 <|>With purpose to relieue and follow them,</|>
 <|>Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.</|>
 <|>Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:</|>
 <|>Enclosed were they with their Enemies.</|>
 <|>A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,</|>
 <|>Thrust <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> with a Speare into the
 Back,</|>
 <|>Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,</|>
 <|>Durst not presume to looke once in the face.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <|>Is <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> slaine then? I will slay my
 selfe,</|>
 <|>For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,</|>
 <|>Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,</|>
 <|>Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Mess.</speaker>
 <|>O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,</|>
 <|>And Lord <hi rend="italic">Scales</hi> with him, and Lord
 <hi rend="italic">Hungerford:</hi>
 </|>
 <|>Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.</|>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.</l>
 <l>Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,</l>
 <l>His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:</l>
 <l>Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,</l>
 <l>Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,</l>
 <l>To keepe our great Saint <hi rend="italic">Georges</hi>
 Feast withall.</l>
 <l>Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,</l>
 <l>Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Mess.</speaker>
 <l>So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,</l>
 <l>The English Army is growne weake and faint:</l>
 <l>The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,</l>
 <l>And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,</l>
 <l>Since they so few, watch such a multitude.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
 <l>Remember Lords your Oathes to <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> sworne:</l>
 <l>Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,</l>
 <l>Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,</l>
 <l>To goe about my preparation.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Bedford.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,</l>
 <l>To view th'Artillerie and Muniton,</l>
 <l>And then I will proclayme young <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> King.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gloster.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
 <l>To Eltam will I, where the young King is,</l>
 <l>Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,</l>
 <l>And for his safetie there Ile best devise.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Each hath his Place and Function to attend:</l>
 <l>I am left out; for me nothing remains:</l>
 <l>But long I will not be lack out of Office,</l>
 <l>The King from Eltam I intend to send,</l>
 <l>And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound a
 Flourish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Alanson,
 and Reigneir, marching
 <lb/>with Drum and Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> his true mouing, euen as in the
 Heuens,</l>
 <l>So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.</l>
 <l>Late did he shine vpon the English side:</l>
 <l>Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.</l>
 <l>What Townes of any moment, but we haue?</l>
 <l>At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:</l>
 <l>Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,</l>
 <l>Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
 <l>They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:</l>
 <l>Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,</l>
 <l>And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,</l>
 <l>Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reigneir.</speaker>
 <l>Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> is taken, whom we wont to feare:</l>
 <l>Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd <hi
 rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>,</l>
 <l>And he may well in fretting spend his gall,</l>
 <l>Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>

<l>Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.</l>
 <l>Now for the honour of the forlorne French:</l>
 <l>Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,</l>
 <l>When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here Alarum, they are
 beaten back by the
 <lb/>English, with great losse.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Alanson,
 and Reigneir.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?</l>
 <l>Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,</l>
 <l>But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reigneir.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> is a desperate Homicide,</l>
 <l>He fighteth as one weary of his life:</l>
 <l>The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,</l>
 <l>Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">k3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Alans. Froy-</hi>
 </fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0454-0.jpg" n="98"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alanson.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Froysard</hi>, a Countreyman of ours, records,</l>
 <l>England all <hi rend="italic">Oliuers</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Rowlands</hi> breed,</l>
 <l>During the time <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the third did
 raigne:</l>
 <l>More truly now may this be verified;</l>
 <l>For none but <hi rend="italic">Samsons</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Goliasses</hi>
 </l>
 <l>It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?</l>
 <l>Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,</l>
 <l>They had such courage and audacitie?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Let's leaue this Towne,</l>
 <l>For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,</l>
 <l>And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:</l>
 <l>Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth</l>
 <l>The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reigneur.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke by someodde Gimmors or Deuice</l>
 <l>Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on,</l>
 <l>Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:</l>
 <l>By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alanson.</speaker>
 <l>Be it so.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Bastard of
 Orleance.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ori">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
 <l>Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
 <lb/>for him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ori">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.</l>
 <l>Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?</l>
 <l>Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:</l>
 <l>A holy Maid hither with me I bring,</l>
 <l>Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,</l>
 <l>Ordayned is to raise this tedious Siege,</l>
 <l>And driue the English forth the bounds of France.</l>
 <l>The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,</l>
 <l>Exceeding the nine <hi rend="italic">Sibyls</hi> of old
 Rome:</l>
 <l>What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.</l>
 <l>Speake, shall I call her in<c rend="italic">?</c> beleuee my
 words,</l>
 <l>For they are certaine, and vnfallible.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,</l>

</>
place;</l>
<hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi> stand thou as Dolphin in my
</l>Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,</l>
</l>By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ioane
Puzel.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reignier.</speaker>
</l>Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-
<lb/>drous feats?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
</l>
<hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi>,is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?</l>
</l>Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,</l>
</l>I know thee well, though neuer seene before.</l>
</l>Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;</l>
</l>In priuate will I talke with thee apart:</l>
</l>Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reignier.</speaker>
</l>She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
</l>Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,</l>
</l>My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:</l>
</l>Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd</l>
</l>To shine on my contemptible estate.</l>
</l>Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,</l>
</l>And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,</l>
</l>Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,</l>
</l>And in a Vision full of Maiestie,</l>
</l>Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,</l>
</l>And free my Countrey from Calamitie:</l>
</l>Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.</l>
</l>In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:</l>
</l>And whereas I was black and swart before,</l>
</l>With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,</l>
</l>That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
</l>Aske me what question thou canst possible,</l>
</l>And I will answer vnpremeditated:</l>
</l>My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,</l>
</l>And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.</l>

<l>Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,</l>
 <l>If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:</l>
 <l>Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,</l>
 <l>In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;</l>
 <l>And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,</l>
 <l>Otherwise I renounce all confidence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,</l>
 <l>Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,</l>
 <l>The which at Touraine, in <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice>
 <hi rend="italic">Katherines</hi> Church-yard,</l>
 <l>Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here they fight, and
 Ioane de Puzel overcomes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,</l>
 <l>And fightest with the Sword of <hi
 rend="italic">Debora</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
 <lb/>weake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:</l>
 <l>Impatiently I burne with thy desire,</l>
 <l>My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.</l>
 <l>Excellent <hi rend="italic">Puzel</hi>, if thy name be so,</l>
 <l>Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,</l>

<l>'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
<l>I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,</l>
<l>For my Profession's sacred from aboue:</l>
<l>When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,</l>
<l>Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
<l>Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
<lb/>Thrall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reigneur.</speaker>
<l>My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
<speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
<l>Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,</l>
<l>Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reigneur.</speaker>
<l>Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
<lb/>meane?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
<speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
<l>He may meane more then we poor men do know,</l>
<l>These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reigneur.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?</l>
<l>Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
<l>Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,</l>
<l>Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
<l>What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
<lb/>it out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>

Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
 This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse.
 Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
 Since I haue entred into these Warres.
 Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
 Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
 Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
 With *Henries* death, the English Circle
 ends,
 Dispersed are the glories it included:
 Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
 Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at
 once.
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 Was *Mahomet* inspired with a
 Doue?
 Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
 <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
 Nor yet *S.*
Saint
Philips daughters were like thee.
 Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe
 on the Earth,
 How may I reuerently worship thee enough?
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alanson.</speaker>
 Leaue off delays, and let vs rayse the
 Siege.
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
Reigneur. Wo-</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0455-0.jpg" n="99"/>
 <fw type="rh">
The first part of Henry the Sixt.
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reigneur.</speaker>
 Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
 Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">

<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,</l>
 <l>No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster, with
 his Seruing-men.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>I am come to suruey the Tower this day;</l>
 <l>Since <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> death, I feare there is
 Conueyance:</l>
 <l>Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?</l>
 <l>Open the Gates, 'tis <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> that
 calls.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Warder.</speaker>
 <l>Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo ser.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost. 1. Man.</speaker>
 <l>It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Warder.</speaker>
 <l>Who ere he be, you may not be let in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Man.</speaker>
 <l>Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Warder.</speaker>
 <l>The Lord protect him, so we answer him,</l>
 <l>We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?</l>
 <l>There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:</l>
 <l>Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;</l>
 <l>Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Glosters men rush at
 the Tower Gates, and Wooduile
 <lb/>the Lieutenant speakes within.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-woo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wooduile.</speaker>
 <l>What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
 <lb/>wee here?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?</l>
 <l>Open the Gates, here's <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> that
 would enter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-woo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wooduile.</speaker>
 <l>Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,</l>
 <l>The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:</l>
 <l>From him I haue expresse commandement,</l>
 <l>That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Faint-hearted <hi rend="italic">Wooduile</hi>, prizest him
 'fore me?</l>
 <l>Arrogant <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>, that haughtie
 Prelate,</l>
 <l>Whom <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> our late Soueraigne ne're
 could brooke?</l>
 <l>Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:</l>
 <l>Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ses">
 <speaker rend="italic">Seruingmen.</speaker>
 <l>Open the Ga<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>es vnto the Lord Protector,</l>
 <l>Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter to the Protector at
 the Tower Gates Winchester
 <lb/>and his men in Tawney Coates.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winchest.</speaker>
 <l>How now ambitious <hi rend="italic">Vmpheir,</hi> what
 meanes
 <lb/>this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be

<lb/>shut out?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,</l>
 <l>And not Protector of the King or Realme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,</l>
 <l>Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,</l>
 <l>Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,</l>
 <l>Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,</l>
 <l>If thou proceed in this thy insolence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:</l>
 <l>This be Damascus, be thou cursed <hi
 rend="italic">Cain</hi>,</l>
 <l>To slay thy Brother <hi rend="italic">Abel</hi>, if thou
 wilt.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:</l>
 <l>Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,</l>
 <l>Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy
 <lb/>face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>What? am I dat'd, and bearded to my face?</l>
 <l>Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,</l>
 <l>Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,</l>
 <l>I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.</l>
 <l>Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,</l>
 <l>Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, thou wilt answere this before the
 <lb/>Pope.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.</l>
 <l>Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?</l>
 <l>Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.</l>
 <l>Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center">Here Glosters men beat out the
 Cardinalls men,
 <lb/>and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior
 <lb/>of London, and his Officers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-lml">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
 <l>Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,</l>
 <l>Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:</l>
 <l>Here's <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi>, that regards nor God
 nor King,</l>
 <l>Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Here's <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, a Foe to Citizens,</l>
 <l>One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,</l>
 <l>O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;</l>
 <l>That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,</l>
 <l>Because he is Protector of the Realme;</l>
 <l>And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,</l>
 <l>To Crowne himselfe King, and suppressse the Prince.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center">Here they skirmish againe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-lml">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
 <l>Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,</l>
 <l>But to make open Proclamation.</l>
 <l>Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:</l>
 <p rend="italic">All manner of men, assembled here in Armes
 this day,
 <lb/>Against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and
 command
 <lb/>you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall
 dwel-

<sp who="#F-1h6-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,</l>
 <l>How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mgn">
 <speaker rend="italic">M. Gunner.</speaker>
 <l>But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:</l>
 <l>Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,</l>
 <l>Something I must doe to procure me grace:</l>
 <l>The Princes espyals haue informed me,</l>
 <l>How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,</l>
 <l>Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,</l>
 <l>In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,</l>
 <l>And thence discouer, how with most aduantage</l>
 <l>They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.</l>
 <l>To intercept this inconuenience,</l>
 <l>A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0456-0.jpg" n="100"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,</l>
 <l>If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,</l>
 <l>For I can stay no longer.</l>
 <l>If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Father, I warrant you, take you no care,</l>
 <l>Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Salisbury and
 Talbot on the Turrets,
 <lb/>with others.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?</l>
 <l>How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?</l>
 <l>Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?</l>
 <l>Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>

<|>The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,</|>
<|>Call'd the braue Lord <hi rend="italic">Ponton de
Santrayle</hi>,</|>
<|>For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.</|>
<|>But with a baser man of Armes by farre,</|>
<|>Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:</|>
<|>Which I disdainng, scorn'd, and craued death,</|>
<|>Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:</|>
<|>In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.</|>
<|>But O, the trecherous <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi> wounds
my heart,</|>

<|>Whom with my bare fists I would execute,</|>
<|>If I now had him brought into my power.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>
<|>Yec tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
<lb/>tain'd.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
<|>With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,</|>
<|>In open Market-place produc't they me,</|>
<|>To be a publique spectacle to all:</|>
<|>Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,</|>
<|>The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.</|>
<|>Then broke I from the Officers that led me,</|>
<|>And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,</|>
<|>To hurle at the beholders of my shame.</|>
<|>My grisly countenance made others flye,</|>
<|>None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.</|>
<|>In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:</|>
<|>So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,</|>
<|>That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,</|>
<|>And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.</|>
<|>Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,</|>
<|>That walkt about me euery Minute while:</|>
<|>And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,</|>
<|>Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.</|>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Boy with a
Linstock.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>
<|>I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,</|>
<|>But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.</|>
<|>Now it is Supper time in Orleance:</|>
<|>Here, through this Grate, I count each one,</|>
<|>And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:</|>
<|>Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee;</|>

Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
 Let me haue your expresse opinions,
 Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
 Gargraue.
 I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
 Lords.
 Glansdale.
 And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
 Bridge.
 Talb.
 For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
 Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.
 Here they shot,
 Salisbury falls downe.
 Salisb.
 O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
 Gargraue.
 O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.
 Talb.
 What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
 Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou
 canst, speake:
 How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiaill men?
 One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
 Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
 That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
 In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury*
 o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the
 Warres.
 Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
 His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
 Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy
 speech doth fayle,

<l>One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.</l>
 <l>The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.</l>
 <l>Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> wants mercy at thy
 hands.</l>
 <l>Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.</l>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Gargaue</hi>, hast thou any
 life?</l>
 <l>Speake vnto <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, nay, looke vp to
 him.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> cheare thy Spirit with this
 comfort,</l>
 <l>Thou shalt not dye whiles----</l>
 <l>He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:</l>
 <l>As who should say, When I am dead and gone,</l>
 <l>Remember to auenge me on the French.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Plantaginet</hi> I will, and like thee,</l>
 <l>Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:</l>
 <l>Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here an Alarum, and it
 Thunders and Lightens.</stage>
 <l>What stirre is this<c rend="italic">?</c> what tumult's in the
 Heuens?</l>
 <l>Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.</l>
 <l>The Dolphin, with one <hi rend="italic">loane de Puzel</hi>
 ioyn'd,</l>
 <l>A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,</l>
 <l>Is come with a great Power, to raysse the Siege.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here Salisbury lifteth
 himselfe vp, and groanes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Heare, heare, how dying <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>
 doth groane,</l>
 <l>It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.</l>
 <l>Frenchmen, Ile be a <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> to
 you.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Puzel</hi> or <hi rend="italic">Pussel</hi>,
 Dolphin or Dog-fish,</l>
 <l>Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,</l>

<l>And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.</l>
 <l>Conuey me <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> into his
 Tent,</l>
 <l>And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Alarum.
 Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Here an Alarum
 againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
 <lb/>and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,
 <lb/>driuing Englishmen before her.
 <lb/>Then enter Talbot.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?</l>
 <l>Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,</l>
 <l>A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Puzel.</stage>
 <l>Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:</l>
 <l>Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:</l>
 <l>Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,</l>
 <l>And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
 <lb/>thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here they
 fight.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,</l>
 <l>And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,</l>
 <l>But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They fight
 againe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> farwell, thy houre is not yet come,</l>
 <l>I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A short Alarum: then

enter the Towne

<lb/>with Souldiers.</stage>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">O're-</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0457-0.jpg" n="101"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.</l>

<l>Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,</l>

<l>Helpe <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> to make his

Testament,</l>

<l>This Day is ours, as many more shall be.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>

<l>My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,</l>

<l>I know not where I am, nor what I doe:</l>

<l>A Witch by feare, not force, like <hi

rend="italic">Hannibal</hi>,</l>

<l>Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:</l>

<l>So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,</l>

<l>Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.</l>

<l>They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,</l>

<l>Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A short

Alarum.</stage>

<l>Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,</l>

<l>Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;</l>

<l>Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:</l>

<l>Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,</l>

<l>Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,</l>

<l>As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum. Here

another Skirmish.</stage>

<l>It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:</l>

<l>You all consented vnto <hi rend="italic">Salisburies</hi>

death,</l>

<l>For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Puzel</hi> is entred into Orleance,</l>

<l>In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.</l>

<l>O would I were to dye with <hi

rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>,</l>

<l>The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Talbot.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum, Retreat,

Flourish.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter on the Walls,
 Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
 <lb/>Alanson, and Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puzel.</speaker>
 <l>Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,</l>
 <l>Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.</l>
 <l>Thus <hi rend="italic">Ioane de Puzel</hi> hath perform'd
 her word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Diuine Creature, <hi rend="italic">Astrea's</hi>
 Daughter,</l>
 <l>How shall I honour thee for this successe?</l>
 <l>Thy promises are like <hi rend="italic">Adonis</hi>
 Garden,</l>
 <l>That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.</l>
 <l>France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,</l>
 <l>Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,</l>
 <l>More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reigneir.</speaker>
 <l>Why ring not out the Bells alowd,</l>
 <l>Throughout the Towne?</l>
 <l>Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,</l>
 <l>And feast and banquet in the open streets,</l>
 <l>To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,</l>
 <l>When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi>, not we, by whom the day is
 wonne:</l>
 <l>For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,</l>
 <l>And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,</l>
 <l>Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.</l>
 <l>A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Rhodophe's</hi> or <hi
 rend="italic">Memphis</hi> euer was.</l>
 <l>In memorie of her, when she is dead,</l>
 <l>Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious</l>

<|>Then the rich-iewel'd Coffe of <hi
 rend="italic">Darius</hi>,</|>
 <|>Transported, shall be at high Festiualls</|>
 <|>Before the Kings and Queenes of France.</|>
 <|>No longer on Saint <hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi> will we
 cry,</|>
 <|>But <hi rend="italic">Ioane de Puzell</hi> shall be France's
 Saint.</|>
 <|>Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,</|>
 <|>After this Golden Day of Victorie.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Exeunt.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena
 Prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter a Sergeant of
 a Band, with two Sentinels.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <|>Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:</|>
 <|>If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue</|>
 <|>Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe</|>
 <|>Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sns">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sent.</speaker>
 <|>Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors</|>
 <|>(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)</|>
 <|>Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Talbot, Bedford,
 and Burgundy, with scaling
 <|b/>Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
 <|b/>Dead March.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <|>Lord Regent, and redoubted <hi
 rend="italic">Burgundy</hi>,</|>
 <|>By whose approach, the Regions of <hi
 rend="italic">Artoys</hi>,</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Wallon</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Picardy</hi>,
 are friends to vs:</|>
 <|>This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,</|>
 <|>Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,</|>

<l>Embrace we then this opportunitie,</l>
<l>As fitting best to quittance their deceite,</l>
<l>Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
<speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>
<l>Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,</l>
<l>Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,</l>
<l>To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
<speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
<l>Traitors haue neuer other company.</l>
<l>But what's that <hi rend="italic">Puzell</hi> whom they
tearme so pure?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
<l>A Maid, they say.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
<speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>
<l>A Maid? And be so martiall?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
<speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
<l>Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:</l>
<l>If vnderneath the Standard of the French</l>
<l>She carry Armour, as she hath begun.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
<l>Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.</l>
<l>God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name</l>
<l>Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
<speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>
<l>Ascend braue <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, we will follow
thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
<l>Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,</l>
<l>That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:</l>
<l>That if it chance the one of vs do faile,</l>
<l>The other yet may rise against their force.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
<speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>

<l>Agreed; Ile to yond corner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
 <l>And I to this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <l>And heere will <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> mount, or make
 his graue.</l>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>, for thee and for the
 right</l>
 <l>Of English <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, shall this night
 appeare</l>
 <l>How much in duty, I am bound to both.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sns">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sent.</speaker>
 <l>Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Cry, S. George,
 A Talbot.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The French leape ore
 the walles in their shirts. Enter
 <lb/>seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
 <lb/>halfe ready, and halfe vnready.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
 <l>How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Vnready? I am glad we scap'd so well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,</l>
 <l>Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
 <l>Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,</l>
 <l>Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">More</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0458-0.jpg" n="102"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>More venturous, or desperate then this.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke this <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> be a Fiend of
 Hell.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>Here Commeth <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, I maruell how
 he sped?</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles and
 Ioane.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Tut, holy <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi> was his defensie
 Guard.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charl.</speaker>
 <l>Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?</l>
 <l>Didst thou at first to flatter vs withall,</l>
 <l>Make vs partakers of a little gayne,</l>
 <l>That now our losse might be ten times so much?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioane.</speaker>
 <l>Wherefore is <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> impatient with
 his friend?</l>

 <l>At all times will you haue my Power alike?</l>
 <l>Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,</l>
 <l>Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?</l>
 <l>Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,</l>
 <l>This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charl.</speaker>
 <l>Duke of Alanson, this was your default,</l>
 <l>That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,</l>
 <l>Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,</l>
 <l>As that whereof I had the gouernment,</l>
 <l>We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ori">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Mine was secure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>And so was mine, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charl.</speaker>
 <l>And for my selfe, most part of all this Night</l>
 <l>Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,</l>
 <l>I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,</l>
 <l>About relieuing of the Centinels.</l>
 <l>Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioane.</speaker>
 <l>Question (my Lords) no further of the case,</l>
 <l>How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,</l>
 <l>But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:</l>
 <l>And now there, rests no other shift but this,</l>
 <l>To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,</l>
 <l>And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter a Souldier,
 crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:
 <lb/>they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sould.</speaker>
 <l>Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:</l>
 <l>The Cry of <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> serues me for a
 Sword,</l>
 <l>For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,</l>
 <l>Vsing no other Weapon but his Name.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Talbot,
 Bedford, Burgundie.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,</l>
 <l>Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.</l>
 <l>Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Retreat.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Bring forth the Body of old <hi
 rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>,</l>
 <l>And here aduance it in the Market-Place,</l>
 <l>The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.</l>
 <l>Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:</l>
 <l>For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,</l>
 <l>There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.</l>
 <l>And that hereafter Ages may behold</l>
 <l>What ruine happened in reuenge of him,</l>
 <l>Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect</l>
 <l>A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:</l>
 <l>Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,</l>
 <l>Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,</l>
 <l>The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,</l>
 <l>And what a terror he had beene to France.</l>
 <l>But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,</l>
 <l>I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>His new-come Champion, vertuous <hi
 rend="italic">Ioane</hi> of Acre,</l>
 <l>Nor any of his false Confederates.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedford.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis thought Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, when the
 fight began,</l>
 <l>Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,</l>
 <l>They did amongst the troupes of armed men,</l>
 <l>Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burgundy.</speaker>
 <l>My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,</l>
 <l>For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,</l>
 <l>Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,</l>
 <l>When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,</l>
 <l>Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,</l>
 <l>That could not liue asunder day or night.</l>
 <l>After that things are set in order here,</l>
 <l>Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Messenger.</speaker>
 <l>All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne</l>
 <l>Call ye the Warlike <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, for his

Acts</l>

<l>So much applauded through the Realme of France<c
rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>Here is the <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, who would speak
with him<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<l>The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,</l>
<l>With modestie admiring thy Renowne,</l>
<l>By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe</l>
<l>To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,</l>
<l>That she may boast she hath beheld the man,</l>
<l>Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
<speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
<l>Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres</l>
<l>Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,</l>
<l>When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.</l>
<l>You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men</l>
<l>Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,</l>
<l>Yec hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:</l>
<l>And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,</l>
<l>And in submission will attend on her.</l>
<l>Will not your Honors beare me company?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
<speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
<l>No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:</l>
<l>And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests</l>
<l>Are often welcommest when they are gone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)</l>
<l>I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.</l>
<l>Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Whispers.</stage>

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<sp who="#F-1h6-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
  <l>I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Countesse.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
    <l>Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,</l>
    <l>And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-por">
    <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
    <l>Madame, I will.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
    <l>The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,</l>
    <l>I shall as famous be by this exploit,</l>
    <l>As Scythian <hi rend="italic">Tomyris</hi> by <hi
rend="italic">Cyprus</hi> death.</l>
    <l>Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,</l>
    <l>And his atchieuements of no lesse account:</l>
    <l>Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,</l>
    <l>To giue their censure of these rare reports.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Messenger and
Talbot.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,</l>
    <l>By Message crau'd, so is Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>
come.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
    <l>And he is welcome: what? is this the man?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Madame, it is.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
    <l>Is this the Scourge of France?</l>

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abroad?</l>

<l>Is this the <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, so much fear'd

<l>That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?</l>

<l>I see Report is fabulous and false.</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0459-0.jpg" n="103"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry
the Sixt.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

rend="italic">I thought I should haue seene some <hi
rend="italic">Hercules</hi>,</l>

aspect,</l>
<l>A second <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, for his grim

<l>And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes,</l>

<l>Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarf: </l>

<l>It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe</l>

<l>Should strike such terror to his Enemies.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<l>Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:</l>

<l>But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,</l>

<l>Ile sort some other time to visit you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">

<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>

<l>What meanes he now?</l>

<l>Goe aske him, whither he goes?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>

craues,</l>
<l>Stay my Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, for my Lady

<l>To know the cause of your abrupt departure?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<l>Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,</l>

<l>I goe to certifie her <hi rend="italic">Talbot's</hi> here.</l>

</sp>

Keyes.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Porter with

<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">

<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>

<l>If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<l>Prisoner? to whom?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>To me, blood-thirstie Lord:</l>
<l>And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.</l>
<l>Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,</l>
<l>For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:</l>
<l>But now the substance shall endure the like,</l>
<l>And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,</l>
<l>That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres</l>
<l>Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,</l>
<l>And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<p>Ha, ha, ha.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>Laughst thou Wretch?</l>
<l>Thy mirth shall turne to moane.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,</l>
<l>To thinke, that you haue ought but <hi
rend="italic">Talbot</hi> shadow,</l>
<l>Whereon to practise your seueritie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>Why? art not thou the man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>I am indeede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>Then haue I substance too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
<l>No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:</l>
<l>You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;</l>
<l>For what you see, is but the smallest part,</l>
<l>And least proportion of Humanitie:</l>
<l>I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,</l>
<l>It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,</l>

<l>Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,</l>
<l>He will be here, and yet he is not here:</l>
<l>How can these contrarities agree?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>That will I shew you presently.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Winds his Horne,
Drummes strike vp, a Peale
<lb/>of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.</stage>
<l>How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> is but shadow of
himselfe?</l>
<l>These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,</l>
<l>With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,</l>
<l>Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,</l>
<l>And in a moment makes them desolate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>Victorious <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, pardon my
abuse,</l>
<l>I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,</l>
<l>And more then may be gathered by thy shape.</l>
<l>Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,</l>
<l>For I am sorry, that with reuerence</l>
<l>I did not entertaine thee as thou art.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster</l>
<l>The minde of <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, as you did
mistake</l>
<l>The outward composition of his body.</l>
<l>What you haue done, hath not offended me:</l>
<l>Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>But onely with your patience, that we may</l>
<l>Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,</l>
<l>For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-coa">
<speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
<l>With all my heart, and thinke me honored,</l>
<l>To feast so great a Warrior in my House.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>

<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter

Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,

<lb/>Poole, and others.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Great Lords and Gentlemen,</l>

<l>What means this silence?</l>

<l>Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,</l>

<l>The Garden here is more conuenient.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>

<l>Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:</l>

<l>Or else was wrangling <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> in

th'error?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,</l>

<l>And neuer yet could frame my will to it,</l>

<l>And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-som">

<speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>

<l>Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-

<lb/>tweene vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>

<l>Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,</l>

<l>Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,</l>

<l>Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,</l>

<l>Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,</l>

<l>Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,</l>

<l>I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:</l>

<l>But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,</l>

<l>Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>

<l>Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;</l>

<l>The truth appeares so naked on my side,</l>

<l>That any purblind eye may find it out.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,</l>
 <l>So cleare, so shinning, and so euident,</l>
 <l>That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,</l>
 <l>In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:</l>
 <l>Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,</l>
 <l>And stands vpon the honor of his birth,</l>
 <l>If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,</l>
 <l>From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,</l>
 <l>But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,</l>
 <l>Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I loue no Colours: and without all colour</l>
 <l>Of base insinuating flatterie,</l>
 <l>I pluck this white Rose with <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
 <l>I pluck this red Rose, with young <hi
 rend="italic">Somerset</hi>,</l>
 <l>And say withall, I thinke he held the right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vernon.</speaker>
 <l>Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more</l>
 <l>Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side</l>
 <l>The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,</l>
 <l>Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Good Master <hi rend="italic">Vernon</hi>, it is well
 obiected:</l>
 <l>If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>And I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vernon.</speaker>
 <l>Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,</l>
 <l>I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,</l>
 <l>Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,</l>
 <l>Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,</l>
 <l>And fall on my side so against your will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vernon.</speaker>
 <l>If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,</l>
 <l>Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,</l>
 <l>And keepe me on the side where still I am.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Well, well, come on, who else?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Lawyer.</hi> Vn-
 </fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0460-0.jpg" n="104"/>
 <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-law">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lawyer.</speaker>
 <l>Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,</l>
 <l>The argument you held, was wrong in you;</l>
 <l>In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, where is your
 argument?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that</l>
 <l>Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:</l>

<l>For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing</l>
 <l>The truth on our side.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes</l>
 <l>Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,</l>
 <l>And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Hath not thy Rose a Canker, <hi
 rend="italic">Somerset</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,</l>
 <l>Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,</l>
 <l>That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,</l>
 <l>Where false <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi> dare not be
 scene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,</l>
 <l>I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
 <l>Turne not thy scornes this way, <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Prowd <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>, I will, and scorne both
 him and
 <lb/>thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
 <l>Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Away, away, good <hi rend="italic">William de la
 Poole</hi>,</l>
 <l>We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Now by Gods, will thou wrong'st him, <hi
 rend="italic">Somerset:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>His Grandfather was <hi rend="italic">Lyonel</hi> Duke of
 Clarence,</l>
 <l>Third Sonne to the third <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> King
 of England:</l>
 <l>Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,</l>
 <l>Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words</l>
 <l>On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.</l>
 <l>Was not thy Father, <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Earle of
 Cambridge,</l>
 <l>For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?</l>
 <l>And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,</l>
 <l>Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?</l>
 <l>His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,</l>
 <l>And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>My father was attached, not attainted,</l>
 <l>Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;</l>
 <l>And that Ile proue on better men then <hi
 rend="italic">Somerset</hi>,</l>
 <l>Were growing time once ripened to my will.</l>
 <l>For your partaker <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>, and you your
 selfe,</l>
 <l>Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,</l>
 <l>To scourge you for this apprehension:</l>
 <l>Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:</l>
 <l>And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,</l>
 <l>For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,</l>
 <l>As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,</l>
 <l>Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,</l>
 <l>Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,</l>
 <l>Or flourish to the height of my Degree.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
 <l>Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition;</l>
 <l>And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Haue with thee <hi rend="italic">Poole:</hi> Farwell
 ambitious <hi rend="italic">Ri-
 <lb/>chard</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>How I am b<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>au'd, and must perforce endure
 <lb/>it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>This blot that they obiect against your House,</l>
 <l>Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Call'd for the Truce of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi> and
 <hi rend="italic">Gloucester:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>And if thou be not then created <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
 <l>I will not liue to be accounted <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l>
 <l>Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,</l>
 <l>Against prowde <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, and <hi

William Poole,
 Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
 And here I prophetic: this brawle to day,
 Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
 Shall send betwene the Red-Rose and the White,
 A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
 Yorke.
 Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to
 you,
 That you on my behalfe would pluck a flower.
 Ver.
 In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
 Lawyer.
 And so will I.
 Yorke.
 Thankes gentle.
 Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
 This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
 Exeunt.
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter
 Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
 and Iaylors.
 Mort.
 Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
 Let dying *Mortimer* here rest
 himselfe.
 Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
 So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
 And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
 Argue the end of *Edmund*
 Mortimer.
 These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
 Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
 Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
 And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,

<l>That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.</l>
 <l>Yet are these Feet, whose stength-lesse stay is numme,</l>
 <l>(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)</l>
 <l>Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,</l>
 <l>As witting I no other comfort haue.</l>
 <l>But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keeper.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard Plantagenet</hi>, my Lord, will come:</l>
 <l>We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,</l>
 <l>And answer was return'd, that he will come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.</l>
 <l>Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.</l>
 <l>Since <hi rend="italic">Henry Monmouth</hi> first began to
 reigne,</l>
 <l>Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,</l>
 <l>This loathsome sequestration haue I had;</l>
 <l>And euen since then, hath <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>
 beene obscur'd,</l>
 <l>Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.</l>
 <l>But now, the Arbitrator of Despaire,</l>
 <l>Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,</l>
 <l>With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:</l>
 <l>I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,</l>
 <l>That so he might recouer what was lost.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keeper.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard Plantagenet</hi>, my friend, is he
 come?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,</l>
 <l>Your Nephew, late despised <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,
 comes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>

<l>Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,</l>
 <l>And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.</l>
 <l>Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,</l>
 <l>That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.</l>
 <l>And now declare Sweet stem from <hi
 rend="italic">Yorkes</hi> great stock,</l>
 <l>Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Rich.</hi> First</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0461-0.jpg" n="105"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,</l>
 <l>And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.</l>
 <l>This day in argument vpon a Case,</l>
 <l>Some words there grew 'twixt <hi
 rend="italic">Somerset</hi> and me:</l>
 <l>Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,</l>
 <l>And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;</l>
 <l>Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,</l>
 <l>Else with the like I had requited him.</l>
 <l>Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,</l>
 <l>In honor of a true <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
 <l>And for Alliance sake, declare the cause</l>
 <l>My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,</l>
 <l>And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,</l>
 <l>Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,</l>
 <l>Was cursed Instrument of his decease.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Discouer more at large what cause that was,</l>
 <l>For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>I will, if that my fading breath permit,</l>
 <l>And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth, Grandfather to this
 King,</l>

Sonne,</l> <l>Depos'd his Nephew <hi rend="italic">Richard, Edwards</hi>
 Descent.</l> <l>The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire</l>
 the North,</l> <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> King, the Third of that
 remou'd,</l> <l>During whose Reigne, the <hi rend="italic">Percies</hi> of
 <l>Finding his Vsurpaton most vniust,</l>
 <l>Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.</l>
 <l>The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,</l>
 <l>Was, for that (young <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> thus
 Sonne</l> <l>Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)</l>
 hee,</l> <l>I was the next by Birth and Parentage:</l>
 Pedigree,</l> <l>For by my Mother, I deriued am</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">Lionel</hi> Duke of Clarence, third
 <l>To King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Third; whereas
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt doth bring his
 Fift</l> <l>Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.</l>
 did reigne;</l> <l>But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,</l>
 of Yorke,</l> <l>They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,</l>
 <l>I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.</l>
 <l>Long after this, when <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the
 <l>(Succeeding his Father <hi rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>)
 <l>Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd</l>
 <l>From famous <hi rend="italic">Edmund Langley</hi>, Duke
 <l>Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;</l>
 <l>Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,</l>
 <l>Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,</l>
 <l>And haue install'd me in the Diademe:</l>
 <l>But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,</l>
 <l>And was beheaded. Thus the <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimers</hi>,</l>
 <l>In whom the Title rested, were supprest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,</l>
 <l>And that my fainting words doe warrant death:</l>
 <l>Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:</l>

<l>But yet be wary in thy studious care.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:</l>
 <l>But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution</l>
 <l>Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>With silence, Nephew, be thou pollutick,</l>
 <l>Strong fixed is the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>,</l>
 <l>And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.</l>
 <l>But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,</l>
 <l>As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd</l>
 <l>With long continuance in a setled place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres</l>
 <l>Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mort.</speaker>
 <l>Thou do'st then wrong me, as y<c rend="superscript">t</c>
 slaughterer doth,</l>
 <l>Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.</l>
 <l>Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,</l>
 <l>Onely giue order for my Funerall.</l>
 <l>And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,</l>
 <l>And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.</l>
 <l>In Prison, hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,</l>
 <l>And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.</l>
 <l>Well, I will locke his Councill in my Brest,</l>
 <l>And what I doe imagine, let that rest.</l>
 <l>Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe</l>
 <l>Wiil see his Buryall better then his Life.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <l>Here dyes the duskie Torch of <hi
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</l>
 <l>Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.</l>
 <l>And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,</l>
 <l>Which <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> hath offer'd to my

House,</l>

<l>I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.</l>
<l>And therefore haste I to the Parliament,</l>
<l>Eyther to be restored to my Blood,</l>
<l>Or make my will th'aduantage of my good.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="3">

<div type="scene" n="1">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>

<head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena

Prima.</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King,
Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick,

<lb/>Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers

<lb/>to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>

<l>Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?</l>

<l>With written Pamphlets, studiously deuis'd?</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,</l>

<l>Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,</l>

<l>Doe it without inuention, suddenly,</l>

<l>As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,</l>

<l>Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<l>Presumptuous Priest, this place <choice>

<abbr>cōmands</abbr>

<expn>commands</expn>

</choice> my <choice>

<abbr>patiēce,</abbr>

<expn>patiences</expn>

</choice>

</l>

<l>Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.</l>

<l>Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd</l>

<l>The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,</l>

<l>That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Verbatim</hi> to rehearse the Methods of my

Penne.</l>

<l>No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,</l>

<l>Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,</l>

<l>As very Infants prattle of thy pride.</l>

<l>Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,</l>

<l>Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,</l>
 <l>Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes</l>
 <l>A man of thy Profession, and Degree.</l>
 <l>And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?</l>
 <l>In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,</l>
 <l>As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.</l>
 <l>Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,</l>
 <l>The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt</l>
 <l>From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe</l>
 <l>To giue me hearing what I shall reply.</l>
 <l>If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,</l>
 <l>As he will haue me: how am I so poore?</l>
 <l>Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance</l>
 <l>Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.</l>
 <l>And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace</l>
 <l>More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.</l>
 <l>No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,</l>
 <l>It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:</l>
 <l>It is because no one should sway but hee,</l>
 <l>No one, but hee, should be about the King;</l>
 <l>And that engenders Thunder in his breast,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">l</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0462-0.jpg" n="106"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And makes him rore these Accusations forth.</l>
 <l>But he shall know I am as good.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>As good?</l>
 <l>Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,</l>
 <l>But one imperious in anothers Throne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>And am not I a Prelate of the Church?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,</l>
 <l>And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Vnreuerent <hi rend="italic">Glocester</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art reuerent,</l>
 <l>Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Rome shall remedie this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Roame thither then.</l>
 <l>My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:</l>
 <l>Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,</l>
 <l>And know the Office that belongs to such.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,</l>
 <l>It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>State holy, or vnhalow'd, what of that?</l>
 <l>Is not his Grace Protector to the King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi> I see must hold his tongue,</l>
 <l>Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:</l>
 <l>Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?</l>
 <l>Else would I haue a fling at <hi
 rend="italic">Winchester</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Vnckles of <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, and of <hi
 rend="italic">Winchester</hi>,</l>
 <l>The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,</l>
 <l>I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,</l>
 <l>To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.</l>
 <l>Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,</l>
 <l>That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?</l>
 <l>Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,</l>
 <l>Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,</l>
 <l>That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A noyse within, Downe
 with the
 <lb/>Tawny-Coats.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What tumult's this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>An Vprore, I dare warrant,</l>
 <l>Begun through malice of the Bishops men.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A noyse againe,
 Stones, Stones.</stage>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Maior.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-lml">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
 <l>Oh my good Lords, and vertuous <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi>,</l>
 <l>Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:</l>
 <l>The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,</l>
 <l>Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,</l>
 <l>Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;</l>
 <l>And banding themselues in contrary parts,</l>
 <l>Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,</l>
 <l>That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:</l>
 <l>Our Windowes are broke downe in eury street,</l>
 <l>And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter in skirmish with
 bloody Pates.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,</l>
<l>To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:</l>
<l>Pray' Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> mittigate this
strife.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ser.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Seruing.</speaker>
<p>Nay, if we be forbidden stones, wee'le fall
<lb/>to it with our Teeth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ser.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Seruing.</speaker>
<l>Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Skirmish
again.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
<l>You of my household, leaue this peeish broyle,</l>
<l>And let this vnaccustom'd fight aside.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ser.3">
<speaker rend="italic">3. Seru.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man</l>
<l>Iust, and vpriht; and for your Royall Birth,</l>
<l>Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:</l>
<l>And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,</l>
<l>So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,</l>
<l>To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,</l>
<l>Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,</l>
<l>And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ser.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Seru.</speaker>
<l>I, and the very parings of our Nayles</l>
<l>Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Begin
again.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
<l>Stay, stay, I say:</l>
<l>And if you loue me, as you say you doe,</l>
<l>Let me perswade you to forbear a while.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.</|>
 <|>Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold</|>
 <|>My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?</|>
 <|>Who should be pittifull, if you be not?</|>
 <|>Or who should study to preferre a Peace,</|>
 <|>If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <|>Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld <hi
 rend="italic">Winchester</hi>,</|>
 <|>Except you meane with obstinate repulse</|>
 <|>To stay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.</|>
 <|>You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,</|>
 <|>Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:</|>
 <|>Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <|>He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <|>Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,</|>
 <|>Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest</|>
 <|>Should euer get that priuiledge of me.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <|>Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke</|>
 <|>Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,</|>
 <|>As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:</|>
 <|>Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <|>Here <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>, I offer thee my
 Hand.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Fie Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi>, I haue heard you
 preach,</|>
 <|>That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:</|>
 <|>And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?</|>
 <|>But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <|>Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:</|>

<l>For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;</l>
 <l>What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>Well Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee</l>
 <l>Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.</l>
 <l>See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,</l>
 <l>This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,</l>
 <l>Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:</l>
 <l>So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
 <l>So helpe me God, as I intend it not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,</l>
 <l>How ioyfull am I made by this Contract,</l>
 <l>Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,</l>
 <l>But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Seru.</speaker>
 <l>Content, Ile to the Surgeons.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Seru.</speaker>
 <l>And so will I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Seru.</speaker>
 <l>And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-
 <lb/>fords.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,</l>
 <l>Which in the Right of <hi rend="italic">Richard
 Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
 <l>We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<l>Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,</l>
<l>And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,</l>
<l>You haue great reason to doe <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>
right,</l>

<l>At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie,</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">King.</hi> And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0463-0.jpg" n="107"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:</l>
<l>Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> be restored to his
Blood.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
<l>Let <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> be restored to his
Blood,</l>

<l>So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-win">
<speaker rend="italic">Winch.</speaker>
<l>As will the rest, so willeth <hi
rend="italic">Winchester</hi>.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>If <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> will be true, not that all
alone,</l>

<l>But all the whole Inheritance I giue,</l>
<l>That doth belong vnto the House of <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>

<l>From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Thy humble seruaut voves obedience,</l>
<l>And humble seruice, till the point of death.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,</l>
<l>And in reguerdon of that dutie done,</l>
<l>I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of <hi

Yorke:
 Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
 And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.
Rich.
 And so thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may
 fall,
 And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
 That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.
All.
 Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.
Som.
 Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.
Glost.
 Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,
 To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
 The presence of a King engenders loue
 Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
 As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King.
 When *Gloster* says the word, King *Henry*
 goes,
 For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
Glost.
 Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.
Senet. Flourish.
Manet Exeter.
Exet.
 I, we may march in England, or in France,
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
 This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,

<|>Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,</|>
<|>And will at last breake out into a flame,</|>
<|>As festred members rot but by degree,</|>
<|>Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,</|>
<|>So will this base and enuious discord breed.</|>
<|>And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,</|>
<|>Which in the, time of <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, nam'd the
Fift,</|>
<|>Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,</|>
<|>That <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> borne at Monmouth
should winne all,</|>
<|>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> borne at Windsor, loose
all:</|>
<|>Which is so plaine, that <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi> doth
wish,</|>

<|>His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>

<div type="scene" n="2">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
<head rend="italic center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucell disguis'd,
with foure Souldiors with
<|>Sacks vpon their backs.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
<|>These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,</|>
<|>Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.</|>
<|>Take heed, be wary how you place your words,</|>
<|>Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,</|>
<|>That come to gather Money for their Corne.</|>
<|>If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,</|>
<|>And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,</|>
<|>Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,</|>
<|>That <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Dolphin may
encounter them.</|>

</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-1h6-sol">
<speaker rend="italic">Souldier.</speaker>
<|>Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City.</|>
<|>And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,</|>
<|>Therefore wee'le knock.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knock.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h6-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Che la.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,</l>
 <l>Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
 <lb/>ground.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Bastard,
 Alanson.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Saint <hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi> blesse this happy
 Stratageme,</l>
 <l>And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
 <l>Here entred <hi rend="italic">Pucell</hi>, and her
 Practisants:</l>
 <l>Now she is there, how will she specifie?</l>
 <l>Here is the best and safest passage in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,</l>
 <l>Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,</l>
 <l>No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucell on the top,
 thrusting out a
 <lb/>Torch burning.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,</l>
 <l>That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreyemen,</l>
 <l>But burning fatall to the <hi
 rend="italic">Talbonites</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
 <l>See Noble <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Beacon of our
 friend,</l>

<l>The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,</l>
 <l>A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,</l>
 <l>Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,</l>
 <l>And then doe execution on the Watch.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">An Alarum. Talbot in
 an Excursion.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> but suruiue thy
 Trecherie.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Pucell</hi> that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,</l>
 <l>Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,</l>
 <l>That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">An Alarum:
 Excursions. Bedford brought
 <lb/>in sicke in a Chayre.</stage>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Talbot and Burgonie
 without: within, Pucell,
 <lb/>Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?</l>
 <l>I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,</l>
 <l>Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.</l>
 <l>'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,</l>
 <l>I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,</l>
 <l>And make thee curse the Haruest of that Come.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that

<lb/>time.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <p>Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Trea-
 <lb/>son.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>What will you doe, good gray-beard?</l>
 <l>Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,</l>
 <l>Within a Chayre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Foule fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,</l>
 <l>Incompass'd with thy lustfull paramours,</l>
 <l>Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,</l>
 <l>And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?</l>
 <l>Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,</l>
 <l>Or else let <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> perish with this
 shame.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Are ye so hot, Sir: yet <hi rend="italic">Pucell</hi> hold thy
 peace,</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> doe but Thunder, Raine will
 follow.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They whisper
 together in counsell.</stage>
 <l>God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">l2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Talb.</hi> Dare</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0464-0.jpg" n="108"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,</l>
 <l>To try if that our owne be ours, or no.</l>
 </sp>

rest.</l>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>I speake not to that rayling <hi rend="italic">Hecate</hi>,</l>
 <l>But vnto thee <hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi>, and the

<l>Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>Seignior no.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,</l>
 <l>Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,</l>
 <l>And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> meanes no goodnesse by

his Lookes.</l>

<l>God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you</l>
 <l>That wee are here.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt from the

Walls.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>And there will we be too, ere it be long,</l>
 <l>Or else reproach be <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi> greatest

fame.</l>

<l>Vow <hi rend="italic">Burgonie</hi>, by honor of thy

House,</l>

<l>Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,</l>
 <l>Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.</l>
 <l>And I, as sure as English <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>

liues,</l>

<l>And as his Father here was Conqueror;</l>
 <l>As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,</l>
 <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Cordelions</hi> Heart was

buried;</l>

<l>So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>My Vowes are equall partners with thy
 <lb/>Vowes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,</l>
 <l>The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,</l>
 <l>We will bestow you in some better place,</l>
 <l>Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, doe not so dishonour
 me:</l>
 <l>Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,</l>
 <l>And will be partner of your weale or woe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>Couragious <hi rend="italic">Bedford</hi>, let vs now
 perswade you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,</l>
 <l>That stout <hi rend="italic">Pendragon</hi>, in his Litter
 sick,</l>
 <l>Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.</l>
 <l>Me thinks I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,</l>
 <l>Because I euer found them as my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,</l>
 <l>Then be it so: Heauens keepe old <hi
 rend="italic">Bedford</hi> safe.</l>
 <l>And now no more adoe, braue <hi
 rend="italic">Burgonie</hi>,</l>
 <l>But gather we our Forces out of hand,</l>
 <l>And set vpon our boasting Enemie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">An Alarum: Excursions.
 Enter Sir Iohn
 <lb/>Falstaffe, and a Captaine.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
 <l>Whither away Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>, in
 such haste?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-fas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <l>Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,</l>
 <l>We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
 <l>What? will you flye, and leaue Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Talbot</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-fas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Falst.</speaker>
 <l>I, all the <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi> in the World, to saue
 my life.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>
 <l>Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Retreat. Excursions.
 Pucell, Alanson, and
 <lb/>Charles flye.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bed">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
 <l>Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,</l>
 <l>For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.</l>
 <l>What is the trust or strength of foolish man?</l>
 <l>They that of late were daring with their scoffes,</l>
 <l>Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Bedford dyes, and is
 carried in by two in his Chaire.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">An Alarum. Enter Talbot,
 Burgonie, and
 <lb/>the rest.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Lost, and recouered in a day againe,</l>
 <l>This is a double Honor, <hi rend="italic">Burgonie:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>Warlike and Martiall <hi rend="italic">Talbot, Burgonie</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects</l>
 <l>Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<|>Thanks gentle Duke: but where is <hi
rend="italic">Pucel</hi> now?</|>
<|>I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.</|>
<|>Now where's the Bastards braues, and <hi
rend="italic">Charles</hi> his glikes?</|>
<|>What all amort? Roan hangs her head for grieffe,</|>
<|>That such a valiant Company are fled.</|>
<|>Now will we take some order in the Towne,</|>
<|>Placing therein some expert Officers,</|>
<|>And then depart to Paris, to the King,</|>
<|>For there young <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> with his Nobles
lye.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
<speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
<|>What wills Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, pleaseth <hi
rend="italic">Burgonie</hi>.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<|>But yet before we goe, let's not forget</|>
<|>The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,</|>
<|>But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.</|>
<|>A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,</|>
<|>A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.</|>
<|>But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,</|>
<|>For that's the end of humane miserie.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
<head rend="italic center">Scæna Tertia</head>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Bastard,
Alanson, Pucell.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
<speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
<|>Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,</|>
<|>Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:</|>
<|>Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,</|>
<|>For things that are not to be remedy'd.</|>
<|>Let frantike <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> triumph for a
while,</|>

<|>And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,</|>
<|>Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,</|>
<|>If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
<|>We haue been guided by thee hitherto,</|>

<l>And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,</l>
 <l>One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
 <l>Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,</l>
 <l>And we will make thee famous through the World.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>Wee'le set thy statue in some holy place,</l>
 <l>And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.</l>
 <l>Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Then thus it must be, this doth <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi>
 deuisse:</l>
 <l>By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,</l>
 <l>We will entice the Duke of Burgonie</l>
 <l>To leaue the <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, and to follow
 vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,</l>
 <l>France were no place for <hi rend="italic">Henryes</hi>
 Warriors,</l>
 <l>Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,</l>
 <l>But be extirped from our Prouinces.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alans.</speaker>
 <l>For euer should they be expuls'd from France,</l>
 <l>And not haue Title of an Earledome here.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,</l>
 <l>To bring this matter to the wished end.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Drumme sounds
 afarre off.</stage>
 <l>Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue</l>
 <l>Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here sound an
 English March.</stage>
 <l>There goes the <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, with his
 Colours spred,</l>
 <l>And all the Troupes of English after him.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

<hi rend="italic">French</hi>
 </fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0465-0.jpg" n="109"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of the Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">French
 March.</stage>
 <l>Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:</l>
 <l>Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.</l>
 <l>Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Trumpets sound
 a Parley.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>The Princely <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> of France, thy
 Countrey-
 <lb/>man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>What say'st thou <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>? for I am
 marching
 <lb/>hence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Charles.</speaker>
 <l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Pucell</hi>, and enchaunt him with
 thy
 <lb/>words.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Braue <hi rend="italic">Burgonie</hi>, vndoubted hope of
 France,</l>
 <l>Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
 <l>Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>

<l>Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,</l>

<l>And see the Cities and the Townes defact,</l>

<l>By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,</l>

<l>As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,</l>

<l>When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.</l>

<l>See, see the pining Maladie of France:</l>

<l>Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,</l>

<l>Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.</l>

<l>Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,</l>

<l>Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:</l>

<l>One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,</l>

<l>Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.</l>

<l>Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,</l>

<l>And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">

<speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>

<l>Either she hath bewicht me with her words,</l>

<l>Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>

<l>Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,</l>

<l>Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.</l>

<l>Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,</l>

<l>That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?</l>

<l>When <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> hath set footing once in

France,</l>

<l>And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,</l>

<l>Who then, but English <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, will be

Lord,</l>

<l>And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?</l>

<l>Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:</l>

<l>Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?</l>

<l>And was he not in England Prisoner?</l>

<l>But when they heard he was thine Enemy,</l>

<l>They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,</l>

<l>In spight of <hi rend="italic">Burgonie</hi> and all his

friends.</l>

<l>See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,</l>

<l>And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.</l>

<l>Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> and the rest will take thee in their

armes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-bur">

Burg.
I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreyemen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust
thee.

Pucell.
Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-
gaine.
Charles.
Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs fresh.
Bastard.
And doth beget new Courage in our
Breasts.
Alans.
Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles.
Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.
Exeunt.

Scœna

Quarta.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them,
with
his Souldiors, Talbot.*

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,</l>
 <l>Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,</l>
 <l>I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,</l>
 <l>To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.</l>
 <l>In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd</l>
 <l>To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,</l>
 <l>Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,</l>
 <l>Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;</l>
 <l>Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:</l>
 <l>And with submissiue loyaltie of heart</l>
 <l>Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,</l>
 <l>First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Is this the Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, Vnckle <hi
 rend="italic">Gloucester</hi>,</l>
 <l>That hath so long beene resident in France?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
 <l>Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord:</l>
 <l>When I was young (as yet I am not old)</l>
 <l>I doe remember how my Father said,</l>
 <l>A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.</l>
 <l>Long since we were resolu'd of your truth,</l>
 <l>Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:</l>
 <l>Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,</l>
 <l>Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,</l>
 <l>Because till now, we neuer saw your face.</l>
 <l>Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,</l>
 <l>We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,</l>
 <l>And in our Coronation take your place/</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Senet. Flourish.
 Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Vernon and
 Basset.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
 <l>Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,</l>
 <l>Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,</l>
 <l>In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"

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reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>
</l>
    <l>Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <l>Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage</l>
    <l>The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,</l>
    <l>Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
    <l>Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <l>Why, what is he? as good a man as <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
    <l>Hearke ye: not so: in witsesse take ye that.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Strikes
him.</stage>
<sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <l>Villaine, thou knowest</l>
    <l>The Law of Armes is such,</l>
    <l>That who so drawes a Sword,'tis present death,</l>
    <l>Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.</l>
    <l>But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,</l>
    <l>I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,</l>
    <l>When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vern.</speaker>
    <l>Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,</l>
    <l>And after meete you, sooner then you would.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">l3</fw>
    <fw rend="italic" type="catchword"
place="footRight">Enter</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0466-0.jpg" n="110"/>
    <fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The first part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>

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</fw>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <cb n="1"/>
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter King,
Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somer-
    <lb/>set, Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouvernor
Exeter.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
      <l>Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-1h6-win">
      <speaker rend="italic">Win.</speaker>
      <l>God saue King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> of that name the
sixt.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
      <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
      <l>Now Gouvernour of Paris take your oath,</l>
      <l>That you elect no other King but him;</l>
      <l>Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,</l>
      <l>And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend</l>
      <l>Malicious practises against his State:</l>
      <l>This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Falstaffe.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-1h6-fas">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
      <l>My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,</l>
      <l>To haste vnto your Coronation:</l>
      <l>A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands.</l>
      <l>Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
      <l>Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:</l>
      <l>I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,</l>
      <l>To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,</l>
      <l>Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)</l>
      <l>Thou was't installed in that High Degree.</l>
      <l>Pardon me Princely <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and the
rest:</l>
      <l>This Dastard, at the battell of <hi
rend="italic">Poictiers</hi>, </l>


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<l>When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,</l>
<l>And that the French were almost ten to one,</l>
<l>Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,</l>
<l>Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.</l>
<l>In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.</l>
<l>My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,</l>
<l>Were <choice>
<orig>thete</orig>
<corr>there</corr>
</choice> surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.</l>
<l>Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:</l>
<l>Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare</l>
<l>This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no<c
rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
<l>To say the truth, this fact was infamous,</l>
<l>And ill beseeing any common man;</l>
<l>Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
<l>When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,</l>
<l>Knights of the Garrer were of Noble birth;</l>
<l>Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,</l>
<l>Such as were growne to credit by the warres:</l>
<l>Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,</l>
<l>But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.</l>
<l>He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,</l>
<l>Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,</l>
<l>Prophaning this most Honourable Order,</l>
<l>And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)</l>
<l>Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,</l>
<l>That doth prefume to boast of Gentle blood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>
<l>Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:</l>
<l>Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:</l>
<l>Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.</l>
<l>And now Lord Protector, view the Letter</l>
<l>Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
<l>What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
<lb/>his Stile?</l>
<l>No more but plaine and bluntly?</l>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">(To the King.)</stage>
 <l>Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?</l>
 <l>Or doth this churlish Superscription</l>
 <l>Pretend some alteration in good will?</l>
 <l>What's heere? <hi rend="italic">I haue vpon especiall
 cause,</hi>
 </l>
 <l rend="italic">Mou'd with compassion of my Countries
 wracke,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Together with the pittiful complaints</l>
 <l rend="italic">Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l rend="italic">Forsaken your pernicious Faction,</l>
 <l rend="italic">And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of
 France.</l>
 <l>O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?</l>
 <l>That in alliance, amity, and oathes,</l>
 <l>There should be found such false dissembling guile?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why then Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> there shal talk
 with him,</l>
 <l>And giue him chasticement for this abuse.</l>
 <l>How say you (my Lord) are you not content?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <l>Content, my Liege? Yes: But y<c rend="superscript">t</c> I
 am preuented,</l>
 <l>I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Then gather strength, and march vnto him
 straight.</l>
 <l>Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,</l>
 <l>And what offence it is to flout his Friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <l>I go my Lord, in heart desiring still</l>
 <l>You may behold confusion of your foes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vernon and
 Bassit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <l>Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>And this is mine (sweet <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>) fauour
 him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.</l>
 <l>Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,</l>
 <l>And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <l>With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What is that wrong, wherof you both complain</l>
 <l>First let me know, and then Ile answer you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>

<l>Crossing the Sea, from England into France,</l>
<l>This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,</l>
<l>Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,</l>
<l>Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues</l>
<l>Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes;</l>
<l>When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,</l>
<l>About a certaine question in the Law,</l>
<l>Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:</l>
<l>With other vile and ignominious tearmes.</l>
<l>In confutation of which rude reproach,</l>
<l>And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,</l>
<l>I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ver">
<speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
<l>And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)</l>
<l>For though he seeme with forged queint conceite</l>
<l>To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,</l>
<l>Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,</l>
<l>And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,</l>
<l>Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,</l>
<l>Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<l>Will not this malice Somerset be left?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-som">
<speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
<l>Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,</l>
<l>Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-
<lb/>sicke men,</l>
<l>When for so <choice>
<orig>slighr</orig>
<corr>slight</corr>
</choice> and friuolous a cause,</l>
<l>Such factious æmulations shall arise?</l>
<l>Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,</l>
<l>Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<l>Let this dissention first be tried by fight,</l>
<l>And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-som">

Som.
<l>The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,</l>
<l>Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.</l>
</sp>
Yorke.
<l>There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.</l>
</sp>
Ver.
<l>Nay, let it rest where it began at first.</l>
</sp>
Bass.
</fw>
 n="111"/>
<fw type="rh">
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
</fw>
1
Bass.
<l>Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.</l>
</sp>
Glo.
<l>Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,</l>
<l>And perish with your audacious prate,</l>
<l>Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd</l>
<l>With this immodest clamorous outrage,</l>
<l>To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?</l>
<l>And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well</l>
<l>To beare with their peruerse Obiections:</l>
<l>Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,</l>
<l>To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.</l>
<l>Let me perswade you take a better course.</l>
</sp>
Exet.
<l>It greeues his Highnesse,</l>
<l>Good my Lords, be Friends.</l>
</sp>
King.
<l>Come hither you that would be Combatants:</l>
<l>Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,</l>
<l>Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.</l>
<l>And you my Lords: Remember where we are,</l>
<l>In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:</l>
<l>If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,</l>

<|>And that within our selues we disagree;</|>
<|>How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd</|>
<|>To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?</|>
<|>Beside, What infamy will there arise,</|>
<|>When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,</|>
<|>That for a toy, a thing of no regard,</|>
<|>King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Peeres, and cheefe

Nobility,</|>

<|>Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?</|>
<|>Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,</|>
<|>My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe</|>
<|>That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.</|>
<|>Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:</|>
<|>I see no reason if I weare this Rose,</|>
<|>That any one should therefore be suspitious</|>
<|>I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:</|>
<|>Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.</|>
<|>As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,</|>
<|>Because (forfooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.</|>
<|>But your discretions better can perswade,</|>
<|>Then I am able to instruct or teach:</|>
<|>And therefore, as we hither came in peace,</|>
<|>So let vs still continue peace, and loue.</|>
<|>Colin of Yorke, we institute your Grace</|>
<|>To be our Regent in these parts of France:</|>
<|>And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite</|>
<|>Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,</|>
<|>And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,</|>
<|>Go cheerefully together, and digest</|>
<|>Your angry Choller on your Enemies.</|>
<|>Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,</|>
<|>After some respit, will returne to Calice;</|>
<|>From thence to England, where I hope ere long</|>
<|>To be presented by your Victories,</|>
<|>With <hi rend="italic">Charles, Alanson</hi>, and that

Traiterous rout.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. Manet

Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>

<|>My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King</|>

<|>Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<|>And so he did, but yet I like it not,</|>

<|>In that he weares the badge of Somerset.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,</l>
 <l>I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>And if I wish he did. But let it rest,</l>
 <l>Other affayres must now be managed.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish. Manet
 Exeter.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Well didst thou <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> to suppress
 thy voice:</l>
 <l>For had the passions of thy heart burst out,</l>
 <l>I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,</l>
 <l>Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:</l>
 <l>But howsoere, no simple man that sees</l>
 <l>This iarring discord of Nobilitie,</l>
 <l>This shouldering of each other in the Court,</l>
 <l>This factious bandying of their Fauourites,</l>
 <l>But that it doth presage some ill euent.</l>
 <l>'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:</l>
 <l>But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision.</l>
 <l>There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Talbot with
 Trumpe and Drumme,
 <lb/>before Burdeaux.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
 <l>Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,</l>
 <l>Summon their Generall vnto the Wall.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
 type="business">Sounds.</stage>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Generall
 aloft.</stage>
 <l>English <hi rend="italic">Iohn Talbot</hi> (Captaines) call
 you forth,</l>
 <l>Seruant in Armes to <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> King of
 England,</l>
 <l>And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,</l>

<|>Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,</|>
<|>And do him homage as obedient Subiects,</|>
<|>And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.</|>
<|>But if you srowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,</|>
<|>You tempt the fury of my three attendants,</|>
<|>Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,</|>
<|>Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,</|>
<|>Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,</|>
<|>If you forsake the offer of their loue.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-cap">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>

<|>Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,</|>
<|>Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,</|>
<|>The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,</|>
<|>On vs thou canst not enter but by death:</|>
<|>For I protest we are well fortified,</|>
<|>And strong enough to issue out and fight.</|>
<|>If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,</|>
<|>Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.</|>
<|>On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch,</|>
<|>To wall thee from the liberty of Flight,</|>
<|>And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,</|>
<|>But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,</|>
<|>And pale destruction meets thee in the face.</|>
<|>Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,</|>
<|>To ryue their dangerous Artillerie</|>
<|>Vpon no Christian soule but English <hi

rend="italic">Talbot:</hi>

</|>

<|>Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man</|>
<|>Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:</|>
<|>This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,</|>
<|>That I thy enemy dew thee withall:</|>
<|>For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,</|>
<|>Finish the processe of his sandy houre,</|>
<|>These eyes that see thee now well coloured,</|>
<|>Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.</|>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drum a farre

off.</stage>

<|>Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,</|>
<|>Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,</|>
<|>And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>

<|>He Fables not, I heare the enemie:</|>
<|>Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.</|>
<|>O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,</|>

<l>How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?</l>
 <l>A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,</l>
 <l>Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Cures.</l>
 <l>If we be English Deere, be then in blood,</l>
 <l>Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,</l>
 <l>But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Turne</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0468-0.jpg" n="112"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,</l>
 <l>And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:</l>
 <l>Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,</l>
 <l>And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.</l>
 <l>God, and <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice>
 <hi rend="italic">George, Talbot</hi> and Englands right,</l>
 <l>Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.</l>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger
 that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
 <lb/>with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,</l>
 <l>That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,</l>
 <l>That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power</l>
 <l>To fight with <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> as he march'd
 along.</l>
 <l>By your espyals were discovered</l>
 <l>Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,</l>
 <l>Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for <lb
 rend="turnunder"/>
 <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>Burdeaux</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke</speaker>
 <l>A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,</l>
 <l>That thus delays my promised supply</l>

ayde,</l>
 <l>Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.</l>
 <l>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> doth expect my

<l>And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,</l>
 <l>And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:</l>
 <l>God comfort him in this necessity:</l>
 <l>If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another

Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,</l>
 <l>Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,</l>
 <l>Spurre to the rescue of the Noble <hi
 rend="italic">Talbot</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,</l>
 <l>And hem'd about with grim destruction:</l>
 <l>To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,</l>
 <l>Else farwell <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, France, and
 Englands honor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>O God, that Somerset who in proud heart</l>
 <l>Doth stop my Cornets, were in <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi>
 place,</l>
 <l>So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,</l>
 <l>By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:</l>
 <l>Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,</l>
 <l>That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <p>O send some succour to the distrest Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:</l>
 <l>We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,</l>
 <l>All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Then God take mercy on braue <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi>
 soule,</l>
 <l>And on his Sonne yong <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, who two
 houres since,</l>
 <l>I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;</l>
 <l>This seuen yeeres did not <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> see

his sonne,</l>

<l>And now they meete where both their liues are done.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Alas, what ioy shall noble <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>

haue,</l>

<l>To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:</l>

<l>Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,</l>

<l>That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Lucie</hi> farewell, no more my fortune can,</l>

<l>But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Maine, Bloys, Poytiers,</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Toures</hi>, are wonne away,</l>

<l>Long all of Somerset, and his delay.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

<l>Thus while the Vulture of sedition,</l>

<l>Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,</l>

<l>Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:</l>

<l>The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,</l>

<l>That euer-liuing man of Memorie,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> the fift: Whiles they each other
crosse,</l>

<l>Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.</l>

</sp>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>

<cb n="2"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Somerset with
his Armie.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-som">

<speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>

<l>It is too late, I cannot send them now:</l>

<l>This expedition was by <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>,</l>

<l>Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,</l>

<l>Might with a sally of the very Towne</l>

<l>Be buckled with: the ouer-daring <hi

rend="italic">Talbot</hi>

</l>

<l>Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor</l>

<l>By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:</l>

<l>

shame,</l>
 <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> set him on to fight, and dye in

<l>That <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> dead, great <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi> might beare the name.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cap">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
 <l>Heere is Sir <hi rend="italic">William Lucie</hi>, who with
 me</l>

<l>Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>How now Sir <hi rend="italic">William</hi>, whether were
 you sent?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
 <l>Whether my Lord, from bought & sold <choice>
 <abbr>L.</abbr>
 <expan>Lord</expan>
 </choice>
 <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,</l>
 <l>Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,</l>
 <l>To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,</l>
 <l>And whiles the honourable Captaine there</l>
 <l>Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,</l>
 <l>And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,</l>
 <l>You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,</l>
 <l>Keep off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:</l>
 <l>Let not your priuate discord keepe away</l>
 <l>The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,</l>
 <l>While he renowned Noble Gentleman</l>
 <l>Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.</l>
 <l>Orlance the Bastard, <hi rend="italic">Charles,
 Burgundie,</hi>
 </l>

<l>
 <hi rend="italic">Alanson, Reignard</hi>, compasse him about,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> perisheth by your
 default.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
 <lb/>ayde.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<l>And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclames,</l>
 <l>Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoast,</l>
 <l>Collected for this expedition.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse;</l>
 <l>I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,</l>
 <l>And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
 <l>The fraud of England, not the force of France,</l>
 <l>Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded <hi
 rend="italic">Talbot</hi>:</l>
 <l>Neuer to England shall he beare his life,</l>
 <l>But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:</l>
 <l>Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
 <l>Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,</l>
 <l>For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:</l>
 <l>And flye would <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> neuer though
 he might.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>If he be dead, braue <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> then
 adieu.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
 <l>His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Talbot and
 his Sonne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <l>O yong <hi rend="italic">Iohn Talbot</hi>, I did send for
 thee</l>
 <l>To tutor thee in stratagemes of Warre,</l>

reuiu'd, </l> <l>That <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi> name might be in thee

<l>When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes</l>
<l>Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.</l>
<l>But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,</l>
<l>Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,</l>
<l>A terrible and vnauoyded danger;</l>
<l>Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,</l>
<l>And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape</l>
<l>By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Is my name <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>? and am I your

Sonne?</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Shall</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0469-0.jpg" n="113"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the
Sixt.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,</l>

<l>Dishonor not her Honorable Name,</l>

<l>To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:</l>

<l>The World will say, he is not <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi>

blood,</l>

<l>That basely fled, when Noble <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>

stood.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<l>Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>

<l>If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:</l>

<l>Your losse is great, so your regard should be;</l>

<l>My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.</l>

<l>Vpon my death, the French can little boast;</l>

<l>In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.</l>

<l>Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,</l>

<l>But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.</l>
<l>You fled for Vantage, euery one will swear:</l>
<l>But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.</l>
<l>There is no hope that euer I will stay,</l>
<l>If the first howre I shrinke and run away:</l>
<l>Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,</l>
<l>Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>No part of him, but will be shame in mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
<speaker rend="italic">Talb.</speaker>
<l>Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y<c
rend="superscript">t</c> staine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>You cannot wnesse for me, being slaine.</l>
<l>If Death be so apparant, then both flye.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?</l>
 <l>My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?</l>
 <l>No more can I be seuered from your side,</l>
 <l>Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:</l>
 <l>Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I,</l>
 <l>For liue I will not, if my Father dye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,</l>
 <l>Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:</l>
 <l>Come, side by side, together liue and dye,</l>
 <l>And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>

<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum:

Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne

<lb/>is hemm'd about, and Talbot
 <lb/>rescues him.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>
 <l>Saint <hi rend="italic">George</hi>, and Victory; fight

Souldiers, fight:</l>

<l>The Regent hath with <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> broke his
 word,</l>

<l>And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.</l>

<l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Iohn Talbot</hi>? pawse, and take
 thy breath,</l>

<l>I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jot">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:</l>

<l>The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,</l>

<l>Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,</l>

<l>To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Talbot.</speaker>

<l>When fro the <hi rend="italic">Dolphins</hi> Crest thy
 Sword struck fire,</l>

<|>It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowde desire</|>
 <|>Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,</|>
 <|>Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,</|>
 <|>Beat downe <hi rend="italic">Alanson, Orleance,
 Burgundie</hi>,</|>
 <|>And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.</|>
 <|>The irefull Bastard <hi rend="italic">Orleance</hi>, that drew
 blood</|>
 <|>From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood</|>
 <|>Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,</|>
 <|>And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace</|>
 <|>Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,</|>
 <|>And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,</|>
 <|>Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,</|>
 <|>Which thou didst force from <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi>,
 my braue Boy.</|>
 <|>Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,</|>
 <|>Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:</|>
 <|>Art thou not wearie <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? How do'st
 thou fare?</|>
 <|>Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,</|>
 <|>Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?</|>
 <|>Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,</|>
 <|>The helpe of one stands me in little stead.</|>
 <|>Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,</|>
 <|>To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.</|>
 <|>If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,</|>
 <|>To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.</|>
 <|>By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,</|>
 <|>'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.</|>
 <|>In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,</|>
 <|>My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:</|>
 <|>All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;</|>
 <|>All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <|>The Sword of <hi rend="italic">Orleance</hi> hath not made
 me smart,</|>
 <|>These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.</|>
 <|>On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,</|>
 <|>To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,</|>
 <|>Before young <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> from old <hi
 rend="italic">Talbot</hi> flye,</|>
 <|>The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:</|>
 <|>And like me to the pesant Boyes of France.</|>
 <|>To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.</|>
 <|>Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,</|>

<\/>And if I flye, I am not <hi rend="italic">Talbots<\/hi>
 Sonne.<\/>
 <\/>Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,<\/>
 <\/>If Sonne to <hi rend="italic">Talbot<\/hi>, dye at <hi
 rend="italic">Talbots<\/hi> foot.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.<\/speaker>
 <\/>Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,<\/>
 <\/>Thou <hi rend="italic">Icarus<\/hi>, thy Life to me is
 sweet:<\/>
 <\/>If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,<\/>
 <\/>And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.<\/stage>
 <\/div>
 <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]<\/head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum.
 Excursions. Enter old
 <\/>Talbot led.<\/stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Talb.<\/speaker>
 <\/>Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.<\/>
 <\/>O, where's young <hi rend="italic">Talbot<\/hi>? where is
 valiant <hi rend="italic">Iohn<\/hi>?<\/>
 <\/>Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,<\/>
 <\/>Young <hi rend="italic">Talbots<\/hi> Valour makes me
 smile at thee.<\/>
 <\/>When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,<\/>
 <\/>His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,<\/>
 <\/>And like a hungry Lyon did commence<\/>
 <\/>Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:<\/>
 <\/>But when my angry Guardant stood alone,<\/>
 <\/>Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,<\/>
 <\/>Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,<\/>
 <\/>Suddenly made him from my side to start<\/>
 <\/>Into the clustering Battaile of the French:<\/>
 <\/>And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench<\/>
 <\/>His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de<\/>
 <\/>My <hi rend="italic">Icarus<\/hi>, my Blossome, in his
 pride.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter with Iohn Talbot,
 borne.<\/stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Seru.<\/speaker>
 <\/>O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-tal">

<speaker rend="italic">Tal.</speaker>
 <l>Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,</l>
 <l>Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,</l>
 <l>Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,</l>
 <l>Two <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi> winged through the lither
 Skie,</l>
 <l>In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">O</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0470-0.jpg" n="114"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,</l>
 <l>Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,</l>
 <l>Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:</l>
 <l>Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.</l>
 <l>Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,</l>
 <l>Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.</l>
 <l>Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,</l>
 <l>My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.</l>
 <l>Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,</l>
 <l>Now my old armes are yong <hi rend="italic">Iohn
 Talbots</hi> graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Alanson,
 Burgundie, Bastard,
 <lb/>and Pucell.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,</l>
 <l>We should haue found a bloody day of this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ori">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>How the yong whelpe of <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi>
 raging wood,</l>
 <l>Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <l>Once I encountred him, and thus I said:</l>
 <l>Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.</l>
 <l>But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne</l>
 <l>He answer'd thus: Yong <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> was
 not borne</l>
 <l>To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:</l>
 <l>So rushing in the bowels of the French,</l>
 <l>He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
 <l>Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:</l>
 <l>See where he lyes inherced in the armes</l>
 <l>Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-orl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,</l>
 <l>Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled</l>
 <l>During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucie.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
 <l>Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,</l>
 <l>To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>On what submissiue message art thou sent?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lucy.</speaker>
 <l>Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:</l>
 <l>We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.</l>
 <l>I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,</l>
 <l>And to suruey the bodies of the dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.</l>
 <l>But tell me whom thou seek'st?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
 <l>But where's the great Alcides of the field,</l>
 <l>Valiant Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> Earle of
 Shrewsbury?</l>
 <l>Created for his rare successe in Armes,</l>
 <l>Great Earle of <hi rend="italic">Washford, Waterford</hi>,
 and <hi rend="italic">Valence</hi>,</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> of <hi
 rend="italic">Goodrig</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Vrchinfield</hi>,</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Strange</hi> of <hi

Blackmere, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furniuall* of *Sheffeld*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *Saint George*,
 Worthy *Saint Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
 Puc.
 Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
 Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
 Stinking and fly-blowne lyes here at our feete.
 Lucy.
 Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only
 Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
 It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
 Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
 And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
 Pucel.
 I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots*
 Ghost,
 He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:

<l>For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,</l>
 <l>They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>Go take their bodies hence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lucy.</speaker>
 <l>Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
 <lb/>be reard</l>
 <l>A Phœnix that shall make all France affear'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>So we be rid of them, do with him what y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> wilt.</l>
 <l>And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,</l>
 <l>All will be ours, now bloody <hi rend="italic">Talbots</hi>
 slaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">SENNET.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Gloucester,
 and Exeter.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,</l>
 <l>The Emperour, and the Earle of Arminack?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,</l>
 <l>They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,</l>
 <l>To haue a godly peace concluded of,</l>
 <l>Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How doth your Grace affect their motion?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes</l>

<l>To stop effusion of our Christian blood,</l>
 <l>And stablish quietnesse on euery side.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought</l>
 <l>It was both impious and vnnaturall,</l>
 <l>That such immanity and bloody strife</l>
 <l>Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>Bside my Lord, the sooner to effect,</l>
 <l>And surer binde this knot of amitie,</l>
 <l>The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to <hi
 rend="italic">Charles</hi>,</l>
 <l>A man of great Authoritie in France,</l>
 <l>Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,</l>
 <l>In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:</l>
 <l>And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,</l>
 <l>Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.</l>
 <l>Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,</l>
 <l>So let them haue their answeres euery one;</l>
 <l>I shall be well content with any choyce</l>
 <l>Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Winchester, and
 three Ambassadors.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>What, is my Lord of <hi rend="italic">Winchester</hi>
 install'd,</l>
 <l>And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?</l>
 <l>Then I perceiue, that will be verified</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fift did sometime prophesie.</l>
 <l>If once he come to be a Cardinall,</l>
 <l>Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites</l>
 <l>Haue bin consider'd and debated on,</l>
 <l>Your purpose is both good and reasonable:</l>
 <l>And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,</l>
 <l>To draw conditions of a friendly peace,</l>

Which



The first Part of Henry the
Sixt.

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

Glo.

And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King.

In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to Douer, wherein
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win.

Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.

Legat.

I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.

Win.

Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest Peere;

Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well
perceiue,

That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny.

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Burgundy,
 Alanson, Bastard,
 <lb/>Reignier, and Ione.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
 <lb/>ping spirits:</l>
 <l>'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,</l>
 <l>And turne againe vnto the warlike French.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
 <speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
 <l>Then march to Paris Royall <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> of
 France,</l>
 <l>And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucel.</speaker>
 <l>Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,</l>
 <l>Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Scout.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sco">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scout.</speaker>
 <l>Successe vnto our valiant Generall,</l>
 <l>And happinesse to his accomplices.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-sco">
 <speaker rend="italic">Scout.</speaker>
 <l>The English Army that diuided was</l>
 <l>Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,</l>
 <l>And meanes to giue you battell presently.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,</l>
 <l>But we will presently prouide for them.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-bur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>

there:</l>

<l>I trust the Ghost of <hi rend="italic">Talbot</hi> is not

<l>Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Pucel.</speaker>

<l>Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.</l>

<l>Command the Conquest <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, it

shall be thine:</l>

<l>Let <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> fret, and all the world

repine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">

<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>

<l>Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Exeunt. Alarum.

Excursions.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>

<stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Ione de

Pucell.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>

<l>The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.</l>

<l>Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periaptis,</l>

<l>And ye choise spirits that admonish me,</l>

<l>And giue me signes of future accidents.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified"

type="business">Thunder.</stage>

<l>You speedy helpers, that are substitutes</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,</l>

<l>Apppeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Fiends.</stage>

<l>This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe</l>

<l>Of your accustom'd diligence to me.</l>

<l>Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd</l>

<l>Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,</l>

<l>Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They walke,

and speake not.</stage>

<l>Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:</l>

<l>Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,</l>

<l>Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,</l>

<l>In earnest of a further benefit:</l>

<l>So you do condiscend to helpe me now.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They hang

their heads.</stage>
 <|>No hope to haue redresse? My body shall</|>
 <|>Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.</|>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They shake
 their heads.</stage>
 <|>Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,</|>
 <|>Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?</|>
 <|>Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,</|>
 <|>Before that England giue the French the foyle.<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>
 </|>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
 depart.</stage>
 <|>See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,</|>
 <|>That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,</|>
 <|>And let her head fall into Englands lappe.</|>
 <|>My ancient Incantations are too weake,</|>
 <|>And hell too strong for me to buckle with:</|>
 <|>Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Excursions. Burgundie
 and Yorke fight hand to
 <lb/>hand. French flye.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <|>Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,</|>
 <|>Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,</|>
 <|>And try if they can gaine your liberty.</|>
 <|>A goodly prize, sit for the diuels grace.</|>
 <|>See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,</|>
 <|>As if with <hi rend="italic">Circe</hi>, she would change my
 shape.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <|>Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <|>Oh, <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Dolphin is a proper
 man,</|>
 <|>No shape but his can please your dainty eye.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <|>A plaguing mischeefe light on <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>,

and thee,</l>

<l>And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd</l>
<l>By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
<lb/>tongue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>

<l>I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Alarum. Enter Suffolke

with Margaret

<lb/>in his hand.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Gazes on

her.</stage>

<l>Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:</l>

<l>For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,</l>

<l>I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,</l>

<l>And lay them gently on thy tender side.</l>

<l>Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> my name, and daughter to a

King,</l>

<l>The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.</l>

<l>Be not offended Natures myracle,</l>

<l>Thou art allotted to be tane by me:</l>

<l>So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Oh stay:</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0472-0.jpg" n="116"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
 <l>Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:</l>
 <l>Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,</l>
 <l>Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">She is
 going</stage>
 <l>Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,</l>
 <l>My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.</l>
 <l>As plays the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,</l>
 <l>Twinkling another counterfettet beame,</l>
 <l>So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.</l>
 <l>Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:</l>
 <l>Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:</l>
 <l>Fye <hi rend="italic">De la Pole</hi>, disable not thy
 selfe:</l>
 <l>Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?</l>
 <l>Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?</l>
 <l>I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,</l>
 <l>'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,</l>
 <l>What ransome must I pay before I passe?</l>
 <l>For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,</l>
 <l>Before thou make a triall of her loue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">M.</speaker>
 <l>Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:</l>
 <l>She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,</l>
 <l>Then how can <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> be thy
 Paramour?</l>
 </sp>


<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>And yet a dispensation may bee had.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>And yet I would that you would answer me:</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Ile win this Lady <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>. For
 whom?</l>
 <l>Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,</l>
 <l>And peace established betweene these Realmes.</l>
 <l>But there remains a scruple in that too:</l>
 <l>For though her Father be the King of <hi
 rend="italic">Naples</hi>,</l>
 <l>Duke of <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Mayne</hi>," yet is he poore,</l>
 <l>And our Nobility will scorne the match.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.</l>

<l>Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight</l>
<l>And will not any way dishonor me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,</l>
<l>And then I need not craue his curtesie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>Lady, wherefore talke you so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>I cry you mercy, 'tis but <hi rend="italic">Quid</hi> for <hi rend="italic">Quo</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose</l>
<l>Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,</l>
<l>Than is a slaue, in base seruility:</l>
<l>For Princes should be free.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
<l>And so shall you,</l>
<l>If happy Englands Royall King be free.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Ile vndertake to make thee <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 Queene,</l>
 <l>To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,</l>
 <l>And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,</l>
 <l>If thou wilt condescend to be my □</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>What?</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>His loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>I am vnworthy to be <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> wife.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am</l>
 <l>To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,</l>
 <l>And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.</l>
 <l>How say you Madam, are ye so content?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>And if my Father please, I am content.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,</l>
 <l>And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,</l>
 <l>Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound. Enter Reignier
 on the Walles.</stage>
 <l>See <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi> see, thy daughter
 prisoner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>To whom?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>To me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Suffolke, what remedy?</l>
 <l>I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,</l>
 <l>Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,</l>
 <l>Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,</l>
 <l>Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,</l>
 <l>Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:</l>
 <l>And this her easie held imprisonment,</l>
 <l>Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> knowes,</l>
 <l>That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,</l>
 <l>To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>And heere I will expect thy comming.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Trumpets sound. Enter
 Reignier.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,</l>
 <l>Command in <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> what your Honor
 pleases.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Thankes <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi>, happy for so sweet
 a Childe,</l>
 <l>Fit to be made companion with a King:</l>

<l>What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,</l>
 <l>To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:</l>
 <l>Vpon condition I may quietly</l>
 <l>Enioy mine owne, the Country <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi>
 and <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi>,</l>
 <l>Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,</l>
 <l>My daughter shall be <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>, if he
 please.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>That is her ransome, I deliuer her,</l>
 <l>And those two Counties I will vndertake</l>
 <l>Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>And I againe in <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Royall
 name,</l>
 <l>As Deputy vnto that gracious King,</l>
 <l>Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi> of France, I giue thee Kingly
 thanks,</l>
 <l>Because this is in Trafficke of a King.</l>
 <l>And yet me thinkes I could be well content</l>
 <l>To be mine owne Atturney in this case.</l>
 <l>Ile ouer then to England with this newes.</l>
 <l>And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:</l>
 <l>So farewell <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi>, set this Diamond
 safe</l>
 <l>In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
 <l>I do embrace thee, as I would embrace</l>
 <l>The Christian Prince King <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi>
 were he heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiers,</l>
 <l>Shall Suffolke euer haue of <hi

Margaret.
 Shee is going.
Suf.
 Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you
Margaret,
 No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar.
 Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf.
 Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,
 But

 The first Part of Henry the Sixt.
 But
 But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
 No louing Token to his Maiestie?
Mar.
 Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
 Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.
Suf.
 And this withall.
 Kisse
 her.
Mar.
 That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
 To send such peeuish tokens to a King.
Suf.
 Oh wert thou for my selfe: but
Suffolke stay,
 Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
 There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,
 Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous

praise.</l>

<l>Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,</l>
<l>Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,</l>
<l>Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,</l>
<l>That when thou com'st to kneele at <hi

rend="italic">Henries</hi> feete,</l>

<l>Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>

<stage rend="italic center"

type="entrance">Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<l>Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-shp">

<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>

<l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Ione</hi>, this kils thy Fathers heart

out-right,</l>

<l>Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,</l>

<l>And now it is my chance to finde thee out,</l>

<l>Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:</l>

<l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Ione</hi>, sweet daughter <hi

rend="italic">Ione</hi>, Ile die with thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">

<speaker rend="italic">Pucel.</speaker>

<l>Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,</l>

<l>I am descended of a gentler blood.</l>

<l>Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-shp">

<speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>

<l>Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so</l>

<l>I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:</l>

<l>Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie</l>

<l>She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>

<l>Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,</l>

<l>Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-shp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
 <l>Fye <hi rend="italic">Ione</hi>, that thou wilt be so
 obstacle:</l>
 <l>God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,</l>
 <l>And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:</l>
 <l>Deny me not, I prythee, gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Ione</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pucell.</speaker>
 <l>Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man</l>
 <l>Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-shp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shep.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,</l>
 <l>The morne that I was wedded to her mother.</l>
 <l>Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.</l>
 <l>Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time</l>
 <l>Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke</l>
 <l>Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,</l>
 <l>Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.</l>
 <l>Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,</l>
 <l>I wish some rauenuous Wolfe had eaten thee.</l>
 <l>Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?</l>
 <l>O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,</l>
 <l>To fill the world with vicious qualities.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <l>First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;</l>
 <l>Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swaine,</l>
 <l>But issued from the Progeny of Kings.</l>
 <l>Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,</l>
 <l>By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,</l>
 <l>To worke exceeding myracles on earth.</l>
 <l>I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.</l>
 <l>But you that are polluted with your lustes,</l>
 <l>Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,</l>
 <l>Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:</l>
 <l>Because you want the grace that others haue,</l>
 <l>You iudge it straight a thing impossible</l>
 <l>To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>

<l>No misconceyued, <hi rend="italic">Ione</hi> of <hi
 rend="italic">Aire</hi> hath beene</l>
 <l>A Virgin from her tender infancie,</l>
 <l>Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,</l>
 <l>Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,</l>
 <l>Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I, I: away with her to execution.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,</l>
 <l>Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:</l>
 <l>Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,</l>
 <l>That so her torture may be shortned.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <l>Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Ione</hi> discover thine
 infirmity,</l>
 <l>That <choice>
 <orig>wartanteth</orig>
 <corr>warranteth</corr>
 </choice> by Law, to be thy priuiledge.</l>
 <l>I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:</l>
 <l>Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,</l>
 <l>Although ye hale me to a violent death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.</l>
 <l>Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,</l>
 <l>I did imagine what would be her refuge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,</l>
 <l>Especially since <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> must Father
 it.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
 <l>You are decey'd, my childe is none of his,</l>
 <l>It was <hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi> that inioy'd my
 loue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi> that notorious Macheuile?</l>
 <l>It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pue.</speaker>
 <l>Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,</l>
 <l>'Twas neyther <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, nor yet the
 Duke I nam'd,</l>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi> King of <hi
 rend="italic">Naples</hi> that preuayl'd.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>A married man, that's most intollerable.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel</l>
 <l>(There were so many) whom she may accuse.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.</l>
 <l>Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.</l>
 <l>Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-jlp">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pu.</speaker>
 <l>Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.</l>
 <l>May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames</l>
 <l>Vpon the Country where you make abode:</l>
 <l>But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death</l>
 <l>Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,</l>
 <l>Driue you to break your necks, or hang your selues.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Cardinall.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,</l>
 <l>Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">
 <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
 <l>Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence</l>
 <l>With Letters of Commission from the King.</l>
 <l>For know my Lords, the states of Christendome,</l>
 <l>Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,</l>
 <l>Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,</l>
 <l>Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;</l>
 <l>And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine</l>
 <l>Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,</l>
 <l>After the slaughter of so many Peeres,</l>
 <l>So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,</l>
 <l>That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,</l>
 <l>And sold their bodies for their Countreyes benefit,</l>
 <l>Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?</l>
 <l>Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,</l>
 <l>By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,</l>
 <l>Our great Progenitors had conquered:</l>
 <l>Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe</l>
 <l>The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">m</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">It</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0474-0.jpg" n="118"/>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>It shall be with such strict and seure Couenants,</l>
 <l>As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Charles, Alanson,
 Bastard, Reignier.</stage>

<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
 <l>Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,</l>
 <l>That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,</l>
 <l>We come to be informed by your selues,</l>
 <l>What the conditions of that league must be.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes</l>

<l>The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,</l>

<l>By sight of these our balefull enemies.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Win.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, and the rest, it is enacted thus:</l>

<l>That in regard King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> giues

consent,</l>

<l>Of meere compassion, and of lenity,</l>

<l>To ease your Countie of distressefull Warre,</l>

<l>And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,</l>

<l>You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.</l>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, vpon condition thou wilt

sweare</l>

<l>To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,</l>

<l>Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,</l>

<l>And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-ale">

<speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>

<l>Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?</l>

<l>Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,</l>

<l>And yet in substance and authority,</l>

<l>Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man<c rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

<l>This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">

<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>

<l>'Tis knowne already that I am possest</l>

<l>With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,</l>

<l>And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.</l>

<l>Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,</l>

<l>Detract so much from that prerogatiue,</l>

<l>As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?</l>

<l>No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe</l>

<l>That which I haue, than coueting for more</l>

<l>Be cast from possibility of all.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Insulting <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>, hast thou by secret

meanes</l>

<l>Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,</l>

<l>And now the matter growes to compremize,</l>

<|>Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.</|>
<|>Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,</|>
<|>Of benefit proceeding from our King,</|>
<|>And not of any challenge of Desert,</|>
<|>Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rei">
<speaker rend="italic">Reig.</speaker>
<|>My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,</|>
<|>To caull in the course of this Contract:</|>
<|>If once it be neglected, ten to one,</|>
<|>We shall not finde like opportunity.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-ale">
<speaker rend="italic">Alan.</speaker>
<|>To say the truth, it is your policie,</|>
<|>To saue your Subiects from such massacre</|>
<|>And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene</|>
<|>By our proceeding in Hostility,</|>
<|>And therefore take this compact of a Truce,</|>
<|>Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
<|>How sayst thou <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi>?</|>
<|>Shall our Condition stand?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<|>It Shall:</|>
<|>Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest</|>
<|>In any our Townes of Garrison.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-rpl">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
<|>Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,</|>
<|>As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,</|>
<|>Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,</|>
<|>Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.</|>
<|>So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:</|>
<|>Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,</|>
<|>For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Suffolke in

conference with the King,

Glocester and Exeter.

King.

Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)

Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd

me:

Her vertues graced with externall gifts,

Do breed Loues settled passions in my heart,

And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes

Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,

So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,

Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue

Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf.

Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:

The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,

(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)

Would make a volume of inticing lines,

Able to rauish any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is not so Diuine,

So full replete with choice of all delights,

But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,

She is content to be at your command:

Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,

To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her

Lord.

King.

And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're

presume:

Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,

That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall

Queene.

Glo.

So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,

You know (my Lord *)* your Highnesse

is betroath'd

Vnto another Lady of esteeme,

How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf.

<l>As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,</l>
 <l>Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd</l>
 <l>To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes</l>
 <l>By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.</l>
 <l>A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,</l>
 <l>And therefore may be broke without offence.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gloucester.</speaker>
 <l>Why what (I pray) is <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> more
 <lb/>then that?</l>
 <l>Her Father is no better than an Earle,</l>
 <l>Although in glorious Titles he excell.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,</l>
 <l>The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,</l>
 <l>And of such great Authoritie in France,</l>
 <l>As his alliance will confirme our peace,</l>
 <l>And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <l>And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,</l>
 <l>Because he is neere Kinsman vnto <hi
 rend="italic">Charles</hi>.</l>


</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,</l>
 <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Reignier</hi> sooner will receyue,
 than giue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <l>A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,</l>
 <l>That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,</l>
 <l>To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.</l>
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> is able to enrich his Queene,</l>
 <l>And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,</l>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
 line.</note>

<l>So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,</l>
 <l>As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse,</l>
 <l>Marriage is a matter of more worth,</l>
 <l>Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:</l>
 <l>Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Must</fw>

 119
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The first Part of Henry the Sixt.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.</l>
<l>And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,</l>
<l>Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,</l>
<l>In our opinions she should be preferr'd.</l>
<l>For what is <choice>
<orig>wedloeke</orig>
<corr>wedlocke</corr>
</choice> forced? but a Hell,</l>
<l>An Age of discord and continuall strife,</l>
<l>Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,</l>
<l>And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.</l>
<l>Whom should we match with <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>
being a King,</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, that is daughter to a
King:</l>
<l>Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,</l>
<l>Approoves her fit for none, but for a King.</l>
<l>Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,</l>
<l>(More then in women commonly is seene)</l>
<l>Will answer our hope in issue of a King.</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, sonne vnto a
Conqueror,</l>
<l>Is likely to beget more Conquerors,</l>
<l>If with a Lady of so high resolue,</l>
<l>(As is faire <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>) he be link'd in
loue.</l>
<l>Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> shall be Queene, and
none but shee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-1h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Whether it be through force of your report,</l>
<l>My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that</l>
<l>My tender youth was neuer yet attaint</l>
<l>With any passion of inflaming loue,</l>
<l>I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,</l>
<l>Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,</l>
<l>As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.</l>
<l>Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France;</l>
<l>Agree to any couenants, and procure</l>
<l>That Lady <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> do vouchsafe to
come</l>

<|>To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd</|>
 <|>King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> faithfull and annoited
 Queene.</|>
 <|>For your expences and sufficient charge,</|>
 <|>Among the people gather vp a tenth.</|>
 <|>Be gone I say, for till you do returne,</|>
 <|>I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.</|>
 <|>And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:</|>
 <|>If you do censure me, by what you were,</|>
 <|>Not what you are, I know it will excuse</|>
 <|>This sodaine execution of my will.</|>
 <|>And so conduct me, where from company,</|>
 <|>I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <|>I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Gloucester.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-1h6-suf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
 <|>Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes</|>
 <|>As did the youthfull <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> once to
 Greece,</|>
 <|>With hope to finde the like euent in loue,</|>
 <|>But prosper better than the Troian did:</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> shall now be Queene, and rule the
 King:</|>
 <|>But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
 </div>
 </body>
 </text>
 </TEI>