The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.

Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

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Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

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Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 'gg1 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.
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". 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.</condition>

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<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
<p>Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
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<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>

<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.</p>
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annotations on (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
leaving the Library. </p>
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cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322. </p>
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<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s
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publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>,
replaced by the newer <bibl>
<title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905). For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
Third Watchman

All

Bona, sister to the French Queen

George Plantagenet (Duke of Clarence)

Lord Clifford

Duke of Exeter, uncle to Henry IV, great-uncle to Henry V

Father, who has killed his son
<persName type="form">Fath.</persName>

<person xml:id="F-3h6-gab">
  <persName type="standard">Gabriel (Messenger)</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-3h6-qel">
  <persName type="standard">Queen Elizabeth, starts as Lady Grey, marries Edward IV</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gray.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Wid.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-3h6-lew">
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<person xml:id="F-3h6-may">
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  <persName type="form">Maior.</persName>
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Queen Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry VI.

Richard Plantagenet (Duke of Gloucester), becomes duke of York in Henry VI, Part. 
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; was duke of Gloucester before enthronement.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester), son of Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; was duke of Gloucester before enthronement.

Lord (Earl) Rivers

Edmond, Earl of Rutland

Sinklo (First Keeper)

Duke/Earl of Somerset, John Beaufort

Sir John Somerville
The third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

I wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
while we pursu'd the Horsmen of the North, he slyly stole away, and left his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat, Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe. Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest: Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in, Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Lord Stafford, Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either slaine or wounded dangerous. I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow: That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires blood, Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.

Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.
And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.
Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye.
Thankes gentle Norfolke, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.
The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke,
be King.

And bashfull Henry depos'd, whose
Cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.

Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The prowdest hee that holds vp<br />
La<hi rend="italic">ncaster</hi>, Dares stirr a Wing, if<br />
Warwick shake his Bells.
Ile plant<br />
Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Resolue thee<br />
Plantagenet, root him vp who
English Crowne.

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

My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of<br />
Warwicke, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord<br />
both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his favorites, and his friends.

If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down.
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from 
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that 
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne, In following this vsurping Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster, And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
And <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> shall disproue it. You forget,

That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

<i>Northumb.</i>
Yes <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

<i>Westm.</i>
<i>Piantagenet</i>, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.

<i>Cliff.</i>
Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,
I send thee, <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, such a Messenger,
As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.

<i>Warw.</i>
Poore <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, how I scorne his worthlesse Threats.

<i>Plant.</i>
Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

<i>Henry.</i>
What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
If my Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather <hi rend="italic">Roger Mortimer</hi>,

<i>Henry</i> the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

<i>Warw.</i>
Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I: When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Richard. You are old enough now, And yet me thinkes you loose: Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother, As thou lou'st and honorest Armes, Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

Plantagenet shall speake first: Heare him Lords,

And be you silent and attentiue too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,

Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?

No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.

Warw. Proue it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

'Twas by Rebellion against his King.
I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
What then?
And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords, Resign'd the Crowne to Henry, the Fourth, whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

He rose against him, being his Soueraigne, And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.
Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd, Thinke you 'twere prejudicial to his Crowne?
Resign'd the Crowne to Henry, the Fourth, Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd, Thinke you 'twere prejudicial to his Crowne?
Exet.

No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne, But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry.

Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

All will revolt from me, and turne to him.

Thou art deceiu'd: 'Tis not thy Southerne power

King, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Oh Clifford, how thy words reuiue my heart.

Henry of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,

What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.

What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?

What is this to England, and himselfe?
Base, fearefull, and despayring <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>.<l>
</l>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">Clifford.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">How hast thou iniur’d both thy selfe and vs?</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-wes">Westm.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">I cannot stay to heare these Articles.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-nor">Northumb.</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">Clifford.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Newes.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-wes">Westm.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King, In whose cold blo</hi>

<lb/>od no sparke of Honor bides.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-nor">Northumb.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Be thou a prey vnto the House of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">Cliff.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">In dreadfull Warre may’st thou be ouercome, Or liue in peace abandon’d and despis’d.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">Warw.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Turne this way <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and regard them not.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-exe">Exeter.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.</speaker>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">Henry.</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Ah <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>.</speaker>
Warw.  

Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry.  

Not for my selfe Lord, but my Sonne, whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherit.  

To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue, To the third Part of Henry the Sixt.  

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne: And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie, To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.  

This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.  

And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.  

Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.  

Here they come downe.  

Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
And I keepe London with my Souldiers.

And I to Norfolke with my follower.

And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

Enter the Queene.

Queene. so will I.

Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?

And never seen thee, never borne thee Sonne.

Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;

Thou would'zt haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather then haue made that sausage Duke Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succeede?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu'n vnto the House of Yorke such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it farre before thy time?

Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,

And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes the trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues,

Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,

The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,

But thou preferr'xt thy Life, before thine Honor,

Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,

And vtte ruine of the House of Yorke.
Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.

Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Poore Queene, How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exit.
Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife? What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yorke. About what?

Richard. About that which concernes your Grace and vs, The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.

But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken: I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

No: God forbid your Grace should be sworn.

I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.

Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke before a true and lawfull Magistrate, that hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke, how sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne, within whose Circuit is Elizium, and all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest, untill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de euen in the luke-warme blood of Henrys heart.
Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye. Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And whet on Warwick to this Enterprise.

Thou shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,

And tell him priuily of our intent.

You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

In them I trust: for they are Souldiours.

Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.

While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?

But that I seeke occasion how to rise,

And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,

Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such poste?

The Queene, With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.

She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:

And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

I, with my Sword.

What? think'st thou, that we feare them?

My Brother Mountague shall poste to London.

Let Noble Warwicke, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we haue left Protectors of the King.

With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselues.
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.

And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.

The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.

What, with fiue thousand men?

I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

I heare their Drummes:

Let's set our men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,

I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,

When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:

Why should I not now haue the like successe?

A March afarre off.

Iheare their Drummes:

Let's set our men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,

I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,

When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:

Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum.
Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

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

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplain away, thy Priesthood saues thy life. As for the Brat of this accursed Duke, Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child, Least thou be hated both of God and Man.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch, That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes: And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey, And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder. Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,

And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.
Sweet <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> heare me speake,
before I dye:

I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford.</sp>

In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Clifford.</sp>

Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> cope with him.

Rutland.</sp>

Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> pitty me.

Rutland.</sp>

I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?

Thy Father hath.
Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pitty me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefor dye.

Rutland. Dis faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.

Plantagenet, I come. And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both.


Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde;
Or Lambs pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,

And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as l haue seene a Swan
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

Ah heark, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage;
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet
My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,

So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,

So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,

Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,

And in thy thought ore-run my former time:

And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,

Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

I will not bandie with thee word for word,

But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes

I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Clifford,

Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much.

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valoure were it, when a Curre doth grinne,

For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,

When he might spurne him with his Foot away?

It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,

And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
Net.

So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,

So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.

So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.

What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?

Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,

That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,

Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be Englands King?

Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of you high Descent?

Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,

Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce

Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?

Or with the rest, where is your Darling,

Looke Yorke, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood,

That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,

Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.

Alas poore Yorke, but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee grieue, to make me merry.
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

Rutlands cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Yorke; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.
I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.

Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

That is my Offce, for my Fathers sake.

Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.
Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vs of euill deedes.
I would assay, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriud,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman,
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,
That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death.
Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall.
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers.
These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies,
And euery drop cries vengeance for his death.
Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.

who = "#F-3h6-nor"
Northumb.</sp>
Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow Gripes his Soule.

who = "#F-3h6-qma"
Queene.</speaker>
What, weeping ripe, my Lord
Northumberland?</hi>

Think but vp on the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

who = "#F-3h6-cli"
Clifford.</speaker>
Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.</lb>

who = "#F-3h6-qma"
Queene.</speaker>
And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.</lb>

who = "#F-3h6-pla"
Yorke.</speaker>
Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee.

who = "#F-3h6-qma"
Queene.</speaker>
Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates.
So <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> may ouer-looke the Towne
of Yorke.</sp>
</stage>  
Exit.</stage>
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Edward, Richard,

<lb/>and their power.</stage>

<br who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<sp rend="italic" who="#F-3h6-ed4">Edward.</sp>  
<br>Or whether he be scap't away, or no,</br>
<br>From <hi rend="italic">Cliffords</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Northumberlands</hi> pursuit?</br>

<br rend="italic">Northumberlands</br> pursuit?  
<br>Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;</br>
<br>Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes;</br>
<br>Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard;</br>
<br>The happy tidings of his good escape.</br>
<br>How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?</br>
</sp>

<br who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<sp rend="italic" who="#F-3h6-ri3">Richard.</sp>  
<br>I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd</br>
<br>Where our right valiant Father is become,</br>
<br>I saw him in the Battaile range about,</br>
<br>And watcht him how he fingled <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> forth.</br>
<br>Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,</br>
<br>As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,</br>
<br>Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:</br>
<br>Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,</br>
<br>The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.</br>
<br>So far'd our Father with his Enemies,</br>
<br>So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father,</br>
<br>Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.</br>
<br>See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,</br>
<br>And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.</br>
<br>How well resembles it the prime of Youth,</br>
<br>Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?</br>
</sp>

<br who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<sp rend="italic" who="#F-3h6-ed4">Ed.</sp>  
<br>Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?</br>
</sp>

<br who="#F-3h6-ri3"
<speaker rend="italic">Rich. </speaker>

Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some euent.
</sp>

Edward.<speaker rend="italic"> Tis wondrous strange, </speaker>
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</p>

Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.</p>

Richard.<speaker rend="italic"> Nay, beare three Daughters: </speaker>
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.
</sp>

Enter one blowing.<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enuironed he was with many foes</stage>

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?</p>

Mess.<speaker rend="italic"> Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, </speaker>
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.</p>

Edward.<speaker rend="italic"> Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too </speaker>
much.</p>

Richard.<speaker rend="italic"> Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all. </speaker>

Mess.<speaker rend="italic"> Enuironed he was with many foes, </speaker>
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu’d,
But onely slaught'red by the irefull Arme of vn-relenting Clifford, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine:
And after many scorns, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke they set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view’d.

Edward.
Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh Clifford, boyst'rous Clifford, thou hast slaine the flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie, and trecherously hast thou vanquisht him.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

Rich.
I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture scarce serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I would speake withall, is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench,
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,

Or dye renowned by attempting it.

His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute,
and their Army.

How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
Aftuer the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward Saint
Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at Saint
Albons met,
Our Battailes ioy'n'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.
Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
Burgundy to England?
Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

’Twas odde belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.

Nor now my Scandal Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henrys head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist.
As he is fam’d for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
’Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what’s to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb’ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside.
May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:

Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,

With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,

Among'st the louing Welshmen can't procure,

Will but amount to fiew and twenty thousand,

Why Via, to London will we march,

And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,

And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,

But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;

Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,

That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:

The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:

For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In euery Burrough as we passe along,

And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,

Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.

King, valiant Richard Mountague:

Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,

But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Then strike vp Drums, God and Saint George for vs.
Enter a Messenger.

How now? what newes?

The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast, And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That sought to be incompast with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack, To see this sight, it irkes my very soule: With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty must be layd aside:

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?

Not to the Beast, that would usurpe their Den.

Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?

Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.

Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?

Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.

The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on.

Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.

Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.

He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,

And raise his issue like a louing Sire.

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,

Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:

Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.

Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,

Yet in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seene them eu'n with those wings,

Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,

Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,

Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?

For shame, my Liege, make them your President:

Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy

Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,

And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,

My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,

To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

Full well hath <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> plaid the

Inferring arguments of mighty force:

But <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> tell me, did'st thou neuer

That things ill got, had euer bad successe,

And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,

Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:

Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,

And would my Father had left me no more:

For all the rest is held at such a Rate,

As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any iot of pleasure.

Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,

You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,

Edward, kneele downe.

Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,

Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,

For with a Band of thirty thousand men,

Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,

And in the Townes as they do march along,

Proclames him King, and many flye to him,

Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

I would your Highnesse would depart the field,

The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.
King.

> Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North.

> Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin.

> My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
> And hearten those that fight in your defence:
> Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry

S.

Saint

George.

mixed. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,

Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw.

> Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
> And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
> Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu.

Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,

> Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
> Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Edw.

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

Cla.

Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,

> You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
> Haue caus' d him by new Act of Parliament,
> To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif.

> And reason too,
> Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne.
Rich. <l>Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.</l>

Clif. <l>I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee, Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.</l>

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

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

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou <hi>Henry</hi>, Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare you speak? When you and I, met at <choice><abbr>S.</abbr> Saint last,

Your legges did better seruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor <hi>Clifford</hi> droue me thence.
No, nor your manhood that

The execution of my big-swolne heart

Vpon that Cliford, that cruell Child-killer.

I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,

But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.

Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.

Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue, I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:

By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,

That Clifford's Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Say Henry, shall I haue my right, or no:

A thousand men haue broke their Fasts to day,

That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,

For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.

If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,

There is no vwrong, but euery thing is right.

Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,

But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,

But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,

Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,

As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Whose Father beares the Title of a King,

(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,

To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou.

Although thy Husband may be Menelaus:

And ne're was Agamemnons Brother wrong'd

By that false Woman, as this King by thee.

His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,

And had he match'd according to his State,

He might haue kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a begger to his bed,

And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,

Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,

That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?

And in this resolution, I defie thee,

Not willing any longer Conference,

Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,

And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Stay Edward.

No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,

These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.
Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race, I lay me downe a little while to breath: For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid, Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength, And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death, For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings, And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast y withdrawn thy selfe? Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffs Launce:

Launce: And in the very pangs of death, he cryde, Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.

Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
I And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soulue.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes;
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards as victors we are at the Olympian Games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts, for yet is hope of life and victory:

Foreslow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Richard and Clifford.

Now Clifford, I haue singled thee alone,

Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,

And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,

Wer't thou inuironed with a Brazen wall.

Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,

This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,

And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,

And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,

And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,

To execute the like vpon thy selfe,

Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,

For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.

This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,

And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,

And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,

And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,

To execute the like vpon thy selfe,

And so haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,

For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.
Hen.

This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Therby to see the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate;
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, must I take my Rest;
So many Houres, must I Contemplate;
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe;
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong;
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane;
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece;
Past ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?
Guies not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath killed his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath killed his Sonne at ano-
ther doore.

Son.
Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) have kill'd;
Oh heavy times! begetting such Euents.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master;
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
Pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King.
O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charged with grieffe.

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa.
Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.,
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
Wo aboue wo: greefe, more common greefe.
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our striuing Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.
How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?
How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?
How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Was euer sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?
Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?

Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I haue murthered where I should not kill.

Sad‑hearted‑men, much ouergone with Care;

Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-main:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My loue and feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing Henry's strength'ning misproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but Henry's Enemies?
O Phoebus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.
And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity
Boylesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effule of blood, doth make me faint:
Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and

Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust,
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.
That led calme Richard markt him for the Graue,
And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead.

And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.

And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead.

Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.

And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.
Revoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.

Bring forth that fatall Schreechowl to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager Words.

O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would auoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager Words.

If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager Words.

If so thou think'st, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

While we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.

Thou didst love Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?

They mocke thee Clifford, 

They are as thou was't wont.

What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,

That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanched thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:

From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,

And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene:

So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,

And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread

Yet looke to haue them buzz to offend thine eares:

First, will I see the Coronation,

And then to Brittany Ile crosse the Sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:

For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;

And neuer will I vndertake the thing wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:

Let me be Duke of Clarence,

For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:

To see these Honors in possession.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,

And George of Gloster,

For Glostiers Dukedome is too ominous.

Rich, that's a foolish obseruation:

Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands. Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd our selues: For through this Laund anon the Deere will come, And in this couert will we make our Stand, Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot.

That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost: Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best: And for the time shall not seeme tedious, Ile tell thee what befell me on a day, In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries, For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid: And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister To wife for Edward. If this newes be true,

Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:

For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:

And Lewis a Prince soonne wonne with mouing words:

By this account then, Margaret may winne him,

For she's a woman to be pittied much:

Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,

Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares,

I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue;

Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for Henry,

Shee Weepes, and sayes, her Henry is depos'd:

He Smiles, and sayes, his Edward is instaul'd;

That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:

Whiles Warwicke tells his Title, smooths the Wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion winnes the King from her,

With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edwards place. O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Who Hum.

Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?

Who Hum.

I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.

Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:

Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:

Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,

A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.

Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,

Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented

To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)

You are the king King Edward hath depos'd:

And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegiance,

Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

I was annointed King at nine monthes old, My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings: And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me: And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king

We are true Subiects to the king.

So would you be againe to Henrie, if he were seated as king Edward is.
Sinklo.

We charge you in God's name & the King's, To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King.

Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albon's field.

This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine.

Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit.

It were dishonor to deny it her.

It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

Yea, is it so.

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt.

Before the King will graunt her humble suit.
Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Silence.

Widow, we will consider of your suit, and come some other time to know our minde.

Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now, and what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands, and if what pleases him, shall pleasure you: Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

How many Children hast thou, Widow?

I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.

God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

How many Children hast thou, Widow?
Who = "#F-3h6-qel"

Wid. = "italic"

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. = "italic"

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. = "italic"

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Wid. = "italic"

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

King. = "italic"

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Wid. = "italic"

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.

King. = "italic"

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

Wid. = "italic"

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

King. = "italic"

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.
Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

What you command, that rests in me to doe.

But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the

As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must

melt.
Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taske?

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

That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.

Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

I take my leaue with many thousand thankes.

The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie.

But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers.

That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>But now you partly may perceiue my minde.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue</l>
  <l>Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dow</l>
  <l>er, For by that losse, I will not purchase them.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them &amp; me:</l>
  <l>But mightie Lord, this merry inclination</l>
  <l>Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:</l>
  <l>Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>I, if thou wilt say I to my request:</l>
  <l>No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
</sp>
The Widow likes him not, shee knits her Browes.

Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christendome.

Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty, Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable, All her perfections challenge Soueraignty, One way, or other, shee is for a King, And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.

Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?

'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord: I am a subject fit to ieast withall, But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call you Father.

No more, then when my Daughters Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.
You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie her.
That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. 

By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King.

Well, ieast on Brothers: I can tell you both,

He suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,

And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King.

See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:

And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,

Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Richard.

I, Edward will vse Women honourably:

Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,

That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,

To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:

And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,

Is Edwards Title buryed,

And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,

To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:

A cold premeditation for my purpose.

Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,

And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,

And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying, hee'lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're weenes too much,
Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for

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

What other Pleasure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body,
To shape my Legges of an unevall size,
To dis-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vnick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impression like the Damme,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're beare such,
As are of better Person then my selfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne,
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues stand betweene me and home:
And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling desperately to finde it out,
Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my selfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe,
Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as Nestor,

Deceiue more slyly then Vlisses could,

And like a Synon, take another Troy.

I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with Proteus, for aduantages,

And set the murtherous Macheuill to Schoole.

Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.

Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.

No, mightie King of France: now Margaret Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,

Where Kings command. I was (I must confess)

Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:

But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,

Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,

And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sit thee by our side.

Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
Ouer all mischance.

Now therefore be it knowne to Noble <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>,
That <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, sole possessor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, Duke of Yorke,
Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat;
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, poore <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,
With this my Sonne, Prince <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, Henries Heire,
Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done;
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:
Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led;
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.
<sp who="#F-3h6-lcw"><speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker></sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
  <lb>Foe.</lb></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-lcw"><speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker></sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
  And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-3h6-lcw"><speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker></sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>Our Earle of Warwicke, <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> greatest
  <lb>Friend.</lb>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-lcw"><speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker></sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>Welcome braue <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, what brings thee
  <lb>to France</lb>?</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hee descends. Shee ariseth.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <l>I now begins a second Storme to rise,
  For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
  <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
  <l>From worthy <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, King of Albion, <lb>/</lb>
</sp>
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

If that goe forward, Henries hope is done.
And gracious Madame,
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
Before you answer Warwicke. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henries Sonne.
Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
<l>Inurious <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
  <l>And why not Queene?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
  <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
  <l>Because thy Father <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> did surpe,</l>
</sp>

<l>And thou no more art Prince, then she is Queene.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
  <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> disanulls great <hi rend="italic">John</hi> of Gaunt,</l>
</sp>

<l>Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;</l>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
  <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
  <l>Because thy Father <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> did</l>
</sp>

<l>And after <hi rend="italic">John</hi> of Gaunt, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth,</l>

<l>Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest;</l>

<l>And after that wise Prince, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the</l>

<l>Fift,</l>

<l>Who by his Prowesse conquered all France;</l>

<l>From these, our <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> lineally</l>

<l>descends.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
  <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
  <l>Oxford,</l>
</sp>

<l>how haps it in this smooth discourse,</l>

<l>You told not, how <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Sixt hath lost</l>

<l>All that, which <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fift had gotten:</l>

<cb n="2"/>
<l>Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.</l>

<l>But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree</l>

<l>Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time</l>

<l>To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
  <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, canst thou speak against thy Liege,</l>
</sp>

<l>Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres.</l>

<l>And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
Can Oxford, that did euer sence the right,

Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?

For shame leaue Henry, and call Edward King.

Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome

My elder Brother, the Lord s Aubrey

Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,

When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?

No Warwick, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,

And I the House of Yorke.

Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,

While I vse further conference with Warwick,

They stand aloofe.

Heauens graunt, that Warwickes wordes be

witch him not.

Now Lewis, tell me euen vpon thy conscience

Is Edward your true King? for I were loth

To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.

But is he gracious in the People's eye?

The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Then further: all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love

Vnto our Sister Bona.

Such it seemes, as may beseeme a Monarch like himself.

My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare,

That this his Love was an externall Plant,

Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,

The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,

Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdaine,

Vnlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine.

Your grant, or your denyall, shall be mine.

Yet I confesse, that often ere this day,

SPEAKS TO War.

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,

Mine eare hath tempted judgement to desire.

Your grant, or your denyall, shall be mine.

Yet I confess, that often ere this day,

SPEAKS TO War.
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:

Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse,

That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Deceitfull Warwicke, it was thy deuice,

To Edward, but not to the English King.

Deepest Warwicke, it was thy deuice,

By this alliance to make void my suit:

Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend.

But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,

As may appeare by Edwards good successe;

Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

From giuing ayde, which late I promised.

Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,

That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Henry now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)

You haue a Father able to maintaine you,

And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,

Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,

I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares

(Both full of Truth) I make King
Lewis behold Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue. Post blowing a horne Within. Post blowing a horne Within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe same Feather. For both of you are Birds of selfe same Feather.

Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee. Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

Enter the Poste. Enter the Poste.

Sent from your Brother Marquesse Sent from your Brother Marquesse

These Letters are for you. These Letters are for you.

These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. These from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

Speakes to Warwicke, Speakes to Warwicke,

These for you. These for you.

And Madam, these for you: And Madam, these for you:

From whom, I know not. From whom, I know not.

They all reade their Letters. They all reade their Letters.

I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris frownes at his. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris frownes at his.

Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were I netled. I hope, all's for the best. Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were I netled. I hope, all's for the best.

And yours, faire Queene. And yours, faire Queene.

Mar.
Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to soothe your Forgery, and his, Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?

Is this th'Alliance that he seekes with France?

Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

I told your Maiesty as much before: This proueth Edwards Edwards Loue, and Warwickes honesty.

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke My Father came vntimely to his death?

Did I let passe th'abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Natiue Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

And to repaire my Honor lost for him,

I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,

And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.
Warwicke,

These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,

And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,

And ioy that thou becom'st King Henry's Friend.

So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,

That if King Lewis vouch safe to furnish vs

With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,

Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,

Hee's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,

But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry liue,

Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours.

And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's,
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd

You shall have ayde.

Who = "#F-3h6-qma"

Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,

Edward, thy supposed King.

That = "hi rend="italic">Lewis of France, is sending ouer Maskers

To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll proue a widower shortly,

I ware the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,

And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll crown him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Post.

Lew. But Warwicke,

Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men

Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward battle:

And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?

This shall assure my constant Loyalty,

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,

I'll ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy.
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.

Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,

Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

He giues his hand to Warw.

Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall

I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne.

But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:

I came from Edward as Ambassador,

I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,

I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.

But I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pitty Henries misery,

But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Exit.
Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray? Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice? Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France, How could he stay till Warwicke made returne? My Lords, forbeare this talke: here comes the King.

And his well-chosen Bride. As well as Lewis of France, Or the Earle of Warwicke, Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they'lle take no offence at our abuse.

Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward, your King and Warwickes, and must have my will.

And shall have your will, because our King: Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

Not I: no: God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd, Whom God hath ioynd together: I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them, That yoake so well together.

Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside, Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey shou'd not become my Wife, and Englands Queene? And you too, Somerset, and Mountague, Speake freely what you thinke.

Then this is mine opinion: That King Lewis becomes your Enemie.

For mocking him about the Marriage Of the Lady Bona, and you too, Somerset, and Mountague, Speake freely what you thinke.
in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

What, if both Lewis and Warwick, be appeas'd,

By such inuention as I can devise?

Yet, to haue ioynd with France in such alliance,

Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth

Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it selfe,

England is safe, if true within it selfe?

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

'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,

And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:

In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,

And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales.
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;

Shee better would haue fitted me, or

Clarence:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Who

Clar.

Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire

Of the Lord Bonuill on your new Wiues Sonne,

And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent?

I will prouide thee.

In chusing for your selfe,

You shew'd your iudgement:

Which being shalow, you shall giue me leaue

To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;

And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

Leaue me, or tarry, Edward will be King.

And not be ty'd vn to his Brothers will.

Lady Grey.

My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie

To rayse my state to Title of a Queene,

Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,

That I was not ignoble of Descent,

And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes;
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Ungess they seeke for hatred at my hands:
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.
Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?
My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Is Lewis so braue? belike he thinkes me
But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?
These were her words, vtt'red with mild disdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

I blame not her; she co uld say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said Henries Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwicke to these injuries?

He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.

Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince marryes Warwicks Daughter.

Belike, the elder;
Daughter,

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwickes other Daughter,

That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage

You that loue me, and Warwickke,

Not I:

My thoughts ayme at a further matter:

And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.

Pembrooke and Stafford, you in our behalfe.

Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;

They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:

My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Hastings and Mountague

Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,

Are neere to Warwickke, by his bloud, and by allyance:

Tell me, if you loue Warwickke more then me;

If it be so, then both depart to him:

I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.

But if you minde to hold your true obedience,

Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

So God help Mountague, as he proves true.

And Hastings, as he favours Edwards cause.

Now Brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Why so: then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour, Till we meet Warwick, with his foreign power.

Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:

Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Fear not that, my Lord.
Warw.<br />
Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto<br />Warwick,
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie:
That as Vlysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,
And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but onely to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For Warwicke and his friends, God and Saint.
George
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

They all cry, They all cry,
2. Watch.

What, will he not to Bed?

Why, no; for he hath made a solemne Vow,

Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,

Till Warwicke, or himselfe, be quite supprest.

To morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwicke be so neere as men report.

But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,

That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest friend.

O, is it so? but why commands the King,

That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,

While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

Unlesse our Halberds did shut vp his pas-

'Tis the more honour, because more dange-

I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,

I like it better then a dangerous honor.

If Warwicke knew in what estate he

stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his pas-
sage.

2. Watch.

I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,

But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,

and French Souldiors, silent all.

This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard;

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

Who goes there?

Warwicke, Warwicke, and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,

Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Hastings flyes ouer the Stage.

Warwicke, Warwicke, and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,

Warwicke, Warwicke, and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,

What are they that flye there?

Richard and Hastings: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

The Duke?

Why Warwicke, when wee parted, Thou call'dst me King.
I, but the case is alter'd. When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade, Then I degraded you from being King, And come now to create you Duke of Yorke. Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies? Yea, Brother of Clarence, Art thou here too? Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe. Yet Warwicke, in despight of all mischance, Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices, Edward will always beare himselfe as King: Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State, My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele. Takes off his Crowne. But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne, And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow. My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellowes, Ile follow you, and tell what answer?
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both winde and tide.

Exeunt.

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

I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the Regall Throne.

Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.

Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

Why Brother Riuers, are you yet to learne

What losse of some pitcht battell
Against Warwicke?

No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riu.

Then is my Soueraigne slaine?

Gray.

I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,

Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:

And as I further haue to vnderstand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,

Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riu.

These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,

Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,

Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:

And I the rather waine me from dispaire

For loue of Edwards Offspring in my wombe:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:

I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,

Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne

King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.

But Madam,

Where is Warwicke then become?

I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the Crowne once more on Henries head,

Guesse thou the rest, King Edwards

Friends must downe.

But to preuent the Tyrants violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)

Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To save (at least) the heir of Edwards' right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:

Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,

If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye.

exeunt.


Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither, into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.

Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good vsage, and great liberty,

And often but attended with weake guard,

Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.

I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,

That if about this houre he make this way,

Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,

He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,

To set him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

This way my Lord,

See where the Huntsmen stand.

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

Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

To set him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

This way my Lord,

For this way lies the Game.

King Edw.

Nay this way man,

See where the Huntsmen stand.

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

Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?
But whether shall we then?

To Lyn my Lord,

And shipt from thence to Flanders.

Wel guest beleue me, for that was my meaning

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

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

Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.

And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

frown,

And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke,
Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.</stage>

K. Hen.<speaker rend="italic">Lieutenant, now that God and Friends have shaken Edward from the Regal seat, my fear to hope, my sorrows into joys, at our enlargement what are thy due Fees?</speaker>

Lieut. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'ains

But, if an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your Maiestie.

For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?

Nay, be thou sure, I will requite thy kindness.

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,

At last, by Notes of Household harmony,

They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But the third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee, he was the Author, thou the Instrument.

Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,

By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,

And that the people of this blessed Land may not be punished with my thwarting stars,

But Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,

I here resign my Gouverment to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warwicke, after God, thou set'st me free,
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,

And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,

By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,

For few men rightly temper with the Starres:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,

For chusing me, when <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is in place.

</sp>

No <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,

Adjudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,

As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:

And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

</sp>

And I chuse <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> onely for Protector.

No <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> yeeld consent, for on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

That he consents, if <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> yeeld consent,

For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,

That no dissention hinder Gouernment:

I make you both Protectors of this Land,

While I my selfe will lead a private Life,

And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,

To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

What answeres <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> to his Soueraignes will <c rend="italic">?</c>?
Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content: Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow to Henries Body, and supply his place; I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment, While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease. And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull, Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor.

And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

What else? and that Succession be determined.

I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires, Let me entreat (for I command no more) That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne shall be done, my Soueraigne, with all speede. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Rich-

Be sent for, to returne from France with speed: I see them here, by doubtfull feare, My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that, Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of
Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth,
To my divining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

What newes, my friend?
Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?
He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster, and the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.
My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide A salue for any sore, that may betide.
My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide A salue for any sore, that may betide.
Exeunt.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.
My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:—for doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe, And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long. As Henries late presaging Prophecie Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond: So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts, What may befall him, to his harme and ours. Therefore, Lord Oxford, to preuent the worst, Forwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie, Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

I: for if Edward re-possesse the Crowne, Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas, And brought desired helpe from Burgundie. What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,

But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many men that stumble at the Threshold,

Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:

By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,

For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

My Lords,

We were fore-warned of your comming,

And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;

For now we owe allegeance vnto Henry.

But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King,

Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,

As being well content with that alone.
<hi rend="italic">Rich.</hi> But <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,</l><br/>
  <l>Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?</l><br/>
  <l>Open the Gates, we are King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> friends.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-may">
  <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
  <l>I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He descends.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>The good old man would faine that all were wel,</l><br/>
  <l>So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,</l><br/>
  <l>Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
  <l>So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,</l><br/>
  <l>But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Takes his Keyes.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>For <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> will defend the Towne, and thee,</l>
  <l>And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme, and Souldiers.</stage>
Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgomerie, Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd. Welcome Sir Iohn: but why come you in Armes?

To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,

As every loyal Subiect ought to doe.

Thankes good Mountgomerie: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And onely clayme our Dukedome, Till God please to send the rest.

Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I came to serue a King, and not a Duke; Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

What talke you of debating? in few words, If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King, Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone, To keepe them back, that come to succour you. Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the Diademe.

I, now my Sovereign speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Sound Trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Soldier, make thou proclamation.

Flourish.

Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

By this I challenge him to single fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.

A ll.

Long liue Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Montgomery, and thankes vnto you all: If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse. Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: Aboue the Border of this Horizon, Wee'le forward towards Warwicke, and his Mates; For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.

Ah froward Clarence, how euill it beseemes thee, To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother? Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwicke. Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day, and that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

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

With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas, And with his troupes doth march amaine to London, And many giddie people flock to him.

What counsaile, Lords? Edward? Edward from Belgia,

Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.
A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence

Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.

In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.
Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.

Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope.
King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

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

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship? Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine. Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes, Nor pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds, Nor mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes, Nor mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares. I haue not been desirous of their wealth, Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies, Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd. Then why should they loue Edward more then me? Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace:

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.
Exet.  
Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?  
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.  
Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,  
And once agane proclaime vs King of England.  
You are the Fount that makes small Brookes to flow,  
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  
Exit with King Henry.  
And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwicke now remaines:  
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,  
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd for Hay.  
Exit.  
Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Messengers and others vpon the Walls.  
Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  
By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War.

> How farre off is our Brother Mountague?

Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Mess. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.

Enter Someruile.

> Say Someruile, what sayes my louing Sonne?

And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes: The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwicke.

> Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.

Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.


Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.
Rich. See how the surly Warwicke mans the Wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd, That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Now, Warwicke, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe, Call Warwicke Patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

I thought at least he would haue said the King, Or did he makes the Ieast against his will?

Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue, Ile doe thee seruice for so good a gift.

'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Bro- ther.
Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwickes' gift.

Thou art no Atlas for so great a Weight:

And Weakeling, Warwickes takes his gift againe,

And Henry is my King, Warwickes his Subject.

But Warwickes' King is Edwards Prisoner:

And gallant Warwickes, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Alas, that Warwickes had no more fore-cast,

But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,

The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:

You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwickes still.

Come Warwickes, take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

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

I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow, and with the other, fling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

Edw.
Sayle how thou canst, Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwicke now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.
Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.
Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
So other foes may set vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.
Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.
Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.
The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,

My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke,

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

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

And loe, where George of Clarence

sweepes along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:

With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes

More then the natur of a Brothers Loue.

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

Warwicke. Why, trowest thou, that Clarence

is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,

To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then Iephah, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwicke, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.
Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.
Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust.
What Warwicke, Edward dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: Saint George, and
Victorie.

Exeunt. March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare, For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Mountague sit fast, I seeke for thee, That Warwicke Bones may keepe thine companie.

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe, And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warwicke? Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes, My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes, That I must yeeld my body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge, Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle, Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept, Whose top-bran'ch ouer-peer'd Ioues spreading Tree, And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.

These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle, Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,

To search the secret Treasons of the World: The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood, Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:

For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue? And who durst smile, when Warwicke? Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.

My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had, Euen now forsake me, and of all my Lands,

Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?

And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Ah, Warwicke, Warwicke, wert thou as we are,

We might recouer all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.

Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.

Why then I would not flye. Ah, Mountague, if thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand, and with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.

Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,

Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,

Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead.

Sweet rest his Soule:

Flye Lords, and saue your selues,

For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they bear away his Body. Exeunt.

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

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day;
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attain his easyfull Western Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath ray'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with us.

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

The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And <hi>Somester</hi>, with <hi>Oxford</hi>, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes. What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.

Warwicke was our Anchor: what of that?

Mountague our Top-Mast: what of him?

Our slaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
Somerset, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not Ned and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
B estride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
This speake I (Lords) to let you understand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks,
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.

Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford, thankes.
And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,

Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,

To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.

But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march.

Enter Edward, Richard,

Clarence, and Souldiers.

Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,

Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,

Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.

I need not adde more fuell to your fire,

For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:

Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,

Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.

Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne

Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,

His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,

His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:

And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.

You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,

Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.
Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,


Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

So part we sadly in this troublous World,

To meet with Ioy in sweet Jerusalem.

Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward, shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

It is, and loe where youthfull Edward begins.

Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.

What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects, And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? Who art thou, my Father's Mouth? Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou, Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee, Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat, And ne're haue stolne the Breech from Lancaster. His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.
Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:

And thou mis-shapen Dicke, I tell ye all,

I am your better, Traytors as ye are,

And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Oh, kill me too.

Marry, and shall.

Hold, for we haue done too much.

The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Rich. Why should she live, to fill the World with words.


Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:

Ile hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Exit.

Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it,
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaine, bloody Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue stir'd vp remorse,
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off.
As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

Away with her, go bear her hence perforce.

Good, Clive, Clive, do: Sweet Clive, do thou do it.

Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it? Where is that diuels butcher Clive, where art thou?

Thou art not here; Murther is thy Almes deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

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

Exit
Queene.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
  Where's <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> gone.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  To London all in post, and as I guesse,<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>
  To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
  He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
  Now march we hence, discharge the common sort</l>
  With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,</l>
  And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,</l>
  By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
  I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather</l>
  Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better</l>
  'Good Gloster and good Deuill, were alike</l>
  And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
  So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from <choice>
  <abbr>ý</abbr></choice>
</sp>
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, and next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath Rossius now to Acte? Who was that of Creet, that taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, and yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd. I Icarus, my poore Boy, that deni'de our course, the Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy, and thy Selfe, the Sea. Whose envious Gulfe did swallow vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my eares that Tragicke History. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first you didst presume,
And many an Orphans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,
The Night-crow cri'de, aboding lucklesse time,
The Night-crow cri'de, aboding lucklesse time,

Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world;

I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.

Ile heare no more:

I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster?
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death.
O may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

I said not that I haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare.
Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother say,
Had I not reason (think ye) to make hast,
And seeke their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cried,
O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens have shaped my body so,
Let Hell make crooked my mind to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this world [love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myselfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keepest me from the Light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearfull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, Ile be thy death.
King Henrie, and the Prince his Son are gone,

Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting myselfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another room,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.
Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two Clifford's, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
Warwick &amp; Montague
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,
And made our Footstoole of Security.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
And loue my louely Queene,
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

This speech is conventionally given to Queen Elizabeth.

Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.

And that I loue the tree from whence y sprang'st: Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite, To say the truth, so Judas kist his master, And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

Away with her, and waft her hence to France: And now what rests, but that we spend the time With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comick shewes, Such as befits the pleasure of the Court. For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.