

# **The third Part of Henry the Sixt,**

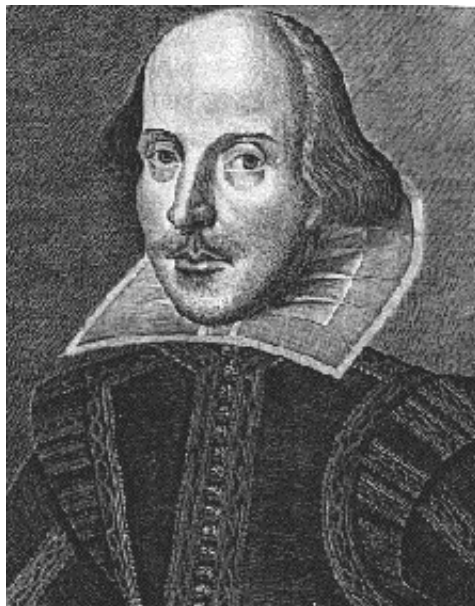
with the death of the Duke of  
YORKE.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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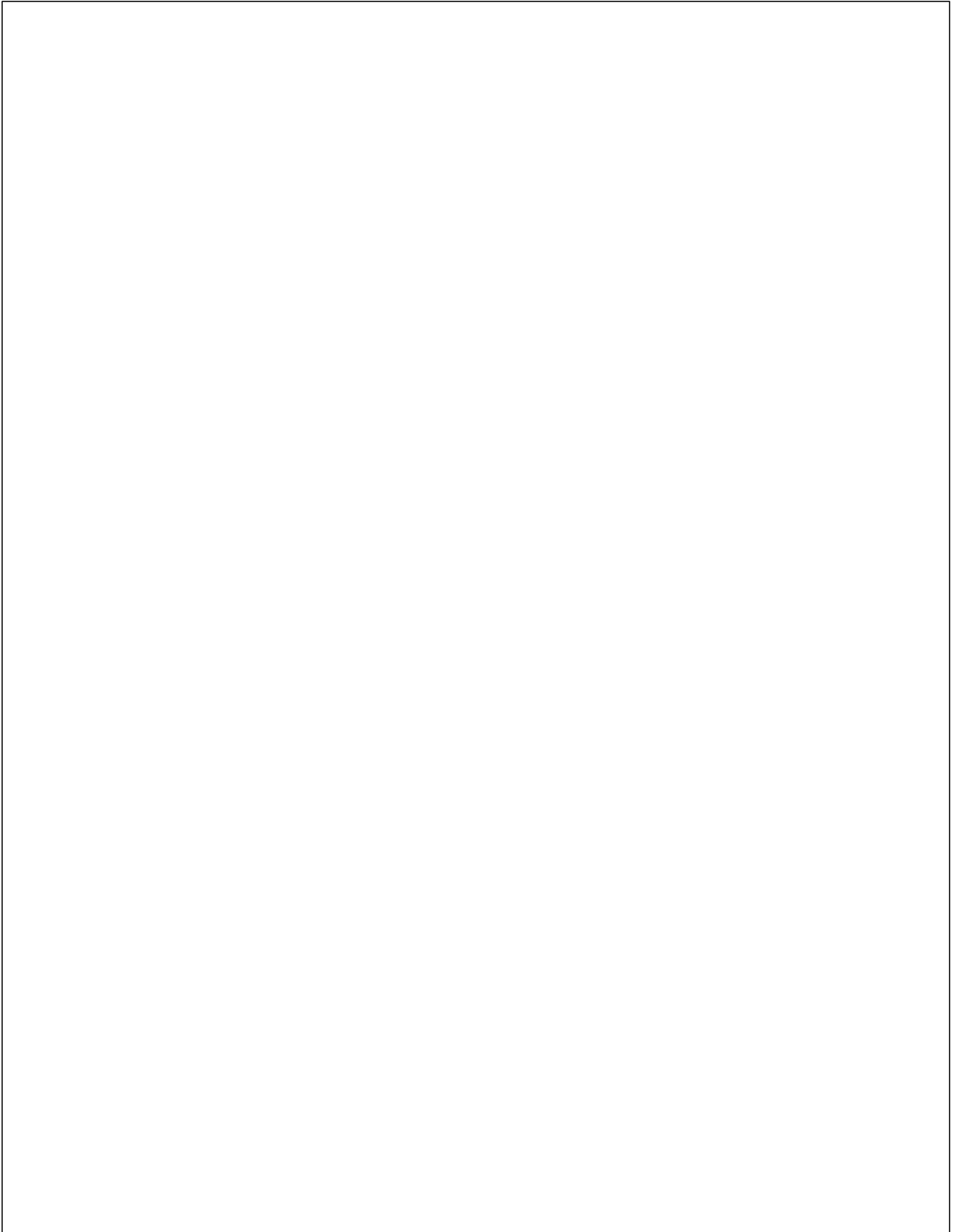
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**Shakespeare: First Folio**

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## The third Part of Henry the Sixth

with the death of the Duke of Yorke<sup>o4</sup>

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2 *Alarum.*

3 *Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mount-ague,*  
4 *Warwicke, and Souldiers.*

5 *Warwicke.*

6 I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

7 *Pl.* While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North,

8 He slyly stole away, and left his men:

9 Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

10 Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,

11 Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.

12 Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a- brest

13 Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,

14 Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

15 *Edw.* Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,

16 Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.

17 I cleft his Beauer with a down- right blow:

18 That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

19 *Mount.* And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires |(blood,

20 Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.

21 *Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

22 *Plan.* *Richard* hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:

23 But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

24 *Nor.* Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

25 *Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

26 *Warw.* And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.

27 Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

28 Which now the House of *Lancaster* vsurpes,

29 I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

30 This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

31 And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,

32 For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

33 *Plant.* Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will,

34 For hither we haue broken in by force.

35 *Norf.* Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye.

36 *Plant.* Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, stay by me my Lords,

37 And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

38 *They goe vp.*

39 *Warw.* And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

40 Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.  
 41 *Plant.* The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,  
 42 But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,  
 43 By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.  
 44 *Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.  
 45 *Warw.* The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,  
 46 Vnlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,  
 47 And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize  
 48 Hath made vs by- words to our enemies.  
 49 *Plant.* Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,  
 50 I meane to take possession of my Right.  
 51 *Warw.* Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,  
 52 The prowdest hee that holds vp *Lancaster*,  
 53 Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.  
 54 Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:  
 55 Resolue thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.  
 56 *Flourish.* Enter King *Henry*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*,  
 57 *Westmerland*, *Exeter*, and the rest.  
 58 *Henry.* My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,  
 59 Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,  
 60 Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,  
 61 To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.  
 62 Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,  
 63 And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge  
 64 On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.  
 65 *Northumb.* If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.  
 66 *Clifford.* The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in  
 67 Steele.  
 68 *Westm.* What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,  
 69 My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.  
 70 *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.  
 71 *Clifford.* Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:  
 72 He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.  
 73 My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament  
 74 Let vs assayle the Family of *Yorke*.  
 75 *North.* Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.  
 76 *Henry.* Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,  
 77 And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?  
 78 *Westm.* But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly  
 79 flye.  
 80 *Henry.* Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,  
 81 To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.  
 82 Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,  
 83 Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vse.  
 84 Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,  
 85 And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

86 I am thy Soueraigne.  
 87 *Yorke.* I am thine.  
 88 *Exet.* For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of  
 89 *Yorke.*  
 90 *Yorke.* It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was. [o4v  
 91 *Exet.* Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.  
 92 *Warw. Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,  
 93 In following this vsurping *Henry.*  
 94 *Clifford.* Whom should hee follow, but his naturall  
 95 King?  
 96 *Warw.* True *Clifford,* that's *Richard* Duke of *Yorke.*  
 97 *Henry.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?  
 98 *Yorke.* It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.  
 99 *Warw.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.  
 100 *Westm.* He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,  
 101 And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.  
 102 *Warw.* And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget,  
 103 That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
 104 And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread  
 105 Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.  
 106 *Northumb.* Yes *Warwicke,* I remember it to my grieffe,  
 107 And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.  
 108 *Westm. Plantagenet,* of thee and these thy Sonnes,  
 109 Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues  
 110 Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.  
 111 *Cliff.* Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,  
 112 I send thee, *Warwicke,* such a Messenger,  
 113 As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.  
 114 *Warw.* Poore *Clifford,* how I scorne his worthlesse  
 115 Threats.  
 116 *Plant.* Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?  
 117 If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.  
 118 *Henry.* What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?  
 119 My Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke,*  
 120 Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer,* Earle of March.  
 121 I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,  
 122 Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,  
 123 And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.  
 124 *Warw.* Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.  
 125 *Henry.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:  
 126 When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.  
 127 *Rich.* You are old enough now,  
 128 And yet me thinkes you loose:  
 129 Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.  
 130 *Edward.* Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.  
 131 *Mount.* Good Brother,



132 As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,  
 133 Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.  
 134 *Richard.* Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the  
 135 King will flye.  
 136 *Plant.* Sonnes peace.  
 137 *Henry.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to  
 138 speake.  
 139 *Warw. Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,  
 140 And be you silent and attentiu too,  
 141 For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.  
 142 *Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,  
 143 Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?  
 144 No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;  
 145 I, and their Colours often borne in France,  
 146 And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,  
 147 Shall be my Winding- sheet. Why faint you Lords?  
 148 My Title's good, and better farre then his.  
 149 *Warw.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.  
 150 *Hen.* *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.  
 151 *Plant.* 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.  
 152 *Henry.* I know not what to say, my Titles weake:  
 153 Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?  
 154 *Plant.* What then?  
 155 *Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawfull King:  
 156 For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,  
 157 Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,  
 158 Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.  
 159 *Plant.* He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,  
 160 And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.  
 161 *Warw.* Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,  
 162 Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?  
 163 *Exet.* No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,  
 164 But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.  
 165 *Henry.* Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?  
 166 *Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
 167 *Plant.* Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?  
 168 *Exet.* My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.  
 169 *Henry.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.  
 170 *Northumb. Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,  
 171 Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.  
 172 *Warw.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.  
 173 *Northumb.* Thou art deceiu'd:  
 174 'Tis not thy Southerne power  
 175 Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,  
 176 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prouid,  
 177 Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

178 *Clifford.* King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,  
 179 Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:  
 180 May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,  
 181 Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.  
 182 *Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.  
 183 *Plant.* *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:  
 184 What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?  
 185 *Warw.* Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,  
 186 Or I will fill the House with armed men,  
 187 And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,  
 188 Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.  
 189 *He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers*  
 190 *shew themselues.*  
 191 *Henry.* My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,  
 192 Let me for this my life time reigne as King.  
 193 *Plant.* Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,  
 194 And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.  
 195 *Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*  
 196 Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.  
 197 *Clifford.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your  
 198 Sonne?  
 199 *Warw.* What good is this to England, and himselfe?  
 200 *Westm.* Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry.*  
 201 *Clifford.* How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?  
 202 *Westm.* I cannot stay to heare these Articles.  
 203 *Northumb.* Nor I.  
 204 *Clifford.* Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these  
 205 Newes.  
 206 *Westm.* Farwell faint- hearted and degenerate King,  
 207 In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.  
 208 *Northumb.* Be thou a prey vnto the House of *Yorke*,  
 209 And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.  
 210 *Cliff.* In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,  
 211 Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.  
 212 *Warw.* Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.  
 213 *Exeter.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not  
 214 yeeld?  
 215 *Henry.* Ah *Exeter.*  
 216 *Warw.* Why should you sigh, my Lord?  
 217 *Henry.* Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,  
 218 Whom I vnnaturally shall dis- inherite.  
 219 But be it as it may: I here entayle  
 220 The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,  
 221 Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,  
 222 To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue, [o5  
 223 To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:

224 And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,  
 225 To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.  
 226 *Plant.* This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.  
 227 *Warw.* Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace  
 228 him.  
 229 *Henry.* And long liue thou, and these thy forward  
 230 Sonnes.  
 231 *Plant.* Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.  
 232 *Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.  
 233 *Senet.* Here they come downe.  
 234 *Plant.* Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.  
 235 *Warw.* And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.  
 236 *Norf.* And I to Norfolke with my followers.  
 237 *Mount.* And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.  
 238 *Henry.* And I with grieffe and sorrow to the Court.  
 239 Enter the *Queene.*  
 240 *Exeter.* Heere comes the *Queene,*  
 241 Whose Lookes bewray her anger:  
 242 Ile steale away.  
 243 *Henry.* *Exeter* so will I.  
 244 *Queene.* Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.  
 245 *Henry.* Be patient gentle *Queene,* and I will stay.  
 246 *Queene.* Who can be patient in such extreames?  
 247 Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?  
 248 And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,  
 249 Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.  
 250 Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth- right thus?  
 251 Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,  
 252 Or felt that paine which I did for him once,  
 253 Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;  
 254 Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart- blood there,  
 255 Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,  
 256 And dis- inherited thine onely Sonne.  
 257 *Prince.* Father, you cannot dis- inherite me:  
 258 If you be King, why should not I succede?  
 259 *Henry.* Pardon me *Margaret,* pardon me sweet Sonne,  
 260 The Earle of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc't me.  
 261 *Quee.* Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?  
 262 I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,  
 263 Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,  
 264 And giu'n vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,  
 265 As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.  
 266 To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,  
 267 What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,  
 268 And creepe into it farre before thy time?  
 269 *Warwick* is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

270 Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,  
 271 The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,  
 272 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes  
 273 The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.  
 274 Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,  
 275 The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,  
 276 Before I would haue granted to that Act.  
 277 But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.  
 278 And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,  
 279 Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,  
 280 Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,  
 281 Whereby my Sonne is dis- inherited.  
 282 The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,  
 283 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:  
 284 And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,  
 285 And vtter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.  
 286 Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,  
 287 Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.  
 288 *Henry*. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.  
 289 *Queene*. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee  
 290 gone.  
 291 *Henry*. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?  
 292 *Queene*. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.  
 293 *Prince*. When I returne with victorie to the field,  
 294 Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.  
 295 *Queene*. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.  
 296 *Henry*. Poore *Queene*,  
 297 How loue to me, and to her Sonne,  
 298 Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.  
 299 Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,  
 300 Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,  
 301 Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,  
 302 Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.  
 303 The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:  
 304 Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;  
 305 Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.  
 306 *Exet*. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit*.  
 307 *Flourish*. Enter *Richard*, *Edward*, and  
 308 *Mountague*.  
 309 *Richard*. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee  
 310 leaue.  
 311 *Edward*. No, I can better play the Orator.  
 312 *Mount*. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.  
 313 Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.  
 314 *Yorke*. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?  
 315 What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

316 *Edward.* No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.  
 317 *Yorke.* About what?  
 318 *Rich.* About that which concernes your Grace and vs,  
 319 The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.  
 320 *Yorke.* Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.  
 321 *Richard.* Your Right depends not on his life, or death.  
 322 *Edward.* Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:  
 323 By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,  
 324 It will out- runne you, Father, in the end.  
 325 *Yorke.* I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly  
 326 reigne.  
 327 *Edward.* But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:  
 328 I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.  
 329 *Richard.* No: God forbid your Grace should be for-sworne.  
 331 *Yorke.* I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.  
 332 *Richard.* Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee  
 333 speake.  
 334 *Yorke.* Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.  
 335 *Richard.* An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke  
 336 Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,  
 337 That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.  
 338 *Henry* had none, but did vsurpe the place.  
 339 Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
 340 Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.  
 341 Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,  
 342 How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,  
 343 Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,  
 344 And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.  
 345 Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
 346 Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de  
 347 Euen in the luke- warme blood of *Henries* heart.  
 348 *Yorke. Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.  
 349 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
 350 And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise. [o5v  
 351 Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of *Norfolke*,  
 352 And tell him priuily of our intent.  
 353 You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,  
 354 With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.  
 355 In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,  
 356 Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.  
 357 While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?  
 358 But that I seeke occasion how to rise,  
 359 And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,  
 360 Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.  
 361 *Enter Gabriel.*  
 362 But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such

363 poste?  
 364 *Gabriel.* The Queene,  
 365 With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,  
 366 Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.  
 367 She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:  
 368 And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.  
 369 *Yorke.* I, with my Sword.  
 370 What? think'st thou, that we feare them?  
 371 *Edward* and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,  
 372 My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.  
 373 Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,  
 374 Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,  
 375 With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselues,  
 376 And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.  
 377 *Mount.* Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.  
 378 And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.  
 379 *Exit Mountague.*  
 380 *Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.*  
 381 *York.* Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,  
 382 You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.  
 383 The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.  
 384 *Iohn.* Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the  
 385 field.  
 386 *Yorke.* What, with fiue thousand men?  
 387 *Richard.* I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.  
 388 A Woman's generall: what should we feare?  
 389 *A March afarre off.*  
 390 *Edward.* I heare their Drummes:  
 391 Let's set our men in order,  
 392 And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.  
 393 *Yorke.* Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,  
 394 I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.  
 395 Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,  
 396 When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:  
 397 Why should I not now haue the like successe?  
 398 *Alarum. Exit.*  
 399 *Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.*  
 400 *Rutland.* Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?  
 401 Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.  
 402 *Enter Clifford.*  
 403 *Clifford.* Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.  
 404 As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,  
 405 Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.  
 406 *Tutor.* And I, my Lord, will beare him company.  
 407 *Clifford.* Souldiers, away with him.  
 408 *Tutor.* Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,

409 Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*  
 410 *Clifford.* How now? is he dead alreadie?  
 411 Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?  
 412 Ile open them.  
 413 *Rutland.* So looks the pent- vp Lyon o're the Wretch,  
 414 That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:  
 415 And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,  
 416 And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.  
 417 Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,  
 418 And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.  
 419 Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:  
 420 I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,  
 421 Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.  
 422 *Clifford.* In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:  
 423 My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage  
 424 Where thy words should enter.  
 425 *Rutland.* Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,  
 426 He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.  
 427 *Clifford.* Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine  
 428 Were not reuenge sufficient for me:  
 429 No, if I digg'd vp thy fore- fathers Graues,  
 430 And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,  
 431 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
 432 The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,  
 433 Is as a furie to torment my Soule:  
 434 And till I root out their accursed Line,  
 435 And leaue not one aliuie, I liue in Hell.  
 436 Therefore—  
 437 *Rutland.* Oh let me pray, before I take my death:  
 438 To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pittie me.  
 439 *Clifford.* Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.  
 440 *Rutland.* I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay  
 441 me?  
 442 *Clifford.* Thy Father hath.  
 443 *Rutland.* But 'twas ere I was borne.  
 444 Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,  
 445 Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,  
 446 He be as miserably slaine as I.  
 447 Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,  
 448 And when I giue occasion of offence,  
 449 Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.  
 450 *Clifford.* No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-fore  
 451 dye.  
 452 *Rutland.* *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae.*  
 453 *Clifford.* *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:  
 454 And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,

455 Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood  
 456 Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*  
 457 *Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.*  
 458 *Yorke.* The Army of the Queene hath got the field:  
 459 My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;  
 460 And all my followers, to the eager foe  
 461 Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,  
 462 Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger- starued Wolues.  
 463 My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:  
 464 But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues  
 465 Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.  
 466 Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,  
 467 And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:  
 468 And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,  
 469 With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,  
 470 In blood of those that had encountred him:  
 471 And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,  
 472 *Richard* cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,  
 473 And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe, [o6  
 474 A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.  
 475 With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,  
 476 We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan  
 477 With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,  
 478 And spend her strength with ouer- matching Waues.  
 479 *A short Alarum within.*  
 480 Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,  
 481 And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:  
 482 And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie,  
 483 The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,  
 484 Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.  
 485 *Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,*  
 486 *the young Prince, and Souldiers.*  
 487 Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,  
 488 I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:  
 489 I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.  
 490 *Northumb.* Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*  
 491 *Clifford.* I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme  
 492 With downe- right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.  
 493 Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,  
 494 And made an Euening at the Noone- tide Prick.  
 495 *Yorke.* My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth  
 496 A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:  
 497 And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,  
 498 Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.  
 499 Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?  
 500 *Cliff.* So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,



501 So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,  
 502 So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,  
 503 Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.  
 504 *Yorke.* Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,  
 505 And in thy thought ore- run my former time:  
 506 And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,  
 507 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,  
 508 Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.  
 509 *Clifford.* I will not bandie with thee word for word,  
 510 But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.  
 511 *Queene.* Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes  
 512 I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:  
 513 Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou *Northumberland*.  
 514 *Northumb.* Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him so much,  
 515 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.  
 516 What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,  
 517 For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,  
 518 When he might spurne him with his Foot away?  
 519 It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,  
 520 And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.  
 521 *Clifford.* I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the  
 522 Gynne.  
 523 *Northumb.* So doth the Connie struggle in the  
 524 Net.  
 525 *York.* So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,  
 526 So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're- matcht.  
 527 *Northumb.* What would your Grace haue done vnto  
 528 him now?  
 529 *Queene.* Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,  
 530 Come make him stand vpon this Mole- hill here,  
 531 That raught at Mountaines with out- stretched Armes,  
 532 Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.  
 533 What, was it you that would be Englands King?  
 534 Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,  
 535 And made a Preachment of your high Descent?  
 536 Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?  
 537 The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?  
 538 And where's that valiant Crook- back Prodigie,  
 539 *Dickie*, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce  
 540 Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?  
 541 Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?  
 542 Looke *Yorke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood  
 543 That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,  
 544 Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:  
 545 And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
 546 I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.

547 Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,  
 548 I should lament thy miserable state.  
 549 I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*.  
 550 What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,  
 551 That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?  
 552 Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:  
 553 And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.  
 554 Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
 555 Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
 556 *Yorke* cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.  
 557 A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:  
 558 Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.  
 559 I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:  
 560 I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,  
 561 And this is he was his adopted Heire.  
 562 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*  
 563 Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?  
 564 As I bethinke me, you should not be King,  
 565 Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.  
 566 And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,  
 567 And rob his Temples of the Diademe,  
 568 Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?  
 569 Oh 'tis a fault too too vnardonable.  
 570 Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,  
 571 And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.  
 572 *Clifford*. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.  
 573 *Queene*. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee  
 574 makes.  
 575 *Yorke*. Shee- Wolfe of France,  
 576 But worse then Wolues of France,  
 577 Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:  
 578 How ill- beseeming is it in thy Sex,  
 579 To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,  
 580 Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?  
 581 But that thy Face is Vizard- like, vnchanging,  
 582 Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.  
 583 I would assay, proud *Queene*, to make thee blush.  
 584 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,  
 585 Were shame enough, to shame thee,  
 586 Wert thou not shamelesse.  
 587 Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,  
 588 Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,  
 589 Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.  
 590 Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?  
 591 It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud *Queene*,  
 592 Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,

593 That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death.  
 594 'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women proud,  
 595 But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.  
 596 'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,  
 597 The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.  
 598 'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,  
 599 The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.  
 600 Thou art as opposite to euery good,  
 601 As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,  
 602 Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.  
 603 Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide, [o6v  
 604 How could'st thou drayne the Life- blood of the Child,  
 605 To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,  
 606 And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?  
 607 Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;  
 608 Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.  
 609 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.  
 610 Would'st haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.  
 611 For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,  
 612 And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.  
 613 These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,  
 614 And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,  
 615 'Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French- woman.  
 616 *Northumb.* Beshrew me, but his passions moues me so,  
 617 That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.  
 618 *Yorke.* That Face of his,  
 619 The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,  
 620 Would not haue stayn'd with blood:  
 621 But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,  
 622 Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.  
 623 See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:  
 624 This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,  
 625 And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.  
 626 Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,  
 627 And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,  
 628 Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:  
 629 Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast- falling Teares,  
 630 And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.  
 631 There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,  
 632 And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
 633 As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.  
 634 Hard- hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,  
 635 My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.  
 636 *Northumb.* Had he been slaughter- man to all my Kinne,  
 637 I should not for my Life but weepe with him,  
 638 To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

639 *Queen.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?  
640 Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
641 And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.  
642 *Clifford.* Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers  
643 Death.  
644 *Queene.* And heere's to right our gentle- hearted  
645 King.  
646 *Yorke.* Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,  
647 My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.  
648 *Queene.* Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,  
649 So *Yorke* may ouer- looke the Towne of Yorke.  
650 *Flourish. Exit.*  
651 *A March. Enter Edward, Richard,*  
652 *and their power.*  
653 *Edward.* I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:  
654 Or whether he be scap't away, or no,  
655 From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?  
656 Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;  
657 Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:  
658 Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard  
659 The happy tidings of his good escape.  
660 How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?  
661 *Richard.* I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd  
662 Where our right valiant Father is become.  
663 I saw him in the Battaile range about,  
664 And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.  
665 Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,  
666 As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,  
667 Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:  
668 Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,  
669 The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.  
670 So far'd our Father with his Enemies,  
671 So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:  
672 Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.  
673 See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,  
674 And takes her farwell of the glorious Sonne.  
675 How well resembles it the prime of Youth,  
676 Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?  
677 *Ed.* Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?  
678 *Rich.* Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sonne,  
679 Not seperated with the racking Clouds,  
680 But seuer'd in a pale cleare- shining Skye.  
681 See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
682 As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.  
683 Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sonne:  
684 In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

685 *Edward.* 'Tis wondrous strange,  
 686 The like yet neuer heard of.  
 687 I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,  
 688 That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,  
 689 Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,  
 690 Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,  
 691 And ouer- shine the Earth, as this the World.  
 692 What ere it bodes, hence- forward will I beare  
 693 Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.  
 694 *Richard.* Nay, beare three Daughters:  
 695 By your leaue, I speake it,  
 696 You loue the Breeder better then the Male.  
 697 *Enter one blowing.*  
 698 But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore- tell  
 699 Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?  
 700 *Mess.* Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,  
 701 When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,  
 702 Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.  
 703 *Edward.* Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too  
 704 much.  
 705 *Richard.* Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.  
 706 *Mess.* Enuironed he was with many foes,  
 707 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
 708 Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.  
 709 But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to oddes:  
 710 And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,  
 711 Hewes downe and fells the hardest- tymber'd Oake.  
 712 By many hands your Father was subdu'd,  
 713 But onely slaught' red by the irefull Arme  
 714 Of vn- relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:  
 715 Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,  
 716 Laugh'd in his face: and when with grieve he wept,  
 717 The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,  
 718 A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood  
 719 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:  
 720 And after many scornes, many foule taunts,  
 721 They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke  
 722 They set the same, and there it doth remaine,  
 723 The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.  
 724 *Edward.* Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,  
 725 Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.  
 726 Oh *Clifford*, boyst'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine  
 727 The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,  
 728 And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him,  
 729 For hand to hand he would haue vanquisht thee.  
 730 Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:

731 Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body [p1  
 732 Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:  
 733 For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:  
 734 Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.  
 735 *Rich.* I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture  
 736 Scarse serues to quench my Furnace- burning hart:  
 737 Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,  
 738 For selfe- same winde that I should speake withall,  
 739 Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,  
 740 And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.  
 741 To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:  
 742 Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.  
 743 *Richard,* I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,  
 744 Or dye renowned by attempting it.  
 745 *Ed.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:  
 746 His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.  
 747 *Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,  
 748 Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:  
 749 For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,  
 750 Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.  
 751 *March. Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute,*  
 752 *and their Army.*  
 753 *Warwick.* How now faire Lords? What faire? What  
 754 newes abroad?  
 755 *Rich.* Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt  
 756 Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance  
 757 Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,  
 758 The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.  
 759 O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.  
 760 *Edw.* O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*  
 761 Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,  
 762 Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.  
 763 *War.* Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.  
 764 And now to adde more measure to your woes,  
 765 I come to tell you things sith then befallne.  
 766 After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,  
 767 Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
 768 Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,  
 769 Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.  
 770 I then in London, keeper of the King,  
 771 Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,  
 772 Marcht toward S[aint]. Albons, to intercept the Queene,  
 773 Bearing the King in my behalfe along:  
 774 For by my Scouts, I was aduertised  
 775 That she was comming with a full intent  
 776 To dash our late Decree in Parliament,

777 Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:  
 778 Short Tale to make, we at S[aint]. Albons met,  
 779 Our Battailles ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
 780 But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,  
 781 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,  
 782 That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.  
 783 Or whether 'twas report of her successe,  
 784 Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,  
 785 Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,  
 786 I cannot iudge: but to conclud with truth,  
 787 Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:  
 788 Our Souldiers like the Night- Owles lazie flight,  
 789 Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,  
 790 Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.  
 791 I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,  
 792 With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:  
 793 But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,  
 794 And we (in them) no hope to win the day,  
 795 So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,  
 796 Lord *George*, your Brother, *Norfolke*, and my Selfe,  
 797 In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:  
 798 For in the Marches heere we heard you were,  
 799 Making another Head, to fight againe.  
 800 *Ed.* Where is the Duke of *Norfolke*, gentle *Warwick*?  
 801 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to England?  
 802 *War.* Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,  
 803 And for your Brother he was lately sent  
 804 From your kinde Aunt *Dutchesse* of *Burgundie*,  
 805 With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.  
 806 *Rich.* 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;  
 807 Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,  
 808 But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.  
 809 *War.* Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare:  
 810 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,  
 811 Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,  
 812 And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,  
 813 Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,  
 814 As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.  
 815 *Rich.* I know it well Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,  
 816 'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:  
 817 But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
 818 Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,  
 819 And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,  
 820 Numb'ring our Aue- Maries with our Beads?  
 821 Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes  
 822 Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?

823 If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.  
 824 *War.* Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 825 And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:  
 826 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,  
 827 With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,  
 828 And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,  
 829 Haue wrought the easie- melting King, like Wax.  
 830 He swore consent to your Succession,  
 831 His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.  
 832 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 833 To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside  
 834 May make against the house of Lancaster.  
 835 Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:  
 836 Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,  
 837 With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,  
 838 Among'st the louing Welshmen can'st procure,  
 839 Will but amount to fiue and twenty thousand,  
 840 Why Via, to London will we march,  
 841 And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,  
 842 And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,  
 843 But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.  
 844 *Rich.* I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;  
 845 Ne're may he liue to see a Sun- shine day,  
 846 That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.  
 847 *Ed.* Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
 848 And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)  
 849 Must *Edward* fall, which perill heauen forefend.  
 850 *War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:  
 851 The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:  
 852 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
 853 In euery Burrough as we passe along,  
 854 And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,  
 855 Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.  
 856 King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:  
 857 Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne.  
 858 But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.  
 859 *Rich.* Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,  
 860 As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,  
 861 I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.  
 862 *Ed.* Then strike vp Drums, God and S[aint]. George for vs. [p1v  
 863 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 864 *War.* How now? what newes?  
 865 *Mes.* The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,  
 866 The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,  
 867 And craues your company, for speedy counsell.  
 868 *War.* Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.



869 *Exeunt Omnes.*  
 870 *Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-[berland]*  
 871 *and Yong Prince, with Drumme and*  
 872 *Trumpettes.*  
 873 *Qu.* Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,  
 874 Yonders the head of that Arch- enemy,  
 875 That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.  
 876 Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.  
 877 *K.* I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,  
 878 To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:  
 879 With- hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,  
 880 Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.  
 881 *Clif.* My gracious Liege, this too much lenity  
 882 And harmfull pittie must be layd aside:  
 883 To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?  
 884 Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.  
 885 Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?  
 886 Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.  
 887 Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?  
 888 Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.  
 889 The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,  
 890 And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.  
 891 Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,  
 892 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.  
 893 He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,  
 894 And raise his issue like a louing Sire.  
 895 Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,  
 896 Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:  
 897 Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.  
 898 Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,  
 899 And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,  
 900 Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
 901 Who hath not seene them euen with those wings,  
 902 Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,  
 903 Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,  
 904 Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?  
 905 For shame, my Liege, make them your President:  
 906 Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy  
 907 Should loose his Birth- right by his Fathers fault,  
 908 And long heereafter say vnto his childe,  
 909 What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,  
 910 My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.  
 911 Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,  
 912 And let his manly face, which promiseth  
 913 Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,  
 914 To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

915 *King.* Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,  
 916 Inferring arguments of mighty force:  
 917 But *Clifford* tell me, did'st thou neuer heare,  
 918 That things ill got, had euer bad successe.  
 919 And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,  
 920 Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:  
 921 Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,  
 922 And would my Father had left me no more:  
 923 For all the rest is held at such a Rate,  
 924 As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,  
 925 Then in possession any iot of pleasure.  
 926 Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,  
 927 How it doth greue me that thy head is heere.  
 928 *Qu.* My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,  
 929 And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:  
 930 You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,  
 931 Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.  
 932 *Edward,* kneele downe.  
 933 *King. Edward Plantagenet,* arise a Knight,  
 934 And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.  
 935 *Prin.* My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,  
 936 Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,  
 937 And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.  
 938 *Clif.* Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.  
 939 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 940 *Mess.* Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,  
 941 For with a Band of thirty thousand men,  
 942 Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,  
 943 And in the Townes as they do march along,  
 944 Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,  
 945 Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.  
 946 *Clif.* I would your Highnesse would depart the field,  
 947 The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.  
 948 *Qu.* I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.  
 949 *King.* Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.  
 950 *North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.  
 951 *Prin.* My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,  
 952 And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
 953 Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S[aint]. George.  
 954 *March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,*  
 955 *Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.*  
 956 *Edw.* Now periur'd *Henry,* wilt thou kneel for grace?  
 957 And set thy Diadem vpon my head?  
 958 Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.  
 959 *Qu.* Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,  
 960 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,

961 Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?  
 962 *Ed.* I am his King, and he should bow his knee:  
 963 I was adopted Heire by his consent.  
 964 *Cl.* Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,  
 965 You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,  
 966 Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,  
 967 To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.  
 968 *Clif.* And reason too,  
 969 Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.  
 970 *Rich.* Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.  
 971 *Clif.* I Crooke- back, here I stand to answer thee,  
 972 Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.  
 973 *Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?  
 974 *Clif.* I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.  
 975 *Rich.* For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.  
 976 *War.* What say'st thou *Henry*,  
 977 Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?  
 978 *Qu.* Why how now long- tongu'd Warwicke, dare |(you speak?  
 979 When you and I, met at S[aint]. *Albons* last,  
 980 Your legges did better seruice then your hands.  
 981 *War.* Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:  
 982 *Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
 983 *War.* 'Twas not your valor *Clifford* droue me thence.  
 984 *Nor.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.  
 985 *Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,  
 986 Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine  
 987 The execution of my big- swolne heart  
 988 Vpon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child- killer.  
 989 *Clif.* I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child? [p2  
 990 *Rich.* I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,  
 991 As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland,  
 992 But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.  
 993 *King.* Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare  
 994 me speake.  
 995 *Qu.* Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.  
 996 *King.* I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,  
 997 I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.  
 998 *Clif.* My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,  
 999 Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.  
 1000 *Rich.* Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:  
 1001 By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,  
 1002 That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.  
 1003 *Ed.* Say *Henry*, shall I haue my right, or no:  
 1004 A thousand men haue broke their Fasts to day,  
 1005 That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.  
 1006 *War.* If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,

1007 For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.  
 1008 *Pr.Ed.* If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,  
 1009 There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.  
 1010 *War.* Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,  
 1011 For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.  
 1012 *Qu.* But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,  
 1013 But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,  
 1014 Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,  
 1015 As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.  
 1016 *Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
 1017 Whose Father beares the Title of a King,  
 1018 (As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)  
 1019 Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
 1020 To let thy tongue detect thy base- borne heart.  
 1021 *Ed.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,  
 1022 To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:  
 1023 *Helen* of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,  
 1024 Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;  
 1025 And ne're was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd  
 1026 By that false Woman, as this King by thee.  
 1027 His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,  
 1028 And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:  
 1029 And had he match'd according to his State,  
 1030 He might haue kept that glory to this day.  
 1031 But when he tooke a begger to his bed,  
 1032 And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,  
 1033 Euen then that Sun- shine brew'd a showre for him,  
 1034 That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,  
 1035 And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:  
 1036 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?  
 1037 Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,  
 1038 And we in pittie of the Gentle King,  
 1039 Had slipt our Claime, vtill another Age.  
 1040 *Cla.* But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,  
 1041 And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,  
 1042 We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:  
 1043 And though the edge hath something hit our selues,  
 1044 Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,  
 1045 Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,  
 1046 Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.  
 1047 *Edw.* And in this resolution, I defie thee,  
 1048 Not willing any longer Conference,  
 1049 Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.  
 1050 Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,  
 1051 And either Victorie, or else a Graue.  
 1052 *Qu.* Stay *Edward*.

1053 *Ed.* No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,  
 1054 These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.  
 1055 *Exeunt omnes.*  
 1056 *Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.*  
 1057 *War.* Fore- spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,  
 1058 I lay me downe a little while to breath:  
 1059 For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,  
 1060 Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,  
 1061 And spight of spight, needs must I rest a- while.  
 1062 *Enter Edward running.*  
 1063 *Ed.* Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,  
 1064 For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clouded.  
 1065 *War.* How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of  
 1066 good?  
 1067 *Enter Clarence.*  
 1068 *Cla.* Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,  
 1069 Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.  
 1070 What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?  
 1071 *Ed.* Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,  
 1072 And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.  
 1073 *Enter Richard.*  
 1074 *Rich.* Ah Warwicke, why hast y withdrawn thy selfe?  
 1075 Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
 1076 Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:  
 1077 And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,  
 1078 Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,  
 1079 Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.  
 1080 So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,  
 1081 That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,  
 1082 The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.  
 1083 *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
 1084 Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:  
 1085 Why stand we like soft- hearted women heere,  
 1086 Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,  
 1087 And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie  
 1088 Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.  
 1089 Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,  
 1090 Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,  
 1091 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
 1092 Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.  
 1093 *Ed.* Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,  
 1094 And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:  
 1095 And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,  
 1096 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
 1097 Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:  
 1098 Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)

1099 That to my Foes this body must be prey,  
 1100 Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,  
 1101 And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.  
 1102 Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,  
 1103 Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.  
 1104 *Rich.* Brother,  
 1105 Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,  
 1106 Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:  
 1107 I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,  
 1108 That Winter should cut off our Spring- time so.  
 1109 *War.* Away, away:  
 1110 Once more sweet Lords farwell.  
 1111 *Cl.* Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,  
 1112 And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:  
 1113 And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:  
 1114 And if we thriue, promise them such rewards  
 1115 As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.  
 1116 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
 1117 For yet is hope of Life and Victory: [p2v  
 1118 Foreslow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*  
 1119 *Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*  
 1120 *Rich.* Now *Clifford*, I haue singled thee alone,  
 1121 Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,  
 1122 And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,  
 1123 Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.  
 1124 *Clif.* Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,  
 1125 This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,  
 1126 And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,  
 1127 And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
 1128 And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,  
 1129 To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
 1130 And so haue at thee.  
 1131 *They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.*  
 1132 *Rich.* Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,  
 1133 For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*  
 1134 *Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*  
 1135 *Hen.* This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,  
 1136 When dying clouds contend, with growing light,  
 1137 What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,  
 1138 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
 1139 Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
 1140 Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
 1141 Now swayes it that way, like the selfe- same Sea,  
 1142 Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.  
 1143 Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:  
 1144 Now, one the better: then, another best;

1145 Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:  
 1146 Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.  
 1147 So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.  
 1148 Heere on this Mole- hill will I sit me downe,  
 1149 To whom God will, there be the Victorie:  
 1150 For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too  
 1151 Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,  
 1152 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
 1153 Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;  
 1154 For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.  
 1155 Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,  
 1156 To be no better then a homely Swaine,  
 1157 To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,  
 1158 To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,  
 1159 Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:  
 1160 How many makes the Houre full compleate,  
 1161 How many Houres brings about the Day,  
 1162 How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,  
 1163 How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.  
 1164 When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:  
 1165 So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;  
 1166 So many Houres, must I take my Rest:  
 1167 So many Houres, must I Contemplate:  
 1168 So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:  
 1169 So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:  
 1170 So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:  
 1171 So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:  
 1172 So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,  
 1173 Past ouer to the end they were created,  
 1174 Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.  
 1175 Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?  
 1176 Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade  
 1177 To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,  
 1178 Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie  
 1179 To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?  
 1180 Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
 1181 And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,  
 1182 His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
 1183 His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,  
 1184 All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,  
 1185 Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
 1186 His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
 1187 His bodie couched in a curious bed,  
 1188 When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.  
 1189 *Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at*  
 1190 *one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at ano-ther*

1191 *doore.*  
 1192 *Son.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
 1193 This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 1194 May be possessed with some store of Crownes,  
 1195 And I that (haply) take them from him now,  
 1196 May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them  
 1197 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.  
 1198 Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,  
 1199 Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:  
 1200 Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.  
 1201 From London, by the King was I prest forth,  
 1202 My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,  
 1203 Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:  
 1204 And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,  
 1205 Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.  
 1206 Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:  
 1207 And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.  
 1208 My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:  
 1209 And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.  
 1210 *King.* O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!  
 1211 Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,  
 1212 Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.  
 1213 Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,  
 1214 And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,  
 1215 Be blinde with teares, and break ore- charg'd with griefe  
 1216 *Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.*  
 1217 *Fa.* Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
 1218 Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:  
 1219 For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.  
 1220 But let me see: Is this our Foe- mans face?  
 1221 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.  
 1222 Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 1223 Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,  
 1224 Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,  
 1225 Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.  
 1226 O pittie God, this miserable Age!  
 1227 What Stratagems? how fell? how Butcherly?  
 1228 Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,  
 1229 This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?  
 1230 O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,  
 1231 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.  
 1232 *King.* Wo aboute wo: greefe, more the[n] common greefe  
 1233 O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:  
 1234 O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:  
 1235 The Red Rose and the White are on his face,  
 1236 The fatall Colours of our striuing Houses:



1237 The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,  
 1238 The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:  
 1239 Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:  
 1240 If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.  
 1241 *Son.* How will my Mother, for a Fathers death  
 1242 Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?  
 1243 *Fa.* How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,  
 1244 Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?  
 1245 *King.* How will the Country, for these woful chances, [p3  
 1246 Mis- thinke the King, and not be satisfied?  
 1247 *Son.* Was euer sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?  
 1248 *Fath.* Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?  
 1249 *Hen.* Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?  
 1250 Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.  
 1251 *Son.* Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.  
 1252 *Fath.* These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:  
 1253 My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,  
 1254 For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.  
 1255 My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;  
 1256 And so obsequious will thy Father be,  
 1257 Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,  
 1258 As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,  
 1259 Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
 1260 For I haue murthered where I should not kill. *Exit*  
 1261 *Hen.* Sad- hearted- men, much ouergone with Care;  
 1262 Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.  
 1263 *Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the*  
 1264 *Prince, and Exeter.*  
 1265 *Prin.* Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.  
 1266 And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:  
 1267 Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.  
 1268 *Qu.* Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-maine:  
 1270 *Edward* and *Richard* like a brace of Grey- hounds,  
 1271 Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,  
 1272 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
 1273 And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands  
 1274 Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.  
 1275 *Exet.* Away: for vengeance comes along with them.  
 1276 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,  
 1277 Or else come after, Ile away before.  
 1278 *Hen.* Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
 1279 Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go  
 1280 Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*  
 1281 *A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.*  
 1282 *Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,  
 1283 Which whiles it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.

1284 O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,  
 1285 More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:  
 1286 My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,  
 1287 And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,  
 1288 Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning misproud Yorke;  
 1289 And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?  
 1290 And who shines now, but *Henries* Enemies?  
 1291 O Phoebus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,  
 1292 That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery Steeds,  
 1293 Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.  
 1294 And *Henry*, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,  
 1295 Or as thy Father, and his Father did,  
 1296 Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,  
 1297 They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:  
 1298 I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,  
 1299 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,  
 1300 And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.  
 1301 For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?  
 1302 And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?  
 1303 Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:  
 1304 No way to flye, no strength to hold out flight:  
 1305 The Foe is mercillesse, and will not pittie:  
 1306 For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie.  
 1307 The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,  
 1308 And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:  
 1309 Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the rest,  
 1310 I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.  
 1311 *Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and*  
 1312 *Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.*  
 1313 *Ed.* Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,  
 1314 And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:  
 1315 Some Troopes pursue the bloody- minded Queene,  
 1316 That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,  
 1317 As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust  
 1318 Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.  
 1319 But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?  
 1320 *War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape:  
 1321 (For though before his face I speake the words)  
 1322 Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue.  
 1323 And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford grones*  
 1324 *Rich.* Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leauē?  
 1325 A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.  
 1326 See who it is.  
 1327 *Ed.* And now the Battailes ended,  
 1328 If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.  
 1329 *Rich.* Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,

1330 Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch  
 1331 In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,  
 1332 But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,  
 1333 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
 1334 I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.  
 1335 *War.* From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,  
 1336 Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:  
 1337 In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,  
 1338 Measure for measure, must be answered.  
 1339 *Ed.* Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house,  
 1340 That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:  
 1341 Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,  
 1342 And his ill- boading tongue, no more shall speake.  
 1343 *War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft:  
 1344 Speake *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?  
 1345 Darke cloudy death ore- shades his beames of life,  
 1346 And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.  
 1347 *Rich.* O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,  
 1348 'Tis but his policy to counterfet,  
 1349 Because he would auoid such bitter taunts  
 1350 Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.  
 1351 *Cla.* If so thou think'st,  
 1352 Vex him with eager Words.  
 1353 *Rich.* *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.  
 1354 *Ed.* *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.  
 1355 *War.* *Clifford*, deuise excuses for thy faults.  
 1356 *Cla.* While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.  
 1357 *Rich.* Thou didd'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.  
 1358 *Edw.* Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee.  
 1359 *Cla.* Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?  
 1360 *War.* They mocke thee *Clifford*,  
 1361 Swear as thou was't wont.  
 1362 *Ric.* What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard  
 1363 When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an oath:  
 1364 I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,  
 1365 If this right hand would buy two houres life,  
 1366 That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,  
 1367 This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood  
 1368 Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanch'd thirst  
 1369 Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie  
 1370 *War.* I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,  
 1371 And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.  
 1372 And now to London with Triumphant march, [p3v  
 1373 There to be crowned Englands Royall King:  
 1374 From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,  
 1375 And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:

1376 So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,  
 1377 And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread  
 1378 The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:  
 1379 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 1380 Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:  
 1381 First, will I see the Coronation,  
 1382 And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,  
 1383 To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.  
 1384 *Ed.* Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:  
 1385 For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;  
 1386 And neuer will I vndertake the thing  
 1387 Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:  
 1388 *Richard*, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
 1389 And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,  
 1390 Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.  
 1391 *Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,  
 1392 For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.  
 1393 *War.* Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:  
 1394 *Richard*, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,  
 1395 To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*  
 1396 *Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes*  
 1397 *in their hands.*  
 1398 *Sink.* Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd |(our selues:  
 1399 For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,  
 1400 And in this couert will we make our Stand,  
 1401 Culling the principall of all the Deere.  
 1402 *Hum.* Ile stay aboute the hill, so both may shoot.  
 1403 *Sink.* That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow  
 1404 Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:  
 1405 Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:  
 1406 And for the time shall not seeme tedious,  
 1407 Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,  
 1408 In this selfe- place, where now we meane to stand.  
 1409 *Sink.* Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:  
 1410 *Enter the King with a Prayer booke.*  
 1411 *Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
 1412 To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:  
 1413 No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,  
 1414 Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,  
 1415 Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:  
 1416 No bending knee will call thee *Caesar* now,  
 1417 No humble suters prease to speake for right:  
 1418 No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:  
 1419 For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?  
 1420 *Sink.* I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:  
 1421 This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

1422 *Hen.* Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,  
 1423 For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.  
 1424 *Hum.* Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.  
 1425 *Sink.* Forbeare a- while, wee'l heare a little more.  
 1426 *Hen.* My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:  
 1427 And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke  
 1428 I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister  
 1429 To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,  
 1430 Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:  
 1431 For Warwicke is a subtile Orator:  
 1432 And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with mouing words:  
 1433 By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,  
 1434 For she's a woman to be pittied much:  
 1435 Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,  
 1436 Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:  
 1437 The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;  
 1438 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,  
 1439 To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.  
 1440 I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:  
 1441 Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for *Henrie*;  
 1442 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.  
 1443 Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:  
 1444 He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd;  
 1445 That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:  
 1446 Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,  
 1447 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 1448 And in conclusion winnes the King from her,  
 1449 With promise of his Sister, and what else,  
 1450 To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.  
 1451 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)  
 1452 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.  
 1453 *Hum.* Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?  
 1454 *King.* More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:  
 1455 A man at least, for lesse I should not be:  
 1456 And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?  
 1457 *Hum.* I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.  
 1458 *King.* Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.  
 1459 *Hum.* But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?  
 1460 *King.* My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:  
 1461 Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:  
 1462 Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,  
 1463 A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.  
 1464 *Hum.* Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,  
 1465 Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented  
 1466 To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)  
 1467 You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:

1468 And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegeance,  
 1469 Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.  
 1470 *King.* But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.  
 1471 *Hum.* No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.  
 1472 *King.* Where did you dwell when I was K[ing]. of England?  
 1473 *Hum.* Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.  
 1474 *King.* I was annointed King at nine monthes old,  
 1475 My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:  
 1476 And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:  
 1477 And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?  
 1478 *Sin.* No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king  
 1479 *King.* Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?  
 1480 Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:  
 1481 Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,  
 1482 And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,  
 1483 Obeying with my winde when I do blow,  
 1484 And yeelding to another, when it blowes,  
 1485 Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:  
 1486 Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.  
 1487 But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,  
 1488 My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.  
 1489 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,  
 1490 And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.  
 1491 *Sinklo.* We are true Subiects to the king,  
 1492 King *Edward.*  
 1493 *King.* So would you be againe to *Henrie,*  
 1494 If he were seated as king *Edward* is.  
 1495 *Sinklo.* We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,  
 1496 To go with vs vnto the Officers.  
 1497 *King.* In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,  
 1498 And what God will, that let your King performe.  
 1499 And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*  
 1500 *Enter K[ing]. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.*  
 1501 *King.* Brother of Gloster, at S[aint]. Albons field [p4  
 1502 This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey,* was slaine,  
 1503 His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,  
 1504 Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,  
 1505 Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,  
 1506 Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke,*  
 1507 The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.  
 1508 *Rich.* Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:  
 1509 It were dishonor to deny it her.  
 1510 *King.* It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.  
 1511 *Rich.* Yea, is it so:  
 1512 I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,  
 1513 Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

1514 *Clarence.* Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps  
 1515 the winde?  
 1516 *Rich.* Silence.  
 1517 *King.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
 1518 And come some other time to know our minde.  
 1519 *Wid.* Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:  
 1520 May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now,  
 1521 And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.  
 1522 *Rich.* I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,  
 1523 And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:  
 1524 Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.  
 1525 *Clarence.* I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.  
 1526 *Rich.* God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.  
 1527 *King.* How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell  
 1528 me.  
 1529 *Clarence.* I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.  
 1530 *Rich.* Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.  
 1531 *Wid.* Three, my most gracious Lord.  
 1532 *Rich.* You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.  
 1533 *King.* 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers  
 1534 Lands.  
 1535 *Wid.* Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.  
 1536 *King.* Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes  
 1537 wit.  
 1538 *Rich.* I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,  
 1539 Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.  
 1540 *King.* Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your  
 1541 Children?  
 1542 *Wid.* I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.  
 1543 *King.* And would you not doe much to doe them  
 1544 good?  
 1545 *Wid.* To doe them good, I would sustayne some  
 1546 harme.  
 1547 *King.* Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them  
 1548 good.  
 1549 *Wid.* Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.  
 1550 *King.* Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.  
 1551 *Wid.* So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.  
 1552 *King.* What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?  
 1553 *Wid.* What you command, that rests in me to doe.  
 1554 *King.* But you will take exceptions to my Boone.  
 1555 *Wid.* No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.  
 1556 *King.* I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.  
 1557 *Wid.* Why then I will doe what your Grace com-mands.  
 1559 *Rich.* Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the  
 1560 Marble.

1561 *Clar.* As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.  
 1562 *Wid.* Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my  
 1563 Taske?  
 1564 *King.* An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.  
 1565 *Wid.* That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.  
 1566 *King.* Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue  
 1567 thee.  
 1568 *Wid.* I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.  
 1569 *Rich.* The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie.  
 1570 *King.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.  
 1571 *Wid.* The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.  
 1572 *King.* I, but I feare me in another sence.  
 1573 What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?  
 1574 *Wid.* My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,  
 1575 That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.  
 1576 *King.* No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.  
 1577 *Wid.* Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.  
 1578 *King.* But now you partly may perceiue my minde.  
 1579 *Wid.* My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue  
 1580 Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.  
 1581 *King.* To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.  
 1582 *Wid.* To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.  
 1583 *King.* Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands  
 1584 Lands.  
 1585 *Wid.* Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,  
 1586 For by that losse, I will not purchase them.  
 1587 *King.* Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.  
 1588 *Wid.* Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:  
 1589 But mightie Lord, this merry inclination  
 1590 Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:  
 1591 Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.  
 1592 *King.* I, if thou wilt say I to my request:  
 1593 No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.  
 1594 *Wid.* Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.  
 1595 *Rich.* The Widow likes him not, shee knits her  
 1596 Browes.  
 1597 *Clarence.* Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-dome.  
 1599 *King.* Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,  
 1600 Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,  
 1601 All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,  
 1602 One way, or other, shee is for a King,  
 1603 And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.  
 1604 Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?  
 1605 *Wid.* 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:  
 1606 I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,  
 1607 But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.



1608 *King.* Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,  
 1609 I speake no more then what my Soule intends,  
 1610 And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.  
 1611 *Wid.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:  
 1612 I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,  
 1613 And yet too good to be your Concubine.  
 1614 *King.* You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.  
 1615 *Wid.* 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call  
 1616 you Father.  
 1617 *King.* No more, then when my Daughters  
 1618 Call thee Mother.  
 1619 Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,  
 1620 And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,  
 1621 Haue other- some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,  
 1622 To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:  
 1623 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.  
 1624 *Rich.* The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.  
 1625 *Clarence.* When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.  
 1626 *King.* Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue  
 1627 had.  
 1628 *Rich.* The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very  
 1629 sad.  
 1630 *King.* You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie  
 1631 her.  
 1632 *Clarence.* To who, my Lord?  
 1633 *King.* Why *Clarence*, to my selfe. [p4v  
 1634 *Rich.* That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.  
 1635 *Clarence.* That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.  
 1636 *Rich.* By so much is the Wonder in extremes.  
 1637 *King.* Well, ieast on Brothers: I can tell you both,  
 1638 Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.  
 1639 *Enter a Noble man.*  
 1640 *Nob.* My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,  
 1641 And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.  
 1642 *King.* See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:  
 1643 And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,  
 1644 To question of his apprehension.  
 1645 Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.  
 1646 *Exeunt.*  
 1647 *Manet Richard.*  
 1648 *Rich.* I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:  
 1649 Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,  
 1650 That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,  
 1651 To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:  
 1652 And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,  
 1653 The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,

1654 Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,  
1655 And all the vnlook'd- for Issue of their Bodies,  
1656 To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:  
1657 A cold premeditation for my purpose.  
1658 Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,  
1659 Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,  
1660 And spyes a farre- off shore, where hee would tread,  
1661 Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,  
1662 And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,  
1663 Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:  
1664 So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,  
1665 And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,  
1666 And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,  
1667 Flattering me with impossibilities:  
1668 My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're- weenes too much,  
1669 Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.  
1670 Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:  
1671 What other Pleasure can the World afford?  
1672 Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,  
1673 And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,  
1674 And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.  
1675 Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,  
1676 Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.  
1677 Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:  
1678 And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,  
1679 Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,  
1680 To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,  
1681 To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,  
1682 Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;  
1683 To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,  
1684 To dis- proportion me in euery part:  
1685 Like to a Chaos, or an vn- lick'd Beare- whelpe,  
1686 That carryes no impression like the Damme.  
1687 And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
1688 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.  
1689 Then since this Earth affoordes no Ioy to me,  
1690 But to command, to check, to o're- beare such,  
1691 As are of better Person then my selfe:  
1692 Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,  
1693 And whiles I liue, t' account this World but Hell,  
1694 Vntill my mis- shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,  
1695 Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.  
1696 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,  
1697 For many Liues stand betweene me and home:  
1698 And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,  
1699 That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,

1700 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
 1701 Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,  
 1702 But toying desperately to finde it out,  
 1703 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:  
 1704 And from that torment I will free my selfe,  
 1705 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.  
 1706 Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,  
 1707 And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,  
 1708 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,  
 1709 And frame my Face to all occasions.  
 1710 Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,  
 1711 Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,  
 1712 Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,  
 1713 Deceiue more slyly then *Viesses* could,  
 1714 And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.  
 1715 I can adde Colours to the Camelion,  
 1716 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,  
 1717 And set the murtherous *Macheuill* to Schoole.  
 1718 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?  
 1719 Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*  
 1720 *Flourish.*  
 1721 *Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his*  
 1722 *Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,*  
 1723 *Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.*  
 1724 *Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.*  
 1725 *Lewis.* Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,  
 1726 Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,  
 1727 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.  
 1728 *Marg.* No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*  
 1729 Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,  
 1730 Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)  
 1731 Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:  
 1732 But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,  
 1733 And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,  
 1734 Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,  
 1735 And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.  
 1736 *Lewis.* Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this  
 1737 deepe despaire?  
 1738 *Marg.* From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,  
 1739 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.  
 1740 *Lewis.* What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,  
 1741 And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*  
 1742 Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,  
 1743 But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,  
 1744 Ouer all mischance.  
 1745 Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy grieffe,

1746 It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.  
 1747 *Marg.* Those gracious words  
 1748 Reuiue my drooping thoughts,  
 1749 And giue my tongue- ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.  
 1750 Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,  
 1751 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,  
 1752 Is, of a King, become a banisht man,  
 1753 And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;  
 1754 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,  
 1755 Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat  
 1756 Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.  
 1757 This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,  
 1758 With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,  
 1759 Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:  
 1760 And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.  
 1761 Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe: [p5  
 1762 Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis- led,  
 1763 Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,  
 1764 And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.  
 1765 *Lewis.* Renowned Queene,  
 1766 With patience calme the Storme,  
 1767 While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.  
 1768 *Marg.* The more wee stay, the stronger growes our  
 1769 Foe.  
 1770 *Lewis.* The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.  
 1771 *Marg.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
 1772 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.  
 1773 *Enter Warwicke.*  
 1774 *Lewis.* What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-sence?  
 1776 *Marg.* Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest  
 1777 Friend.  
 1778 *Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee  
 1779 to France? *Hee descends. Shee ariseth.*  
 1780 *Marg.* I now begins a second Storme to rise,  
 1781 For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.  
 1782 *Warw.* From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,  
 1783 My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,  
 1784 I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)  
 1785 First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,  
 1786 And then to craue a League of Amitie:  
 1787 And lastly, to confirme that Amitie  
 1788 With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt  
 1789 That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,  
 1790 To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.  
 1791 *Marg.* If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.  
 1792 *Warw.* And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*

1793 In our Kings behalfe,  
 1794 I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,  
 1795 Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue  
 1796 To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;  
 1797 Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,  
 1798 Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.  
 1799 *Marg.* King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,  
 1800 Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand  
 1801 Springs not from *Edwards* well- meant honest Loue,  
 1802 But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:  
 1803 For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,  
 1804 Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?  
 1805 To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,  
 1806 That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,  
 1807 Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.  
 1808 Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage  
 1809 Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis- honor:  
 1810 For though Vsurers sway the rule a while,  
 1811 Yet Hea'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.  
 1812 *Warw.* Iniurious *Margaret*.  
 1813 *Edw.* And why not Queene?  
 1814 *Warw.* Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,  
 1815 And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.  
 1816 *Oxf.* Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,  
 1817 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;  
 1818 And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,  
 1819 Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:  
 1820 And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,  
 1821 Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:  
 1822 From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.  
 1823 *Warw.* *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,  
 1824 You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost  
 1825 All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:  
 1826 Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.  
 1827 But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree  
 1828 Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time  
 1829 To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.  
 1830 *Oxf.* Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy Liege,  
 1831 Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,  
 1832 And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?  
 1833 *Warw.* Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,  
 1834 Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?  
 1835 For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.  
 1836 *Oxf.* Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome  
 1837 My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*  
 1838 Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,

1839 Euen in the downe- fall of his mellow'd yeeres,  
 1840 When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?  
 1841 No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,  
 1842 This Arme vpholds the House of *Lancaster*.  
 1843 *Warw.* And I the House of *Yorke*.  
 1844 *Lewis.* Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,  
 1845 Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,  
 1846 While I vse further conference with *Warwicke*.  
 1847 *They stand aloofe*.  
 1848 *Marg.* Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes be-witch  
 1849 him not.  
 1850 *Lew.* Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience  
 1851 Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth  
 1852 To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.  
 1853 *Warw.* Thereon I pawne my *Credit*, and mine Ho-nor.  
 1855 *Lewis.* But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?  
 1856 *Warw.* The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.  
 1857 *Lewis.* Then further: all dissembling set aside,  
 1858 Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue  
 1859 Vnto our Sister *Bona*.  
 1860 *War.* Such it seemes,  
 1861 As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.  
 1862 My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,  
 1863 That this his Loue was an externall Plant,  
 1864 Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,  
 1865 The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,  
 1866 Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,  
 1867 Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.  
 1868 *Lewis.* Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.  
 1869 *Bona.* Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.  
 1870 Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War[wicke]*.  
 1871 When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,  
 1872 Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.  
 1873 *Lewis.* Then *Warwicke*, thus:  
 1874 Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.  
 1875 And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,  
 1876 Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,  
 1877 Which with her Dowrie shall be counter- poys'd:  
 1878 Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,  
 1879 That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.  
 1880 *Pr.Edw.* To *Edward*, but not to the English King.  
 1881 *Marg.* Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuce,  
 1882 By this alliance to make void my suit:  
 1883 Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.  
 1884 *Lewis.* And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.  
 1885 But if your Title to the Crowne by weake,

1886 As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:  
 1887 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd  
 1888 From giuing ayde, which late I promised.  
 1889 Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,  
 1890 That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.  
 1891 *Warw.* *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease; [p5v  
 1892 Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.  
 1893 And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)  
 1894 You haue a Father able to maintaine you,  
 1895 And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.  
 1896 *Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,  
 1897 Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,  
 1898 I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares  
 1899 (Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold  
 1900 Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,  
 1901 *Post* blowing a horne *Within*.  
 1902 For both of you are Birds of selfe- same Feather.  
 1903 *Lewes.* Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.  
 1904 *Enter the Poste*.  
 1905 *Post.* My Lord Ambassador,  
 1906 These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick*,  
 1907 Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague*.  
 1908 These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis*.  
 1909 And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret*  
 1910 From whom, I know not.  
 1911 *They all reade their Letters*.  
 1912 *Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris  
 1913 Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.  
 1914 *Prince Ed.* Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were  
 1915 netled. I hope, all's for the best.  
 1916 *Lew.* Warwicke, what are thy Newes?  
 1917 And yours, faire Queene.  
 1918 *Mar.* Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.  
 1919 *War.* Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.  
 1920 *Lew.* What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?  
 1921 And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,  
 1922 Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?  
 1923 Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?  
 1924 Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?  
 1925 *Mar.* I told your Maiesty as much before:  
 1926 This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwicke's honesty.  
 1927 *War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,  
 1928 And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,  
 1929 That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;  
 1930 No more my King, for he dishonors me,  
 1931 But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

1932 Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke  
 1933 My Father came vntimely to his death?  
 1934 Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?  
 1935 Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?  
 1936 Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?  
 1937 And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?  
 1938 Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.  
 1939 And to repaire my Honor lost for him,  
 1940 I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.  
 1941 My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,  
 1942 And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:  
 1943 I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,  
 1944 And replant *Henry* in his former state.  
 1945 *Mar.* Warwicke,  
 1946 These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,  
 1947 And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,  
 1948 And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.  
 1949 *War.* So much his Friend, I, his Vnfained Friend,  
 1950 That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs  
 1951 With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,  
 1952 Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,  
 1953 And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.  
 1954 'Tis not his new- made Bride shall succour him.  
 1955 And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,  
 1956 Hee's very likely now to fall from him,  
 1957 For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,  
 1958 Or then for strength and safety of our Country.  
 1959 *Bona.* Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,  
 1960 But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?  
 1961 *Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* liue,  
 1962 Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?  
 1963 *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.  
 1964 *War.* And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.  
 1965 *Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.  
 1966 Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd  
 1967 You shall haue ayde.  
 1968 *Mar.* Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.  
 1969 *Lew.* Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,  
 1970 And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,  
 1971 That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers  
 1972 To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.  
 1973 Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.  
 1974 *Bona.* Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,  
 1975 I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.  
 1976 *Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,  
 1977 And I am ready to put Armor on.



1978 *War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
 1979 And therefore Ile vn- Crowne him, er't be long.  
 1980 There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*  
 1981 *Lew.* But Warwicke,  
 1982 Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men  
 1983 Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:  
 1984 And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen  
 1985 And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.  
 1986 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
 1987 What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?  
 1988 *War.* This shall assure my constant Loyalty,  
 1989 That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,  
 1990 Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,  
 1991 To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.  
 1992 *Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.  
 1993 Sonne *Edward*, she is Faire and Vertuous,  
 1994 Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,  
 1995 And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,  
 1996 That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.  
 1997 *Prin.Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,  
 1998 And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.  
 1999 *He giues his hand to Warw[icke].*  
 2000 *Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,  
 2001 And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall  
 2002 Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.  
 2003 I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,  
 2004 For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.  
 2005 *Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.*  
 2006 *War.* I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,  
 2007 But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:  
 2008 Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
 2009 But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.  
 2010 Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
 2011 Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.  
 2012 I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,  
 2013 And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:  
 2014 Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,  
 2015 But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*  
 2016 *Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and*  
 2017 *Mountague.*  
 2018 *Rich.* Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you  
 2019 Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?  
 2020 Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?  
 2021 *Cla.* Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France, [p6  
 2022 How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?  
 2023 *Som.* My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the

2024 King.  
 2025 *Flourish.*  
 2026 *Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staf-ford,*  
 2027 *Hastings: foure stand on one side,*  
 2028 *and foure on the other.*  
 2029 *Rich.* And his well- chosen Bride.  
 2030 *Clarence.* I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.  
 2031 *King.* Now Brother of Clarence,  
 2032 How like you our Choyce,  
 2033 That you stand pensiuie, as halfe malecontent?  
 2034 *Clarence.* As well as *Lewis* of France,  
 2035 Or the Earle of Warwicke,  
 2036 Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,  
 2037 That they'le take no offence at our abuse.  
 2038 *King.* Suppose they take offence without a cause:  
 2039 They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,  
 2040 Your King and *Warwickes*, and must haue my will.  
 2041 *Rich.* And shall haue your will, because our King:  
 2042 Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.  
 2043 *King.* Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?  
 2044 *Rich.* Not I: no:  
 2045 God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,  
 2046 Whom God hath ioyn'd together:  
 2047 I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,  
 2048 That yoake so well together.  
 2049 *King.* Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,  
 2050 Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*  
 2051 Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?  
 2052 And you too, *Somerset*, and *Mountague*,  
 2053 Speake freely what you thinke.  
 2054 *Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion:  
 2055 That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,  
 2056 For mocking him about the Marriage  
 2057 Of the Lady *Bona*.  
 2058 *Rich.* And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,  
 2059 Is now dis- honored by this new Marriage.  
 2060 *King.* What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,  
 2061 By such inuention as I can deuise?  
 2062 *Mount.* Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,  
 2063 Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth  
 2064 'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home- bred Marriage.  
 2065 *Hast.* Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,  
 2066 England is safe, if true within it selfe?  
 2067 *Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.  
 2068 *Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:  
 2069 Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

2070 Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,  
 2071 And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:  
 2072 In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.  
 2073 *Clar.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues  
 2074 To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.  
 2075 *King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,  
 2076 And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.  
 2077 *Rich.* And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,  
 2078 To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*  
 2079 Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;  
 2080 Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:  
 2081 But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.  
 2082 *Clar.* Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire  
 2083 Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,  
 2084 And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.  
 2085 *King.* Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife  
 2086 That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.  
 2087 *Clarence.* In chusing for your selfe,  
 2088 You shew'd your iudgement:  
 2089 Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue  
 2090 To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;  
 2091 And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.  
 2092 *King.* Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,  
 2093 And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.  
 2094 *Lady Grey.* My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie  
 2095 To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,  
 2096 Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,  
 2097 That I was not ignoble of Descent,  
 2098 And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.  
 2099 But as this Title honors me and mine,  
 2100 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
 2101 Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.  
 2102 *King.* My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:  
 2103 What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,  
 2104 So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,  
 2105 And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?  
 2106 Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,  
 2107 Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:  
 2108 Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,  
 2109 And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.  
 2110 *Rich.* I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.  
 2111 *Enter a Poste.*  
 2112 *King.* Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes  
 2113 from France?  
 2114 *Post.* My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,  
 2115 But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)

2116 Dare not relate.  
 2117 *King.* Goe too, wee pardon thee:  
 2118 Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,  
 2119 As neere as thou canst guesse them.  
 2120 What answer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?  
 2121 *Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:  
 2122 Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,  
 2123 That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
 2124 To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.  
 2125 *King.* Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.  
 2126 But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?  
 2127 *Post.* These were her words, vtt' red with mild disdain:  
 2128 Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,  
 2129 Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.  
 2130 *King.* I blame not her; she could say little lesse:  
 2131 She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?  
 2132 For I haue heard, that she was there in place.  
 2133 *Post.* Tell him (quoth she)  
 2134 My mourning Weedes are done,  
 2135 And I am readie to put Armour on.  
 2136 *King.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
 2137 But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?  
 2138 *Post.* He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,  
 2139 Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:  
 2140 Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
 2141 And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.  
 2142 *King.* Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prouwd words?  
 2143 Well, I will arme me, being thus fore- warn'd:  
 2144 They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.  
 2145 But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?  
 2146 *Post.* I, gracious Soueraigne,  
 2147 They are so link'd in friendship,  
 2148 That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.  
 2149 *Clarence.* Belike, the elder;  
 2150 *Clarence* will haue the younger. [p6v  
 2151 Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,  
 2152 For I will hence to *Warwicks* other Daughter,  
 2153 That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage  
 2154 I may not proue inferior to your selfe.  
 2155 You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.  
 2156 *Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.*  
 2157 *Rich.* Not I:  
 2158 My thoughts ayme at a further matter:  
 2159 I stay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.  
 2160 *King.* *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?  
 2161 Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:

2162 And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.  
 2163 *Pembrooke* and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe  
 2164 Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;  
 2165 They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:  
 2166 My selfe in person will straight follow you.  
 2167 *Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.*  
 2168 But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*  
 2169 Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
 2170 Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:  
 2171 Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;  
 2172 If it be so, then both depart to him:  
 2173 I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.  
 2174 But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
 2175 Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,  
 2176 That I may neuer haue you in suspect.  
 2177 *Mount.* So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues  
 2178 true.  
 2179 *Hast.* And *Hastings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.  
 2180 *King.* Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by vs?  
 2181 *Rich.* I, in despight of all that shall withstand you.  
 2182 *King.* Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.  
 2183 Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,  
 2184 Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.  
 2185 *Exeunt.*  
 2186 *Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,*  
 2187 *with French Souldiors.*  
 2188 *Warw.* Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
 2189 The common people by numbers swarme to vs.  
 2190 *Enter Clarence and Somerset.*  
 2191 But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:  
 2192 Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?  
 2193 *Clar.* Feare not that, my Lord.  
 2194 *Warw.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,  
 2195 And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize,  
 2196 To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart  
 2197 Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;  
 2198 Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,  
 2199 Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:  
 2200 But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.  
 2201 And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,  
 2202 Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
 2203 His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,  
 2204 And but attended by a simple Guard,  
 2205 Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
 2206 Our Scouts haue found the aduerture very easie:  
 2207 That as *Vlysses*, and stout *Diomede*,

2208 With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,  
 2209 And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;  
 2210 So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,  
 2211 At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,  
 2212 And seize himsele: I say not, slaughter him,  
 2213 For I intend but onely to surprize him.  
 2214 You that will follow me to this attempt,  
 2215 Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.  
 2216 *They all cry, Henry.*  
 2217 Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,  
 2218 For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.  
 2219 *Exeunt.*  
 2220 *Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.*  
 2221 1.*Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,  
 2222 The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.  
 2223 2.*Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?  
 2224 1.*Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,  
 2225 Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,  
 2226 Till *Warwicke*, or himsele, be quite suppress.  
 2227 2.*Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,  
 2228 If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.  
 2229 3.*Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,  
 2230 That with the King here resteth in his Tent?  
 2231 1.*Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest  
 2232 friend.  
 2233 3.*Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,  
 2234 That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,  
 2235 While he himsele keepes in the cold field?  
 2236 2.*Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dange-rous.  
 2238 3.*Watch.* I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,  
 2239 I like it better then a dangerous honor.  
 2240 If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,  
 2241 'Tis to be doubted if he would waken him.  
 2242 1.*Watch.* Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his pas-sage.  
 2244 2.*Watch.* I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,  
 2245 But to defend his Person from Night- foes?  
 2246 *Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,*  
 2247 *and French Souldiors, silent all.*  
 2248 *Warw.* This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:  
 2249 Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:  
 2250 But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.  
 2251 1.*Watch.* Who goes there?  
 2252 2.*Watch.* Stay, or thou dyest.  
 2253 *Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke,*  
 2254 *and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,*  
 2255 *Warwicke and the rest following them.*

2256 *The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.*  
 2257 *Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King*  
 2258 *out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard*  
 2259 *and Hastings flyes ouer the Stage.*  
 2260 *Som.* What are they that flye there?  
 2261 *Warw.* *Richard and Hastings:* let them goe, heere is  
 2262 the Duke.  
 2263 *K.Edw.* The Duke?  
 2264 Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,  
 2265 Thou call'dst me King.  
 2266 *Warw.* I, but the case is alter'd.  
 2267 When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,  
 2268 Then I degraded you from being King,  
 2269 And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.  
 2270 Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,  
 2271 That know not how to vse Embassadors,  
 2272 Nor how to be contented with one Wife,  
 2273 Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,  
 2274 Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,  
 2275 Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies? [q1  
 2276 *K.Edw.* Yea, Brother of Clarence,  
 2277 Art thou here too?  
 2278 Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.  
 2279 Yet *Warwicke*, in despite of all mischance,  
 2280 Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,  
 2281 *Edward* will alwayes beare himselfe as King:  
 2282 Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,  
 2283 My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.  
 2284 *Warw.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,  
 2285 *Takes off his Crowne.*  
 2286 But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,  
 2287 And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.  
 2288 My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
 2289 See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd  
 2290 Vnto my Brother Arch- Bishop of Yorke:  
 2291 When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellows,  
 2292 Ile follow you, and tell what answer  
 2293 *Lewis* and the Lady *Bona* send to him.  
 2294 Now for a- while farewell good Duke of Yorke.  
 2295 *They leade him out forcibly.*  
 2296 *K.Ed.* What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
 2297 It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*  
 2298 *Oxf.* What now remains my Lords for vs to do,  
 2299 But march to London with our Soldiers?  
 2300 *War.* I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,  
 2301 To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,

2302 And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *Exit.*  
 2303 *Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.*  
 2304 *Riu.* Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?  
 2305 *Gray.* Why Brother *Riuers*, are you yet to learne  
 2306 What late misfortune is befallne King *Edward*?  
 2307 *Riu.* What losse of some pitcht battell  
 2308 Against *Warwicke*?  
 2309 *Gray.* No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.  
 2310 *Riu.* Then is my Soueraigne slaine?  
 2311 *Gray.* I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,  
 2312 Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,  
 2313 Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:  
 2314 And as I further haue to vnderstand,  
 2315 Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,  
 2316 Fell *Warwickes* Brother, and by that our Foe.  
 2317 *Riu.* These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,  
 2318 Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,  
 2319 *Warwicke* may loose, that now hath wonne the day.  
 2320 *Gray.* Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:  
 2321 And I the rather waine me from dispaire  
 2322 For loue of *Edwards* Off- spring in my wombe:  
 2323 This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
 2324 And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:  
 2325 I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,  
 2326 And stop the rising of blood- sucking sighes,  
 2327 Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne  
 2328 King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne.  
 2329 *Riu.* But Madam,  
 2330 Where is *Warwicke* then become?  
 2331 *Gray.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
 2332 To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,  
 2333 Guesse thou the rest, King *Edwards* Friends must downe.  
 2334 But to preuent the Tyrants violence,  
 2335 (For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)  
 2336 Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,  
 2337 To saue (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:  
 2338 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:  
 2339 Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,  
 2340 If *Warwicke* take vs, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*  
 2341 *Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William*  
 2342 *Stanley.*  
 2343 *Rich.* Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*  
 2344 Leauē off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
 2345 Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.  
 2346 Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,  
 2347 Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands



2348 He hath good vsage, and great liberty,  
 2349 And often but attended with weake guard,  
 2350 Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.  
 2351 I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,  
 2352 That if about this houre he make this way,  
 2353 Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,  
 2354 He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,  
 2355 To set him free from his Captiuitie.  
 2356 *Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman*  
 2357 *with him.*  
 2358 *Huntsman.* This way my Lord,  
 2359 For this way lies the Game.  
 2360 *King Edw.* Nay this way man,  
 2361 See where the Huntsmen stand.  
 2362 Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,  
 2363 Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?  
 2364 *Rich.* Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,  
 2365 Your horse stands ready at the Parke- corner.  
 2366 *King Ed.* But whether shall we then?  
 2367 *Hast.* To Lyn my Lord,  
 2368 And shipt from thence to Flanders.  
 2369 *Rich.* Wel guest beleeeue me, for that was my meaning  
 2370 *K.Ed. Stanley,* I will requite thy forwardnesse.  
 2371 *Rich.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.  
 2372 *K.Ed.* Huntsman, what say'st thou?  
 2373 Wilt thou go along?  
 2374 *Hunts.* Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.  
 2375 *Rich.* Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.  
 2376 *K.Ed.* Bishop farwell,  
 2377 Sheeld thee from *Warwicks* frowne,  
 2378 And pray that I may re- possesse the Crowne. *Exeunt.*  
 2379 *Flourish.* *Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke,*  
 2380 *Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,*  
 2381 *and Lieutenant.*  
 2382 *K.Hen.* M[aster]. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends  
 2383 Haue shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,  
 2384 And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,  
 2385 My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,  
 2386 At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?  
 2387 *Lieu.* Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains  
 2388 But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,  
 2389 I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.  
 2390 *K.Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?  
 2391 Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.  
 2392 For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:  
 2393 I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds

2394 Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,  
 2395 At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,  
 2396 They quite forget their losse of Libertie. [q1v  
 2397 But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,  
 2398 And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,  
 2399 He was the Author, thou the Instrument.  
 2400 Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,  
 2401 By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,  
 2402 And that the people of this blessed Land  
 2403 May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,  
 2404 *Warwicke*, although my Head still weare the Crowne,  
 2405 I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,  
 2406 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.  
 2407 *Warw.* Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,  
 2408 And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,  
 2409 By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,  
 2410 For few men rightly temper with the Starres:  
 2411 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
 2412 For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.  
 2413 *Clar.* No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,  
 2414 To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,  
 2415 Adjudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,  
 2416 As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:  
 2417 And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.  
 2418 *Warw.* And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.  
 2419 *King.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:  
 2420 Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,  
 2421 That no dissention hinder Gouernment:  
 2422 I make you both Protectors of this Land,  
 2423 While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,  
 2424 And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,  
 2425 To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.  
 2426 *Warw.* What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes  
 2427 will?  
 2428 *Clar.* That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,  
 2429 For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.  
 2430 *Warw.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
 2431 Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow  
 2432 To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;  
 2433 I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,  
 2434 While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.  
 2435 And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,  
 2436 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,  
 2437 And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.  
 2438 *Clar.* What else? and that Succession be determined.  
 2439 *Warw.* I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

2440 *King.* But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,  
 2441 Let me entreat (for I command no more)  
 2442 That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,  
 2443 Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:  
 2444 For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,  
 2445 My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.  
 2446 *Clar.* It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all  
 2447 speede.  
 2448 *King.* My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,  
 2449 Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?  
 2450 *Somers.* My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Rich-mond.  
 2452 *King.* Come hither, Englands Hope:  
 2453 *Lays his Hand on his Head.*  
 2454 If secret Powers suggest but truth  
 2455 To my diuining thoughts,  
 2456 This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.  
 2457 His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,  
 2458 His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,  
 2459 His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe  
 2460 Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:  
 2461 Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee  
 2462 Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.  
 2463 *Enter a Poste.*  
 2464 *Warw.* What newes, my friend?  
 2465 *Poste.* That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,  
 2466 And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.  
 2467 *Warw.* Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?  
 2468 *Poste.* He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,  
 2469 And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him  
 2470 In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,  
 2471 And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:  
 2472 For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.  
 2473 *Warw.* My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.  
 2474 But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide  
 2475 A salue for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*  
 2476 *Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*  
 2477 *Som.* My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:  
 2478 For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,  
 2479 And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.  
 2480 As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie  
 2481 Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:  
 2482 So doth my heart mis- giue me, in these Conflicts,  
 2483 What may befall him, to his harme and ours.  
 2484 Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,  
 2485 Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,  
 2486 Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

2487 *Oxf.* I: for if *Edward* re- possesse the Crowne,  
 2488 'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.  
 2489 *Som.* It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.  
 2490 Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*  
 2491 *Flourish.* Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,  
 2492 and *Souldiers.*  
 2493 *Edw.* Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,  
 2494 Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,  
 2495 And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange  
 2496 My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.  
 2497 Well haue we pass'd, and now re- pass'd the Seas,  
 2498 And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.  
 2499 What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd  
 2500 From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,  
 2501 But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?  
 2502 *Rich.* The Gates made fast?  
 2503 Brother, I like not this.  
 2504 For many men that stumble at the Threshold,  
 2505 Are well fore- told, that danger lurkes within.  
 2506 *Edw.* Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:  
 2507 By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,  
 2508 For hither will our friends repaire to vs.  
 2509 *Hast.* My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon  
 2510 them.  
 2511 Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,  
 2512 and his Brethren.  
 2513 *Maior.* My Lords,  
 2514 We were fore- warned of your comming,  
 2515 And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;  
 2516 For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry.*  
 2517 *Edw.* But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,  
 2518 Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.  
 2519 *Maior.* True, my good Lord, I know you for no  
 2520 lesse.  
 2521 *Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,  
 2522 As being well content with that alone. [q2  
 2523 *Rich.* But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,  
 2524 Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.  
 2525 *Hast.* Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?  
 2526 Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.  
 2527 *Maior.* I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.  
 2528 *He descends.*  
 2529 *Rich.* A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.  
 2530 *Hast.* The good old man would faine that all were wel,  
 2531 So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,  
 2532 I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade

2533 Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.  
 2534 *Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.*  
 2535 *Edw.* So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,  
 2536 But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.  
 2537 What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,  
 2538 *Takes his Keyes.*  
 2539 For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,  
 2540 And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.  
 2541 *March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme*  
 2542 *and Souldiers.*  
 2543 *Rich.* Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,  
 2544 Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.  
 2545 *Edw.* Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in  
 2546 Armes?  
 2547 *Mount.* To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,  
 2548 As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.  
 2549 *Edw.* Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:  
 2550 But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,  
 2551 And onely clayme our Dukedome,  
 2552 Till God please to send the rest.  
 2553 *Mount.* Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,  
 2554 I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:  
 2555 Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.  
 2556 *The Drumme begins to march.*  
 2557 *Edw.* Nay stay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'le debate  
 2558 By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.  
 2559 *Mount.* What talke you of debating? in few words,  
 2560 If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,  
 2561 Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,  
 2562 To keepe them back, that come to succour you.  
 2563 Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?  
 2564 *Rich.* Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
 2565 points?  
 2566 *Edw.* When wee grow stronger,  
 2567 Then wee'le make our Clayme:  
 2568 Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.  
 2569 *Hast.* Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must  
 2570 rule.  
 2571 *Rich.* And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.  
 2572 Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,  
 2573 The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.  
 2574 *Edw.* Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,  
 2575 And *Henry* but vsurpes the Diademe.  
 2576 *Mount.* I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
 2577 And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.  
 2578 *Hast.* Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shal be here proclaim'd:

2579 Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.  
 2580 *Flourish. Sound.*  
 2581 *Soul.* Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of  
 2582 England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.  
 2583 *Mount.* And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edwards* right,  
 2584 By this I challenge him to single fight.  
 2585 *Throwes downe his Gauntlet.*  
 2586 *All.* Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.  
 2587 *Edw.* Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,  
 2588 And thankes vnto you all:  
 2589 If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.  
 2590 Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:  
 2591 And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre  
 2592 About the Border of this Horizon,  
 2593 Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;  
 2594 For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.  
 2595 Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it beseemes thee,  
 2596 To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?  
 2597 Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.  
 2598 Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,  
 2599 And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*  
 2600 *Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague,*  
 2601 *Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*  
 2602 *War.* What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,  
 2603 With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,  
 2604 Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,  
 2605 And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,  
 2606 And many giddie people flock to him.  
 2607 *King.* Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.  
 2608 *Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 2609 Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.  
 2610 *War.* In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,  
 2611 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,  
 2612 Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*  
 2613 Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,  
 2614 The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.  
 2615 Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,  
 2616 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
 2617 Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.  
 2618 And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,  
 2619 In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.  
 2620 My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,  
 2621 Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,  
 2622 Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,  
 2623 Shall rest in London, till we come to him:  
 2624 Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.

2625 Farewell my Soueraigne.  
 2626 *King.* Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.  
 2627 *Clar.* In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.  
 2628 *King.* Well- minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.  
 2629 *Mount.* Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.  
 2630 *Oxf.* And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.  
 2631 *King.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,  
 2632 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.  
 2633 *War.* Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.  
 2634 *Exeunt.*  
 2635 *King.* Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.  
 2636 Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?  
 2637 Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,  
 2638 Should not be able to encounter mine.  
 2639 *Exet.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.  
 2640 *King.* That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:  
 2641 I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,  
 2642 Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,  
 2643 My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,  
 2644 My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,  
 2645 My mercie dry'd their water- flowing teares.  
 2646 I haue not been desirous of their wealth,  
 2647 Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,  
 2648 Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.  
 2649 Then why should they loue *Edward* more then me?  
 2650 No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace: [q2v  
 2651 And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,  
 2652 The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.  
 2653 *Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.*  
 2654 *Exet.* Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are  
 2655 these?  
 2656 *Enter Edward and his Souldiers.*  
 2657 *Edw.* Seize on the shamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,  
 2658 And once againe proclaime vs King of England.  
 2659 You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
 2660 Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,  
 2661 And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.  
 2662 Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  
 2663 *Exit with King Henry.*  
 2664 And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,  
 2665 Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remains:  
 2666 The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,  
 2667 Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd- for Hay.  
 2668 *Rich.* Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,  
 2669 And take the great- growne Traytor vnawares:  
 2670 Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.

2671 *Exeunt.*  
 2672 *Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two*  
 2673 *Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*  
 2674 *War.* Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?  
 2675 How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  
 2676 *Mess.1.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.  
 2677 *War.* How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?  
 2678 Where is the Post that came from *Mountague*?  
 2679 *Mess.2.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.  
 2680 *Enter Someruile.*  
 2681 *War.* Say *Someruile*, what sayes my louing Sonne?  
 2682 And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now?  
 2683 *Someru.* At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,  
 2684 And doe expect him here some two howres hence.  
 2685 *War.* Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.  
 2686 *Someru.* It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:  
 2687 The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.  
 2688 *War.* Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.  
 2689 *Someru.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.  
 2690 *March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,*  
 2691 *and Souldiers.*  
 2692 *Edw.* Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.  
 2693 *Rich.* See how the surly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.  
 2694 *War.* Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?  
 2695 Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,  
 2696 That we could heare no newes of his repayre.  
 2697 *Edw.* Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,  
 2698 Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
 2699 Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
 2700 And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?  
 2701 *War.* Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
 2702 Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,  
 2703 Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,  
 2704 And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.  
 2705 *Rich.* I thought at least he would haue said the King,  
 2706 Or did he make the Ieast against his will?  
 2707 *War.* Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?  
 2708 *Rich.* I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,  
 2709 Ile doe thee seruice for so good a gift.  
 2710 *War.* 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Bro-ther.  
 2711 *Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.  
 2712 *War.* Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:  
 2713 And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,  
 2714 And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.  
 2715 *Edw.* But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Prisoner:  
 2716 And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but answer this,



2718 What is the Body, when the Head is off?  
 2719 *Rich.* Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore- cast,  
 2720 But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,  
 2721 The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:  
 2722 You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,  
 2723 And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.  
 2724 *Edw.* 'Tis euen so, yet you are *Warwicke* still.  
 2725 *Rich.* Come *Warwicke*,  
 2726 Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:  
 2727 Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.  
 2728 *War.* I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,  
 2729 And with the other, fling it at thy face,  
 2730 Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.  
 2731 *Edw.* Sayle how thou canst,  
 2732 Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,  
 2733 This Hand, fast wound about thy coale- black hayre,  
 2734 Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,  
 2735 Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,  
 2736 Wind- changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.  
 2737 *Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.*  
 2738 *War.* Oh chearefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.  
 2739 *Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.*  
 2740 *Rich.* The Gates are open, let vs enter too.  
 2741 *Edw.* So other foes may set vpon our backs.  
 2742 Stand we in good array: for they no doubt  
 2743 Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;  
 2744 If not, the Citie being but of small defence,  
 2745 Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.  
 2746 *War.* Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.  
 2747 *Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.*  
 2748 *Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.*  
 2749 *Rich.* Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason  
 2750 Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.  
 2751 *Edw.* The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,  
 2752 My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.  
 2753 *Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.*  
 2754 *Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.*  
 2755 *Rich.* Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
 2756 Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of *Yorke*,  
 2757 And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.  
 2758 *Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.*  
 2759 *War.* And loe, where *George* of Clarence sweepes along,  
 2760 Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:  
 2761 With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailles  
 2762 More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.  
 2763 Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.

2764 *Clar.* Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?  
 2765 Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
 2766 I will not ruinate my Fathers House,  
 2767 Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,  
 2768 And set vp *Lancaster*. Why, trowest thou, *Warwicke*,  
 2769 That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, vnnaturall,  
 2770 To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre [q3  
 2771 Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.  
 2772 Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:  
 2773 To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,  
 2774 Then *Iephah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.  
 2775 I am so sorry for my Trespas made,  
 2776 That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,  
 2777 I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:  
 2778 With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,  
 2779 (As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)  
 2780 To plague thee, for thy foule mis- leading me.  
 2781 And so, proud- hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,  
 2782 And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.  
 2783 Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:  
 2784 And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,  
 2785 For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.  
 2786 *Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,  
 2787 Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.  
 2788 *Rich.* Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother- like.  
 2789 *Warw.* Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust.  
 2790 *Edw.* What *Warwicke*,  
 2791 Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?  
 2792 Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?  
 2793 *Warw.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:  
 2794 I will away towards Barnet presently,  
 2795 And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.  
 2796 *Edw.* Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:  
 2797 Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*  
 2798 *March. Warwicke and his companie followes.*  
 2799 *Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing*  
 2800 *forth Warwicke wounded.*  
 2801 *Edw.* So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,  
 2802 For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.  
 2803 Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,  
 2804 That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie.  
 2805 *Exit.*  
 2806 *Warw.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,  
 2807 And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?  
 2808 Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,  
 2809 My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,

2810 That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,  
 2811 And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
 2812 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,  
 2813 Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,  
 2814 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,  
 2815 Whose top- branch ouer- peer'd *Ioues* spreading Tree,  
 2816 And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.  
 2817 These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,  
 2818 Haue beene as piercing as the Mid- day Sunne,  
 2819 To search the secret Treasons of the World:  
 2820 The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,  
 2821 Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:  
 2822 For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?  
 2823 And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?  
 2824 Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.  
 2825 My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,  
 2826 Euen now forsake me; and of all my Lands,  
 2827 Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.  
 2828 Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?  
 2829 And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.  
 2830 *Enter Oxford and Somerset.*  
 2831 *Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,  
 2832 We might recouer all our Losse againe:  
 2833 The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.  
 2834 Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.  
 2835 *Warw.* Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,  
 2836 If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,  
 2837 And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.  
 2838 Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou did'st,  
 2839 Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 2840 That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.  
 2841 Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.  
 2842 *Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,  
 2843 And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:  
 2844 And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.  
 2845 And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,  
 2846 Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,  
 2847 That mought not be distingisht: but at last,  
 2848 I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,  
 2849 Oh farewell *Warwicke*.  
 2850 *Warw.* Sweet rest his Soule:  
 2851 Flye Lords, and saue your selues,  
 2852 For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.  
 2853 *Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.  
 2854 *Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.*  
 2855 *Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with*

2856 *Richard, Clarence, and the rest.*  
 2857 *King.* Thus farre our fortune keeps an vpward course,  
 2858 And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:  
 2859 But in the midst of this bright- shining Day,  
 2860 I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,  
 2861 That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,  
 2862 Ere he attaine his easefull Western Bed:  
 2863 I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene  
 2864 Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,  
 2865 And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.  
 2866 *Clar.* A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,  
 2867 And blow it to the Source from whence it came,  
 2868 Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,  
 2869 For euey Cloud engenders not a Storme.  
 2870 *Rich.* The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,  
 2871 And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:  
 2872 If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd  
 2873 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.  
 2874 *King.* We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,  
 2875 That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.  
 2876 We hauing now the best at Barnet field,  
 2877 Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,  
 2878 And as we march, our strength will be augmented:  
 2879 In euey Countie as we goe along,  
 2880 Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*  
 2881 *Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young*  
 2882 *Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and*  
 2883 *Souldiers.*  
 2884 *Qu.* Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,  
 2885 But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.  
 2886 What though the Mast be now blowne ouer- boord,  
 2887 The Cable broke, the holding- Anchor lost,  
 2888 And halfe our Saylor's swallow'd in the flood?  
 2889 Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee  
 2890 Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,  
 2891 With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,  
 2892 And giue more strength to that which hath too much,  
 2893 Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,  
 2894 Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?  
 2895 Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.  
 2896 Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that? [q3v  
 2897 And *Mountague* our Top- Mast: what of him?  
 2898 Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles: what of these?  
 2899 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?  
 2900 And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?  
 2901 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?

2902 And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,  
 2903 For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?  
 2904 We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,  
 2905 But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)  
 2906 From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.  
 2907 As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.  
 2908 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?  
 2909 What *Clarence*, but a Quick- sand of Deceit?  
 2910 And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?  
 2911 All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.  
 2912 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:  
 2913 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,  
 2914 Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,  
 2915 Or else you famish, that's a three- fold Death.  
 2916 This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,  
 2917 If case some one of you would flye from vs,  
 2918 That there's no hop'd- for Mercy with the Brothers,  
 2919 More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.  
 2920 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,  
 2921 'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.  
 2922 *Prince*. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
 2923 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,  
 2924 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,  
 2925 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
 2926 I speake not this, as doubting any here:  
 2927 For did I but suspect a fearefull man,  
 2928 He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,  
 2929 Least in our need he might infect another,  
 2930 And make him of like spirit to himselfe.  
 2931 If any such be here, as God forbid,  
 2932 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.  
 2933 *Oxf*. Women and Children of so high a courage,  
 2934 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.  
 2935 Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather  
 2936 Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,  
 2937 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.  
 2938 *Som*. And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
 2939 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
 2940 If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.  
 2941 *Qu*. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.  
 2942 *Prince*. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing  
 2943 else.  
 2944 *Enter a Messenger*.  
 2945 *Mess*. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,  
 2946 Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.  
 2947 *Oxf*. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,

2948 To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.  
 2949 *Som.* But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.  
 2950 *Qu.* This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.  
 2951 *Oxf.* Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.  
 2952 *Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,*  
 2953 *Clarence, and Souldiers.*  
 2954 *Edw.* Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,  
 2955 Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,  
 2956 Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.  
 2957 I need not adde more fuell to your fire,  
 2958 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:  
 2959 Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.  
 2960 *Qu.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,  
 2961 My teares gaine- say: for euery word I speake,  
 2962 Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.  
 2963 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne  
 2964 Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,  
 2965 His Realme a slaughter- house, his Subiects slaine,  
 2966 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:  
 2967 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.  
 2968 You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,  
 2969 Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.  
 2970 *Alarum, Retreat, Excursions. Exeunt.*  
 2971 *Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,*  
 2972 *Oxford, Somerset.*  
 2973 *Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.  
 2974 Away with *Oxford*, to Hames Castle straight:  
 2975 For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.  
 2976 Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.  
 2977 *Oxf.* For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.  
 2978 *Som.* Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.  
 2979 *Exeunt.*  
 2980 *Qu.* So part we sadly in this troublous World,  
 2981 To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.  
 2982 *Edw.* Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,  
 2983 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?  
 2984 *Rich.* It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.  
 2985 *Enter the Prince.*  
 2986 *Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.  
 2987 What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?  
 2988 *Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
 2989 For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,  
 2990 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?  
 2991 *Prince.* Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *Yorke*.  
 2992 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
 2993 Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,

2994 Whil'st I propose the selfe- same words to thee,  
 2995 Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.  
 2996 *Qu.* Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd.  
 2997 *Rich.* That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,  
 2998 And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.  
 2999 *Prince.* Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,  
 3000 His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place.  
 3001 *Rich.* By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.  
 3002 *Qu.* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.  
 3003 *Rich.* For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.  
 3004 *Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding Crooke- backe,  
 3005 rather.  
 3006 *Edw.* Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.  
 3007 *Clar.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.  
 3008 *Prince.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:  
 3009 Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,  
 3010 And thou mis- shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,  
 3011 I am your better, Traytors as ye are,  
 3012 And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.  
 3013 *Edw.* Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.  
 3014 *Stabs him.*  
 3015 *Rich.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.  
 3016 *Rich[ard]. stabs him.*  
 3017 *Clar.* And ther's for twitting me with periurie.  
 3018 *Clar[ence]. stabs him.*  
 3019 *Qu.* Oh, kill me too.  
 3020 *Rich.* Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*  
 3021 *Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much. [q4  
 3022 *Rich.* Why should shee liue, to fill the World with  
 3023 words.  
 3024 *Edw.* What? doth shee swowne? vse meanes for her  
 3025 recouerie.  
 3026 *Rich.* *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother:  
 3027 Ile hence to London on a serious matter,  
 3028 Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.  
 3029 *Cl.* What? what?  
 3030 *Rich.* Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*  
 3031 *Qu.* Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.  
 3032 Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!  
 3033 They that stabb'd *Caesar*, shed no blood at all:  
 3034 Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,  
 3035 If this foule deed were by, to equall it.  
 3036 He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,  
 3037 And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.  
 3038 What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?  
 3039 No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

3040 And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.  
 3041 Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,  
 3042 How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:  
 3043 You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,  
 3044 The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,  
 3045 But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,  
 3046 Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.  
 3047 As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.  
 3048 *King.* Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.  
 3049 *Qu.* Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:  
 3050 Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:  
 3051 What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.  
 3052 *Cl.* By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.  
 3053 *Qu.* Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.  
 3054 *Cl.* Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?  
 3055 *Qu.* I, but thou vvest to forswear thy selfe.  
 3056 'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity  
 3057 What wilt y not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?  
 3058 Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?  
 3059 Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes- deed:  
 3060 Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.  
 3061 *Ed.* Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,  
 3062 *Qu.* So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.  
 3063 *Exit Queene.*  
 3064 *Ed.* Where's *Richard* gone.  
 3065 *Cl.* To London all in post, and as I guesse,  
 3066 To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.  
 3067 *Ed.* He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.  
 3068 Now march we hence, discharge the common sort  
 3069 With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,  
 3070 And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,  
 3071 By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*  
 3072 *Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant*  
 3073 *on the Walles.*  
 3074 *Rich.* Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so  
 3075 hard?  
 3076 *Hen.* I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,  
 3077 Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:  
 3078 'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,  
 3079 And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.  
 3080 *Rich.* Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.  
 3081 *Hen.* So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from y Wolfe:  
 3082 So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,  
 3083 And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.  
 3084 What Scene of death hath *Rossius* now to Acte?  
 3085 *Rich.* Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,



3086 The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,  
 3087 *Hen.* The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,  
 3088 With trembling wings misdoubteth euey bush;  
 3089 And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,  
 3090 Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,  
 3091 Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.  
 3092 *Rich.* Why what a peeuish Foole was that of Creet,  
 3093 That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,  
 3094 And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.  
 3095 *Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,  
 3096 Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our course,  
 3097 The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.  
 3098 Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea  
 3099 Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:  
 3100 Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,  
 3101 My brest can better brooke thy Dagggers point,  
 3102 Then can my eares that Tragicke History.  
 3103 But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?  
 3104 *Rich.* Think'st thou I am an Executioner?  
 3105 *Hen.* A Persecutor I am sure thou art,  
 3106 If murthering Innocents be Executing,  
 3107 Why then thou art an Executioner.  
 3108 *Rich.* Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.  
 3109 *Hen.* Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume,  
 3110 Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:  
 3111 And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,  
 3112 Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,  
 3113 And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,  
 3114 And many an Orphans water- standing- eye,  
 3115 Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,  
 3116 Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,  
 3117 Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.  
 3118 The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,  
 3119 The Night- Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,  
 3120 Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:  
 3121 The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,  
 3122 And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:  
 3123 Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,  
 3124 And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,  
 3125 To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe,  
 3126 Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.  
 3127 Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,  
 3128 To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:  
 3129 And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,  
 3130 Thou cam'st—  
 3131 *Rich.* Ile heare no more:

3132 Dye Prophet in thy speech, *Stabbes him.*  
 3133 For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.  
 3134 *Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this,  
 3135 O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*  
 3136 *Rich.* What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 3137 Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.  
 3138 See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.  
 3139 O may such purple teares be alway shed  
 3140 From those that wish the downfall of our house.  
 3141 If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,  
 3142 Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.  
 3143 *Stabs him againe.*  
 3144 I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,  
 3145 Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:  
 3146 For I haue often heard my Mother say,  
 3147 I came into the world with my Legges forward.  
 3148 Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,  
 3149 And seeke their Ruine, that vsur'd our Right?  
 3150 The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de  
 3151 O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth, [q4v  
 3152 And so I was, which plainly signified,  
 3153 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:  
 3154 Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,  
 3155 Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.  
 3156 I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:  
 3157 And this word (Loue) which Gray- beards call Diuine,  
 3158 Be resident in men like one another,  
 3159 And not in me: I am my selfe alone.  
 3160 *Clarence* beware, thou kept'st me from the Light,  
 3161 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:  
 3162 For I will buzze abroad such Propheties,  
 3163 That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,  
 3164 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
 3165 King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,  
 3166 *Clarence* thy turne is next, and then the rest,  
 3167 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
 3168 Ile throw thy body in another roome,  
 3169 And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*  
 3170 *Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,*  
 3171 *Nurse, and Attendants.*  
 3172 *King.* Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,  
 3173 Re- purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:  
 3174 What valiant Foe- men, like to Autumnes Corne,  
 3175 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
 3176 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,  
 3177 For hardy and vndoubted Champions:

3178 Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,  
 3179 And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,  
 3180 Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.  
 3181 With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,  
 3182 That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,  
 3183 And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.  
 3184 Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,  
 3185 And made our Footstoole of Security.  
 3186 Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:  
 3187 Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,  
 3188 Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,  
 3189 Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,  
 3190 That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,  
 3191 And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.  
 3192 *Rich.* Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,  
 3193 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
 3194 This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,  
 3195 And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,  
 3196 Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.  
 3197 *King. Clarence and Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,  
 3198 And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.  
 3199 *Cla.* The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,  
 3200 I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.  
 3201 *Cla.* Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.  
 3202 *Rich.* And that I loue the tree fro[m] whence y sprang'st:  
 3203 Witnessse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,  
 3204 To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,  
 3205 And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.  
 3206 *King.* Now am I seated as my soule delights,  
 3207 Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.  
 3208 *Cla.* What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,  
 3209 *Reynard* her Father, to the King of France  
 3210 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,  
 3211 And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.  
 3212 *King.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France:  
 3213 And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
 3214 With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,  
 3215 Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.  
 3216 Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,  
 3217 For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes*

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**FINIS.**

**3219 The third Part of Henry the Sixt,**  
**3220 with the death of the Duke of**  
**YORKE.**

