

The second Part of Henry the Sixth,

with the death of the Good Duke

HVMFREY.

by

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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The second Part of Henry the Sixth

with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey^{m2v}

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.*
 3 *Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beau-ford*
 4 *on the one side.*
 5 *The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,*
 6 *on the other.*
 7 *Suffolke.*
 8 As by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
 9 I had in charge at my depart for France,
 10 As Procurator to your Excellence,
 11 To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
 12 So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
 13 In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
 14 The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanson*,
 15 Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
 16 I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
 17 And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
 18 In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
 19 Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
 20 To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
 21 Of that great Shadow I did represent:
 22 The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
 23 The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.
 24 *King.* Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
 25 I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
 26 Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
 27 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
 28 For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face
 29 A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
 30 If Simpaty of Loue vnite our thoughts.
 31 *Queen.* Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
 32 The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
 33 By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
 34 In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
 35 With you mine *Alder liefest* Soueraigne,
 36 Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
 37 With ruder termes, such as my wit affoord,
 38 And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.
 39 *King.* Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,

40 Her words yclad with wisedomes Maiesty,
 41 Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
 42 Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
 43 Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
 44 *All kneel.* Long liue Qu[eene]. *Margaret*, Englands happines.
 45 *Queene.* We thanke you all. *Florish*
 46 *Suf.* My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
 47 Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
 48 Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
 49 For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.
 50 *Glo. Reads.* Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K[ing].*
 51 *Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Am-bassador*
 52 *for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal*
 53 *espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of*
 54 *Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of*
 55 *England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*
 56 *Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main,*
 57 *shall be released and deliuered to the King her father.*
 58 *King.* Vnkle, how now?
 59 *Glo.* Pardon me gracious Lord,
 60 Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
 61 And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.
 62 *King.* Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.
 63 *Win.* *Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the*
 64 *Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and deliuered*
 65 *ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of*
 66 *Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any*
 67 *Dowry.*
 68 *King.* They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
 69 We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
 70 And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke,
 71 We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
 72 I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
 73 Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnckle Winchester,
 74 Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
 75 Salisburie, and Warwicke.
 76 We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
 77 In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
 78 Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide
 79 To see her Coronation be perform'd.
 80 *Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.*
 81 *Manet the rest.*
 82 *Glo.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
 83 To you Duke *Humfrey* must vnload his greefe:
 84 Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
 85 What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,

86 His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
 87 Did he so often lodge in open field:
 88 In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
 89 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 90 And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits, [m3
 91 To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
 92 Haue you your selues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 93 Braue *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
 94 Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
 95 Or hath mine Vnckle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
 96 With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
 97 Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
 98 Early and late, debating too and fro
 99 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 100 And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
 101 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
 102 And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
 103 Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
 104 Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
 105 O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
 106 Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 107 Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
 108 Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
 109 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
 110 Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.
 111 *Car.* Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
 112 This preroration with such circumstance:
 113 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.
 114 *Glo.* I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
 115 But now it is impossible we should.
 116 Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
 117 Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*,
 118 Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
 119 Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.
 120 *Sal.* Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
 121 These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
 122 But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?
 123 *War.* For greefe that they are past recouerie.
 124 For were there hope to conquer them againe,
 125 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
 126 *Aniou* and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:
 127 Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
 128 And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
 129 Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
 130 *Mort Dieu.*
 131 *Yorke.* For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,

132 That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
 133 France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
 134 Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
 135 I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
 136 Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
 137 And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
 138 To match with her that brings no vantages.
 139 *Hum.* A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
 140 That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
 141 For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
 142 She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France
 143 Before —
 144 *Car.* My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
 145 It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.
 146 *Hum.* My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
 147 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
 148 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
 149 Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
 150 I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
 151 We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
 152 Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
 153 I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*
 154 *Car.* So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
 155 'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
 156 Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
 157 And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
 158 Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
 159 And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
 160 Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
 161 And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
 162 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
 163 Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
 164 Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
 165 What though the common people fauour him,
 166 Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
 167 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
 168 Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
 169 With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
 170 I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
 171 He will be found a dangerous Protector.
 172 *Buc.* Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
 173 He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
 174 Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
 175 And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
 176 Wee'l quickly hoise Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.
 177 *Car.* This weighty busnesse will not brooke delay,

178 Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*
 179 *Som.* Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
 180 And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
 181 Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
 182 His insolence is more intollerable
 183 Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
 184 If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.
 185 *Buc.* Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
 186 Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
 187 *Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.*
 188 *Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
 189 While these do labour for their owne preferment,
 190 Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
 191 I neuer saw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloster,
 192 Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
 193 Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall,
 194 More like a Souldier then a man o'th' Church,
 195 As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
 196 Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
 197 Vnlike the Ruler of a Common- weale.
 198 *Warwicke* my sonne, the comfort of my age,
 199 Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house- keeping,
 200 Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
 201 Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.
 202 And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland,
 203 In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
 204 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 205 When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
 206 Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
 207 Ioyne we together for the publike good,
 208 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 209 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
 210 With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
 211 And as we may, cherish Duke *Humfries* deeds,
 212 While they do tend the profit of the Land.
 213 *War.* So God helpe *Warwicke*, as he loues the Land,
 214 And common profit of his Countrey.
 215 *Yor.* And so sayes *Yorke*,
 216 For he hath greatest cause.
 217 *Salisbury.* Then lets make hast away,
 218 And looke vnto the maine.
 219 *Warwicke.* Vnto the maine?
 220 Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
 221 That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne,
 222 And would haue kept, so long as breath did last: [m3v
 223 Main- chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,

224 Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.
225 *Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.*
226 *Yorke. Aniou and Maine* are giuen to the French,
227 *Paris* is lost, the state of *Normandie*
228 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
229 Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
230 The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
231 To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
232 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
233 'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
234 Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
235 And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
236 Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
237 While as the silly Owner of the goods
238 Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
239 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
240 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
241 Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
242 So *Yorke* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
243 While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
244 Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
245 Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
246 As did the fatall brand *Althaea* burnt,
247 Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
248 *Aniou* and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
249 Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
250 Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
251 A day will come, when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
252 And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
253 And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
254 And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
255 For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
256 Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
257 Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
258 Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
259 Whose Church- like humors fits not for a Crowne.
260 Then *Yorke* be still a- while, till time do serue:
261 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
262 To prie into the secrets of the State,
263 Till *Henrie* surfetting in ioyes of loue,
264 With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
265 And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
266 Then will I raise aloft the Milke- white- Rose,
267 With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
268 And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
269 To grapple with the house of Lancaster,

270 And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
 271 Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
 272 *Exit Yorke.*
 273 *Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.*
 274 *Eli.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer- ripen'd Corn,
 275 Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
 276 Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
 277 As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
 278 Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
 279 Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
 280 What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
 281 Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
 282 If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
 283 Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
 284 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
 285 What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
 286 And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
 287 Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
 288 And neuer more abase our sight so low,
 289 As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.
 290 *Hum.* O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
 291 Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
 292 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 293 Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
 294 Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
 295 My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.
 296 *Eli.* What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
 297 With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?
 298 *Hum.* Me thought this staffe mine Office- badge in
 299 Court
 300 Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
 301 But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
 302 And on the peeces of the broken Wand
 303 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
 304 And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
 305 This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
 306 *Eli.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 307 That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
 308 Shall loose his head for his presumption.
 309 But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke:
 310 Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
 311 In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
 312 And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
 313 Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
 314 And on my head did set the Diadem.
 315 *Hum.* Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright:

316 Presumptuous Dame, ill- nurter'd *Elleanor*,
 317 Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
 318 And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
 319 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 320 About the reach or compasse of thy thought?
 321 And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
 322 To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
 323 From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
 324 Away from me, and let me heare no more.
 325 *Elia*. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
 326 With *Elleanor*, for telling but her dreame?
 327 Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
 328 And not be check'd.
 329 *Hum*. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
 330 *Enter Messenger*.
 331 *Mess*. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
 332 You do prepare to ride vnto S[aint]. *Albons*,
 333 Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
 334 *Hu*. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex[it]*. *Hum[frey]*
 335 *Eli*. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
 336 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 337 While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
 338 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
 339 I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
 340 And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
 341 And being a woman, I will not be slacke
 342 To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
 343 Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
 344 We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume*.
 345 *Hume*. Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.
 346 *Elia*. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.
 347 *Hume*. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
 348 Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.
 349 *Elia*. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
 350 With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
 351 With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
 352 And will they vndertake to do me good?
 353 *Hume*. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
 354 A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground, [m4
 355 That shall make answer to such Questions,
 356 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
 357 *Elleanor*. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
 358 When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
 359 Wee'le see these things effected to the full.
 360 Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
 361 With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

362 *Exit Elianor.*
 363 *Hume.* *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
 364 Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
 365 Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
 366 The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
 367 Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
 368 Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.
 369 Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast:
 370 I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
 371 And from the great and new- made Duke of Suffolke;
 372 Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
 373 They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)
 374 Haue hyred me to vnder- mine the Duchesse,
 375 And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
 376 They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
 377 Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
 378 *Hume*, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
 379 To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
 380 Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
 381 *Humes* Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
 382 And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
 383 Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all. *Exit.*
 384 *Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers*
 385 *Man being one.*
 386 1.*Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-tector
 387 will come this way by and by, and then wee may
 388 deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
 389 2.*Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
 390 man, Iesu blesse him.
 391 *Enter Suffolke, and Queene.*
 392 *Peter.* Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
 393 him: Ile be the first sure.
 394 2.*Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk,
 395 and not my Lord Protector.
 396 *Suff.* How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?
 397 1.*Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
 398 Lord Protector.
 399 *Queene.* To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications
 400 to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?
 401 1.*Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *Iohn*
 402 *Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,
 403 and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
 404 *Suff.* Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
 405 What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of
 406 Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
 407 now, Sir Knaue?

408 *2.Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
 409 whole Towneship.
 410 *Peter.* Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
 411 That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
 412 Crowne.
 413 *Queene.* What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke
 414 say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?
 415 *Peter.* That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master
 416 said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.
 417 *Suff.* Who is there?
 418 *Enter Seruant.*
 419 Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-uant
 420 presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before
 421 the King. *Exit.*
 422 *Queene.* And as for you that loue to be protected
 423 Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
 424 Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.
 425 *Teare the Supplication.*
 426 Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.
 427 *All.* Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
 428 *Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
 429 Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
 430 Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
 431 And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
 432 What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
 433 Vnder the surly *Glosters* Gouernance?
 434 Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
 435 And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?
 436 I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
 437 Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
 438 And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;
 439 I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
 440 In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
 441 But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
 442 To number *Aue- Marias* on his Beades:
 443 His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
 444 His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
 445 His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
 446 Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
 447 I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
 448 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
 449 And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
 450 That were a State fit for his Holinesse.
 451 *Suff.* Madame be patient: as I was cause
 452 Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
 453 In England worke your Graces full content.

454 *Queene.* Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*
 455 The imperious Churchman; *Somerset, Buckingham,*
 456 And grumbling *Yorke:* and not the least of these,
 457 But can doe more in England then the King.
 458 *Suff.* And he of these, that can doe most of all,
 459 Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils:*
 460 *Salisbury* and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.
 461 *Queene.* Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
 462 As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
 463 She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
 464 More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
 465 Strangers in Court, doe take her for the *Queene:*
 466 She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
 467 And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:
 468 Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
 469 Contemptuous base- borne Callot as she is,
 470 She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t' other day,
 471 The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
 472 Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
 473 Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
 474 *Suff.* Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
 475 And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
 476 That she will light to listen to the Layes,
 477 And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
 478 So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
 479 For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
 480 Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
 481 Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
 482 Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace. [m4v
 483 As for the Duke of *Yorke,* this late Complaint
 484 Will make but little for his benefit:
 485 So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
 486 And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*
 487 *Sound a Sennet.*
 488 *Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-ham,*
 489 *Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke,*
 490 *and the Duchesse.*
 491 *King.* For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
 492 Or *Somerset,* or *Yorke,* all's one to me.
 493 *Yorke.* If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
 494 Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
 495 *Som.* If *Somerset* be vnworthy of the Place,
 496 Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
 497 *Warw.* Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 498 Dispute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
 499 *Card.* Ambitious *Warwicke,* let thy betters speake.

500 *Warw.* The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
 501 *Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke.*
 502 *Warw.* *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.
 503 *Salisb.* Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
 504 Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this?
 505 *Queene.* Because the King forsooth will haue it so.
 506 *Humf.* Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
 507 To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.
 508 *Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 509 To be Protector of his Excellence?
 510 *Humf.* Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
 511 And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
 512 *Suff.* Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.
 513 Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
 514 The Common- wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
 515 The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
 516 And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
 517 Haue beene as Bond- men to thy Soueraintie.
 518 *Card.* The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
 519 Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
 520 *Som.* Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
 521 Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie.
 522 *Buck.* Thy Crueltie in execution
 523 Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
 524 And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
 525 *Queene.* Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
 526 If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
 527 Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
 528 *Exit Humfrey.*
 529 Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
 530 *She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.*
 531 I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
 532 *Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, prouwd French- woman:
 533 Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
 534 I could set my ten Commandements in your face.
 535 *King.* Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
 536 *Duch.* Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
 537 Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
 538 Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
 539 She shall not strike Dame *Elianor* vnreueng'd.
 540 *Exit Elianor.*
 541 *Buck.* Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
 542 And listen after *Humfrey*, how he procedes:
 543 Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
 544 Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.
 545 *Exit Buckingham.*

546 *Enter Humfrey.*
 547 *Humf.* Now Lords, my Choller being ouer- blowne,
 548 With walking once about the Quadrangle,
 549 I come to talke of Common- wealth Affayres.
 550 As for your spightfull false Obiections,
 551 Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
 552 But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
 553 As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
 554 But to the matter that we haue in hand:
 555 I say, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
 556 To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
 557 *Suff.* Before we make election, giue me leaue
 558 To shew some reason, of no little force,
 559 That *Yorke* is most vnmeet of any man.
 560 *Yorke.* Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
 561 First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
 562 Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
 563 My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
 564 Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
 565 Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
 566 Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
 567 Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.
 568 *Warw.* That can I witsnesse, and a fouler fact
 569 Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
 570 *Suff.* Peace head- strong *Warwicke*.
 571 *Warw.* Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?
 572 *Enter Armorer and his Man.*
 573 *Suff.* Because here is a man accused of Treason,
 574 Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* excuse himselfe.
 575 *Yorke.* Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?
 576 *King.* What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are
 577 these?
 578 *Suff.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
 579 That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
 580 His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*,
 581 Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
 582 And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.
 583 *King.* Say man, were these thy words?
 584 *Armorer.* And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd
 585 nor thought any such matter: God is my witsnesse, I am
 586 falsely accus'd by the Villaine.
 587 *Peter.* By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake
 588 them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-ring
 589 my Lord of *Yorke*s Armor.
 590 *Yorke.* Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
 591 Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:

592 I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
 593 Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
 594 *Armorer.* Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the
 595 words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-rect
 596 him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
 597 knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witsnesse
 598 of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast
 599 away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
 600 *King.* Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?
 601 *Humf.* This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
 602 Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French,
 603 Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition;
 604 And let these haue a day appointed them
 605 For single Combat, in conuenient place,
 606 For he hath witsnesse of his seruants malice:
 607 This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome. [m5
 608 *Som.* I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.
 609 *Armorer.* And I accept the Combat willingly.
 610 *Peter.* Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake
 611 pittie my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.
 612 O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to
 613 fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
 614 *Humf.* Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
 615 *King.* Away with them to Prison: and the day of
 616 Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
 617 *Somerset*, wee'le see thee sent away.
 618 *Flourish. Exeunt.*
 619 *Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.*
 620 *Hume.* Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-pects
 621 performance of your promises.
 622 *Bulling.* Master *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will
 623 her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?
 624 *Hume.* I, what else? feare you not her courage.
 625 *Bulling.* I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
 626 an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master
 627 *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-low;
 628 and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.
 629 *Exit Hume.*
 630 Mother *Iordan*, be you prostrate, and grouell on the
 631 Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.
 632 *Enter Elianor aloft.*
 633 *Elianor.* Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
 634 this geere, the sooner the better.
 635 *Bullin.* Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
 636 Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
 637 The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,

638 The time when Screech- owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
 639 And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;
 640 That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.
 641 Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
 642 Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.
 643 *Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,*
 644 *Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro*
 645 *te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens*
 646 *terribly: then the Spirit*
 647 *riseth.*
 648 *Spirit. Ad sum.*
 649 *Witch. Asmath,* by the eternall God,
 650 Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
 651 Answere that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
 652 Thou shalt not passe from hence.
 653 *Spirit.* Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
 654 done.
 655 *Bulling.* First of the King: What shall of him be-come?
 657 *Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose:
 658 But him out- liue, and dye a violent death.
 659 *Bulling.* What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
 660 *Spirit.* By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
 661 *Bulling.* What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
 662 *Spirit.* Let him shun Castles,
 663 Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
 664 Then where Castles mounted stand.
 665 Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.
 666 *Bulling.* Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
 667 False Fiend auoide.
 668 *Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.*
 669 *Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham*
 670 *with their Guard, and breake in.*
 671 *Yorke.* Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:
 672 Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
 673 What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
 674 Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;
 675 My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
 676 See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
 677 *Elianor.* Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
 678 Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.
 679 *Buck.* True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
 680 Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,
 681 And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.
 682 *Stafford* take her to thee.
 683 Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth- comming.
 684 All away. *Exit.*

685 *Yorke.* Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well:
 686 A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.
 687 Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.
 688 What haue we here? *Reades.*
 689 *The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:*
 690 *But him out- liue, and dye a violent death.*
 691 Why this is iust, *Aio Aeacida Romanos vincere posso.*
 692 Well, to the rest:
 693 Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
 694 *By Water shall he dye, and take his end.*
 695 What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
 696 *Let him shunne Castles,*
 697 *Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,*
 698 *Then where Castles mounted stand.*
 699 Come, come, my Lords,
 700 These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
 701 And hardly vnderstood.
 702 The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones*,
 703 With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
 704 Thither goes these Newes,
 705 As fast as Horse can carry them:
 706 A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.
 707 *Buck.* Your Grace shal giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
 708 To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.
 709 *Yorke.* At your pleasure, my good Lord.
 710 Who's within there, hoe?
 711 *Enter a Seruingman.*
 712 Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
 713 To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.
 714 *Exeunt.*
 715 *Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and*
 716 *Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.*
 717 *Queene.* Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
 718 I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:
 719 Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
 720 And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.
 721 *King.* But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
 722 And what a pytch she flew aboue the rest:
 723 To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
 724 Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
 725 *Suff.* No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,
 726 My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
 727 They know their Master loues to be aloft,
 728 And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.
 729 *Glost.* My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
 730 That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore: [m5v

731 *Card.* I thought as much, hee would be aboute the
 732 Clouds.
 733 *Glost.* I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
 734 Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?
 735 *King.* The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.
 736 *Card.* Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
 737 Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
 738 Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
 739 That smooth'st it so with King and Common- weale.
 740 *Glost.* What, Cardinall?
 741 Is your Priest- hood growne peremptorie?
 742 *Tantaene animis Coelestibus irae*, Church- men so hot?
 743 Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
 744 With such Holynesse can you doe it?
 745 *Suff.* No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
 746 So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.
 747 *Glost.* As who, my Lord?
 748 *Suff.* Why, as you, my Lord,
 749 An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
 750 *Glost.* Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.
 751 *Queene.* And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.
 752 *King.* I prythee peace, good Queene,
 753 And whet not on these furious Peeres,
 754 For blessed are the Peace- makers on Earth.
 755 *Card.* Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
 756 Against this prowde Protector with my Sword.
 757 *Glost.* Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.
 758 *Card.* Marry, when thou dar'st.
 759 *Glost.* Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
 760 In thine owne person answer thy abuse.
 761 *Card.* I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
 762 And if thou dar'st, this Euening,
 763 On the East side of the Groue.
 764 *King.* How now, my Lords?
 765 *Card.* Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*,
 766 Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
 767 We had had more sport.
 768 Come with thy two- hand Sword.
 769 *Glost.* True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?
 770 The East side of the Groue:
 771 Cardinall, I am with you.
 772 *King.* Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?
 773 *Glost.* Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
 774 Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
 775 Ile shaue your Crowne for this,
 776 Or all my Fence shall fayle.

777 *Card. Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect
 778 your selfe.
 779 *King.* The Windes grow high,
 780 So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
 781 How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
 782 When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?
 783 I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.
 784 *Enter one crying a Miracle.*
 785 *Glost.* What meanes this noyse?
 786 Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?
 787 *One.* A Miracle, a Miracle.
 788 *Suffolke.* Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-racle.
 790 *One.* Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
 791 Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,
 792 A man that ne're saw in his life before.
 793 *King.* Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules
 794 Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.
 795 *Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,*
 796 *bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.*
 797 *Card.* Here comes the Townes- men, on Procession,
 798 To present your Highnesse with the man.
 799 *King.* Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
 800 Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.
 801 *Glost.* Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
 802 His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.
 803 *King.* Good- fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
 804 That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
 805 What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?
 806 *Simpc.* Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.
 807 *Wife.* I indeede was he.
 808 *Suff.* What Woman is this?
 809 *Wife.* His Wife, and't like your Worship.
 810 *Glost.* Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue
 811 better told.
 812 *King.* Where wert thou borne?
 813 *Simpc.* At Barwick in the North, and't like your
 814 Grace.
 815 *King.* Poore Soule,
 816 Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
 817 Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,
 818 But still remember what the Lord hath done.
 819 *Queene.* Tell me, good- fellow,
 820 Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
 821 To this holy Shrine?
 822 *Simpc.* God knowes of pure Deuotion,
 823 Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,

824 In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:
 825 Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,
 826 And I will helpe thee.
 827 *Wife*. Most true, forsooth:
 828 And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
 829 To call him so.
 830 *Card*. What, art thou lame?
 831 *Simpc*. I, God Almightye helpe me.
 832 *Suff*. How cam'st thou so?
 833 *Simpc*. A fall off of a Tree.
 834 *Wife*. A Plum- tree, Master.
 835 *Glost*. How long hast thou beene blinde?
 836 *Simpc*. O borne so, Master.
 837 *Glost*. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?
 838 *Simpc*. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
 839 *Wife*. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
 840 *Glost*. 'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st
 841 venture so.
 842 *Simpc*. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
 843 Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
 844 Life.
 845 *Glost*. A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
 846 Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
 847 In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.
 848 *Simpc*. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
 849 Saint *Albones*.
 850 *Glost*. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake
 851 of?
 852 *Simpc*. Red Master, Red as Blood.
 853 *Glost*. Why that's well said: What Colour is my
 854 Gowne of?
 855 *Simpc*. Black forsooth, Coale- Black, as Iet.
 856 *King*. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is
 857 of?
 858 *Suff*. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see. [m6
 859 *Glost*. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
 860 many.
 861 *Wife*. Neuer before this day, in all his life.
 862 *Glost*. Tell me *Sirrha*, what's my Name?
 863 *Simpc*. Alas Master, I know not.
 864 *Glost*. What's his Name?
 865 *Simpc*. I know not.
 866 *Glost*. Nor his?
 867 *Simpc*. No indeede, Master.
 868 *Glost*. What's thine owne Name?
 869 *Simpc*. *Saunder Simpcoxe*, and if it please you, Master.

870 *Glost.* Then *Saunder*, sit there,
 871 The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
 872 If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
 873 Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,
 874 As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
 875 Sight may distinguish of Colours:
 876 But suddenly to nominate them all,
 877 It is impossible.
 878 My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
 879 And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
 880 That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.
 881 *Simpc.* O Master, that you could?
 882 *Glost.* My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
 883 Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
 884 And Things call'd Whippes?
 885 *Maior.* Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.
 886 *Glost.* Then send for one presently.
 887 *Maior.* Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
 888 *Exit.*
 889 *Glost.* Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
 890 Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip-ping,
 891 leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.
 892 *Simpc.* Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
 893 You goe about to torture me in vaine.
 894 *Enter a Beadle with Whippes.*
 895 *Glost.* Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.
 896 Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same
 897 Stoole.
 898 *Beadle.* I will, my Lord.
 899 Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
 900 *Simpc.* Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to
 901 stand.
 902 *After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer*
 903 *the Stoole, and runnes away: and they*
 904 *follow, and cry, A Miracle.*
 905 *King.* O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?
 906 *Queene.* It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.
 907 *Glost.* Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.
 908 *Wife.* Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
 909 *Glost.* Let the[m] be whipt through euery Market Towne,
 910 Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
 911 *Exit.*
 912 *Card.* Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.
 913 *Suff.* True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
 914 *Glost.* But you haue done more Miracles then I:
 915 You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

916 *Enter Buckingham.*
 917 *King.* What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?
 918 *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
 919 A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
 920 Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
 921 Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
 922 The Ring- leader and Head of all this Rout,
 923 Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,
 924 Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
 925 Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
 926 Raising vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
 927 Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
 928 And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councill,
 929 As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.
 930 *Card.* And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
 931 Your Lady is forth- comming, yet at London.
 932 This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
 933 'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.
 934 *Glost.* Ambitious Church- man, leaue to afflict my heart:
 935 Sorrow and grieffe haue vanquisht all my powers;
 936 And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
 937 Or to the meanest Groome.
 938 *King.* O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
 939 Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.
 940 *Queene. Gloster,* see here the Tainture of thy Nest,
 941 And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.
 942 *Glost.* Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
 943 How I haue lou'd my King, and Common- weale:
 944 And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
 945 Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard,
 946 Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot
 947 Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,
 948 As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
 949 I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
 950 And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
 951 That hath dis- honored *Glosters* honest Name.
 952 *King.* Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
 953 To morrow toward London, back againe,
 954 To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
 955 And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
 956 And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
 957 Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.
 958 *Flourish. Exeunt.*
 959 *Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.*
 960 *Yorke.* Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
 961 Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,

962 In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
 963 In crauing your opinion of my Title,
 964 Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.
 965 *Salisb.* My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
 966 *Warw.* Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
 967 The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to command.
 968 *Yorke.* Then thus:
 969 *Edward* the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
 970 The first, *Edward* the Black- Prince, Prince of Wales;
 971 The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
 972 *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
 973 Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
 974 The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
 975 The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
 976 *William* of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.
 977 *Edward* the Black- Prince dyed before his Father,
 978 And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
 979 Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
 980 Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,
 981 The eldest Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
 982 Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
 983 Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
 984 Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came, [m6v
 985 And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
 986 Harmelesse *Richard* was murdered traiterously.
 987 *Warw.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
 988 Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
 989 *Yorke.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
 990 For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
 991 The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.
 992 *Salisb.* But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an
 993 Heire.
 994 *Yorke.* The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
 995 From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
 996 Had Issue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
 997 Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
 998 *Edmond* had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
 999 *Roger* had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
 1000 *Salisb.* This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
 1001 As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
 1002 And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
 1003 Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
 1004 But, to the rest.
 1005 *Yorke.* His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
 1006 My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
 1007 Married *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,

1008 Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
 1009 *Edward* the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
 1010 By her I clayme the Kingdome:
 1011 She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
 1012 Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
 1013 Who married *Phillip*, sole Daughter
 1014 Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
 1015 So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
 1016 Succeed before the younger, I am King.
 1017 *Warw.* What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
 1018 *Henry* doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
 1019 The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
 1020 Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
 1021 It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
 1022 And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
 1023 Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
 1024 And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
 1025 That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
 1026 With honor of his Birth- right to the Crowne.
 1027 *Both.* Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands
 1028 King.
 1029 *Yorke.* We thanke you Lords:
 1030 But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
 1031 And that my Sword be stayn'd
 1032 With heart- blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
 1033 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 1034 But with aduice and silent secrecie.
 1035 Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
 1036 Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
 1037 At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
 1038 At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
 1039 Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
 1040 That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
 1041 'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
 1042 Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
 1043 *Salisb.* My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
 1044 at full.
 1045 *Warw.* My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
 1046 Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.
 1047 *Yorke.* And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
 1048 *Richard* shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
 1049 The greatest man in England, but the King.
 1050 *Exeunt.*
 1051 *Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,*
 1052 *with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.*
 1053 *King.* Stand forth Dame *Elleanor Cobham*,

1054 *Glosters* Wife:
 1055 In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
 1056 Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
 1057 Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
 1058 You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
 1059 From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
 1060 The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
 1061 And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
 1062 You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
 1063 Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
 1064 Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
 1065 Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
 1066 With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
 1067 *Elianor*. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
 1068 Death.
 1069 *Glost. Elianor*, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
 1070 I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
 1071 Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of grieffe.
 1072 Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
 1073 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
 1074 I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
 1075 Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.
 1076 *King*. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
 1077 Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
 1078 *Henry* will to himselfe Protector be,
 1079 And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
 1080 And Lanthorne to my feete:
 1081 And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
 1082 Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
 1083 *Queene*. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
 1084 Should be to be protected like a Child,
 1085 God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
 1086 Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
 1087 *Glost*. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
 1088 As willingly doe I the same resigne,
 1089 As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
 1090 And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
 1091 As others would ambitiously receiue it.
 1092 Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
 1093 May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
 1094 *Exit Gloster*.
 1095 *Queene*. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
 1096 And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
 1097 That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
 1098 His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.
 1099 This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,

1100 Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
 1101 *Suff.* Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
 1102 Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.
 1103 *Yorke.* Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
 1104 This is the day appointed for the Combat,
 1105 And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
 1106 The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
 1107 So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
 1108 *Queene.* I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
 1109 Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.
 1110 *King.* A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
 1111 Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
 1112 *Yorke.* I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
 1113 Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
 1114 The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords. [n1
 1115 *Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking*
 1116 *to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a*
 1117 *Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand- bagge*
 1118 *fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a*
 1119 *Drumme and Sand- bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.*
 1120 1.*Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you
 1121 in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
 1122 well enough.
 1123 2.*Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
 1124 Charneco.
 1125 3.*Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double- Beere
 1126 Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.
 1127 *Armorer.* Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,
 1128 and a figge for *Peter*.
 1129 1.*Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not a-fraid.
 1131 2.*Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master,
 1132 Fight for credit of the Prentices.
 1133 *Peter.* I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
 1134 you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
 1135 World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;
 1136 and *Will*, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*,
 1137 take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray
 1138 God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
 1139 hath learnt so much fence already.
 1140 *Salisb.* Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
 1141 Sirrha, what's thy Name?
 1142 *Peter.* *Peter* forsooth.
 1143 *Salisb.* *Peter*? what more?
 1144 *Peter.* *Thumpe*.
 1145 *Salisb.* *Thumpe*? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
 1146 well.

1147 *Armorer.* Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
 1148 my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe
 1149 an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
 1150 take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
 1151 nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a
 1152 downe- right blow.
 1153 *Yorke.* Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
 1154 Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.
 1155 *They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.*
 1156 *Armorer.* Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-son.
 1157 *Yorke.* Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
 1158 and the good Wine in thy Masters way.
 1159 *Peter.* O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this
 1160 presence? O *Peter*, thou hast preuayl'd in right.
 1161 *King.* Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
 1162 For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
 1163 And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
 1164 The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
 1165 Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
 1166 Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.
 1167 *Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*
 1168 *Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in*
 1169 *Mourning Cloakes.*
 1170 *Glost.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
 1171 And after Summer, euermore succeedes
 1172 Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
 1173 So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
 1174 Sirs, what's a Clock?
 1175 *Seru.* Tenne, my Lord.
 1176 *Glost.* Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
 1177 To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:
 1178 Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
 1179 To treade them with her tender- feeling feet.
 1180 Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
 1181 The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
 1182 With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
 1183 That erst did follow thy prowde Chariot- Wheeles,
 1184 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 1185 But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
 1186 My teare- stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.
 1187 *Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper*
 1188 *burning in her hand, with the Sherife*
 1189 *and Officers.*
 1190 *Seru.* So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the
 1191 Sherife.
 1192 *Gloster.* No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe

1194 by.
 1195 *Elleanor*. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
 1196 Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
 1197 See how the giddy multitude doe point,
 1198 And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
 1199 Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
 1200 And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,
 1201 And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.
 1202 *Glost.* Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grieffe.
 1203 *Elleanor*. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe:
 1204 For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,
 1205 And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
 1206 Me thinks I should not thus be led along,
 1207 Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
 1208 And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
 1209 To see my teares, and heare my deepe- fet groanes.
 1210 The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,
 1211 And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
 1212 And bid me be aduised how I treade.
 1213 Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
 1214 Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
 1215 Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
 1216 No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
 1217 To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
 1218 Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
 1219 And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
 1220 Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
 1221 As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,
 1222 Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
 1223 To euery idle Rascall follower.
 1224 But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,
 1225 Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
 1226 Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.
 1227 For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
 1228 With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
 1229 And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,
 1230 Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
 1231 And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
 1232 But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,
 1233 Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.
 1234 *Glost.* Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aymest all awry.
 1235 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 1236 And had I twentie times so many foes,
 1237 And each of them had twentie times their power,
 1238 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 1239 So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.

1240 Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach? [n1v
 1241 Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
 1242 But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 1243 Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 1244 I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
 1245 These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.
 1246 *Enter a Herald.*
 1247 *Her.* I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
 1248 Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.
 1249 *Glost.* And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
 1250 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
 1251 My *Nell*, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
 1252 Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.
 1253 *Sh.* And't please your Grace, here my Commission staves:
 1254 And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
 1255 To take her with him to the Ile of Man.
 1256 *Glost.* Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?
 1257 *Stanly.* So am I giuen in charge, may't please your
 1258 Grace.
 1259 *Glost.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 1260 You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
 1261 And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
 1262 And so Sir *Iohn*, farewell.
 1263 *Eliador.* What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-well?
 1265 *Glost.* Wisse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.
 1266 *Exit Gloster.*
 1267 *Eliador.* Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
 1268 For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
 1269 Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
 1270 Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.
 1271 *Stanley*, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
 1272 I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
 1273 Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.
 1274 *Stanley.* Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
 1275 There to be vs'd according to your State.
 1276 *Eliador.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 1277 And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?
 1278 *Stanley.* Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
 1279 According to that State you shall be vs'd.
 1280 *Eliador.* Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
 1281 Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.
 1282 *Sherife.* It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
 1283 *Eliador.* I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
 1284 Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?
 1285 *Stanley.* Madame, your Penance done,
 1286 Throw off this Sheet,

1287 And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.
1288 *Elianor.* My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
1289 No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
1290 And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
1291 Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt.*
1292 *Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,*
1293 *Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,*
1294 *to the Parliament.*
1295 *King.* I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
1296 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
1297 What e're occasion keepes him from vs now.
1298 *Queene.* Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
1299 The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
1300 With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
1301 How insolent of late he is become,
1302 How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
1303 We know the time since he was milde and affable,
1304 And if we did but glance a farre- off Looke,
1305 Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
1306 That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
1307 But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
1308 When euery one will giue the time of day,
1309 He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
1310 And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee,
1311 Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
1312 Small Curses are not regarded when they grynne,
1313 But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
1314 And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
1315 First note, that he is neere you in discent,
1316 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
1317 Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
1318 Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
1319 And his aduantage following your decease,
1320 That he should come about your Royall Person,
1321 Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councill.
1322 By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
1323 And when he please to make Commotion,
1324 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
1325 Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow- rooted,
1326 Suffer them now, and they'le o're- grow the Garden,
1327 And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
1328 The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
1329 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
1330 If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
1331 Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
1332 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

1333 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 1334 Reproue my allegation, if you can,
 1335 Or else conclude my words effectuall.
 1336 *Suff.* Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
 1337 And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
 1338 I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.
 1339 The Duchesse, by his subornation,
 1340 Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:
 1341 Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
 1342 Yet by reputing of his high descent,
 1343 As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
 1344 And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
 1345 Did instigate the Bedlam braine- sick Duchesse,
 1346 By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
 1347 Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
 1348 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 1349 The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
 1350 No, no, my Soueraigne, *Glouster* is a man
 1351 Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
 1352 *Card.* Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
 1353 Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?
 1354 *Yorke.* And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 1355 Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
 1356 For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
 1357 By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
 1358 *Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
 1359 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey.*
 1360 *King.* My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
 1361 To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
 1362 Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
 1363 Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
 1364 From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
 1365 As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
 1366 The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
 1367 To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.
 1368 *Qu.* Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
 1369 Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 1370 For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rau.
 1371 Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him, [n2
 1372 For hee's enclin'd as is the rauinous Wolues.
 1373 Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
 1374 Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
 1375 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.
 1376 *Enter Somerset.*
 1377 *Som.* All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
 1378 *King.* Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from

1379 France?
 1380 *Som.* That all your Interest in those Territories,
 1381 Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.
 1382 *King.* Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be
 1383 done.
 1384 *Yorke.* Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
 1385 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
 1386 Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
 1387 And Caterpillers eat my Leaues away:
 1388 But I will remedie this geare ere long,
 1389 Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.
 1390 *Enter Gloucester.*
 1391 *Glost.* All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
 1392 Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.
 1393 *Suff.* Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
 1394 Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
 1395 I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.
 1396 *Glost.* Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
 1397 Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
 1398 A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
 1399 The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
 1400 As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
 1401 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
 1402 *Yorke.* 'Tis thought, my Lord,
 1403 That you tooke Bribes of France,
 1404 And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
 1405 By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.
 1406 *Glost.* Is it but thought so?
 1407 What are they that thinke it?
 1408 I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
 1409 Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
 1410 So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
 1411 I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
 1412 That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
 1413 Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
 1414 Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
 1415 No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
 1416 Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
 1417 Haue I dis- pursed to the Garrisons,
 1418 And neuer ask'd for restitution.
 1419 *Card.* It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.
 1420 *Glost.* I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.
 1421 *Yorke.* In your Protectorship, you did deuise
 1422 Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
 1423 That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.
 1424 *Glost.* Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,

1425 Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
 1426 For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
 1427 And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
 1428 Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
 1429 Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
 1430 I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
 1431 Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
 1432 About the Felon, or what Trespas else.
 1433 *Suff.* My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
 1434 But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
 1435 Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
 1436 I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
 1437 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
 1438 To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.
 1439 *King.* My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
 1440 That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
 1441 My Conscience tells me you are innocent.
 1442 *Glost.* Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
 1443 Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
 1444 And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
 1445 Foule Subornation is predominant,
 1446 And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
 1447 I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
 1448 And if my death might make this Iland happy,
 1449 And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
 1450 I would expend it with all willingnesse.
 1451 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
 1452 For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
 1453 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
 1454 *Beaufords* red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
 1455 And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
 1456 Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
 1457 The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
 1458 And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
 1459 Whose ouer- weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
 1460 By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
 1461 And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
 1462 Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
 1463 And with your best endeouour haue stirr'd vp
 1464 My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
 1465 I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
 1466 My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
 1467 And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
 1468 I shall not want false Witnessse, to condemne me,
 1469 Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
 1470 The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,

1471 A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
 1472 *Card.* My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
 1473 If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
 1474 From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
 1475 Be thus vpbayded, chid, and rated at,
 1476 And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
 1477 'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.
 1478 *Suff.* Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
 1479 With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
 1480 As if she had suborned some to sweare
 1481 False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.
 1482 *Qu.* But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.
 1483 *Glost.* Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
 1484 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
 1485 And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.
 1486 *Buck.* Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
 1487 Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.
 1488 *Card.* Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
 1489 *Glost.* Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
 1490 Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
 1491 Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
 1492 And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
 1493 Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
 1494 For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.*
 1495 *King.* My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
 1496 Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.
 1497 *Queene.* What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia-ment?
 1499 *King.* I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with grieffe,
 1500 Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
 1501 My Body round engyrt with miserie: [n2v
 1502 For what's more miserable then Discontent?
 1503 Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
 1504 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
 1505 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
 1506 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 1507 What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
 1508 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
 1509 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
 1510 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 1511 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 1512 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 1513 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter- house;
 1514 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
 1515 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
 1516 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 1517 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;

1518 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
 1519 With sad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
 1520 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 1521 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
 1522 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 1523 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*
 1524 *Queene.* Free Lords:
 1525 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
 1526 *Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 1527 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 1528 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 1529 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 1530 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
 1531 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
 1532 That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
 1533 Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 1534 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
 1535 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 1536 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
 1537 *Card.* That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
 1538 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
 1539 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.
 1540 *Suff.* But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
 1541 The King will labour still to saue his Life,
 1542 The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
 1543 And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
 1544 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.
 1545 *Yorke.* So that by this, you would not haue him dye.
 1546 *Suff.* Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.
 1547 *Yorke.* 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.
 1548 But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
 1549 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 1550 Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
 1551 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
 1552 As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?
 1553 *Queene.* So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
 1554 *Suff.* Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
 1555 To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?
 1556 Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
 1557 His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
 1558 Because his purpose is not executed.
 1559 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 1560 By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock,
 1561 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
 1562 As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
 1563 And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:

1564 Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
 1565 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 1566 So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
 1567 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.
 1568 *Queene.* Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.
 1569 *Suff.* Not resolute, except so much were done,
 1570 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
 1571 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 1572 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 1573 And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
 1574 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
 1575 *Card.* But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
 1576 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 1577 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 1578 And Ile prouide his Executioner,
 1579 I tender so the safetie of my Liege.
 1580 *Suff.* Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
 1581 *Queene.* And so say I.
 1582 *Yorke.* And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
 1583 It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.
 1584 *Enter a Poste.*
 1585 *Post.* Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
 1586 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
 1587 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
 1588 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 1589 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
 1590 For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.
 1591 *Card.* A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
 1592 What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?
 1593 *Yorke.* That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither:
 1594 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
 1595 Witnessse the fortune he hath had in France.
 1596 *Som.* If *Yorke*, with all his farre- fet pollicie,
 1597 Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
 1598 He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.
 1599 *Yorke.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
 1600 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
 1601 Then bring a burthen of dis- honour home,
 1602 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 1603 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
 1604 Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne.
 1605 *Qu.* Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
 1606 If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
 1607 No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
 1608 Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou beene Regent there,
 1609 Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

1610 *Yorke.* What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
 1611 take all.
 1612 *Somerset.* And in the number, thee, that wishest
 1613 shame.
 1614 *Card.* My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
 1615 Th' vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
 1616 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 1617 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
 1618 Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
 1619 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?
 1620 *Yorke.* I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.
 1621 *Suff.* Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
 1622 And what we doe establish, he confirms:
 1623 Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.
 1624 *Yorke.* I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
 1625 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.
 1626 *Suff.* A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
 1627 But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.
 1628 *Card.* No more of him: for I will deale with him,
 1629 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
 1630 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
 1631 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent. [n3
 1632 *Yorke.* My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
 1633 At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
 1634 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.
 1635 *Suff.* Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*
 1636 *Manet Yorke.*
 1637 *Yorke.* Now *Yorke*, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
 1638 And change misdoubt to resolution;
 1639 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
 1640 Resigne to death, it is not worth th' enioying:
 1641 Let pale- fac't feare keepe with the meane- borne man,
 1642 And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
 1643 Faster the[n] Spring- time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
 1644 And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
 1645 My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
 1646 Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
 1647 Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
 1648 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
 1649 I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
 1650 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 1651 'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
 1652 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
 1653 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad- mans hands.
 1654 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
 1655 I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,

1656 Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
 1657 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 1658 Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
 1659 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
 1660 Doe calme the furie of this mad- bred Flawe.
 1661 And for a minister of my intent,
 1662 I haue seduc'd a head- strong Kentishman,
 1663 *Iohn Cade* of Ashford,
 1664 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 1665 Vnder the title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
 1666 In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*
 1667 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
 1668 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
 1669 Were almost like a sharpe- quill'd Porpentine:
 1670 And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
 1671 Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
 1672 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 1673 Full often, like a shag- hayr'd craftie Kerne,
 1674 Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,
 1675 And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
 1676 And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
 1677 This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
 1678 For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 1679 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
 1680 By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
 1681 How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.
 1682 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 1683 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
 1684 Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
 1685 Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
 1686 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 1687 And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
 1688 For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
 1689 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit*.
 1690 *Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the*
 1691 *Murther of Duke Humfrey*.
 1692 1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
 1693 We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
 1694 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
 1695 Didst euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke*.
 1696 1. Here comes my Lord.
 1697 *Suff*. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?
 1698 1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.
 1699 *Suff*. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
 1700 I will reward you for this venturous deed:
 1701 The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

1702 Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
 1703 According as I gaue directions?
 1704 1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
 1705 *Suff.* Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*
 1706 *Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,*
 1707 *Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with*
 1708 *Attendants.*
 1709 *King.* Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:
 1710 Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
 1711 If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.
 1712 *Suff.* Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
 1713 *King.* Lords take your places: and I pray you all
 1714 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Gloster,*
 1715 Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
 1716 He be approu'd in practise culpable.
 1717 *Queene.* God forbid any Malice should preuayle,
 1718 That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
 1719 Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.
 1720 *King.* I thanke thee *Nell,* these wordes content mee
 1721 much.
 1722 *Enter Suffolke.*
 1723 How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
 1724 Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke?*
 1725 *Suff.* Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.
 1726 *Queene.* Marry God forfend.
 1727 *Card.* Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
 1728 The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.
 1729 *King sounds.*
 1730 *Qu.* How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
 1731 dead.
 1732 *Som.* Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.
 1733 *Qu.* Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
 1734 *Suff.* He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.
 1735 *King.* Oh Heauenly God.
 1736 *Qu.* How fares my gracious Lord?
 1737 *Suff.* Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-fort.
 1739 *King.* What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
 1740 Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
 1741 Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
 1742 And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
 1743 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 1744 Can chase away the first- conceiued sound?
 1745 Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
 1746 Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
 1747 Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
 1748 Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:

1749 Vpon thy eye- balls, murderous Tyrannie
 1750 Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
 1751 Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
 1752 Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
 1753 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 1754 For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
 1755 In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.
 1756 *Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
 1757 Although the Duke was enemie to him,
 1758 Yet he most Christian- like laments his death:
 1759 And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
 1760 Might liquid teares, or heart- offending groanes,
 1761 Or blood- consuming sighes recall his Life; [n3v
 1762 I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
 1763 Looke pale as Prim- rose with blood- drinking sighes,
 1764 And all to haue the Noble Duke alieu.
 1765 What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 1766 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 1767 It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
 1768 So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
 1769 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
 1770 This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
 1771 To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.
 1772 *King.* Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.
 1773 *Queen.* Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
 1774 What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 1775 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
 1776 What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
 1777 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
 1778 Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
 1779 Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
 1780 Erect his Statue, and worship it,
 1781 And make my Image but an Ale- house signe.
 1782 Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
 1783 And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
 1784 Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
 1785 What boaded this? but well fore- warning winde
 1786 Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
 1787 Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
 1788 What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
 1789 And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Cauces,
 1790 And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
 1791 Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
 1792 Yet Aeolus would not be a murtherer,
 1793 But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
 1794 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,

1795 Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
 1796 With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
 1797 The splitting Rockes cowl'd in the sinking sands,
 1798 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 1799 Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
 1800 Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elianor*.
 1801 As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
 1802 When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
 1803 I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
 1804 And when the duskie sky, began to rob
 1805 My earnest- gaping- sight of thy Lands view,
 1806 I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,
 1807 A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
 1808 And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
 1809 And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
 1810 And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
 1811 And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
 1812 And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
 1813 For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast.
 1814 How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
 1815 (The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
 1816 To sit and watch me as *Ascanius* did,
 1817 When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
 1818 His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
 1819 Am I not wight like her? Or thou not false like him?
 1820 Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
 1821 For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost liue so long.
 1822 *Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many*
 1823 *Commons.*
 1824 *War.* It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
 1825 That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murdred
 1826 By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
 1827 The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
 1828 That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
 1829 And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
 1830 My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
 1831 Vntill they heare the order of his death.
 1832 *King.* That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
 1833 But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
 1834 Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
 1835 And comment then vpon his sodaine death.
 1836 *War.* That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
 1837 With the rude multitude, till I returne.
 1838 *King.* O thou that iudget all things, stay my thoughts:
 1839 My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,
 1840 Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:

1841 If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,
 1842 For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
 1843 Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
 1844 With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
 1845 Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
 1846 To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
 1847 And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
 1848 But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,
 1849 *Bed put forth.*
 1850 And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
 1851 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
 1852 *Warw.* Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
 1853 body.
 1854 *King.* That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
 1855 For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
 1856 For seeing him, I see my life in death.
 1857 *War.* As surely as my soule intends to liue
 1858 With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
 1859 To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
 1860 I do beleeeue that violent hands were laid
 1861 Vpon the life of this thrice- famed Duke.
 1862 *Suf.* A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
 1863 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.
 1864 *War.* See how the blood is setled in his face.
 1865 Oft haue I seene a timely- parted Ghost,
 1866 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
 1867 Being all descended to the labouring heart,
 1868 Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
 1869 Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
 1870 Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
 1871 To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
 1872 But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
 1873 His eye- balles further out, than when he liued,
 1874 Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
 1875 His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
 1876 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 1877 And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
 1878 Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
 1879 His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
 1880 Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
 1881 It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
 1882 The least of all these signes were probable.
 1883 *Suf.* Why Warwicke, who should do the D[uke]. to death?
 1884 My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
 1885 And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.
 1886 *War.* But both of you were vowed D[uke]. Humfries foes,

1887 And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
 1888 Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 1889 And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.
 1890 *Queen.* Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
 1891 As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death. [n4
 1892 *Warw.* Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 1893 And sees fast- by, a Butcher with an Axe,
 1894 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 1895 Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
 1896 But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
 1897 Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
 1898 Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.
 1899 *Qu.* Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
 1900 Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?
 1901 *Suff.* I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
 1902 But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
 1903 That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
 1904 That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
 1905 Say, if thou dar'st, prowld Lord of Warwickshire,
 1906 That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.
 1907 *Warw.* What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare
 1908 him?
 1909 *Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
 1910 Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
 1911 Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.
 1912 *Warw.* Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
 1913 For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
 1914 Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.
 1915 *Suff.* Blunt- witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
 1916 If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
 1917 Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
 1918 Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
 1919 Was graft with Crab- tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
 1920 And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.
 1921 *Warw.* But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
 1922 And I should rob the Deaths- man of his Fee,
 1923 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 1924 And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
 1925 I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
 1926 Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
 1927 And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
 1928 That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
 1929 And after all this fearefull Homage done,
 1930 Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
 1931 Pernicious blood- sucker of sleeping men.
 1932 *Suff.* Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

1933 If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.
 1934 *Warw.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
 1935 Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
 1936 And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost.
 1937 *Exeunt.*
 1938 *King.* What stronger Brest- plate then a heart vntainted?
 1939 Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
 1940 And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
 1941 Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.
 1942 *A noyse within.*
 1943 *Queene.* What noyse is this?
 1944 *Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their*
 1945 *Weapons drawne.*
 1946 *King.* Why how now Lords?
 1947 Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
 1948 Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
 1949 Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?
 1950 *Suff.* The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
 1951 Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.
 1952 *Enter Salisbury.*
 1953 *Salisb.* Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
 1954 minde.
 1955 Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
 1956 Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
 1957 Or banished faire Englands Territories,
 1958 They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
 1959 And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
 1960 They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
 1961 They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
 1962 And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
 1963 Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
 1964 As being thought to contradict your liking,
 1965 Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
 1966 They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
 1967 That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
 1968 And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
 1969 In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
 1970 Yet not withstanding such a strait Edict,
 1971 Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
 1972 That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
 1973 It were but necessarie you were wak't:
 1974 Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
 1975 The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
 1976 And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
 1977 That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
 1978 From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;

1979 With whose inuenomed and fatall sting,
 1980 Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
 1981 They say is shamefully bereft of life.
 1982 *Commons within.* An answer from the King, my Lord
 1983 of Salisbury.
 1984 *Suff.* 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
 1985 Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
 1986 But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
 1987 To shew how queint an Orator you are.
 1988 But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
 1989 Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador,
 1990 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.
 1991 *Within.* An answer from the King, or wee will all
 1992 breake in.
 1993 *King.* Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 1994 I thanke them for their tender louing care;
 1995 And had I not beene cited so by them,
 1996 Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
 1997 For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecie,
 1998 Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
 1999 And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
 2000 Whose farre- vnworthie Deputie I am,
 2001 He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
 2002 But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.
 2003 *Qu.* Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.
 2004 *King.* Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
 2005 No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
 2006 Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.
 2007 Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
 2008 But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:
 2009 If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
 2010 On any ground that I am Ruler of,
 2011 The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
 2012 Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
 2013 I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*
 2014 *Qu.* Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
 2015 Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
 2016 Be play- fellowes to keepe you companie:
 2017 There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
 2018 And three- fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.
 2019 *Suff.* Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
 2020 And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue. [n4v
 2021 *Queen.* Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
 2022 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.
 2023 *Suf.* A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse
 2024 them?

2025 Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
2026 I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
2027 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
2028 Deliuer'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
2029 With full as many signes of deadly hate,
2030 As leane- fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
2031 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
2032 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
2033 Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
2034 I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
2035 And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
2036 Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
2037 Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
2038 Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
2039 Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
2040 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
2041 Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
2042 And boading Screech- Owles, make the Consort full.
2043 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell —
2044 *Q.* Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
2045 And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
2046 Or like an ouer- charged Gun, recoile,
2047 And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.
2048 *Suf.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
2049 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
2050 Well could I curse away a Winters night,
2051 Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
2052 Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
2053 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
2054 *Qu.* Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
2055 That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
2056 Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
2057 To wash away my wofull Monuments.
2058 Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
2059 That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
2060 Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
2061 So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
2062 'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
2063 As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
2064 I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
2065 Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
2066 And banished I am, if but from thee.
2067 Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
2068 Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
2069 Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
2070 Loather a hundred times to part then dye;

2071 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
 2072 *Suf.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
 2073 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
 2074 'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
 2075 A Wildernesse is populous enough,
 2076 So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
 2077 For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
 2078 With euery seuerall pleasure in the World:
 2079 And where thou art not, Desolation.
 2080 I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
 2081 My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.
 2082 *Enter Vaux.*
 2083 *Queene.* Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I
 2084 prethee?
 2085 *Vaux.* To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
 2086 That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death:
 2087 For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
 2088 That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
 2089 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 2090 Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
 2091 Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
 2092 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 2093 The secrets of his ouer- charged soule,
 2094 And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
 2095 That euen now he cries alowd for him.
 2096 *Qu.* Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
 2097 Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
 2098 But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
 2099 Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
 2100 Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
 2101 And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
 2102 Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
 2103 Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
 2104 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
 2105 *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
 2106 And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
 2107 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 2108 Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
 2109 As milde and gentle as the Cradle- babe,
 2110 Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
 2111 Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 2112 And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
 2113 To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
 2114 So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
 2115 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 2116 And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.

2117 To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
 2118 From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
 2119 Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.
 2120 *Queen.* Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiue,
 2121 It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
 2122 To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
 2123 For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
 2124 Ile haue an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.
 2125 *Suf.* I go.
 2126 *Qu.* And take my heart with thee.
 2127 *Suf.* A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
 2128 That euer did containe a thing of worth,
 2129 Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
 2130 This way fall I to death.
 2131 *Qu.* This way for me. *Exeunt*
 2132 *Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the*
 2133 *Cardinal in bed.*
 2134 *King.* How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy
 2135 Soueraigne.
 2136 *Ca.* If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
 2137 Enough to purchase such another Island,
 2138 So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.
 2139 *King.* Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
 2140 Where death's approach is seene so terrible.
 2141 *War. Beauford,* it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.
 2142 *Beau.* Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
 2143 Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
 2144 Can I make men liue where they will or no?
 2145 Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
 2146 Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,
 2147 Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
 2148 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. [n5
 2149 Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpriight,
 2150 Like Lime- twigs set to catch my winged soule:
 2151 Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
 2152 Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.
 2153 *King.* Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
 2154 Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
 2155 Oh beate away the busie meddling Fiend,
 2156 That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
 2157 And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.
 2158 *War.* See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
 2159 *Sal.* Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
 2160 *King.* Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
 2161 Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,
 2162 Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

2163 He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.
 2164 *War.* So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
 2165 *King.* Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.
 2166 Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
 2167 And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*
 2168 *Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.*
 2169 *Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.*
 2170 *Lieu.* The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
 2171 Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
 2172 And now loud houling Wolues arouse the Iades
 2173 That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
 2174 Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
 2175 Cleape dead- mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,
 2176 Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
 2177 Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
 2178 For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
 2179 Heere shall they make their ransome on the sand,
 2180 Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
 2181 Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,
 2182 And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
 2183 The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.
 2184 *1.Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.
 2185 *Ma.* A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head
 2186 *Mate.* And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.
 2187 *Lieu.* What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
 2188 And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
 2189 Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
 2190 The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,
 2191 Be counter- poy's'd with such a pettie summe.
 2192 *1.Gent.* Ile giue it sir, and therefore spare my life.
 2193 *2.Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
 2194 *Whitm.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 2195 And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
 2196 And so should these, if I might haue my will.
 2197 *Lieu.* Be not so rash, take ransome, let him liue.
 2198 *Suf.* Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
 2199 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
 2200 *Whit.* And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
 2201 How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?
 2202 *Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
 2203 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 2204 And told me that by Water I should dye:
 2205 Yet let not this make thee be bloody- minded,
 2206 Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
 2207 *Whit.* *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
 2208 Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,

2209 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
 2210 Therefore, when Merchant- like I sell reuenge,
 2211 Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
 2212 And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.
 2213 *Suf.* Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
 2214 The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.
 2215 *Whit.* The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
 2216 *Suf.* I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.
 2217 *Lieu.* But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
 2218 Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
 2219 *Suf.* The honourable blood of Lancaster
 2220 Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:
 2221 Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
 2222 Bare- headed plodded by my foot- cloth Mule,
 2223 And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
 2224 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 2225 Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
 2226 When I haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?
 2227 Remember it, and let it make thee Crest- falne,
 2228 I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
 2229 How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
 2230 And duly wayted for my comming forth?
 2231 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
 2232 And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.
 2233 *Whit.* Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.
 2234 *Lieu.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
 2235 *Suf.* Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
 2236 *Lieu.* Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
 2237 Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.
 2238 *Lieu.* *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord,
 2239 I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
 2240 Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinkes:
 2241 Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
 2242 For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
 2243 Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
 2244 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humfries* death,
 2245 Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
 2246 Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
 2247 And wedded be thou to the Haggess of hell,
 2248 For daring to affye a mighty Lord
 2249 Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
 2250 Hauling neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 2251 By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
 2252 And like ambitious *Sylla* ouer- gorg'd,
 2253 With gobbets of thy Mother- bleeding heart.
 2254 By thee *Aniou* and *Maine* were sold to France.

2255 The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
 2256 Disdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
 2257 Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
 2258 And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
 2259 The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
 2260 Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
 2261 As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
 2262 And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
 2263 By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
 2264 And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
 2265 Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
 2266 Aduance our halfe- fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;
 2267 Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus*.
 2268 The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
 2269 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
 2270 Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
 2271 And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
 2272 *Suf.* O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
 2273 Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
 2274 Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
 2275 Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
 2276 Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
 2277 Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee- hiues:
 2278 It is impossible that I should dye [n5v
 2279 By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
 2280 Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
 2281 I go of Message from the Queene to France:
 2282 I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.
 2283 *Lieu.* Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee
 2284 to thy death.
 2285 *Suf.* *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.
 2286 *Wal.* Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
 2287 What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.
 2288 1.*Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.
 2289 *Suf.* Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
 2290 Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
 2291 Farre be it, we should honor such as these
 2292 With humble suite: no, rather let my head
 2293 Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
 2294 Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
 2295 And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
 2296 Then stand vnouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
 2297 True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
 2298 More can I beare, then you dare execute.
 2299 *Lieu.* Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
 2300 Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

2301 *Suf.* That this my death may neuer be forgot.
 2302 Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
 2303 A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue
 2304 Murder'd sweet *Tully. Brutus* Bastard hand
 2305 Stab'd *Iulius Caesar.* Sauage Islanders
 2306 *Pompey* the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.
 2307 *Exit Water with Suffolke.*
 2308 *Lieu.* And as for these whose ransome we haue set,
 2309 It is our pleasure one of them depart:
 2310 Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.
 2311 *Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.*
 2312 *Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.*
 2313 *Wal.* There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,
 2314 Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*
 2315 *1.Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
 2316 His body will I beare vnto the King:
 2317 If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
 2318 So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.
 2319 *Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.*
 2320 *Beuis.* Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
 2321 Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.
 2322 *Hol.* They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.
 2323 *Beuis.* I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
 2324 dresse the Common- wealth and turne it, and set a new
 2325 nap vpon it.
 2326 *Hol.* So he had need, for 'tis thred- bare. Well, I say,
 2327 it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
 2328 came vp.
 2329 *Beuis.* O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
 2330 Handy- crafts men.
 2331 *Hol.* The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
 2332 Aprons.
 2333 *Beuis.* Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good
 2334 Workemen.
 2335 *Hol.* True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-on:
 2336 which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-bouring
 2337 men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.
 2338 *Beuis.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
 2339 braue minde, then a hard hand.
 2340 *Hol.* I see them, I see them: There's *Bests Sonne*, the
 2341 Tanner of Wingham.
 2342 *Beuis.* Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to
 2343 make Dogges Leather of.
 2344 *Hol.* And Dicke the Butcher.
 2345 *Beuis.* Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and ini-quities
 2346 throate cut like a Calfe.

2347 *Hol.* And Smith the Weauer.
 2348 *Beu.* Argo, their thred of life is spun.
 2349 *Hol.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.
 2350 *Drumme.* Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,
 2351 and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.
 2352 *Cade.* Wee *Iohn Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa-ther.
 2354 *But.* Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.
 2355 *Cade.* For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
 2356 with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-mand
 2357 silence.
 2358 *But.* Silence.
 2359 *Cade.* My Father was a *Mortimer*.
 2360 *But.* He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.
 2361 *Cade.* My mother a *Plantagenet*.
 2362 *Butch.* I knew her well, she was a Midwife.
 2363 *Cade.* My wife descended of the *Lacies*.
 2364 *But.* She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
 2365 Laces.
 2366 *Weauer.* But now of late, not able to trauell with her
 2367 furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.
 2368 *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.
 2369 *But.* I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
 2370 was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
 2371 house but the Cage.
 2372 *Cade.* Valiant I am.
 2373 *Weauer.* A must needs, for beggery is valiant.
 2374 *Cade.* I am able to endure much.
 2375 *But.* No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt
 2376 three Market dayes together.
 2377 *Cade.* I feare neither sword, nor fire.
 2378 *Wea.* He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
 2379 proofe.
 2380 *But.* But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-ing
 2381 burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.
 2382 *Cade.* Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and
 2383 Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen
 2384 halfe peny Loaues sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
 2385 shall haue ten hoop'es, and I wil make it Fellony to drink
 2386 small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
 2387 Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am
 2388 King, as King I will be.
 2389 *All.* God saue your Maiesty.
 2390 *Cade.* I thanke you good people. There shall bee no
 2391 mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
 2392 apparrell them all in one Liuary, that they may agree like
 2393 Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

2394 *But.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.
 2395 *Cade.* Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-ble
 2396 thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
 2397 be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
 2398 should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
 2399 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
 2400 I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
 2401 there?
 2402 *Enter a Clarke.*
 2403 *Weauer.* The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and
 2404 reade, and cast accompt.
 2405 *Cade.* O monstrous.
 2406 *Wea.* We tooke him setting of boyes Copies. [n6
 2407 *Cade.* Here's a Villaine.
 2408 *Wea.* Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't
 2409 *Cade.* Nay then he is a Coniurer.
 2410 *But.* Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court
 2411 hand.
 2412 *Cade.* I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of
 2413 mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty he shall not die.
 2414 Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy
 2415 name?
 2416 *Clarke. Emanuell.*
 2417 *But.* They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill
 2418 go hard with you.
 2419 *Cade.* Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?
 2420 Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-ling
 2421 man?
 2422 *Clarke.* Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought
 2423 vp, that I can write my name.
 2424 *All.* He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine
 2425 and a Traitor.
 2426 *Cade.* Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen
 2427 and Inke- horne about his necke.
 2428 *Exit one with the Clarke*
 2429 *Enter Michael.*
 2430 *Mich.* Where's our Generall?
 2431 *Cade.* Heere I am thou particular fellow.
 2432 *Mich.* Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother
 2433 are hard by, with the Kings Forces.
 2434 *Cade.* Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he
 2435 shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He
 2436 is but a Knight, is a?
 2437 *Mich.* No.
 2438 *Cade.* To equall him I will make my selfe a knight, pre-sently;
 2439 Rise vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer.* Now haue at him.

2440 *Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,*
 2441 *with Drum and Soldiers.*
 2442 *Staf.* Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
 2443 Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
 2444 Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.
 2445 The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.
 2446 *Bro.* But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
 2447 If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.
 2448 *Cade.* As for these silken- coated slaues I passe not,
 2449 It is to you good people, that I speake,
 2450 Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
 2451 For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.
 2452 *Staff.* Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
 2453 And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?
 2454 *Cade.* And *Adam* was a Gardiner.
 2455 *Bro.* And what of that?
 2456 *Cade.* Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,
 2457 married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?
 2458 *Staf.* I sir.
 2459 *Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.
 2460 *Bro.* That's false.
 2461 *Cade.* I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
 2462 The elder of them being put to nurse,
 2463 Was by a begger- woman stolne away,
 2464 And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
 2465 Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
 2466 His sonne am I, deny it if you can.
 2467 *But.* Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.
 2468 *Wea.* Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
 2469 the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore
 2470 deny it not.
 2471 *Staf.* And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
 2472 that speakes he knowes not what.
 2473 *All.* I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.
 2474 *Bro.* *Iacke Cade*, the D[uke]. of York hath taught you this.
 2475 *Cade.* He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-rah,
 2476 tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-ry*
 2477 the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span- counter
 2478 for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile
 2479 be Protector ouer him.
 2480 *Butcher.* And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes*
 2481 head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.
 2482 *Cade* And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
 2483 And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
 2484 it vp. Fellow- Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath
 2485 gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: &

2486 more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
 2487 a Traitor.
 2488 *Staf.* O grosse and miserable ignorance.
 2489 *Cade.* Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our
 2490 enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks
 2491 with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or
 2492 no?
 2493 *All.* No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.
 2494 *Bro.* Well, seeing gentle words will not preuayle,
 2495 Assaile them with the Army of the King.
 2496 *Staf.* Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
 2497 Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*,
 2498 That those which flye before the battell ends,
 2499 May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,
 2500 Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
 2501 And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*
 2502 *Cade.* And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
 2503 Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.
 2504 We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
 2505 Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,
 2506 For they are thrifty honest men, and such
 2507 As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
 2508 *But.* They are all in order, and march toward vs.
 2509 *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out
 2510 of order. Come, march forward.
 2511 *Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.*
 2512 *Enter Cade and the rest.*
 2513 *Cade.* Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?
 2514 *But.* Heere sir.
 2515 *Cade.* They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, &
 2516 thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine
 2517 owne Slaughter- house: Therfore thus will I reward thee,
 2518 the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
 2519 haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.
 2520 *But.* I desire no more.
 2521 *Cade.* And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.
 2522 This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo-dies
 2523 shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to
 2524 London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be-fore
 2525 vs.
 2526 *But.* If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open
 2527 the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.
 2528 *Cade.* Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
 2529 towards London. *Exeunt.*
 2530 *Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suf-folkes*
 2531 *head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the*

2532 *Lord Say.*
 2533 *Queene.* Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind, [n6v
 2534 And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
 2535 Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
 2536 But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
 2537 Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
 2538 But where's the body that I should imbrace?
 2539 *Buc.* What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells
 2540 Supplication?
 2541 *King.* Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
 2542 For God forbid, so many simple soules
 2543 Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
 2544 Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
 2545 Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
 2546 But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.
 2547 *Qu.* Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
 2548 Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
 2549 And could it not inforce them to relent,
 2550 That were vnworthy to behold the same.
 2551 *King.* Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
 2552 head.
 2553 *Say.* I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.
 2554 *King.* How now Madam?
 2555 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
 2556 I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
 2557 Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.
 2558 *Qu.* No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for
 2559 thee.
 2560 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2561 *King.* How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
 2562 such haste?
 2563 *Mes.* The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
 2564 *Iacke Cade* proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
 2565 Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
 2566 And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly,
 2567 And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
 2568 His Army is a ragged multitude
 2569 Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercillesse:
 2570 Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
 2571 Hath giuen them heart and courage to procede:
 2572 All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
 2573 They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.
 2574 *Kin.* Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.
 2575 *Buc.* My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
 2576 Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.
 2577 *Qu.* Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,

2578 These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.
 2579 *King.* Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
 2580 Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.
 2581 *Say.* So might your Graces person be in danger.
 2582 The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
 2583 And therefore in this Citty will I stay,
 2584 And liue alone as secret as I may.
 2585 *Enter another Messenger.*
 2586 *Mess.* *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London- bridge.
 2587 The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
 2588 The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
 2589 Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare
 2590 To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.
 2591 *Buc.* Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.
 2592 *King.* Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.
 2593 *Qu.* My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.
 2594 *King.* Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels
 2595 *Buc.* Trust no body for feare you betrayd.
 2596 *Say.* The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,
 2597 And therefore am I bold and resolute. *Exeunt.*
 2598 *Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters*
 2599 *two or three Citizens below.*
 2600 *Scales.* How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?
 2601 1.*Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
 2602 For they haue wonne the Bridge,
 2603 Killing all those that withstand them:
 2604 The L[ord]. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
 2605 To defend the City from the Rebels.
 2606 *Scales.* Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
 2607 But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
 2608 The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
 2609 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 2610 And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.
 2611 Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
 2612 And so farwell, for I must hence againe. *Exeunt*
 2613 *Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his*
 2614 *staffe on London stone.*
 2615 *Cade.* Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
 2616 And heere sitting vpon London Stone,
 2617 I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
 2618 The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
 2619 This first yeare of our raigne.
 2620 And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
 2621 That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.
 2622 *Enter a Soldier running.*
 2623 *Soul.* *Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.*

2624 *Cade.* Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*
 2625 *But.* If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke*
 2626 *Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.
 2627 *Dicke.* My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
 2628 in Smithfield.
 2629 *Cade.* Come, then let's go fight with them:
 2630 But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
 2631 And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
 2632 Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*
 2633 *Alarums.* *Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.*
 2634 *Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.*
 2635 *Cade.* So sirs: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:
 2636 Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.
 2637 *But.* I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.
 2638 *Cade.* Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
 2639 word.
 2640 *But.* Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
 2641 of your mouth.
 2642 *Iohn.* Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust
 2643 in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.
 2644 *Smith.* Nay *Iohn*, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath
 2645 stinkes with eating toasted cheese.
 2646 *Cade.* I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
 2647 burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
 2648 the Parliament of England.
 2649 *Iohn.* Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
 2650 Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.
 2651 *Cade.* And hence- forward all things shall be in Com-mon.
 2652 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2653 *Mes.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,
 2654 which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
 2655 one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound,
 2656 the last Subsidie. [o1
 2657 *Enter George, with the Lord Say.*
 2658 *Cade.* Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
 2659 Ah thou *Say*, thou *Surge*, nay thou *Buckram Lord*, now
 2660 art thou within point- blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.
 2661 What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
 2662 Normandie vnto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of
 2663 France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen
 2664 the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome
 2665 that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
 2666 art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
 2667 the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-as
 2668 before, our Fore- fathers had no other Bookes but the
 2669 Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,

2670 and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
 2671 hast built a Paper- Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face,
 2672 that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
 2673 Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as
 2674 no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin-
 2675 Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
 2676 bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,
 2677 thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
 2678 reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
 2679 that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou
 2680 dost ride in a foot- cloth, dost thou not?
 2681 *Say.* What of that?
 2682 *Cade.* Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
 2683 a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose
 2684 and Doublets.
 2685 *Dicke.* And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-ample,
 2686 that am a butcher.
 2687 *Say.* You men of Kent.
 2688 *Dic.* What say you of Kent.
 2689 *Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*
 2690 *Cade.* Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-tine.
 2691 *Say.* Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you
 2692 will:
 2693 Kent, in the Commentaries *Caesar* writ,
 2694 Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle:
 2695 Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
 2696 The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
 2697 Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
 2698 I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
 2700 Yet to recouer them would loose my life:
 2701 Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
 2702 Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
 2703 When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
 2704 Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
 2705 Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
 2706 Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
 2707 And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
 2708 Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
 2709 Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,
 2710 You cannot but forbear to murder me:
 2711 This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
 2712 For your behoofe.
 2713 *Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
 2714 *Say.* Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck
 2715 Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.
 2716 *Geo.* O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

2717 Folkes?
 2718 *Say.* These cheekes are pale for watching for your good
 2719 *Cade.* Giue him a box o'th' eare, and that wil make 'em
 2720 red againe.
 2721 *Say.* Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
 2722 Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.
 2723 *Cade.* Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help
 2724 of hatchet.
 2725 *Dicke.* Why dost thou quiuer man?
 2726 *Say.* The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.
 2727 *Cade.* Nay, he noddess at vs, as who should say, Ile be
 2728 euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on
 2729 a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.
 2730 *Say.* Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?
 2731 Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
 2732 Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
 2733 Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?
 2734 Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death?
 2735 These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,
 2736 This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
 2737 O let me liue.
 2738 *Cade.* I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but
 2739 Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so
 2740 well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn-der
 2741 his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take
 2742 him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then
 2743 breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *Iames Cromer*,
 2744 and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two
 2745 poles hither.
 2746 *All.* It shall be done.
 2747 *Say.* Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
 2748 God should be so obdurate as your selues:
 2749 How would it fare with your departed soules,
 2750 And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.
 2751 *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye: the
 2752 proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
 2753 his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not
 2754 a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-head
 2755 ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite.
 2756 And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free
 2757 as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.
 2758 *Dicke.* My Lord,
 2759 When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodi-ties
 2760 vpon our billes?
 2761 *Cade.* Marry presently.
 2762 *All.* O braue.

2763 *Enter one with the heads.*
 2764 *Cade.* But is not this brauer:
 2765 Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
 2766 When they were aliuē. Now part them againe,
 2767 Least they consult about the giuing vp
 2768 Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
 2769 Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
 2770 For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,
 2771 Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner
 2772 Haue them kisse. Away. *Exit*
 2773 *Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,*
 2774 *and all his rabblement.*
 2775 *Cade.* Vp Fish- streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
 2776 kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:
 2777 *Sound a parley.*
 2778 What noise is this I heare?
 2779 Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
 2780 When I command them kill? [o1v
 2781 *Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.*
 2782 *Buc.* I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
 2783 Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
 2784 Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
 2785 And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
 2786 That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
 2787 *Clif.* What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
 2788 And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
 2789 Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
 2790 Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
 2791 Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
 2792 Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
 2793 Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
 2794 Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.
 2795 *All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.
 2796 *Cade.* What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue?
 2797 And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
 2798 be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
 2799 my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
 2800 you should leaue me at the White- heart in Southwarke.
 2801 I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
 2802 you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
 2803 all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie
 2804 to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-thens,
 2805 take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
 2806 Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
 2807 make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you
 2808 all.

2809 *All.* Wee'l follow *Cade*,
 2810 Wee'l follow *Cade*.
 2811 *Clif.* Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
 2812 That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
 2813 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 2814 And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
 2815 Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
 2816 Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
 2817 Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
 2818 Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
 2819 The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
 2820 Should make a start ore- seas, and vanquish you?
 2821 Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
 2822 I see them Lording it in London streets,
 2823 Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
 2824 Better ten thousand base- borne *Cades* miscarry,
 2825 Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
 2826 To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
 2827 Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:
 2828 *Henry* hath mony, you are strong and manly:
 2829 God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.
 2830 *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford,
 2831 Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.
 2832 *Cade.* Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
 2833 as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the fift, hales them
 2834 to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee de-solate.
 2835 I see them lay their heades together to surprize
 2836 me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
 2837 in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
 2838 middest of you, and heauens and honor be witsse, that
 2839 no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
 2840 base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
 2841 my heeles. *Exit*
 2842 *Buck.* What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
 2843 And he that brings his head vnto the King,
 2844 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.
 2845 *Exeunt some of them.*
 2846 Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
 2847 To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*
 2848 *Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and*
 2849 *Somerset on the Tarras.*
 2850 *King.* Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
 2851 And could command no more content then I?
 2852 No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
 2853 But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
 2854 Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,

2855 As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.
 2856 *Enter Buckingham and Clifford.*
 2857 *Buc.* Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
 2858 *Kin.* Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
 2859 Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?
 2860 *Enter Multitudes with Halters about their*
 2861 *Neckes.*
 2862 *Clif.* He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
 2863 And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
 2864 Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.
 2865 *King.* Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,
 2866 To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
 2867 Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
 2868 And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
 2869 Continue still in this so good a minde,
 2870 And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
 2871 Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
 2872 And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
 2873 I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.
 2874 *All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.
 2875 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2876 *Mes.* Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
 2877 The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
 2878 And with a puissant and a mighty power
 2879 Of Gallow- glasses and stout Kernes,
 2880 Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 2881 And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
 2882 His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
 2883 The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.
 2884 *King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
 2885 distrest,
 2886 Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
 2887 Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.
 2888 But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
 2889 And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
 2890 I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
 2891 And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
 2892 Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
 2893 And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
 2894 Vntill his Army be dismiss from him.
 2895 *Somerset.* My Lord,
 2896 Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
 2897 Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.
 2898 *King.* In any case, be not to rough in termes,
 2899 For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
 2900 *Buc.* I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,

2901 As all things shall redound vnto your good.
 2902 *King.* Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
 2903 For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.
 2904 *Flourish. Exeunt.* [o2
 2905 *Enter Cade.*
 2906 *Cade.* Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a
 2907 sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fiue daies haue
 2908 I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
 2909 the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
 2910 if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
 2911 could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
 2912 I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
 2913 picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole
 2914 a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word
 2915 Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for
 2916 a Sallet, my brain- pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
 2917 and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely mar- ching,
 2918 it hath seru'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke
 2919 in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.
 2920 *Enter Iden.*
 2921 *Iden.* Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
 2922 And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
 2923 This small inheritance my Father left me,
 2924 Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
 2925 I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
 2926 Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
 2927 Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
 2928 And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.
 2929 *Cade.* Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me
 2930 for a stray, for entering his Fee- simple without leaue. A
 2931 Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
 2932 of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
 2933 thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
 2934 like a great pin ere thou and I part.
 2935 *Iden.* Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
 2936 I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
 2937 Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
 2938 And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
 2939 Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
 2940 But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?
 2941 *Cade.* Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
 2942 broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue
 2943 eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy
 2944 fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
 2945 naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.
 2946 *Iden.* Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,

2947 That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
 2948 Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
 2949 Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
 2950 See if thou canst out- face me with thy lookes:
 2951 Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
 2952 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 2953 Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
 2954 My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
 2955 And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
 2956 Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
 2957 As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
 2958 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.
 2959 *Cade*. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-on
 2960 that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
 2961 cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,
 2962 ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
 2963 thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.
 2964 *Heere they Fight*.
 2965 O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten
 2966 thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the
 2967 ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither
 2968 Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
 2969 dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of
 2970 *Cade* is fled.
 2971 *Iden*. Is't *Cade* that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
 2972 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
 2973 And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
 2974 Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
 2975 But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
 2976 To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.
 2977 *Cade*. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
 2978 Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
 2979 the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
 2980 am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes*.
 2981 *Id*. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
 2982 Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
 2983 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 2984 So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
 2985 Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
 2986 Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
 2987 And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
 2988 Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
 2989 Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit*.
 2990 *Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with*
 2991 *Drum and Colours*.
 2992 *Yor*. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

2993 And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
 2994 Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
 2995 To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
 2996 Ah *Sancta Maiestas!* who would not buy thee deere?
 2997 Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
 2998 This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
 2999 I cannot giue due action to my words,
 3000 Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
 3001 A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
 3002 On which Ile tosse the Fleure- de- Luce of France.
 3003 *Enter Buckingham.*
 3004 Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
 3005 The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.
 3006 *Buc.* Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.
 3007 *Yor. Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 3008 Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.
 3009 *Buc.* A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
 3010 To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
 3011 Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
 3012 Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,
 3013 Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
 3014 Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?
 3015 *Yor.* Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.
 3016 Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
 3017 I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.
 3018 And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
 3019 On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.
 3020 I am farre better borne then is the king:
 3021 More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
 3022 But I must make faire weather yet a while,
 3023 Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.
 3024 Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
 3025 That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
 3026 My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
 3027 The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither, [o2v
 3028 Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,
 3029 Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
 3030 *Buc.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
 3031 But if thy Armes be to no other end,
 3032 The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
 3033 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
 3034 *Yorke.* Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
 3035 *Buck.* Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.
 3036 *Yorke.* Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
 3037 Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
 3038 Meet me to morrow in S[aint]. Georges Field,

3039 You shall haue pay, and euey thing you wish.
 3040 And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
 3041 Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
 3042 As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
 3043 Ile send them all as willing as I liue:
 3044 Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
 3045 Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.
 3046 *Buc.* Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
 3047 We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.
 3048 *Enter King and Attendants.*
 3049 *King.* Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
 3050 That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
 3051 *Yorke.* In all submission and humility,
 3052 Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.
 3053 *K.* Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?
 3054 *Yor.* To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
 3055 And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
 3056 Who since I heard to be discomfited.
 3057 *Enter Iden with Cades head.*
 3058 *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so meane condition
 3059 May passe into the presence of a King:
 3060 Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
 3061 The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.
 3062 *King.* The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou?
 3063 Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
 3064 That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 3065 Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
 3066 *Iden.* I was, an't like your Maiesty.
 3067 *King.* How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
 3068 *Iden.* *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
 3069 A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
 3070 *Buc.* So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
 3071 He were created Knight for his good seruice.
 3072 *King.* *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
 3073 We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
 3074 And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
 3075 *Iden.* May *Iden* liue to merit such a bountie,
 3076 And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.
 3077 *Enter Queene and Somerset.*
 3078 *K.* See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
 3079 Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
 3080 *Qu.* For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
 3081 But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
 3082 *Yor.* How now? is Somerset at libertie?
 3083 Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
 3084 And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.

3085 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
 3086 False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
 3087 Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
 3088 King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
 3089 Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
 3090 Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
 3091 That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
 3092 Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
 3093 And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
 3094 That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
 3095 Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
 3096 Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
 3097 Heere is hand to hold a Scepter vp,
 3098 And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
 3099 Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
 3100 O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
 3101 *Som.* O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
 3102 Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
 3103 Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
 3104 *York.* Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
 3105 If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
 3106 Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my baile:
 3107 I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
 3108 They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.
 3109 *Qu.* Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
 3110 To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
 3111 Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
 3112 *Yorke.* O blood- bespotted Neopolitan,
 3113 Out- cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
 3114 The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
 3115 Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
 3116 That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.
 3117 *Enter Edward and Richard.*
 3118 See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.
 3119 *Enter Clifford.*
 3120 *Qu.* And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
 3121 *Clif.* Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
 3122 *Yor.* I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
 3123 Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
 3124 We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
 3125 For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
 3126 *Clif.* This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
 3127 But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
 3128 To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
 3129 *King.* I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
 3130 Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

3131 *Clif.* He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
 3132 And chop away that factious pate of his.
 3133 *Qu.* He is arrested, but will not obey:
 3134 His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.
 3135 *Yor.* Will you not Sonnes?
 3136 *Edw.* I Noble Father, if our words will serue.
 3137 *Rich.* And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.
 3138 *Clif.* Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
 3139 *Yorke.* Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
 3140 I am thy King, and thou a false- heart Traitor:
 3141 Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
 3142 That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
 3143 They may astonish these fell- lurking Curses,
 3144 Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.
 3145 *Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and*
 3146 *Salisbury.*
 3147 *Clif.* Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
 3148 And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
 3149 If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.
 3150 *Rich.* Oft haue I seene a hot ore- weening Curre,
 3151 Run backe and bite, because he was with- held,
 3152 Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
 3153 Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
 3154 And such a peece of seruice will you do, [o3
 3155 If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.
 3156 *Clif.* Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
 3157 As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
 3158 *Yor.* Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.
 3159 *Clif.* Take heede least by your heate you burne your
 3160 selues:
 3161 *King.* Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
 3162 Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
 3163 Thou mad misleader of thy brain- sicke sonne,
 3164 What wilt thou on thy death- bed play the Ruffian?
 3165 And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
 3166 Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
 3167 If it be banisht from the frostie head,
 3168 Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
 3169 Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
 3170 And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
 3171 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 3172 Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
 3173 For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
 3174 That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
 3175 *Sal.* My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
 3176 The Title of this most renowned Duke,

3177 And in my conscience, do repute his grace
 3178 The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.
 3179 *King.* Hast thou not sworne Allegeance vnto me?
 3180 *Sal.* I haue.
 3181 *Ki.* Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
 3182 *Sal.* It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
 3183 But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
 3184 Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
 3185 To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
 3186 To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
 3187 To reauē the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
 3188 To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
 3189 And haue no other reason for this wrong,
 3190 But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
 3191 *Qu.* A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
 3192 *King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
 3193 *Yorke.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 3194 I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.
 3195 *Old Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
 3196 *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
 3197 To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
 3198 *Old Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
 3199 Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
 3200 And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
 3201 Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.
 3202 *War.* Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Crest,
 3203 The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
 3204 This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
 3205 As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
 3206 That keepe his leaues inspight of any storme,
 3207 Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
 3208 *Old Clif.* And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
 3209 And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
 3210 Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
 3211 *Yo. Clif.* And so to Armes victorious Father,
 3212 To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
 3213 *Rich.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
 3214 For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.
 3215 *Yo. Clif.* Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou
 3216 canst tell.
 3217 *Ric.* If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*
 3218 *Enter Warwicke.*
 3219 *War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
 3220 And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
 3221 Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
 3222 And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,

3223 Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
 3224 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 3225 Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.
 3226 *Enter Yorke.*
 3227 *War.* How now my Noble Lord? What all a- foot.
 3228 *Yor.* The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
 3229 But match to match I haue encountred him,
 3230 And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
 3231 Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.
 3232 *Enter Clifford.*
 3233 *War.* Of one or both of vs the time is come.
 3234 *Yor.* Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
 3235 For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.
 3236 *War.* Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
 3237 As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
 3238 It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*
 3239 *Clif.* What seest thou in me Yorke?
 3240 Why dost thou pause?
 3241 *Yorke.* With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
 3242 But that thou art so fast mineemie.
 3243 *Clif.* Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
 3244 But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.
 3245 *Yorke.* So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
 3246 As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.
 3247 *Clif.* My soule and bodie on the action both.
 3248 *Yor.* A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.
 3249 *Clif.* *La fin Corrone les eumenes.*
 3250 *Yor.* Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y art still,
 3251 Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.
 3252 *Enter yong Clifford.*
 3253 *Clif.* Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
 3254 Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 3255 Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
 3256 Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
 3257 Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
 3258 Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
 3259 He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
 3260 Hath no selfe- loue: nor he that loues himselfe,
 3261 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
 3262 The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
 3263 And the promised Flames of the Last day,
 3264 Knit earth and heauen together.
 3265 Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
 3266 Particularities, and pettie sounds
 3267 To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
 3268 To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue

3269 The Siluer Liury of aduised Age,
 3270 And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire- dayes, thus
 3271 To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
 3272 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
 3273 It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
 3274 No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
 3275 Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
 3276 And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
 3277 Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
 3278 Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
 3279 Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
 3280 Into as many gobbits will I cut it
 3281 As wilde *Medea* yong *Absirtis* did.
 3282 In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
 3283 Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
 3284 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
 3285 So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
 3286 But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing loade; [o3v
 3287 Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.
 3288 *Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.*
 3289 *Rich.* So lye thou there:
 3290 For vnderneath an Ale- house paltry signe,
 3291 The Castle in S[aint]. *Albons*, Somerset
 3292 Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
 3293 Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
 3294 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
 3295 *Fight. Excursions.*
 3296 *Enter King, Queene, and others.*
 3297 *Qu.* Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
 3298 *King.* Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret*
 3299 stay.
 3300 *Qu.* What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
 3301 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 3302 To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
 3303 By what we can, which can no more but flye.
 3304 *Alarum a farre off.*
 3305 If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
 3306 Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
 3307 (As well we may, if not through your neglect)
 3308 We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
 3309 And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
 3310 May readily be stopt.
 3311 *Enter Clifford.*
 3312 *Clif.* But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
 3313 I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
 3314 But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite

3315 Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
 3316 Away for your releefe, and we will liue
 3317 To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
 3318 Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*
 3319 *Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,*
 3320 *and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.*
 3321 *Yorke.* Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
 3322 That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
 3323 Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
 3324 And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
 3325 Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
 3326 Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
 3327 If Salsbury be lost.
 3328 *Rich.* My Noble Father:
 3329 Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
 3330 Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
 3331 Perswaded him from any further act:
 3332 But still where danger was, still there I met him,
 3333 And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 3334 So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
 3335 But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.
 3336 *Enter Salisbury.*
 3337 *Sal.* Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
 3338 By'th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard.*
 3339 God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
 3340 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
 3341 You haue defended me from imminent death.
 3342 Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
 3343 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 3344 Being opposites of such repaying Nature.
 3345 *Yorke.* I know our safety is to follow them,
 3346 For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
 3347 To call a present Court of Parliament:
 3348 Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
 3349 What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
 3350 *War.* After them: nay before them if we can:
 3351 Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
 3352 Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
 3353 Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
 3354 Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
 3355 And more such dayes as these, to vs befall. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

3357 **The second Part of Henry the Sixth,**
 3358 **with the death of the Good Duke**

HVMFREY.
