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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made 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 support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.</funder>

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 Shirke, William, 1564–1616.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905
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Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30
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$[\pi B^3], \pi A2B^6$

$g^2 Gg^6$

$g^6 g^6 h-v^6 x^4$

$2k-2v^6$

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"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.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably leaving the Library.


<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 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 catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). 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 Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, 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 (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
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Beadle

Winchester, Henry Beaufort, great-uncle to Henry V, bishop of Winchester, and later cardinal

George Bevis, a follower of Cade

William Stafford, brother to Sir Humphrey Stafford

Bolingbroke, a conjurer

Dick the Butcher, a follower of Cade

Jack Cade, a rebel

Clerk of Chatham
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  <persName type="form">Clif.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Old Clif.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Eli.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Elia.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Glo.</persName>
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<person xmlns:id="F-2h6-hol">
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  <persName type="form">K.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ki.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">King.</persName>
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Qu.
Queen.
Queene.

Richard Plantagenet the Younger
Ric.
Rich.

Earl of Salisbury
Both.
Sal.
Salisbury.

Lord Say
Say.

Lord Scales
Scales.

Servant
Seru.

Duke/Earl of Somerset, John Beaufort
Som.
Somerset.

Smith the Weaver, a follower of Cade
Smith.
Wea.
Weauer.

Duke/Earl of Somerset, John Beaufort
Som.
Somerset.
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Young Clifford</persName>
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<persName type="form">Yorke.'</persName>
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The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson, Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops

I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd, And humbly now vpon my bended knee, In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance Of that great Shadow I did represent: The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue, The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret, I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulnesse: For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face A world of earthly blessings to my soule, If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutuall conference that my minde hath had, By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames, In Courtly company, or at my Beades, With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne, Makes me the bolder to salute my King, With ruder termes, such as my wit affoords, And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech, Her words yclad with wisedomes Maiesty, Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes, Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content. Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

Long liue Qu.
Queene, Englands happines.

Queene.

We thanke you all.

Florish.

My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,

Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,

Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King

Charles.

For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.

Suf.

My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,

Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,

Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King

K.

It is agreed betweene the French

Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke,

bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry

espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King

of

Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene

of

England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the

County of Main,

shall be released and deliuered to the King her

father.
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.

They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke, And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke, We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, We thanke you all for this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene. Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke. Manet the rest.

Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe: Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.

Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

What? did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coine, and people in the warres?

Did he so often lodge in open field:

In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:

Haue you your selues, Somerset, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Braue York, and victorious Warwicke,

Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:

Or hath mine Vnckle Beauford, and my selfe,

With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,

Early and late, debating too and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,

And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,

Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,

And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,

And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?

Shall Henries Conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?

O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,

Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,

Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,

Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,

Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,

Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?

This preroration with such circumstance:

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,

Hath giuen the Dutchy of Aniou and Mayne,

Vnto the poore King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.
Sal.

Now by the death of him that dyed for all,

These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:

But wherefore weepes Warwicke, my valiant sonne?

For greefe that they are past recouerie.

For were there hope to conquer them againe,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.

Aniou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:

Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,

And are the Citties that I got with wounds,

Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu.

Yorke.

For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:

France should haue torne and rent my very hart,

Before I would haue yeelded to this League.

I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had

Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,

And our King Henry giues away his owne,

To match with her that brings no vantages.

A proper iest, and neuer heard before,

That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,

France should have torne and rent my very heart,

Before I would have yeelded to this League.

I never read but Englands Kings have had

Large sums of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,

And our King Henry gives away his own,

To match with her that brings no advantages.

A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole Fifteenth,

France should have torn and rent my very heart,

Before I would have yielded to this League.

I never read but Englands Kings have had

Large sums of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,

And our King Henry gives away his own,

To match with her that brings no advantages.
My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

Exit

So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humfrey

Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke Humfrey from his seat.

I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently.

Exit Cardinall.

And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Exit Buckingham,
and Somerset.

Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I see the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress'
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

And so says Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.

Then lets make hast away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:
Maine-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
Maine, which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
Maine is lost, the state of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepees ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne,
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatall brand Althæa
Vnto the Princes heart of Calidon:
Aniou and Maine both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuils parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humfrey
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till Henrie surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And Humfrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elia.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
</sp>
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac’d the heads of Edmond, Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my Humfrey, my sweete
Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings &amp; Queens wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret kneel’d to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter’d Elianor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou’d of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With Elianor, for telling but her dreame?
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou’d of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check’d.
Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness pleasure,

You do prepare to ride vnto Saint Albons, Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

I go. Come thou wilt ride with vs?

Ex. Hum

Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.


Hume. But by the grace of God, and Humes aduice,

Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.
Elia.

What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd with Margerie Iordane, the cunning Witch, and Roger Bollingbrooke, the cunning Coniurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

This they have promised to shew your Highness a Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground, that shall make answer to such Questions, as by your Grace shall be propounded him.

It is enough, I'll think upon the Questions: when from Saint Albones we doe make returne, wee'le see these things effected to the full. Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man with thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Marry and Shall: but how now, Sir John Hume? Seal up your Lips, and give no words but Mum. The businesse asketh silent secrecy. Dame Elianor gives Gold, to bring the Witch: Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill. Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast: I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall, and from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke; Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine. They (knowing Dame Elianors) haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse.
And buzz these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be Humphreyes fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers
Man being one.
My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Iesu blesse him.
Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure.
Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure.
Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?
I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Townsend.

That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.
Who is there?  

Enter Servant.  

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse:  

the King.  

Exit.  

Queene.  

And as for you that loue to be protected  

Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,  

Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.  

Teare the Supplication.  

Away, base Cullions:  

Suffolke let them goe.  

Exit.  

Queene.  

My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?  

Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?  

Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?  

And this the Royaltie of Albions King?  

What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,  

Vnder the surly Gouernance?  

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,  

And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?  

I tell thee Poole, when in the Citie Tours,  

Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Loue,  

And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;  

I thought King Henry had resembled thee,  

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:  

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,  

To number Aue-Maries on his Beades:  

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,  

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holiness.

Suff.
Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Beside the haughty Protector, haue we
The imperious Churchman; Somerset,
Buckingham,
And grumbling Yorke:
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff.
And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Neuils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple Peeres.

Suff.
Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke
Humphreys Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She bares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolke gaue two Dukedomes for
his Daughter.

Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her, And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds, That she will light to listen to the Layes, So let her rest: and Madame list to me, For I am bold to counsaile you in this; Although we fancie not the Cardinall, Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords, So let her rest: and Madame list to me, For I am bold to counsaile you in this; Although we fancie not the Cardinall, Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords, Till we haue brought Duke in disgrace.

As for the duke of Yorke, this late Complaint Will make but little for his benefit: So one by one wee'le weed them all at last, And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme.

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Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

Whether your Grace be worth yea or no, Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer.

Ambitious Warwicke, let thy betters speake.

The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham why Somerset should be preferr'd in this?

Because the King forsooth will haue it so.

Madame, the King is old enough himselfe To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.

If he be old enough, what needs your Grace To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humph. <br>Madame, I am Protector of the Realme, <br>And at his pleasure will resigne my Place. <br>

Suff. <br>Resigne it then, and leave thine insolence. <br>Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou? <br>The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack, <br>The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas, <br>And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme <br>Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie. <br>

Card. <br>The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags <br>Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions. <br>

Som. <br>Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attyre <br>Have cost a masse of publique Treasurie. <br>

Buck. <br>Thy Crueltie in execution <br>Vpon Offendors, hath exceede Law, <br>And left thee to the mercy of the Law. <br>

Queene. <br>Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France, <br>If they were knowne, as the suspect is great, <br>Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head. 
Exit

Giu me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not? <br>She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare. <br>I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you? 

Duch. <br>Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman: <br>Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles, <br>I could set my ten Commandements in your face. 

King.
<l>Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duch.</speaker>
  <l>Against her will, good King? looke to't in time.</l>
  <l>Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby.</l>
  <l>Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,</l>
  <l>She shall not strike Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi> vnreueng'd.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Elianor.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>Lord Cardinall, I will follow <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi>,
    And listen after <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, how he proceeds:</l>
  <l>Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,</l>
  <l>Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Buckingham.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Humfrey.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Humf.</speaker>
  <l>Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,</l>
  <l>With walking once about the Quadrangle,</l>
  <l>I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres,</l>
  <l>As for your spightfull false Obiections,</l>
  <l>Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:</l>
  <l>But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,</l>
  <l>As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.</l>
  <l>But to the matter that we haue in hand:</l>
  <l>I say, my Soueraigne, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is meetest man</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
  <l>Before we make election, giue me leaue</l>
  <l>To shew some reason, of no little force,</l>
  <l>That <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is most vnmeet of any man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
  <l>Ile tell thee, <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, why I am vnmeet.</l>
</sp>
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Who = "#F-2h6-war"
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Who = "#F-2h6-suf"
Suff. Peace head-strong Warwicke.

Who = "#F-2h6-war"
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Who = "#F-2h6-suf"
Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

Who = "#F-2h6-pla"
Yorke. Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

Who = "#F-2h6-hn6"
King. What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?

Who = "#F-2h6-suf"
Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That Richard,
Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne;
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.
Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-ring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall, Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech: I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie, Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?:

Somerset be Regent o're the French, Because in this breedes suspition; And let these haue a day appointed them; For single Combat, in convenient place; For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice; This is the Law, and this Duke Humfreyes doome.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.

And I accept the Combat willingly.

Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitty my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come

Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you excepts performance of your promises.

Come mey Masters, the Duchesse I tell you excepts performance of your promises.

her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

I, what else? feare you not her courage.

wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.
<speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>

<p>I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master
</p>

<hi rend="italic">Hume</hi>, that you be by her aloft, while wee be
busie be-

<lb>low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave vs.
</stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Hume.</stage>

<lb>Mother</lb> <hi rend="italic">Iordan</hi>, be you prostrate,
and grouell on the

<lb>Earth; </lb> <hi rend="italic">John Southwell</hi> reade you,
and let vs to our worke.</p>

</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">

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

<p>Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
this geere, the sooner the better.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-bol">

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

<p>Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:</p>

<lb>Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,</lb>

<lb>The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,</lb>

<lb>The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,</lb>

<lb>And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;</lb>

<lb>That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.</lb>

<lb>Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,</lb>

<lb>Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.</lb>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here doe the
Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
</lb>Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades; <hi rend="roman">Coniouro</hi>

<lb>te, &amp;c.</lb> It Thunders and Lightens
<lb>terribly: then the Spirit
</lb>riseth.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-spi">

<speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker></sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-jou">

<speaker rend="italic">Witch.</speaker></sp>

<hi rend="italic">Asmath</hi>, by the eternall God.
<br>Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
<br>Answered that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
<br>Thou shalt not passe from hence.</p>
Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.

First of the King: What shall of him be come?

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun Castles, Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ync.
What Madame, are you there? the King &amp;
Commonweale

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elianor.
Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threatnest where's no cause.

True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,
And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.

Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iust, Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso.

Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shunne Castles,
Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understoood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint
Albones,

With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick to suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,

I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:

Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old Ioane had not gone out.

But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,

And what a pytch she flew above the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures workes,

Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,

My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,

They know their Master loues to be aloft,

And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.
My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore.

I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Cloud.

Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts, Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,

That Smooth'st it so with King and Common-eweale.

What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.
As who, my Lord?

Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.


And thy Ambition, <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>.

I prythee peace, good Queene,

And whet not on these furious Peeres,

For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Let me be blessed for the Peace I make

Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Marry, when thou dar'st.

Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Eveneing,

On the East side of the Groue.

How now, my Lords?
Beleeue me, Cousin Gloster, Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport. Come with thy two-hand Sword.

True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd? The East side of the Groue: Cardinal, I am with you.

Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

The Windes grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords: How irkesome is this Musick to my heart? When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

What meanes this noyse? Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?
Suffolke.

Come to the King, and tell him what Miseracle.

One.

Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine.

Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight, A man that ne're saw in his life before.

Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.

Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

I indeede was he.
What Woman is this?

His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue better told.

Where wert thou borne?

At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

Poore Soule, Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:

Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,

To this holy Shrine?

God knowes of pure Deuotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,

In my sleep, by good Saint Albon:

Who said; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

Most true, forsooth:

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

To call him so.
who = "#F-2h6-win">
  <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>
  <l>What, art thou lame?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>
  <l>I, God Almightie helpe me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
  <l>How cam'st thou so?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>
  <l>A fall off of a Tree.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>A Plum-tree, Master.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
  <l>How long hast thou beene blinde?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>
  <l>O borne so, Master.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
  <l>What, and would'st climbe a Tree?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>
  <l>But that in all my life, when I was a youth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>
  <l>Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
  <p>'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st
    venture so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>
  <p>Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
    Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:

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

In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones.

Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Red Master, Red as Blood.

Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife.

Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Glost.

Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Alas Master, I know not.

Glost.

What's his Name?

I know not.

Glost.

Nor his?

No indeede, Master.

Then Saunder, sit there,

The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadst beene borne blinde,

Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great, That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

O Master, that you could?

My Masters of Saint Albo, haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And Things call'd Whippes?

Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Then send for one presently.

Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

I will, my Lord. Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Let them be whipt through euery Market Towne, till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Duke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day.

True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

But you haue done more Miracles then I:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.
King.  

What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

Buck.  

Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:  

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  

Under the Countenance and Confederacie  

Of Lady Elianor, the Protectors Wife,  

The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,  

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  

Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,  

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,  

Raising up wicked Spirits from under ground,  

Demanding of King Henry's Life and Death,  

And other of your Highness Priuie Councell,  

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card.  

And so my Lord Protector, by this meanses  

Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.  

This News I think hath turn'd your Weapons edge;  

'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Glost.  

Ambitious Church-man, leave to affick my heart:  

Sorrow and griefe have vanquisht all my powers;  

And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,  

Or to the meanest Groome.

Gloster, see here the Tincture of thy Nest,  

And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?  

Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene.  

Gloster, see here the Tincture of thy Nest,
Glost.

Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to hēare what I haue heard.
Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glosters honest Name.

King.

Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 2]
Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The Neuills are thy Subiects to command.

Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had Seuen Sonnes:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, Wiliam of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke;

The sixt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.

Edward the Black Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne,

Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,

Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,

And left behind him Richard, his onely Sonne,

Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,

Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,

And

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murthered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, From whose Line I clayme the Crowne, Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter, Who marryed Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:

This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullyingbrooke, As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne, And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King;

Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.

But, to the rest.

His eldest Sister, Anne, My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne, Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge, Who was to Edmund Langley, Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne, By her I clayme the Kingdome: She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March, Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer, Who marryed Phillip, sole Daughter,
Vn to Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne Succeed before the younger, I am King.

What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth clayme the Crowne from Iohn of Gaunt, The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:

Till Lionel's Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,

And in this priuate Plot be we the first,

That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both.

Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

We thanke you Lords:

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

And that my Sword be stayn'd With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,

Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,

At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,

That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:

'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,

Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can
prophecie.

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">
  <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
  <p>My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
  <p>And Neuill, this I doe assure my selfe.</p>
</sp>

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

<cb n="2"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p>stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham, Wife:</p>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Glosters</hi> Wife:

<p>In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great.</p>
<p>Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne.</p>
<p>Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.</p>
<p>You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;</p>
<p>From thence, vnto the place of Execution;</p>
<p>The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes;</p>
<p>And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes;</p>
<p>You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,</p>
<p>Despoyle of your Honor in your Life;</p>
<p>Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,</p>
<p>Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,</p>
<p>With Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Stanly</hi>, in the Ile of Man.</p>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ele"/>
Elianor.

Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Glost.

Elianor, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,

I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.

Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;

Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.

stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,

Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,

Henry will to himselfe Protector be,

And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,

And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,

Then when thou wert Protetor to thy King.

Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glost.

My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:

As willingly doe I the same resigne,

As ere thy Father Henry made it mine:

And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,

As others would ambitiously receiue it.

Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,

May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.
Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen, And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe, That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once; His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off. This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand, Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes, Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie, This is the day appointed for the Combat, And ready are the Appellant and Defendant, The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists, So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit, Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to
him.  

Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe

And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-

Fight for credit of the Prentices.

I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shalt haue my
Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much sence already.

I

"#F-2h6-nei.1"

1. Neighbor.

"#F-2h6-nei.2"

2. Neighbor.

"#F-2h6-nei.3"


"#F-2h6-arm"

Armorer.

"#F-2h6-pre.1"

1. Prent.

"#F-2h6-pre.2"

2. Prent.

"#F-2h6-pet"

Peter.

"#F-2h6-sal"
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>

Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirrha, what's thy Name?</p>

Peter.</speaker>

Peter forsooth.</p>

Peter? what more?</p>

Peter. Thumpe.</p>

Peter haue at thee with a downe-right blow.</p>

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.</p>

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.</stage>

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

son.</p>

Yorke. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.</p>

Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.</p>

Armorer.</speaker>

Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a downe-right blow.</p>

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.</p>

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<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<p>Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pet">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>
  <p>O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this presence? O</p>
</sp>

preuayl'd in right.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight.</l>
  <l>For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt.</l>
  <l>And God in Iustice hath reuеal'd to vs</l>
  <l>The truth and innocence of this poore fellow.</l>
  <l>Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.</l>
  <l>Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.</l>
</sp>

sound a flourish.</stage>

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

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
  <l>Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:</l>
  <l>And after Summer, euermore succeedes</l>
  <l>Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;</l>
  <l>So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.</l>
  <l>Sirs, what's a Clock?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>
  <l>Tenne, my Lord.</l>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>
  <l>Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,</l>
  <l>To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:</l>
  <l>Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,</l>
  <l>To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.</l>
  <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke</l>
  <l>The abiect People, gazing on thy face,</l>
</sp>
With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point, and nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glost. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Ah Gloster, hide thee from their

For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinks I should not thus be led along,
May'ld vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To see my teares, and heare my deepe-set groanes.
The ruthlesse flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I treade.

Ah, can I bear this shamefull yoke?

Ah, Humfrey, can I bear this shamefull yoke?

Trowest thou, that ere I look upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.

Sometime I say, I am Duke Humfrey's Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
to every idle Rascal follower.
But be thou milde and blush not at my shame,
Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all.
And Yorke, and impious Beauford,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor neuer seek ye prevention of thy foes.

With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And Yorke, and impious Beauford,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor neuer seek ye prevention of thy foes.

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
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So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
Enter a Herald.

I summon your Grace to his Majestyes Parliament,

Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

And at my consent ne're ask'd herein before?

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leave: and Master Sherife,

Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

And 't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:

And Sir John Stanly is appointed now,

To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her not the worse, in that I pray

And I may live to do you kindness, if you doe it her.

And so Sir John, farewell.

What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-

Witnesse my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

Exit Gloster.

Exit Gloster.
Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.
That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Like to a Duchesse, and Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfreyes</hi> Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.
Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.
It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, shall we goe?

Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

Exeunt

King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,

Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,

to the Parliament.

Sound a Senet. Enter

King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,

I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keepes him from vs now.

Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe,
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre - off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission,
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe unbowed Knee,
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
Humfrey is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
And choke the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reverent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant.
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproeu my allegation, if you can.
Or else conclude my words effectuall.

Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practise:
Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall,
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Glouster is a man
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?
And did he not in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>.

Vn

Card.
Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke.
And did he not in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck.
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>.

King.
My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent,
From meaning treason to our royall person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless doue:
The Duke is vertuous, mild, and too well giuen,
To dream on evil, or to worke my downefall.

Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
Is he a lamb? his skinne is surely lent him,
For he's enclin'd as is the rauenous wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Welcome Lord Somerset: What newes from France?
That all your interest in those territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

Cold newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be
done.
Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away.
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.
Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.
Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King.
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.
I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.
Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.

My Lord these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.
My Lord these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And <hi rend="italic">Suffolks</hi> cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> vnburthens with this tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd discrases on my head,
And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemme me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.
Qu. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the Sense, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy Side,
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes Seemeth best,
Doe, or vn doe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie:
For

n2

For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For what's more miserable then Discontent?

Ah Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, in thy face I see

The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:

And yet, good <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, is the houre to come,

That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?

That these great Lords, and <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> our Queene,

Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.

Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:

And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,

And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,

Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;

Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:

And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,

Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,

And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;

Euen so my selfe bewayles good <hi rend="italic">Glosters</hi> case

With sad unhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;

Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:

His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,

Say, who's a Traytor? <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> he is none.

Exit.

Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:

<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,

Too full of foolish pittie: and <hi rend="italic">Glosters</hi> shew

Beguiles him, as the mourneful Crocodile

Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,

With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child.

That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.

Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,

And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good.

This <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> should be quickly rid the World,

To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
Card.

That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,

But yet we want a Colour for his death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

But in my minde, that were no pollicie:

The King will labour still to saue his Life,

The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;

And yet we haue but triuiall argument,

More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Ah Yorke, no man aliue, so faine as I.

'Tis Yorke that hath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,

Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:

Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,

To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,

As place Duke for the Kings Protector?

Queene.

So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,

To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?

Who being accu'd a craftie Murtherer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox.
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
As <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Thrice Noble <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

And so say I.

And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.
Enter a

Poste. </stage>

Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of helpe.

A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

That <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> be sent as Regent thither:
Tis meet that luckie Ruler he imployst,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

If <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, with all his farre-set pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neer would haue stayd in France so long.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
Thy fortune, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prould farre worse then his.
Yorke.

What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all.

Somerset.

And in the number, thee, that wishest
shame.

Card.

My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th’nunciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen,
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes:
Then, Noble Yorke, take thou this Taske in hand.

I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
While I take order for mine owne affaires.

A charge, Lord Yorke, that I will see perform'd.

But now returne we to the false Duke Humfrey
Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that event.
Yorke.

My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes At Bristow I expect my Souldiers, For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff.

Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke.

Exeunt.

Manet Yorke.

Now, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution;

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;

Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying;

Let pale-fac't feare, keepe with the meane-born man,

And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster

Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,

And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.

My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,

Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,

To send me packing with an Hoast of men:

I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,

Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;

I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,

You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,

I will stirre up in England some black storme,

Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:

And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,

Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,

Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,

Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.

And for a minister of my intent,

I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford, to make Commotion, as full well he can, under the Title of Iohn Mortimer. In Ireland have I seen this stubborne Cade oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes, and fought so long, till that his thighs with Darts were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine: And in the end being rescued, I haue seene him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco, shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells, full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne, hath he conversed with the Enemie, and vndiscouer'd, come to me againe, this Deuill here shall be my substitute; for that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead, in face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble. By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde, how they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke. Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him, will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes, say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will, why then from Ireland come I with my strength, and reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd. For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be, and Henry put apart: the next for me.

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know we haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done? We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

Didst euer heare a man so penitent?
Enter Suffolke.

Here comes my Lord.

Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venturous deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand. Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gaue directions?

'Tis, my good Lord.

Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.

Away, begone.

Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Go call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.

Exit.

Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.

Exit.
Lords take your places: and I pray you all proceeds no straiter 'gainst our kinsman Gloster, then from true evidence, of good esteem, he be approv'd in practise culpable. 

God forbid any Malice should prevail, that faultlesse may condemn a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

I thanke thee Nell, these wordes content mee much.


Marry God forfend.

Gods secret judgement: I did dreame to Night, The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Ohe "italic"Henry ope thine eyes."
He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient."
Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious "italic"Henry com-
What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me? Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres: And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast, Can chafe away the first-conceiued sound? Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I say, Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie.Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
In life, but double death, now "italic"Gloster's dead.
Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his Life;

n3

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,

Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,

And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.

What know I how the world may deeme of me?

For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:

It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,

So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,

And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:

This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,

To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.

What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?

Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.

Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?

Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy ioy.

Erect his statue, and worship it,

And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.

Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,

And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke

Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.

What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde

Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,

Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.

What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,

Or turne our sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:

Yet Aelus would not be a murtherer,

But left that hatefull office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,

Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cowr'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish Elianor.

As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loosing ken of Albions wished Coast.

How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?

Aye me, I can no more: Dye Elior,
For Henry weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.
It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is murdred
By Suffolke and the Cardinall Beaufords meane:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,

But how he dyed, God knowes, not

Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,

And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie

With the rude multitude, till I returne.

O thou that iudgest all things, stay my thoghts:

My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,

If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,

For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:

But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this

body.

As surely as my soule intends to liue

With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,

To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

A dreadful Oath, sworn with a solemn tongue: What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow.

See how the blood is settled in his face. Oft have I seen a timely-parted Ghost, of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless, Being all descended to the labouring heart, Who in the Conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for danc'against the enemy, Which with the heart there coolers, and ne're returneth, To blush and beautifie the Cheek against.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood: His eye-balls further out, than when he liued, Staring full gestly, like a strangled man: His hayre v'pear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling: His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt and tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude. Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking, His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:

It cannot be but he was murdred here, The least of all these signes were probable. Why Warwicke, who should do the Duke to death? My selfe and Beauford had him in protection, And we I hope sir, are no murtherers. But both of you were vowed Duke: And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe: Tis like you would nor feast him like a friend, And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.
Than you belike suspect these Noblemen, As guilty of Duke Humfries timelesse death. 

Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh, And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe, But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake? Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife? Is Beauford tear'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

I weare no Knife, to slaught sleeping men, But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart, That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge. Say, if thou dar'st, prow Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faultie in Duke Humfreyes death.

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him? He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffolk dare him twentie thousand times.
Warw. <sp who="#F-2h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
<br>Madame be still: with reverence may I say,<br>For every word you speake in his behalfe,<br>Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.</sp>

Suff. <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
<br>Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,<br>If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,<br>Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed<br>Some sterne vnatur'd Churle; and Noble Stock<br>Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,<br>And neuer of the <hi rend="italic">Noble</hi> Race.</sp>

Warw. <sp who="#F-2h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
<br>But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,<br>And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,<br>Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,<br>And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,<br>I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee<br>Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,<br>And say it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,<br>That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;<br>And after all this fearefull Homage done,<br>Gieue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell<br>Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.</sp>

Suff. <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>
<br>Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,<br>If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.</sp>

Warw. <sp who="#F-2h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
<br>Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:<br>Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,<br>And doe some seruice to Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfreyes</hi> Ghost.</sp>

King. <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<br>What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?<br>Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;<br>And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,<br>Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted.</sp>
A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords? Your wrathfull Weapons drawne, Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold? Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me, Vnlesse Lord Suffolke straight be done to death,

Or banished faire Englands Territories,

They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,

And torture him with grieuous lingring death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'de:

They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;

And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,

Free from a stubborne opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.

They say, in care of your most Royall Person,

That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,

And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,

In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;

Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,

Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,

That slyly glyded towards yours Maiestie,

It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Wrome might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false Suffolke is;
With whose inuenomed and fatall string,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.
'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-unworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.
Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke.
An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.
Commons within.
An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.
Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourlely prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-unworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.
Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke.
King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke.

No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him, Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.

Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word; But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:

If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found, On any ground that I am Ruler of,

The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.

Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with mee, I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction, Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:

There's two of you, the Deuill make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations, And let thy Suffolke take his heauie leaue.

Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch, Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,

I would inuent as bitter searching termes,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,

Deliu'er'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signes of deadly hate,

As leane-fac'd envy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynit should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake:
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefeest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell

Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tea,
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I prethee?
To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.

Go tell this heavy Message to the King.

Exit
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?

But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,

Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?

Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?

And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?

Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.

Now get thee hence, the King thou know'zt is comming.

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,

And in thy fight to dye, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,

As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe.

Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.

Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:

To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:

So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.

To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,

From thee to dye, were torture more then death:

Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiue,

It is applyed to a deathfull wound.

To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:

For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,

Ile haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

I go.

A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,

That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Qu.
This way for me.

Exeunt

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule.
Giuve me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.
So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graces, and from their misty lawes,
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discolor'd shore.
Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

What is my ransom Master, let me know.
A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.
And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.
Ile giue it sir, and therefore spare my life.
And so will I, and write home for it straight.
I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might haue my will.
Lieu.<
Be not so rash, take ransome, let him liue.

Suf.<
Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate meat what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit.<
And so am I: my name is Walter.

Suf.
Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is guiltier, being rightly founded.

Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, for thy Prisoner is a Pole.

I, but these ragges are not part of the Duke.
<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
  <l>But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,</l>
  <l>Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King</l><hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> blood.</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>The honourable blood of Lancaster</l>
  <l>Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:</l>
  <l>Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?</l>
  <l>Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,</l>
  <l>And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.</l>
  <l>How often hast thou waited at my cup,</l>
  <l>Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,</l>
  <l>When I haue, fested with Queene</l><hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-whi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Whit.</speaker>
  <l>Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
  <l>First let my words stab him, as he hath me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
  <l>Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,</l>
  <l>Strike off his head.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>
  <l>Thou dar'st not for thy owne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>
  <l>Poole</l><hi rend="italic">?</hi>, Sir <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>?
</sp>

Lord,
I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humfries death,
Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee Aniou and Maine were sold to France.
The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie
Hath slaine their Gouernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the Neuils all,
Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King.
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;
Vnder the which is writ, Iunitis nubibus.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King.
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnacle, threatens more.
Then Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impossible that I should dye.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queene to France:

I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu.

Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee to thy death.

Pine gelidus timor occupant artus, it is thee I feare.

Wal.

Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent.

My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

That this my death may neuer be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezoniens.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet Tully.

Brutsu

Bastard hand

Stab'd Iulius Cæsar. Sauage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu.

And as for these whose ransome we haue set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent.

Enter Walter with the body.

Walter. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Enter Beuis, and John Holland.

Beuis. Beuis.

Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.
I tell thee, \textit{Iacke Cade} the Cloathier, means to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

I see them, I see them: There's \textit{Bests} Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of.

And Dicke the Butcher.

Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and ini-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

And Smith the Weauer.

Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Wee Iohn Cade, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

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

Silence.

My Father was a Mortimer.
But.

He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

My mother a Plantagenet.

My wife descended of the Lacies.

But.

She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, sold many Laces.

But now of late, not able to trauell with her fur'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Therefore am I of an honorable house.

I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

Valiant I am.

A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

I am able to endure much.
But. No question of that: for I have seen him whipt three Market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your majesty.

Cade. I thank you good people. There shall be no money, all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apperell them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

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

Cade. Nay, that I meant to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled over, should undo a man. Some say the bee stings, but I say, 'tis the bees waxe: for I did but seal once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?<p>
</p>

Enter a Clearke.</p>

Weauer.</p>
The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.</p>

O monstrous.</p>

We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.</p>

Cade.</p>

Here's a Villaine.</p>

Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't</p>

Nay then he is a Coniurer.</p>

Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.</p>

I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?</p>

Emanuell.</p>
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>
  <p>They vse to wrt it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a make to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-<lb/>ling man?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clearke.</speaker>
  <p>Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit one wth the Clearke</stage>

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

<sp who="#F-2h6-mic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mich.</speaker>
  <p>Where's our Generall?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Heere I am thou particular fellow.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mich.</speaker>
  <p>Fly, fly, fly, Sir <hi rend="italic">Humfrey Stafford</hi> and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He <lb/>is but a Knight, is a?</p>
</sp>
Mich.

No.

Cade.

To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rise vp Sir Iohn Mortimer.

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

Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

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

As for these silken-coated slaues I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come)I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

And what of that?

Married the Duke of Edmund Mortimer Earle of March,
daughter, did he not?"/

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hst">
  <speaker rend="italic">Staff.</speaker>
  <p>I sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>By her he had two children at one birth.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-wst">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
  <p>That's false.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <l>By her he had two children at one birth. But I say, 'tis true:<l>
  <l>The elder of them being put to nurse,<l>
  <l>Was by a begger-woman stolne away,<l>
  <l>And ignorant of his birth and parentage,<l>
  <l>Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.<l>
  <l>His sonne am I, deny it if you can.</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-smi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wea.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hst">
  <speaker rend="italic">Staf.</speaker>
  <p>And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speaks he knowes not what.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-wst">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
  <p>Iacke Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.</p>
</sp>
He lies, for I invented it myself. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Father's sake I am content he shall reign, but I will be Protector over him.

And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Sayes head, for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

And good reason: for thereby is England main'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch:

more then that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assaile them with the Army of the King.
<speaker rend="italic">Staf.</speaker>

Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,

Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi>,

That those which flye before the battell ends.

May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,

Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.</sp>

Exit.

Cade.

And you that loue the Commons, follow me:

Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such:

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.</sp>

But.

They are all in order, and march toward vs.

But then are we in order, when we are most out

of order. Come, march forward.</p>

Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

Heere sir.

They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.</p>
But.

I desire no more.

But.

If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaole's, and let out the Prisoners.

But.

Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Exeunt.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Su-

And makes it fearefull and degenerate, Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe. But who can cease to weep, and looke on this. Here may his head lye on my throbbing brest. But where's the body that I should imbrace?

What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?
King.

I will send some holy Bishop to intreat:

For God forbid, so many simple souls

Should perish by the Sword. And I myselfe,

Rather than bloody Warre shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jacke Cade their Generall.

But stay, I will read it over once again.

Ah barbarous vilians: Hath this lovely face,

Rul'd like a wandering Planet over me,

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same.

Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to thy head.

I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

How now Madam? Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?

I fear me (Loue) if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

No my Loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworn to thy head.

I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

How now Madam? Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?

I fear me (Loue) if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

No my Loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.
Mes. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord.

Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord Mortimer, Descended from the Duke of Clarence house, And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly, And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster. His Army is a ragged multitude, Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercilesse: Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death, Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede: All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen, They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do. All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen, They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee, Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Enter another Messenger.
Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge. The Citizens flye and forsake their houses: The Rascal people, thirsting after prey, Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioynly sweare To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.

My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

Trust no body for feare you betraid.

The trust I haue, is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

How now? Is Iacke Cade slaine?

No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine: For they haue wonne the Bridge, Killing all those that withstand them:
The Lord Maior craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower to defend the City from the Rebels. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command, but I am troubled here with them my selfe, the Rebels haue essay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, and thither I will send you Mathew Goffe. Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues, and so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone. Now is Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kill him.

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

If this Fellow be wise, he'll never call you <hi rend="italic">Jack</hi>Cade</hi> more, I think he hath a very fair warning.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dicke.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, there's an Army gathered together</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Come, then let's go fight with them:</p>
  <p>But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,</p>
  <p>And if you can, burn down the Tower too.</p>
  <p>Come, let's away.</p>
</sp>

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

<stage type="italic center" rend="notPresent">Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>
  <p>I have a suite unto your Lordship.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>So sirs: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:</p>
  <p>Others to the Innes of Court, down with them all.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>
  <p>I have a suite unto your Lordship.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">
  <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>
  <p>Onely that the Lawes of England may come out</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">John.</speaker>
  <p>Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust</p>
</sp>
Smith.

Nay Iohn, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath stinkes with eating toasted cheese.

Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

Then we are like to haue biting Statutes unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Away, forward all things shall be in Common.

Enter a Messenger.

My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say, which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subsidie.

Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say.

What of that?

Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex ample, that am a butcher.

You men of Kent.

Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens. 

Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.
Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will: Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle: Sweet is the Covntry, because ful of Riches, The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie, Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Yet to recouer them would loose my life:
Justice with fauour haue I always done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Giue him a box o'theare, and that wil make 'em red againe.
Say.

Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Why dost thou quier man?

The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

Nay, he noddes at vs, as who should say, Ile be euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?
These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding.
This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar vn-der his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Cromer.

It shall be done.
Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate as your selues:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Away with him, and do as I command ye: the
proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
his shoulders, vnesse he pay me tribute; there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-
head ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite.
And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free
as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Marry presently.

O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

But is not this brauer:
Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
When they were alie. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giuing vp
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kisse. Away.
Enter againe Cade,

Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Enter againe Cade,
Hath
   my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
   you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
   I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til
   you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
   all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slauerie
   to the Nobility. Let them beak your backes with bur-
   thens, take your houses ouer your heads, raui your
   Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
   make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light uppon you
   all.

All.
    We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
    Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,
    That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him.
    Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
    And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
    Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
    Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
    Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
    Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
    The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
    Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
    Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
    I see them Lording it in London streets,
    Crying Villiago vnto all they meete.
    Better ten thousand base-borne Cades
    miscarry,
    Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
    To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
    Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:
    God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

Henry hath mony, you are strong and
manly:
   God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, 
As this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despiect of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie midst of you, and heavens and honor be witnesse, that no wan to resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles.

Exit some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane, To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Exeunt some of them.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, And could command no more content then I? No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine months olde. Was neuer Subject long'd to be a King, As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Health and glad tidings to your Majestye.
Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

Then heauen set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey;

Continue still in this so good a minde,
And though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selues will never be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distress,
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade druen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be dismist from him.

My Lord, Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Fy on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fiue daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricker wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grass, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomack this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brauely mar-thing, it hath serued me insteeede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court, and may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Braue thee? I by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.
<sp who="#F-2h6-ide">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,</l>
  <l>That <hi rend="italic">Alexander Iden</hi> an Esquire of Kent,</l>
  <l>Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.</l>
  <l>Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,</l>
  <l>See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:</l>
  <l>Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:</l>
  <l>Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,</l>
  <l>Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,</l>
  <l>My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,</l>
  <l>And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,</l>
  <l>Thy graue is digged already in the earth:</l>
  <l>As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,</l>
  <l>Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>By my Valour: the most compleat Champi-
  <lb/>on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
  <lb/>cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,
  <lb/>ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
  <lb/>thou mayst be turned to Hobnailes.</p>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere they Fight.</stage>
  <p>O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten</p>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <lb/>thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the
  <lb>/ten meales I haue lost, and I de defie them all. Wither
  <lb/>Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
  <lb/>dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of</lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi> is fled.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ide">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>
  <l>Is't <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi> that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?</l>
  <l>Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deedes.</l>
  <l>And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.</l>
  <l>Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,</l>
  <l>But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,</l>
  <l>To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>
  <p>
  <hi rend="italic">Iden</hi> farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dyes.

How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue, Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon.

Exit.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yorke, if thou méanest wel, I greet thee well.

Whom haue we heere to disturb me?

The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting.<l>
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.<l>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
</sp>
A Messenger from <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, our dread Liege,<l>
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.<l>
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,<l>
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne,<l>
Should raise so great a power without his leave?<l>
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?<l/>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
</sp>
Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.<l>
Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,<l>
I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.<l>
And now like <hi rend="italic">Ajax Telamontius</hi>,<l>
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.<l>
I am farre better borne then is the king:<l>
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.<l>
But I must make faire weather yet a while,<l>
Till <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> be more weake, and I more strong.<l>
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,<l>
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:<l>
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.<l>
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,<l>
Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,<l>
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
</sp>
That is too much presumption on thy part:<l>
But if thy Armes be to no other end,<l>
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:<l>
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
</sp>
Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
</sp>
Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.

Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:

Meet me to morrow in Georges Field,

You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.

And let my Soueraigne, vertuous

Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,

As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,

Ile send them all as willing as I liue:

Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs

That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

In all submission and humility,

Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous Rebell

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Who

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Enter King and Attendants.
If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loo, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

I was, an't like your Maiesty.
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.

We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

May liue to merit such a bountie,
And never liue but true vnto his Liege.

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

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I end ure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giuue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,
Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,

To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,

The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,

That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu.

He is arrested, but will not obey:

His sonnes (he says) shall give their words for him.

Yor.

Will you not Sonnes?

Edw.

I Noble Father, if our words will serve.

Rich.

Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?

Looke in a Glass, and call thy Image so. I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor: Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares, That with the very shaking of their Chaines, They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres, Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Are these thy Beares? We'll bate thy Bears to death, And manacle the Berard in their Chaines, If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre, Run backe and bite, because he was with-held, Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw, Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legs and cride,
And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.

Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,

Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Take heede least by your heate you burne your selues:

Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

If it be banisht from the frostie head,

Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,

And shame thine honourable Age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

That bowes unto the graue with mickle age.

My Lord, I have considered with my selfe

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.

My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.
Sal. I haue.
Ki. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow:
To do a mur'drous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.
War.

Now by my Fathers badge, old朱iel朱i.

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,朱i.
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues inspight of any storme,
Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif.

And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

Yo. Clif.

And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou canst tell.

If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

Exeunt

Enter Warwicke.

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

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

Enter Clifford.

Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Than nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd.

What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?

With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie.

Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

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

My soule and bodie on the action both.

Yor.

A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif.

La fin Corrone les eumenes.

Yor.

Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y<sup></sup> art still.

Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,

Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,

Whom angry heauens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,

Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,

Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the premised Flames of the Last day,

Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities, and pettie sounds

To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)

To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue

The Siluer Liuery of adviser Age,

And in thy Reuereuce, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus

To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares;

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,

Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,

And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde Medea yong did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.

Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did Æneas old Anchyses beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
But then Æneas bare a liuing loade:

The Castle in Saint Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Excursions.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Can we outrun the Heauens? Good
Margaret stay.

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.
What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To extent = 1
unit: "chars"
reason: "nonstandardCharacter"
agent: "inkedSpacemarker"
resp("#ES")
give the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.
Exeunt

Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.

Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
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And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.

Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.

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

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Enter Salisbury.

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

Sal. I know our safety is to follow them,  
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,  
To call a present Court of Parliament:  
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.  
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:  
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.  
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.  
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.