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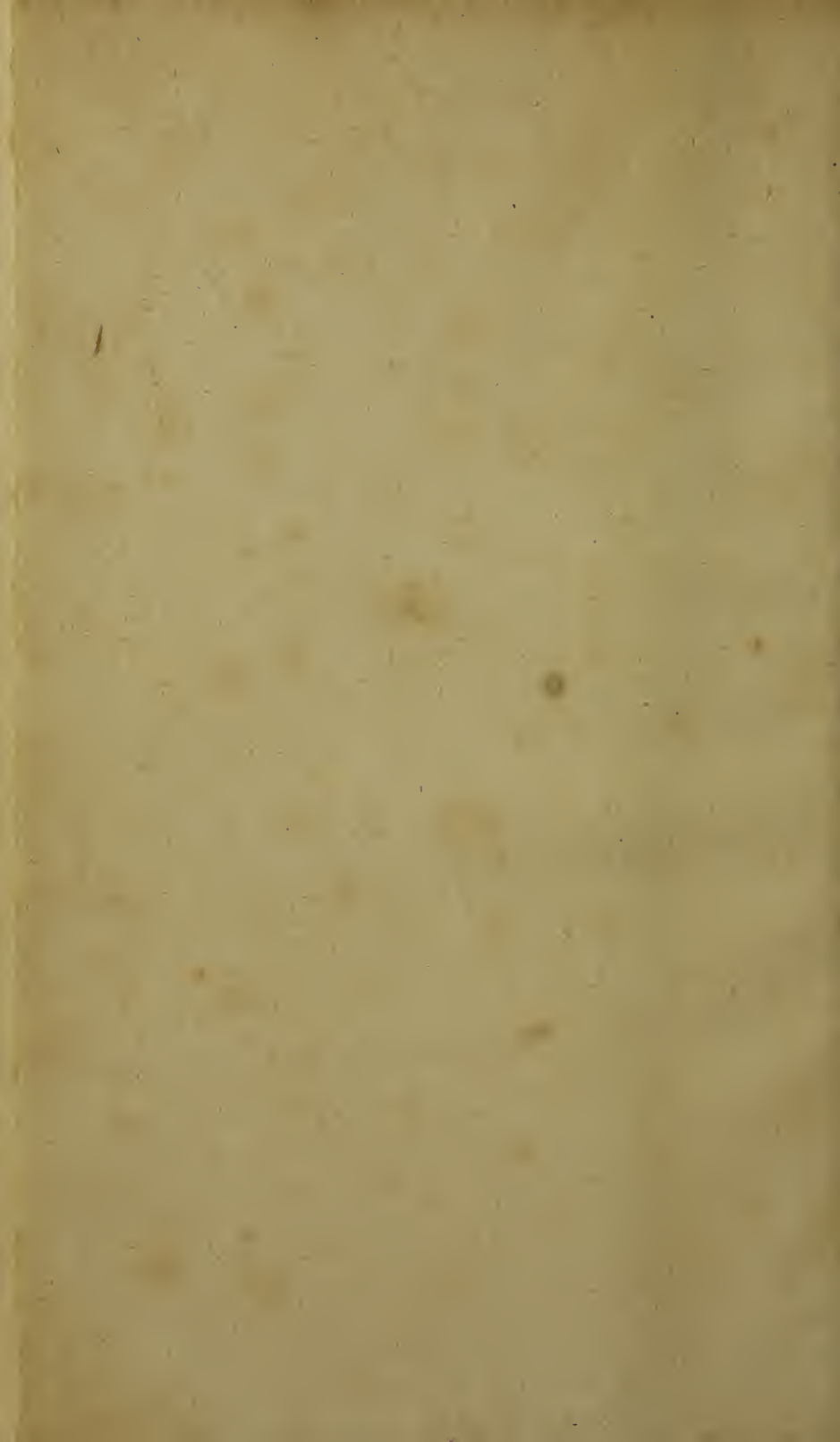
















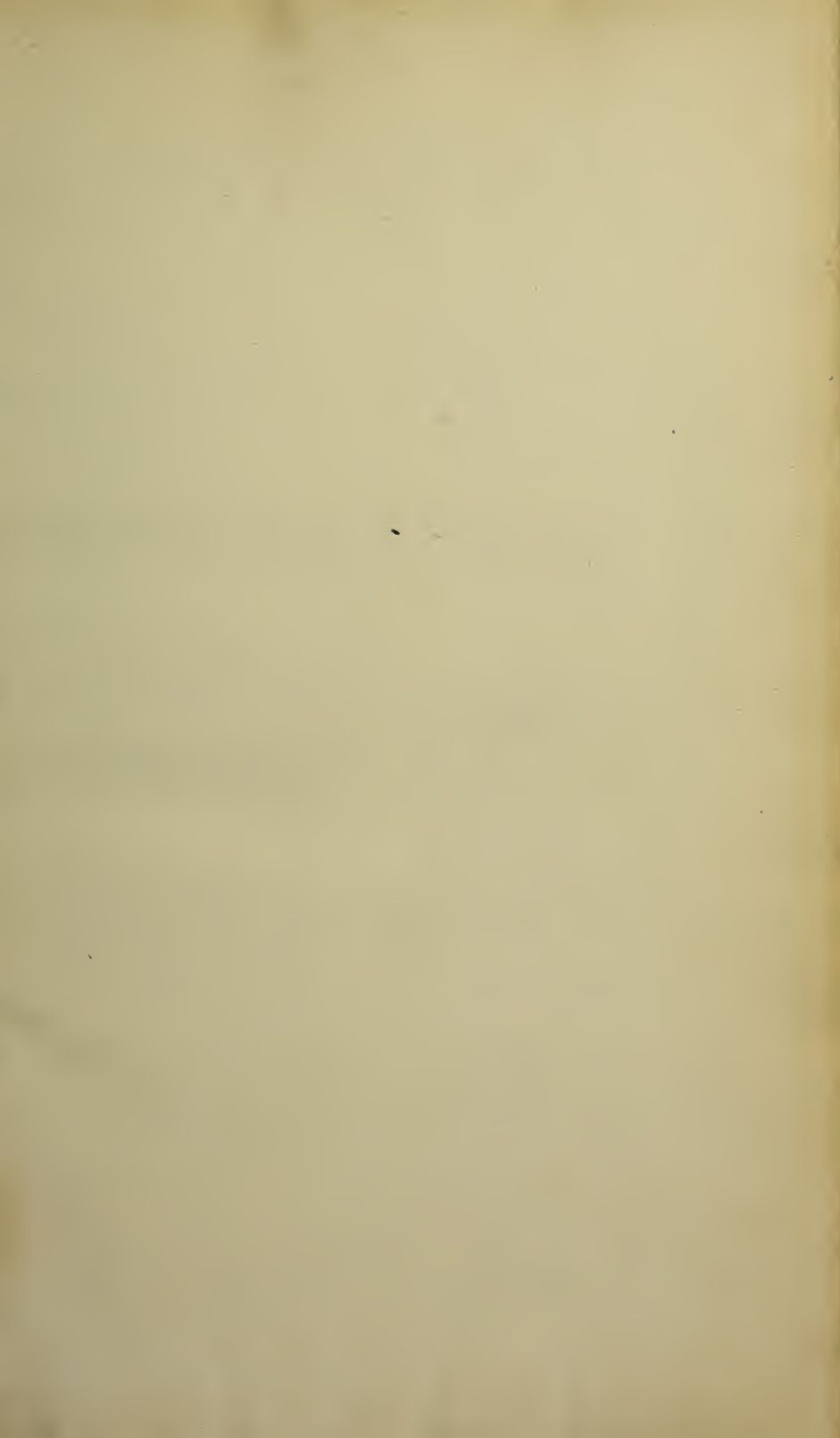




















Boston Public Library.

Sr

As you requested I have  
taken the liberty to make  
very free remarks on a Plain  
which I think might after a  
thorough revision, be produced  
before the Public with success,  
especially as connected with  
your candid confessions.

I am  
Sr

Yours truly  
Wm. Chapman

6 Feb 1810

J. C.

College Square

17<sup>th</sup> Feby 1810.

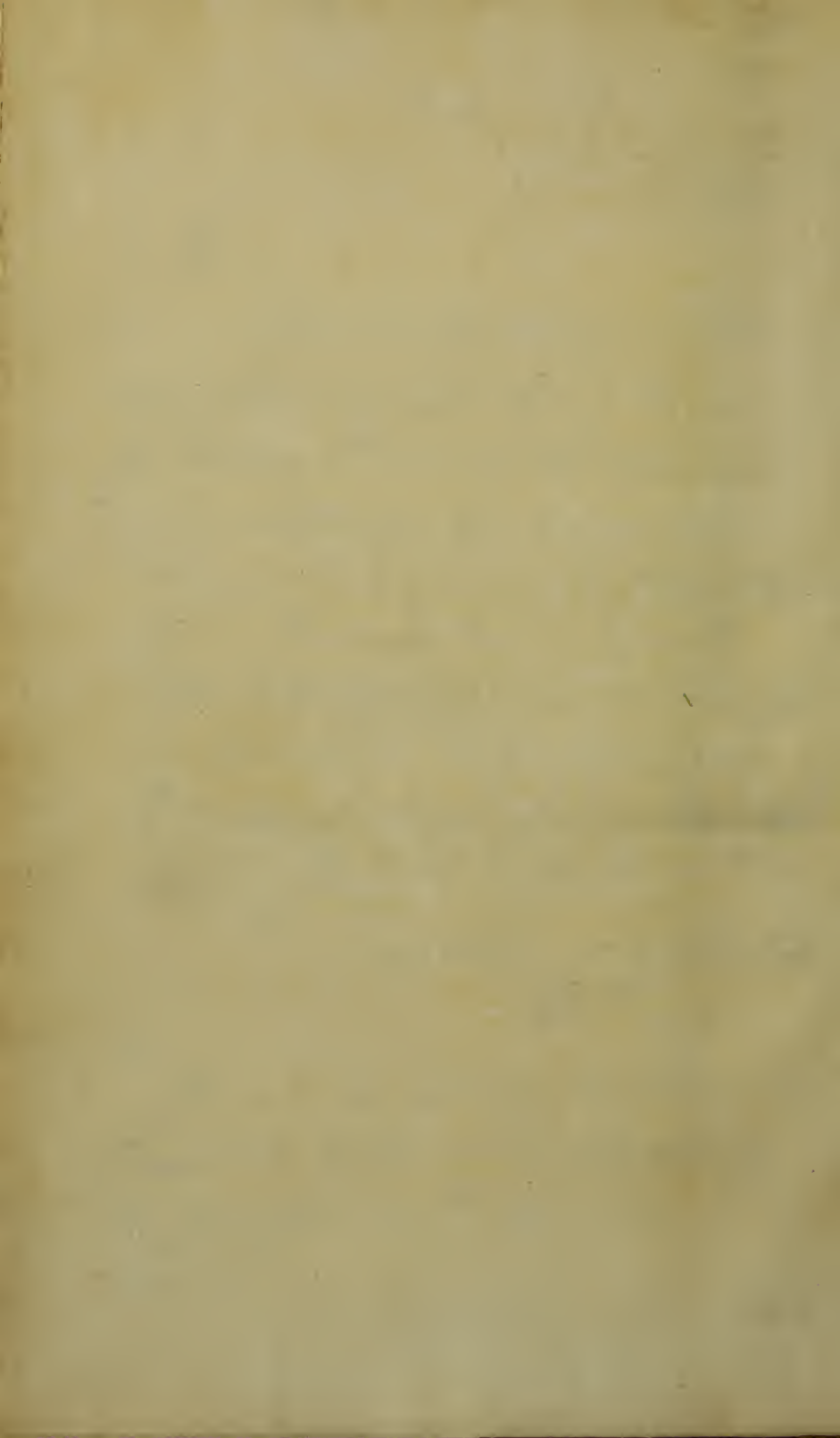
Sir

I have to thank you for the  
remarks annexed to my Drama  
of Henry 2<sup>d</sup>, and for the opinions  
you entertain of its probable  
Success, if produced to the publick  
after a thorough revision; with  
respect to my Conceptions as Truth  
is after all the sterling criterion  
I sincerely trust I shall ~~be~~  
profit by past experience & am

Sr Your obliged obed<sup>t</sup> Servant  
W.H.C.

P.S. Your note is dated the 6<sup>th</sup> Inst.  
I received the parcel the very day  
it was left at W. Ry's. viz. the  
15<sup>th</sup> Inst





HENRY THE SECOND,

A N

HISTORICAL DRAMA,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN

BY THE AUTHOR

O F

*Ms. B. 1. 3. 13*

VORTIGERN.

*My own Copy for Corrections &c.  
Wm. H. Ireland.*

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. BARKER,  
Dramatic Repository,  
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1799.

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
OF THE  
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153,652

May. 1873

Gaston

YRABOLI CHAMPI  
THE THE  
HOTSPRING



## Advertisement.

---

THE Editor of the following sheets feels it a duty incumbent upon him, to lay before the public some particulars relative to the manner in which they came into his possession.

A considerable time after the play of Vortigern was produced, he received from the hands of his son about four hundred lines of this play, in his own hand-writing, and with them a solemn declaration, that they were faithfully copied from ancient and original papers; and that the remainder should be transcribed with all convenient speed. The title and two other leaves only were produced of the old MS. and these were asserted to be all that ever would appear in that state; the gentleman, *i. e.* the supposed original proprietor of the papers, having expressed much dissatisfaction at the objections made by the public to the uncouthness of the orthography.

After frequent and urgent solicitation on the part of the Editor to receive the remainder of the play, and waiting many months, he at length obtained it from his son, with this apology: "that the gentleman who gave them was of a capricious disposition, and would only suffer them to be copied at certain times, when he was in the humour." With these representations, added to the repeated assurances of their being authentic, the Editor was obliged to remain satisfied, nor can he feel himself disposed to give implicit credit to any assertions that have been since made from the same quarter; as they stand in direct opposition to what had been before solemnly stated as fact.

The Editor here thinks it necessary, in order to prove his right in publishing this play, to state the following quotation

from a letter written by his son, dated June 14, 1796, "As  
 " you have yet no proof but my parole for the gift of  
 " Henry II. I now tell you that I beg your acceptance of  
 " the publication of Vortigern, and the whole of the  
 " profits of Henry II."

This piece is here given almost verbatim from the MS. which is not divided into Acts, nor in many places is any punctuation attended to. The lines in this play, as well as in Vortigern, are numerated, and in many places erroneously. Of its merits the Editor has never intimated an opinion, but he is encouraged by that of others better enabled to form a judgment, and by their approbation is emboldened to lay it before the public. One circumstance relative to this production he thinks necessary to advert to, as it may possibly at a future day lead to some further knowledge of the true history of this as well as the other papers: Some months after this play was produced, the Editor accidentally met with a passage in the *Biographia Dramatica*, of which the following is an extract: "Henry I. and Henry II. by Wm. Shakespeare and Rob. Davenport. In the books of the Stationers Company, the 9th of Sept. 1653, an entry is made of the above title; but what species of the drama it was, or whether one or two performances, are facts not ascertained. Whatever it might be, it suffered in the general havoc made by Mr. Warburton's servant."

The Editor has examined this entry, which was made by Humphry Mofely, a bookseller of that period, and finds it correctly stated, but with the following additional plays entered by the same person, and on the same day, viz. "The History of Cardenio, by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare, and The Merry Devill of Edmonton, by Wm. Shakespeare." On enquiry, he is credibly informed by those who knew Mr. Warburton above-mentioned, that a fire happened at his house in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street,  
 about

about 36 years ago, and destroyed his effects, amongst which were many books and MSS.

When the fact above related was mentioned by the Editor to his son, *he expressed much surprise and satisfaction*; observing that “*he presumed the world would now no longer entertain a doubt of the validity of the papers.*” This circumstance, added to the general appearance on the face of the MSS. of their having been scorched by fire, gave additional weight to their supposed originality, and fuller confidence to the Editor, in his intention of laying these plays before the world. As this is probably the last time he may ever find occasion to address the public on the subject of these mysterious papers, so long a matter of controversy with them, and of unspeakable inconvenience to himself, he thinks it necessary here to declare, that *he has had no intercourse or communication with the cause of all this public and domestic misfortune, for near three years, the period at which the party alluded to quitted his house, except one meeting had at the request and in the presence of Mr. Albany Wallis, of Norfolk-street.*

At this meeting for the first time the party above-mentioned declared himself the author of all the papers, and that he was about publishing the same to the world. Of the truth of this declaration the public will form their opinion; but, let that opinion be what it may, *the Editor here most solemnly reiterates his protestation, that all sources of information that have ever reached him on the subject of these papers, he has unreservedly communicated to the public; of whom he asks that only to which he feels and knows he is justly and honestly entitled, viz. to be considered by them as in honour and honesty utterly incapable, in every character either as associate or principal, of intentional imposture, or of laying before them papers, as genuine, which, whatever they may be, he did not believe to be of that description.*

DRAMATIS

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

KING HENRY THE SECOND.

RICHARD, }  
JOHN,    } His Sons.  
HENRY,  }

THOMAS BECKET.

THEOBALD, Archbishop of Canterbury.

LORD DE CLIFFORD.

ROBERT, Earl of Leicester.

HUGH, Earl of Chester.

ROGER MOWBRAY.

JOHN DE SALISBURY.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM, King of Scotland.

QUEEN ELEANOR.

ROSAMOND, Daughter to Lord de Clifford.

NURSE to Rosamond.

SIR HUGH MORVEL, }  
SIR REGINALD BERISON, } The 4 Knights who  
SIR WILLIAM TRACY,    } slew Becket.  
SIR RICHARD BRYTO,    }





# HENRY THE SECOND.

---

## A C T I.

### SCENE I.

*France.*

*The English Camp and a Castle besieged—K. HENRY,  
HUGH, EARL OF CHESTER, ROBERT, EARL  
OF LEICESTER, and ROGER MOWBRAY—  
Soldiers, &c.*

*Henry.*

SAY noble Chester! have yet mine Heralds  
From out their brazen and long neck'd  
trumps,  
Spoke English thunder to these dastard French,  
And hail'd their quick surrender of this fort?  
Or will they ruffle Harry's smiling brow,  
And by denial dare him to a siege?

*Ches.* Dread Sir, they here attend your will.

*Hen.* Then let the English lions roar!

B

*Heralds*

*Heralds found.*

*Officer answers from the Castle.*

*Off.* Speak! who are ye that do crave this  
parley,  
And with such loud and bellowing clangor, 10  
Wou'd from death's sleep, awaken us to hear?

*Hen.* Unfurl my banner! let it wave on high,  
That it reflect the bloody colour'd coat  
Of England's lions rampant,  
Upon yonder meagre looking Frenchman.  
'Tis I! Harry bids ye to surrender!

*Off.* Then let proud Harry know, we'll stand  
the siege,  
'Fore God we swore allegiance to our King.

*Hen.* Am not I Plantagenet? son of Maude,  
Who daughter was to noble Harry First, 20  
And he third Son of Norman William!  
Who is't then, will dare usurp my title?

*Off.* King Lewis of France!

*Hen* Then short-mantled Harry bids ye be-  
ware!

For as the tigress, when stirr'd from her whelp,  
Will piece-meal tear the intruding hunter,  
So is't with me, if low'ring on these smiles  
Ye rouse the dunny spirit of revenge.

*A Horn without.*

Whence is that sound?

*Leic.* 'Tis a messenger my liege,  
Who comes in haste with letters to your grace.

*Mes-*







*Messenger enters.*

*Mess.* This packet is from Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury. This from your noble peers; and lastly, this from Lady Eleanor your queen.

*Hen.* Come last, and yet far sweetest of them all. [*Reads.*

“ Though short my letter, yet do I know my  
 “ Harry’s love will think it sweeter far, than  
 “ All others—In brief your packets do relate,  
 “ That Stephen hath breathed his last in th’ Abbey  
 “ Of Dover—your people all await to hail you  
 King. 40  
 “ But I the most desire to see thee, for O! my  
 “ Harry, mine is the call of eager love,  
Thine ELEANOR,”

Thanks!—and yet it boots not that I should  
 thank.

O! Stephen, living, thou did’st wrong me much,  
 Ufurping both my crown and dignity;  
 And in the face of God, did’st break that  
 oath,

Which truly to my mother thou did’st swear:  
 Yet for all this, do I now pity thee,  
 For thou stand’st ’fore a great, all-piercing judge!  
 Whose even hand, the scale of justice bears, 50  
 Whose all-commanding eye, fathoms the soul,  
 Searches e’en to the very thought of sin,  
 And proves himself at once a mighty god,  
 Wonderful and incomprehensible!  
 So then by death, I now do gain a crown,  
 By death must lose it, is’t not so good lord?

*Leic.* Aye, an’t please your grace.

B 2

*Hen.*

## HENRY THE SECOND.

*Hen.* Why look then how this same death doth  
 scoff us,  
 Cozening our minds with sweet delusive thoughts,  
 Binding round our temples, the glitt'ring crown,  
 60

Whilst we, (short witted fools) accept the task,  
 Dream but of smiles, look but for golden joys;  
 Now mark the chastisement of our conceits,  
 This regal gem becomes a galling thorn,  
 Treason, and a whole catalogue of ills,  
 That are attendant on a kingly state,  
 Rush in upon our frail bark of nature,  
 Buffet us to and fro, with the fell blast,  
 Which like a meagre chatt'ring ague fit,  
 Turns our stern manhoods into peevish fear, 70  
 Sours the full tide of sweet with bitterness,  
 Till lastly tired with this dalliance,  
 The wick of life quite dwindled and bewasted,  
 We lay us down, beg only ground enough  
 To sink a grave, then groan and welcome death.

*Ches.* Prithee, my good lord, stand not so pen-  
 sive,  
 Hood not thus your face within your mantle,  
 You speak but of death! whose grinning visage  
 So oft times you have dared in bloody fight.

*Hen.* No more, no more, give me your par-  
 dons, all, 80  
 I muse too long——O! Almighty father,  
 Since your dread pleasure be to crown me king,  
 I do accept the trust. (*kneels*) But hear my  
 vow;  
 Shou'd I, in discharge of this great office,  
 Either through sickness, age, or foul mouth'd  
 lie,  
 Be led from out the right course of justice,

Then





Then shall I hope for mercy at your hand ;  
 But, if willingly I do fail, give me  
 Judgment, O give me death, less I crave not.

*Leic.* Wer't not well, my lord, you ship for  
 England, 90  
 Stephen hath friends yet left ?

*Mow.* Yea, truly ! full well we know, how  
 fickle,  
 Light and inconstant are the people's loves.

*Hen.* Well ! be they as they may, I will not  
 budge,  
 England shall henceforth be at my command,  
 Spight of those haughty spirits that will dare  
 To cross me most in that which is my right ;  
 And so shall these intruding Frenchmen too,  
 Ere I go hence.

*Ches.* Be advis'd my lord, this delay ——— 100

*Hen.* Sound ! I say, I will nought of council  
 hear,  
 What ! have my course obstructed by this mole-  
 hill,  
 This petty fort, mann'd with such palsied curs,  
 Such rav'nous lean back'd hounds, whose looks  
 disgrace  
 The jellied prisoner that awaits to hear  
 The solemn judgment pass'd upon his life ;  
 I'de not give fifty, fifty ! nay not five  
 Of these, my sturdy bow-men, for a world  
 Of such loons. Prithee ! look how they do peep  
 Like craz'd and blinking owls from out their  
 nests, 110  
 Shrinking at sight of the tow'ring eagle.  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to their steels.

*Trumpet from the Castle.*

*Off.* What are your offers?

*Hen.* Ope wide your gates, surrender to our wills,

Therein you'll 'scape the rod of correction.

*Off.* Sire, we submit, and lay us at your mercy.

*Hen.* 'Tis well!

For the lion knows where to deal vengeance,  
Where to shew his mercy.

*Gates open.*

Come, Lords! let's in, dispatch our letters  
straight,

120

Then ship for England!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE in London.

*A Room.*

*Enter BECKET.*

*Beck.* Why thus and thus it is, the matter ar-  
gu'd,

Both parts justly weigh'd and well consider'd,  
Judgment too given, with no partial tongue,  
Will speak this verdict.—

Happiness with ambition bears no kin,  
For thus, content dwells not with ambition,  
And he who lacks content, lacks happiness;

This







HENRY THE SECOND. 7

This lab'ring mind then tells me, 'twou'd be  
happy,

Yet whispers, I wou'd fain be greater too; 130

Peace! thou vile intruding mas of folly!

Thou'dst willingly embrace two properties

Who bear such hatred and dread enmity,

That soon they'd kindle, blaze and burn thee up;

Of one then make thy choice, more thou can'st  
not;

Give me then greatness—hath not fortune bow'd  
Stoop'd, cring'd, yea knelt that I shou'd raise her  
up.

For what was Becket, but a poor man's son?

That walks the common vulgar road of life,

Dies, when dead, is lost and quite forgotten. 140

What is Becket now? the friend of Theobald!

Who ranks in station and in dignity,

Next to the King himself, yea, and more too,

For he doth bear the crown of Holy Church,

Is king and lord over the souls of men,

And not of earthly matters, the frail judge.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Whence come you, Sir?

*Mess.* From Theobald, who now is on his road  
from Canterbury hither. He bad me speed be-  
fore, and to yourself deliver this letter. 150

*Messenger goes out.*

BECKET *reads.*

“ *Beck.* As I do tender thee Becket, most dearly,

“ and fain wou'd bring thee to quick advancement,

“ I do hereby greet thee with the title of ARCH-

B 4

“ DEACON

3 HENRY THE SECOND.

“ DEACON OF MY CHURCH, more shall be thine ere  
 “ long. Thou know’st the King will soon be here,  
 “ and if I can serve thee ought there too, thou  
 “ may’st command me.

Thine THEOBALD.”

What ! even so, ARCHDEACON of my church,  
 Aye, and if my senses do not mock me,  
 More shall be thine ere long, so went the tune,  
 And in conclusion, “ Thou may’st command  
 “ me.” 160

Now, Becket, say to thyself, wou’d’st be poor ?  
 Wou’d’st shun ambition, wou’d’st spurn at great-  
 nefs,

No ! no ! thou’rt an hungred, and I’le feed  
 thee.

Off then, vile suit ! go cover filly knaves,  
 That know to cringe whene’er the great man  
 frowns ;

Henceforth be thou stubborn, proud and haugh-  
 ty,

If majesty do frown ! knit thou thy brow ;  
 If he do smile, why then, be thou placid ;  
 Yet always, bear in mind thy dignity. 170

But hold ! who is’t comes hither to lord me ?

Brave Harry ! proud and haughty too as I,  
 Noble his spirit, as his mind is great ;

Distant to those who most he doth esteem,  
 Yea, in so much, that no man e’er cou’d say,

I was the friend, the favour’d of my Prince ;

If so, Becket, how compass thy great ends ?

Shame, thou fickle mind, wilt thou flag at last ?

Doth not the seaman, for some hundred marks,  
 Plough the rude waves, and in a little case, 180

Scarce bigger in compass than a needle’s eye

When floating on this wond’rous element,

Doth





Doth he not risk both health and life to boot,  
 And shall Becket be afraid? fye! shame on't!  
 O! attend then each organ of the soul,  
 Hear thy stern lord's peremptory decree,  
 And on thy coronet grave thou these words:  
 If Becket lives, then lives he in greatness;  
 If not, why then content, will Becket die;  
 Life, sans renown, a thing so lowly is, 190  
 That dusky oblivion were sweeter far.

*Enter JOHN DE SALISBURY, afterwards BECKET'S  
 Secretary.*

How now, what news, good Salisbury?

*Salis.* The noble Henry, by express we learn,  
 Is landed on the Welch coast.

*Beck.* So soon?

*Salis.* Most truly, Sir, and it shou'd seem as if,  
 The roaring surge were proud to bear him up,  
 Afar the waves came tow'ring towards his ship,  
 And dipt his pendant in the wat'ry clouds;  
 At length, quite hoarse, they bow'd their stub-  
 born backs, 200

Crook'd their pointed tops, then soon dissolving,  
 Bath'd and fondled the tough and well ribb'd  
 bark,

In plains of milky and thick spangled foam.

The blanket sails swell'd as though they wou'd  
 crack

And shiver the twisted cords that held them,  
 Both winds and waves in amity were leagu'd,

And strove who most cou'd aid his homeward  
 course.

*Beck.* Comes he to London?

*Salis.* Aye!

And purposes his coronation straight. 210

*Beck.* Then Heaven grant, as he is brave and  
just,

That in uprightnes, he rule his people,  
And 'fore all, that he in no wise usurp  
The high and sacred rights of holy church!

*Salis.* Fear him not, Sir.

*Beck.* But I do fear, and much, let me tell  
thee;

Good Salisbury! I have observed thee well,  
In fasting, [in] prayer, and in merriment,  
And find thee patient, devout, and sober,  
A man, as 'twere, purg'd of earthly sin, 220  
Upon whose soul blest virtue stamp'd her seal,  
And mark'd it for her own;

One, to whose care, I wou'd intrust the key  
That thou might'st read the secrets of my soul,  
Prithee to me, bow not obedience!  
I am not wont to let my tongue speak praise,  
When my whole mind bears it not company.

*Salis.* So great is the praise. I so unworthy,  
That should I strive to answer as I ought,  
My simple tongue wou'd mar my wish to thank  
you. 230

*Beck.* Let the desire suffice, then for the act;  
Long have I laboured to reward thy truth,  
And now that fortune hath advanc'd me high,  
And placed her budding branch within my hand,  
I will pluck off one tender flow'r or twain  
Which nourish'd under my aspiring sun,  
Shall bloom and carpet out thy walk of life,  
With tiffu'd and thick embroider'd honours.  
Henceforth, then be thou Becket's Secretary!  
Who now is titled Theobald's Archdeacon. 240

*Salis.*







*Salis.* How, my good Sir?

*Beck.* Aye, and hath a voice, will plead in's behalf,

Prithee, o'erlook this paper!

*Salis.* In faith, 'tis even so.

*Beck.* Too long we tarry, come let's away,  
And greet the noble Theobald who ere this,  
Is safe arriv'd at Westminster.

*Scene in Wales.*

LORD DE CLIFFORD's Castle.

*Enter ROSAMOND with a Book.*

*Rosa.* Wherefore, shou'd I thus read the works  
of man?

Is not thy book, O! nature, sweeter far;  
Can all the found and studied argument, 250  
Or the high speech of proud philosophy  
Raise in this mind such grand, such heav'nly  
thoughts,

As the bright East, where the hot blazing sun,  
Now mounting upward, 'gins his daily course,  
Staining the firmament with crimson hue,  
Or wou'd ye blur a thousand, thousand leaves,  
You ne'er cou'd speak of beauty half so well  
As yonder hyacinth! whose leaf is fring'd  
With the big glitt'ring drop of chrystal dew,  
That trembles, moistens, and now melts away,  
260

Farewel! thou blotted page, I'll read no more.

- *Enter HENRY and MOWBRAY.*

But who comes here, 'twere best I should retire.  
*Hen.*

*Hen.* Stay! sweetest lady, I conjure thee, stay,  
O fly not thus like nimble footed stag!  
But chance, thou art some fairy of the morn,  
Gathering a Christ thorn, or pretty night shade,  
To fill thine evening incantation up.

*Rosa.* What shou'd I do?

*Hen.* Mowbray, an thou lov'st me look not on  
her, 270  
For if thou do'st, thou'lt burn with that same  
fire  
That I do now. So, prithee leave me straight.

*Mow.* My gracious Sir, be not over rash.

*Hen.* Leave me! I charge thee, and quickly  
too.

*Mow.* I must obey——

O grant this morning, which now looks so bright,  
Prove not hereafter Harry's blackest night.

*Hen.* Speak, what art thou? of woman the  
most fair.

*Rosa.* I am daughter, Sir, of Lord de Clif-  
ford,

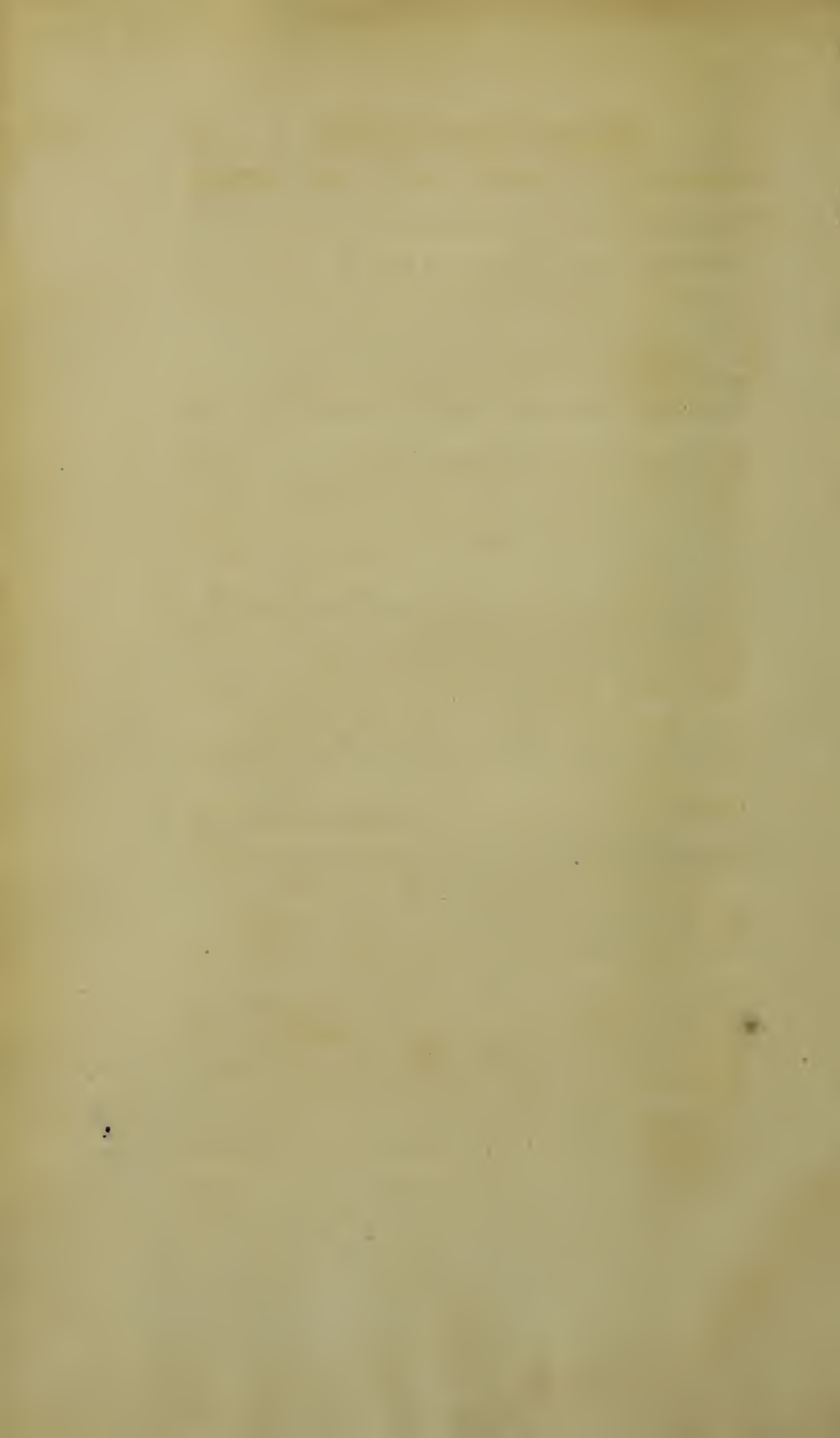
My name is Rosamond. 280

*Hen.* O, that I cou'd mellow this iron tongue,  
And fashion it to music of soft love,  
But so it is, from my childhood, upwards,  
I have been bred in hoarse and jarring war,  
My bud of youth, within a camp was spent;  
There have I sat upon a soldier's knee,  
Whilst round my neck was twin'd a giant arm  
So toughly sat, that one might say, indeed,  
The sinews that did work it were of brass;  
There 'twas I learnt the soldier's untun'd song,  
The morning onset, and the bloody fray. 290

Here

The highest language is the language of

the heart the language of  
the soul the language of



Here cours'd the bristly main'd and foaming  
steed,

With fire-spitting eye, and trampling hoof !  
Upon whose back bestrode an English knight !  
Unnumber'd were the youths of France he slew,  
Or Bourbon's sons, or Orlean's proud heirs !  
How many pedigrees and cotes d'armures  
Beneath his mighty arm were blotted out ?  
Whilst smoaking from their horses flanks, ran  
down

The blood of all their proud nobility. 300

Then wou'd he tell, how long the fight did last,  
From six i'the morn tillevening clocks told eight,  
How then they bore from off the blood-stain'd  
field,

Their clay-cold fathers, brothers, countrymen ;  
Here wou'd they pause awhile,  
For memory did whisper pleasures past,  
Till I, with childish innocence look'd up  
And bad them to go on. But O! the fight  
Turn'd towards Heaven, where their glist'ring  
eyes,

Whilst the big tears from off their rugged chins,

Rain'd down upon my young and beardless face ;  
I wou'd have chid silence, but cou'd not ;  
For if such sturdy hearts as theirs cou'd melt,  
Why then methought, there must be cause in-  
deed.

This lady was my school, thus was I taught,  
And if such tales can pleate thy tender ear,  
Rough and unpolish'd, as most true they are,  
Behold the man will fit the live-long day,  
Of ling'ring sieges, marchings, battles tell,  
Where thirsty Mars so glut hath been with blood

320  
That

That sick'ning appetite yearn'd out.—No more!

*Rosa.* I pray you, Sir, accept a maiden's thanks;

Your phrase so aptly paints the tale you tell,  
It but proclaims you foldier, that you are.

*Enter NURSE.*

*Nurse.* My gentle mistress, my sweet lady,  
rare news,

Rare news!

*Rosa.* How Nurse?

*Nurse.* In sooth, I lack breath, but tell me, pretty Rose, where hast been sweet-heart? by my faith, I have fought thee a long hour, O! me. A man, come away lady, he hath a vile wicked look withal.

*Hen.* Truly, Nurse, do'tt think so dame?

*Nurse.* Aye, marry do I, why look ye lady, I'll be sworn to't then, why his wickedness hangeth at's eye, as doth the ivy bush at wine seller's door. O! the rogue.

*Rosa.* Silence, Nurse, I beseech thee, silence.

*Nurse.* O! thou mad dancing man, thou wicked piper, but I will stop thy cheating music, marry will I. Come lady, you must to your father straight.

*Rosa.* Farewel, Sir.

*Nurse.* Aye, go too, vile man, go mend thyself, farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

*Hen.*







HENRY THE SECOND. 15

*Hen.* Yet one word more! nay gone! then fare thee well!

Sweet Rose of England, blushing innocence,  
Farewel! to Harry's peace alike farewell!  
For what avails my crown, or kingly pow'r,  
My look majestical, commanding awe,  
My ermin'd robe, my sceptre-gripping hand,  
My golden throne, my fretted canopy, 350  
My pliant court, and all this shew of pomp,  
What avail these, when peace, sweet peace is gone?

But now Harry was himself; was a King!  
How chang'd his high condition! now a slave!  
This England and the million souls therein,  
All cou'd this my little brain encompass;  
And now the veriest peasant in my land,  
Is in his mind, a God compar'd to me;  
For I am slave to love, and what is love?  
An ever burning and consuming fire, 360  
A knawing viper in the heart, a thorn  
Upon the nightly pillow—Enemy  
To sleep, that under semblance of cold death  
Rocks all our cares in soft oblivion.

*Enter MOWBRAY.*

How is't Mowbray that thus you dare intrude  
And rudely break upon our meditations?  
✓ Your absence wou'd better have beseem'd you.

*Mow.* I meant not to offend your grace.

*Hen.* Why truly Mowbray I believe thee honest!  
But well thou know'st how peevish men do grow,

When all within is not at ease. 370

But to thine errand, what wou'd'st thou with us?

*Mow.*

*Mow.* The Lord de Clifford greets your safe return,  
And loyally doth tender you his love ;  
He hath moreover pray'd your grace t'accept  
His goods and castle to your present use.

*Hen.* Stands he number'd with those that have  
been ours ?

*Mow.* Yea, for he oppos'd th'ambitious Stephen.

*Hen.* Why then we do receive his proffer'd love,  
And for this night, we title him our host. 380  
Tomorrow we must on towards London.

*Mow.* I shall make known your royal pleasure.

*Hen.* Why do so—and tell the Earl of Chester  
And Lord Robert that I wou'd see them straight.  
Look that you also bear them company.

[*Exeunt.*]

*A Street in London.*

*Two Gentlemen meeting.*

*1st Gent.* Wil't please you tell if the King pass  
this way.

*2nd Gent.* In faith, I wou'd instruct kind Sir,  
but lack the means — you beg an answer where  
I myself wou'd fain have questioned.

*1st Gent.* Goes he not to Westminster ?

*2nd Gent.* So I have heard by the way, by one  
of Theobald's gentlemen, who further did instruct  
me of his coronation.

*1st Gent.* Will it be long ere that ?

*2nd*





HENRY THE SECOND. 17

*2nd Gent.* Tomorrow by twelve o'th' clock.

*1st Gent.* If report bely him not, he lacks nor wisdom, nor courage.

*2nd Gent.* Of that methinks the French can give us better account.—

*Drums without, and shouting.*

So then we have not lost our labour, Sir, the clamorous and o'er joy'd people give note of his approach.

*1st Gent.* We will if't please you retire from out the common way and thereby 'scape the croud.

*2nd Gent.* Most willingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter KING HENRY, EARL OF LEICESTER, MOWBRAY, LORD DE CLIFFORD, Soldiers, and People shouting.—*

*Peo.* Long live King Henry! God save King Henry! long live the King—

*Hen.* My friends and citizens! I thank ye all!  
Not as a King, but as an Englishman  
And brother. We are all children alike, 410  
One earth doth nourish us, one only blood  
Runs through our veins, animates our bodies;  
And is in property so passing rare,  
It stamps ye on this earth so many gods!  
From every nation; bring me forth one soul,  
Place too an Englishman among the rest,  
And if he carry not the mark so strong

That I do single him, and him alone,  
 May I ne'er look for happiness to come.  
 My English hearts, my loving countrymen, 420  
 When in the fertile plains of Normandy,  
 My harrafs'd foldiers have enrounded been,  
 With French, that number'd wou'd make five  
 times ours,  
 When this gay glitt'ring troop we had attack'd,  
 Routed and broken down; not even then  
 Cou'd all my joy for such a victory,  
 Give half the pleasure that I now do feel,  
 In finding thus my people, at the last,  
 True to their God, their country and their King.

*Peo.* Long live the King! God save the King!  
 long live King Henry.

*Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELEANOR, *with* PRINCE RICHARD  
*and* JOHN *her* Sons.

*Ele.* Where, where is my love? where is my  
 Husband?

*Hen.* Here, my Nell, come to thy Harry's  
 arms; *[Kisses her.]*  
 Do'st love me still, ha'st not forgot me jade?

*Ele.* In forgetting thee, my Harry, I shou'd  
 Forget myself! forget indeed to breathe!  
 For thee I live; thou art my dearest half,  
 O! how cou'd I bear this life without thee?

*Rich.* My honour'd father!

*John.* My long lost parent!

440

*Hen.*







*Hen.* Rise honest Dick, how fares it my good  
John?

Thy father's blessings light upon ye both :—  
[*Embraces them.*]

Now let's on my Nell, for I lack rest !  
And for the morrow's sun that rising will heap  
Labours on our head, we'll be prepar'd.  
Look Lords, you hold yourselves in readines,  
For 'tis our fix'd intent that we be crown'd  
On the morrow, by twelve, at Westminster ;  
Be this proclaim'd throughout our city !  
And see moreover, that every hall  
Be stock'd with viands, that so our people  
May share with us the joy of such a day.  
Thy hand sweet Nell ! come ! my Sons, let's on.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*People shout, Drums beat.*

SCENE *Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN ELEANOR, PRINCE  
RICHARD, PRINCE JOHN, THEOBALD,  
LEICESTER, CHESTER, MOWBRAY,  
LORD DE CLIFFORD, *Earls, Ba-*  
*rons, Bishops, Heralds, according*  
*to their Dignities.*

*Hen.* I pray thee, Theobald, is there not a  
place  
Now vacant here, that must ere we proceed  
Be fill'd ? I mean our seat of Chancellor.

20 HENRY THE SECOND.

*Theo.* Why truly noble Sir, there is.

*Hen.* Then mark me, Theobald. Thou art  
worn in years, *well expressed in them*  
And cou'd inform us, where to make our choice,  
Wil't please ye, do so?

*Theo.* Humbly I thank your grace, for singling  
me

As fitting, now to offer such a man. 460  
One Becket I well know, a goodly clerk,  
Whom late for sundry virtues he possess'd,  
I did advance unto the dignity  
Of mine ARCHDEACON.

*Hen.* 'Tis enough, bring him before us straight!  
If thou do'st know him worthy such a place,  
We'll not question further, but single him  
To fill our empty seat, bring him before us!

*Enter BECKET.*

Why, truly, he hath a comely figure!—  
And likes me well, thy hand my good Becket. 470  
Take thou this place, and henceforth know thy-  
self

Our just and true appointed Chancellor.

*Beck.* What gratitude remains in Becket's  
breast,

Shall ever toil to prove his earnest love,  
And shew him worthy your present bounty.

*Hen.* Not unto me thy gratitude thou ow'st,  
But unto Theobald here, 'tis he alone  
Thou ought'st to thank, therefore I charge thee,  
friend,

That which to Cæsar 'longs to Cæsar give. 480  
If after, thou'd'st please me, I'll tell thee how!

With

no further question we elect him

Cesar Bado, A. ~~...~~ himself with Beckel



With justice, and with truth, thine office fill.  
Deal with my people as befits a man,  
And more I ask not. Now, let us be crown'd.

*[They crown him in form, and all the Nobles hail him by the title of Henry II. King of England.]*

*Hen.* My good Archbishop! prithee tell me  
now,  
Is it ought save form, or must I wear this?

*[Holding his finger up to the Crown.]*

*Theo.* 'Tis but the form, my liege, thus being  
crown'd,  
You may or wear it, or straight pluck it off.

*[He takes it off.]*

*Hen.* Then bear it hence!  
'Tis not weighty enough for my beaver,  
Neither fits it so easy as my cap;  
Bring hither my bonnet!

*[They bring it, he puts it on, and rises from his seat.]*

My gracious lords! had I not wherewith all  
To pay in part, the debt I owe you now,  
I ne'er cou'd thus have knelt to take a crown,  
And kept the blush of shame from off my cheek;  
For on my shoulders you have heap'd a debt,  
A mighty debt! a crown and kingdom too!  
And for the same, thus have I now to offer—500

*[They bring two maps.]*

This roll doth shew you England as it stood,  
When Harry First, my grandfire, reign'd your  
King;

And this poor dwindled map, now marks ye out,  
 How your domains did stand in Stephen's time,  
 Which now I blush indeed to look upon!  
 And thus at once do cancel and make void.

*[Throws it to the ground.]*

In its place I restore again the first,

*[Takes it up and lays it down again.]*

And add thereto the whole of Picardy,  
 Anjou, and part of fertile Poictiers! 510  
 Besides one hundred fourscore thousand marks,  
 Which we now place within our treasury.

*Theo.* My tongue alone shall speak your people's  
 thanks.

Additions such as these do counterpoise  
 The crown with which you are invested now.

*Hen.* O wou'd my task were ended here! but  
 no, —

A judgment must be utter'd ere we part  
 In words so heavy, and so rude in sound,  
 As make my very heart indeed to weep.  
 Now Leicester! bring hither that self same roll,  
 Which late in France we did think meet to pen,

*[Leicester rises from his seat and delivers it,  
 then returns to his place again.]*

Though well the seats around us here are fill'd,  
 Yet some there are that naked do appear,  
 Lacking their noble owners. Where is t?  
 What silent all! then by your leaves I'll speak.

*[Holds up the Roll which Leicester gives him.]*

Herein is catalogued of all our Peers,  
 The titles and their separate dignities,

Of







HENRY THE SECOND.

23

Of whom the greater part to us seem true ;  
 Yet damned treason hath been meddling here 530  
 And smear'd the names of some we tender'd most ;  
 Where is Earl Ranulph ? where's the Lord Fitz-  
 Hugh ?

Lord John, Lord Owen, and the Lord Fitz Urse,  
 Besides some Knights and others of less note,  
 That should be present ? Why answer they not ?

*Theo.* We wou'd, but dare not plead in their  
 behalfs.

*Hen.* Be it made known, the five we here did  
 name

Guilty of blackest treason, we pronounce !—  
 For, that they did 'gainst me their lawful King,

With hell-hatch'd treason, wantonly conspire !  
 Aiding the proud ambitious Stephen !

If one of them within our realm be found,

On him an hundred marks we will bestow,

That, or alive or dead, brings him before us ;

As for the rest, that rather were drawn in,

(For that their betters led them on the way.)

Our gracious pardon unto such we grant !

But we shall tent them close ; if they do flinch,

Why then they look for mercy but in death ! 550

Now let the drum and trumpet speak our joy,

The rest be feasting, mirth and revelry.

*[Takes Eleanor's hand, they retire in the  
 order in which they entered.]*

*A Chamber.*

*Enter BECKET alone.*

*Beck.* The child that hath enough, will mowl  
for more.

We from the cradle then are still the same,  
Eager to climb ambition's golden tree,  
Looking but upward to the topmost branch;  
Nor thinking once, if back we wou'd return,  
That we the boughs have bent, and broken so,  
That there is but to go on and gain the point,  
Or headlong we must totter down again. 560  
How set my robes now I am Chancellor?  
Why well! yet some there are that envy me,  
And will do much to pluck them from my back!  
Am I then firm? is ev'ry bough beneath  
Unbent, unbroken? I wou'd they were so!  
But I to mine own use have placed monies  
That 'long not unto me, but to the King.  
That's the branch I so hard have borne upon!  
'Tis there! I cannot answer to the charge;  
What matters it? I still am with my Prince, 570  
The cherish'd and unrival'd favourite!  
By holy church, I do defy them all!  
And thou intruding Mowbray, have a care!  
Buffy Lord Clifford, look thou to thyself!  
Or at one blow, I will cut short your buds!  
Then as the flower that's pluck'd, I'll leave ye  
both  
To droop and wither, hang your heads and die.

*Enter*





*Enter SALISBURY.*

Whence come you Salisbury ?

*Salis.* From Theobald! ———  
Whose age and sickness brings him nigh to death!

He fain wou'd on the instant speak with you. 580

*Beck.* I'll to him straight!  
But tell me (whither) is the King?

*Salis.* Himself with Mowbray and the Lord de Clifford  
Are gone to hunt at Woodstock, as I hear.

*Beck.* Is not the Queen gone thither too?

*Salis.* No! my lord.

*Beck.* Depart so soon, and leave fair Ellen here!  
What think'st thou, good Salisbury? Is't not strange?

*Salis.* It lieth not in me to 'folye the matter!  
590

*Beck.* At leifure, we'll look further into this—  
'Tis not meet to tarry now, so follow me!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Woodstock*

*Woodstock Bower.*

HENRY and ROSAMOND.

*Hen.* O, wherefore love, do'st change complexion thus?

I charge thee, I do beseech thee, fear not!  
 Wer't not that thine eyes are two lustrous stars,  
 And pierce the knotted bow'rs that enround thee,  
 Wer't not for those lips breathing perfumes so  
 sweet,  
 That men will haunt around this spot to know  
 Whence such things come, O! wer't not for all  
 these, 600  
 I'd tell thee love, and truly too, thou'rt safe!  
 And secret from the piercing eye of man.

*Rosa.* Indeed it were too soon to leave your  
 Queen!

Your absence will engender in her mind  
 Some dark suspicion, which may ripen straight,  
 And bring forth jealousy, despair and rage!  
 Let not thus your heated blood o'ercome you!  
 Be rul'd! 'twere better so for both of us.  
 I will be thy jailor, love! and bind thee 610  
 With softest flow'rs, feed thee with my kisses!  
 So thou wilt be rul'd by me, my Harry!

*Hen.* Wou'd I were a God!  
 That yielding, I might honour more my chains!  
 I am content, do with me as thou wilt.

*A Horn*







*A Horn sounds without.*

That is the signal——'tis Mowbray comes !

*Enter MOWBRAY.*

Well, Mowbray ! what news ?

*Mow.* A messenger from Becket is arriv'd !  
Who brings sad tidings o'th' good old Theobald.

*Hen.* Alas ! what of him ? 620

*Mow.* 'Tis thought, my liege, he'll not live  
out the day.

*Hen.* My good old Friend ! my honest Coun-  
fellow,

Must I now lose thee ? must we part so soon ?  
To horse then Mowbray ! I'll follow thee.

*[Mowbray goes out.]*

Adieu, my love ! farewell my Rosamond !

*[Kisses her.]*

*Rosa.* That kiss was thine, my Harry, and so  
sweet  
It seem'd, as it wou'd challenge one of mine !

*Hen.* Then give it love !

*[She kisses him.]*

*Rosa.* Thine ! will I keep so close within my  
lips,  
A zephyr shall not dare intrude upon't ! 630  
When thou return'st, I'll give it back again.

*Hen.*

*Hen.* Farewell! adieu!

[*Exit.*

*A Chamber.*

*THEOBALD on a Bed sleeping.—BECKET seated by him.*

*Beck.* The dying man, that can thus sweetly  
 sleep,  
 Must wear a soul within this outward flesh,  
 That knows no sin—how gently heaves his breast,  
 All cover'd with the silky snow-white beard;  
 He smiles as if an angel kiss'd his lips,  
 And whisper'd him of joys that were to come!  
 Sweet soul! thou hast an everlasting seat,  
 A throne in Heav'n above. Cou'd men but  
 look,  
 And see a sight like this, they were all blest!  
 Sin wou'd grow out of date, wou'd be forgot!

*Enter HENRY.*

*Hen.* How does the good old man?

*BECKET rises.*

*Beck.* He sleeps my liege!

*Hen.* And looks as sweet as any new-born  
 babe!

[*Henry sits in Becket's place.*

*Methinks*





Methinks the register of men's bad acts  
 Bears not one slain from any deed of thine ;  
 And if it did, thou hast been penitent,  
 And dropp'd so many tears for the offence,  
 That clean the blot is wash'd away ; O ! joy,  
 To find that virtue hath so much reward,  
 As thus to smile even on death himself ;  
 That angel, who ranks first in Heav'n above,  
 Can only tell thy happiness to come ;  
 For such a place it is that thou must fill.  
 Soft ! he moves, my good old heart, how fares  
 it ?

*Theo.* What ! my King, my sovereign here ; I  
 am Sir,

As one that from a gentle sleep awakes 660  
 To bid farewell to those on earth he loves ;  
 And lay his soul upon the lap of peace,  
 Until 'tis nurs'd into eternal bliss.  
 To you, I have a faithful servant been,  
 And toil'd these many years ; but now 'tis past,  
 If ought I at your hands have merited,  
 I fain wou'd crave a boon, ere I go hence.

*Hen.* Thou hast it. Tell it I beseech thee.

*Theo.* Invest good Becket, with those dignities  
 That straight I shall give up unto your Grace.  
 670

*Hen.* By holy thorn ! I swear it shall be done.

*Theo.* Approach me, Becket. I have been thy  
 friend !  
 Then take a friend's last council—There's thy  
 King !

Above him sits enthron'd a greater still ;  
 Whilst on this earth thou can'st thy Prince obey,  
 And charge thy inward conscience with no sin,

Do

Do it I charge thee; he will esteem thee for't,  
Men will blefs thee for't, God will save thee  
for't,

Thus have I done.—But, oh! beware of pride,  
For thou wast nothing, art grown into pow'r.  
If thou dost find ambition stir within, 680  
Look back to what thou wast, and be content;  
Remember this, and then thou art most happy.

*Beck.* I shall Sir.

*Theo.* I wou'd my liege, a little more with you,  
But no! I cannot—O! Heav'n! Heaven!

[*Dies.*

*Hen.* Yet stay awhile—'Tis done—all's over.  
This body late possess'd with faculties,  
How motionless! those lips that mov'd but now,  
To utter music such as angels do,  
Quite still! one little sigh bore hence his soul 690  
Into the highest heav'n!—Come sorrow!  
For as I press this hand, my tears shall flow,  
Bearing like company with my kisses.

*Beck.* Adieu; my friend! my Theobald!

*The King rises from the Bed.*

*Hen.* The care of his interment shall be thine!  
As owing most thou best can'st honour him.

*Beck.* I shall see it done my liege.

*Hen.* Follow me now, for I wou'd speak with  
thee.

*Looking back to the Bed.*

Farewel, my Theobald! farewel for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*





These speak of a few  
opportunities to paint pictures  
I imagine in all these former columns  
a long speech has never add. interest.

*Enter* QUEEN ELEANOR.

*Ele.* Is't that my looks are channel'd with old  
age,  
My body crook'd, or that my mind's grown  
four?  
Am I Queen Ellen, Harry's lawful wife?  
Why yes! and yet it should seem 'twere not so,  
Where lies my offence? am I barren? No.—  
Have I then borne but women children? Yes!  
Men I have brought forth! what wills he more?  
Wherefore shou'd he thus leave me, I know not;  
And in sooth I must sit calmly down  
And weep his absence; were this the woman?  
No; I'll chace him home, by Heav'n I will.

*Enter* PRINCE RICHARD.

Well, my Richard, where hast been my son?

*Rich.* I parted now with John de Salisbury,  
Who did instruct me of sad tidings.

*Ele.* What sayest thou?

*Rich.* Theobald, that good old man, alas!  
is dead.

*Ele.* Then peace to his departed soul.

*Enter*

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN.

*John.* I will not speak of what thou know'st already.

*Ele.* I from thy brother heard the heavy news !  
But tell me who dost think will fill his place ?

*Rich.* Our chancellor the goodly Becket.

*John.* So have I heard, by desire of Theobald,  
Who dying did request it of our father. 720

*Ele.* Thy father, sayd'st thou ?

*John.* Yes.

*Ele.* Hath he then been to London ?

*John.* Aye, and is ere this at Woodstock.

*Ele.* Leave me awhile !——

[*Exeunt the Princes.*

What ! hither come ; return'd too, and not see me !

For dying Theobald thou cou'd'st quit thy sport,  
And leave the chase ; but for me ! 'twere too much !

O ! 'tis some other pastime takes thee hence,  
But it shall cost thee dear ! By Heav'n's ! it shall,  
I am a woman ! have a woman's mind ! 730

Tenderly can love, can hate, and revenge,  
And will do so, cost what it may——

Now let me see, what it were best to do !

Becket ! in this methinks, might serve me well !

I can my sons command, I ord Leicester too !

And have a voice, which can in France do much !

I will about it, and raise such a storm,

Will need a greater still, than he, to quell.

*Enter*

My dear Mr. ...  
The ... and ...  
I am, Sir, your obedient servant



*Enter* JOHN DE SALISBURY.

Speak ! art thou not Salisbury, Becket's friend ?

*Salis.* Yes, an' please your highness. 740

*Ele.* Then tell me, where is he ?

*Salis.* With Theobald who lays now at Westminster.

*Ele.* 'Tis well, I will unto him there.

[*Exit Queen.*

*Salis.* How wrapt she seem'd in thought ! what can it mean ?——

And said that she wou'd unto Becket straight !

'Tis jealousy, that stirs within her breast.

Alas ! poor Queen ! indeed, I pity thee !

And thou too Becket, my good lord and master,

For thee I fear, for thee in silence weep ;

Thou'rt but a man, art frail, hast many faults ;

Cou'd I but lull the busy thought within,

Or stop these words that play upon my tongue,

Still crying out——

Thy fortunes Becket, will prove thy ruin.

Cou'd I do this, I then were happy ; but no !

Awake, or in my dreams 'tis still the same ;

There's something more in this than phantasy ;

Yes ! 'tis <sup>curst</sup> ~~curst~~ pride, that will undo thee !

I know thee but too well ; thou hast a mind

Wou'd lord a world, and think that world too

small :

760

Will Harry bear all this ? Impossible !

D

The

The whole sum'd up, brings it to this at last ;  
 Becket must fall ! but he will greatly fall —  
 I'll labour to stop this, tho' much I dread  
 My labours will both vain and fruitless prove.

[Exit.

*A Chamber.*

*On a Table many Papers.*

BECKET.

Chancellor ! Archbishop !—but one step more,—  
 Rome's holy crown ! and then I am content.  
 That is my aim—That's the throne I'd fill !  
 More I cannot ! less I would not stoop to.  
 Now for the means—Will gold do this ? why aye ;

And what will gold not do ? Do'st want a friend ?  
 Gold will buy thee one ! Do'st lack esteem ?  
 Lend but thine ore to all, and thou wilt gain it.  
 Would'st cut thy neighbour's throat ? gold will  
 do that ;

Would'st drink, wou'd'st game, wou'd'st wench,  
 'twill do all these,

Nay and much more too—then it shall serve me,  
 As it hath done others, and make me soon,  
 That which on earth I seek—No less than Pope.

These letters to my secret friends in Rome  
 Shall be dispatch'd and with them as much coin,

780  
 Besides







Besides good items of what more will follow,  
As shall make them most excellent miners.  
But hold! here comes the Queen.

*Enter ELEANOR.*

*Ele.* How fares our good Archbishop.

*Beck.* A little sad, or so! an't please your Grace.  
For that I have for ever lost my friend!

*Ele.* Griev'st thou for thy friend! what then  
shou'd I do?

Losing at once a King, a friend, a husband?  
Tell me, thou holy man, is it a sin  
To rave, to curse and seek revenge for this!

*Beck.* Lady, this thou shou'd'st bear and be  
content.

Wou'd'st thou to quench thy thirst, drink of the  
sea?

Or would'st <sup>fresh</sup> fuel add to quench the fire?  
'Twere better thou did'st so! than comfort me  
With words so tame! I will not heed thy coun-  
cil!

*Beck.* Beseech you, hear me madam!

*Ele.* Instruct me to raise hell, I'll listen then!  
Or tell me tales of those that have been wrong'd,  
And for a term of years have borne it here!

[*Pointing to her heart.*

Feeding the mind with thoughts of sweet revenge!  
Do this, and I will swallow up thy words,  
As greedily as wolf his panting prey.

*Beck.* I know thee wrong'd, and know how hard  
it is

To bear such wrongs, and bid the mind be still!  
Yet be not over rash my gentle Queen!  
For though revenge be sweet, still there is yet,  
A sting more poignant far,—Silent contempt!

*Ele.* But that I cannot put on! for my heart  
Wou'd burst, were I to suffer such neglect, 810  
And not proclaim it to mens ears, with voice  
Of thunder's self, that all at once cries out,  
Revenge and justice!

Whatsoe'er thou wou'd'st, I'll do it for thee;  
So thou'lt but walk with me in this affair.

But now thou art in dignity so high,

With me it rests not to aid thee further! *rests in not*

*Beck.* Hold, madam! you can still do much!

*Ele.* 'Tis then with thee to ask, and I shall  
grant! 820

Y Speak! say what is't!

*Beck.* Say! wou'd your highness condescend to  
write——

*Ele.* I will do any thing.

*Beck.* Thus then it is;—I wou'd make friends  
at Rome,  
And if your Grace, by letters from your hand,  
Wou'd deign speak well of me, it might do  
much,

In clearing of the way for my succession.

*Ele.* I understand thee well!—It shall be done.

*Beck.* Then I am thine, and bound in honour  
to you!

*Ele.* Richard and John my sons, are both with  
us!





The Irish to our aid will be prepar'd ;  
 France too, I warrant me, shall not be still ;  
 Upon the weaknefs of our sex the King relies.  
 But I shall teach him what a woman is,  
 When slighted in her love ! Becket, farewell !  
 We shall meet again ere long.——

[Goes out.]

*Beck.* What have I said ? stay madam ! nay,  
 she's gone !——

Am I not leagu'd to stir rebellion ?  
 Monstrous ! to what hath my ambition led me ?  
 Why Theobald, grins thy spirit at me thus ? 840  
 Look not so ghastly, O ! thou good old man !  
 Prate not thy dying lesson in mine ears,  
 Lest swift as thunderbolt it strike me dead !  
 Whither is Theobald flown ? e'en up to Heaven !  
 Could he but look down, ere that life's heat hath  
 Left his body cold, and see his councils  
 Trodden under foot, contemned, despised.  
 That thought it is, doth set my brain quite mad !

*Enter SALISBURY.*

BECKET *starts.*

What art thou ? Heav'ns how I do tremble !  
 'Tis but good John, my worthy Salisbury !

*Salis.* How fares it Sir ?

*Beck.* Why well, very well !

*Salis.* Nay say not so, my lord, your looks are  
 pale,  
 At your eyes portal stands a wav'ring tear,

D 3

Wou'd

Wou'd fain burft forth!—

But your great foul wills it not—O! fpeak Sir!

*Beck.* Thou art truth, thou art honefty itfelf!  
Get thee away, thou muft not reft with me.

*Salis.* If, as you fay, I am true and honeft, 860  
Then why bereave me of both thefe virtues?

*Beck.* Speak thy meaning, I underftand thee  
not!

*Salis.* As owing you my fortune and my means,  
I in return owe truth and honefty!  
Were I to leave you, then thou'd I lofe both.

*Beck.* Thou quite unman'ft me!—How I do  
play the fool!

[*Becket weeps.*]

Tell me where's that Breakfpeare of whom thou  
fpok'ft?

*Salis.* He waits your pleasure!

*Beck.* Call him hither.

*Enter BREAKSPEARE.*

From John de Salifbury I have heard of thee!  
Much haft thou wrote, and art a learned clerk!  
Wou'd'ft enter into my fervice?

*Break.* My lord, moft willingly! and fhall be  
proud,  
In obeying one fo goodly as yourfelf.

*Beck.* Wou'd'ft thou bear letters from me hence  
to Rome?

*Break.* That were a task I doubly thou'd defire,  
Firft, as in doing it, I ferve your grace;  
And fecondly, that I wou'd journey thither!

*Beck.*







HENRY THE SECOND.

39

*Beck.* Go then, prepare thyself, and on the  
morrow

The packets shall be ready, fare thee well!

*Break.* My lord, I humbly take my leave.

*Woodstock.*

*A Room in the Palace.*

MOWBRAY and CLIFFORD meeting.

*Cliff.* Good morrow, to thee.

What think'st thou Mowbray, mounts not  
Becket well?

*Mow.* Aye, marry!

As from blind fortune he wou'd pluck the crown,  
And leave her nothing further to bestow.

*Cliff.* Indeed; he has all he can aspire to!

*Mow.* Nay, believe it not.

*Cliff.* Is't possible, he will desire more?

*Mow.* Aye! and like the greedy dog i'th' fable,  
May lose the substance, catching at the shade.

880

Thought cannot reach at what he wou'd aspire.

*Cliff.* Nothing less than e'en the crown itself!

For being Chancellor and Archbishop,  
He occupies at once two dignities;  
Bear hard upon the very rank of king!

*Mow.* Wou'd'st thou believe't, he'd fain be  
POPE OF ROME!

D 4

*Cliff.*

*Cliff.* I scarce can think it, where did'tt hear this?

*Mow.* That have I learned, and still much more;

When Chancellor, the king did lend him monies,

Of which he yet hath render'd no account, 890

And now to gain him voices for the popedom,

He hath been lavish of the public stock,

And this to Henry shall I soon unfold.

*Cliff.* Do't then, with speed, I pray thee, for ere long,

The king intends to hold a parliament,

In the which he will propose sundry laws,

Appertaining much unto the clergy.

Becket to these, I know will ne'er agree;

'Tis then the King may tax him with these frauds,

He can, nor answer, nor resist the charge, 900

Which will in Harry much displeasure raise,

And in the end, may prove his overthrow.

*Mow.* It is well thought! thy counsel I shall follow.

Where is the king?

*Cliff.* With Rosamond, my daughter, at the bower!

Hither he will return, ere night advance.

*Mow.* Wil't to my chamber? let us there confer,

That we the better may secure our purpose.

*Cliff.* Aye, prithee let's away!





*The Bower.*HENRY and ROSAMOND *sitting.*

*Hen.* As the fond mother bending o'er her  
child, 910

Longing doth sit, and wish to kiss its lips,  
Yet dares not wake it from all gentle sleep : —  
Or, as the drowsy soldier on the watch,  
Hearing some distant buz, doth list'ning stand,  
Fast rivetting his eyes upon the spot,  
From whence such noise proceeds, I, even so  
Can sit and look on thee, my fairest Rose,  
Striving in vain to number o'er thy charms;  
And when my task I think well nigh compleat,  
One smile doth add so many beauties more 920  
That I my labour must begin anew.

*Rosa.* And for thy pains, sweet love! I kiss thy  
lips,

Hang round thy neck, tell thee how Venus lov'd,  
And yet ne'er lov'd so true as I do thee.  
Sweet nature! was to thee most bountiful,  
Not framing thee alone a perfect man,  
But stealing the quintessence of each virtue,  
That she might make thee keeper of them all!  
Yes! to men's eyes thou art a lovely casket,  
But cou'd they view the store that is within, 930  
Thine outward form wou'd then appear a blot;  
For courage, wisdom, charity are thine!  
And when thou did'st first see thy Rosamond,  
Love pluck'd his burning heart from out his  
breast,

Cleft

Cleft it in twain, then gave to each of us,  
An equal share! Was it not so, my Harry?

*Hen.* Yes, sweet love! but Venus too was  
busy,  
And whilst she did bedeck thee with her charms,  
Was pleas'd so with the work, that she ne'er  
thought .

How she herself had stripp'd, giving thee all! 94<sup>o</sup>  
As I kiss thee, methinks sweet love himself  
Sits on thy front, and waves thy silv'ry hair!  
As jealous he wou'd keep me from the theft,  
Yet he ne'er thinks how ev'ry gentle touch,  
From these his filken whips, make it more sweet;  
For gliding o'er my lips, they do distil  
Thick golden odours to the taste, as sweet,  
As sleepy dove's eye to the love sick heart.

*Rosa.* Then with mine hair I'll weave thee such  
an heart 95<sup>o</sup>  
Which thou shalt carry in thy bosom sweet.  
As a true token of thy Rosamond's,

[*Distant sound of an horn.*

*Hen.* But soft! the distant horn doth chide ✓  
For this my too long absence! I must away,  
And thereby stop suspicion: farewell, love!

[*Kisses her.*

*Rosa.* Nay, Harry, I must with thee, through  
the bower,  
And when we part, these eyes shall follow love,  
96<sup>o</sup>  
And mock themselves with airy sight of thee;  
Returning, I will stop and say, 'twas here

I hung



The tent is now being lengthened, and  
the Indian word has been added to the  
and adoni - compared to the house of the bear  
see the



HENRY THE SECOND. 43

I hung upon his robe ! 'twas here I kiss'd him !  
Then anxious wait my love's, my lord's return.

*Woodstock Palace.*

*Enter HENRY and MOWBRAY.*

*Hen.* Now we're alone, what wou'd'st thou with us ?

*Mow.* 'Tis touching Becket, Sir, that I wou'd speak !

*Hen.* Well ! Mowbray, what of him ?

*Mow.* I wou'd 'twere less, than that I shall make known ;

Most vilely he doth wrong your Grace.

*Hen.* Have a care ! I do believe thee honest,

And think thou'st a tongue ne'er stoop'd to falsehood !<sup>970</sup>

I wou'd forgive that man, who spoke me truth,  
Though he stood charg'd with foulest murder ;  
But I wou'd spurn that foul wou'd tell a lie,  
'Tho' dearer to me e'en than life itself ;  
For 'tis of sins the meanest, the most vile !  
Beware of malice ; thus far I warn thee !  
And now proceed.

*Mow* Weigh well my words, I do beseech your Grace !<sup>980</sup>

For shou'd I speak more than truth, tho' it be  
In the uttering of one syllable,  
Spurn me to foot ! call me base liar !  
This will I bear from you, my royal sir !

*Hen.*

*Hen.* To thy purpose then.

*Mow.* When Chancellor, you lent Becket monies!

*Hen.* I did.

*Mow.* And think those monies well applied?

*Hen.* I do believe so!

*Mow.* Fore God! then I do pledge myself  
they are not. 990

And as I speak the truth, so may I answer!

*Hen.* Ha'st ought else to add unto the charge?

*Mow.* I have much more, and much worse too,  
my lord.

He hath drawn largely, from your treasury!

*Hen.* And to what end do this?—

*Mow.* Tho' great my liege! he wou'd be  
greater!

*Hen.* What; aims he at our power then?

*Mow.* Not so; but fain wou'd be Rome's holy  
king!

*Hen.* How! say you, Pope of Rome! 1000

*Mow.* I have said it, Sir!

*Hen.* And thou shal't answer it.

*Mow.* Most willingly my liege.

*Enter* LORD DE CLIFFORD.

*Hen.* My good Lord Clifford, knows he ought  
of this?

*Mow.* He doth my liege!

*Hen.*





*Hen.* Well! be silent both I charge ye.

*Both.* We swear it Sir!

*Hen.* Mowbray! thou must hence to London!  
We would at Clarendon meet all our lords,  
And look I charge ye, Becket fail us not! 1010

[*Takes a paper from his pocket.*]

This order bearing our royal signet,  
Shall command their attendance! make good  
speed,

And remember that, thou hast to answer.

*Mow.* Fear me not; Sir, good health unto your  
grace! [Goes out.]

*Hen.* The like to thee, farewell! My Lord  
Clifford,

See all be ready for our journey hence,  
And look you wake us, by five i'the morning.

*Cliff.* I shall my liege!

*Hen.* See that our favourite mettled steed,  
Be saddled early. Farewel! 1020

*Cliff.* Sweet rest unto your grace!

*London.*

*A Chamber.*

*Enter ELEANOR and RICHARD.*

*Ele.* How wears the time, hath it yet gone  
twelve?

*Rich.* Sweet mother, no! but it bears hard  
upon.

I war-

I warrant me, they will not fail their time ;  
O, here comes John, my brother !

*Ele.* Bring'st thou any tidings ?

*John.* Lord Leiceſter, and Lord Hugh will  
foon be here !

*Ele.* Aye ! and Becket our Archbiſhop too.

*Rich.* What ! is he then with us, who is't did  
this ? 1030

*Ele.* 'Twas I ! and were it not nobly done ?

*Rich.* Aye ! truly, but how did'st compaſs it ?

*Ele.* Aſk me not here, I'll tell thee more at  
leiſure.

*Enter LEICESTER and CHESTER.*

Well ! good Leiceſter, how many are we ſtrong ?

*Leic.* For mine own part, I muſter full two  
thouſand,

And Lord Hugh Cheſter here, as many more.

*John.* My brother Richard, and myſelf com-  
mand,

At leaſt five thouſand able fighting men.

Ireland ſhall ſend us full three thouſand more !

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A meſſenger without 1040  
Wou'd ſpeak unto your grace.

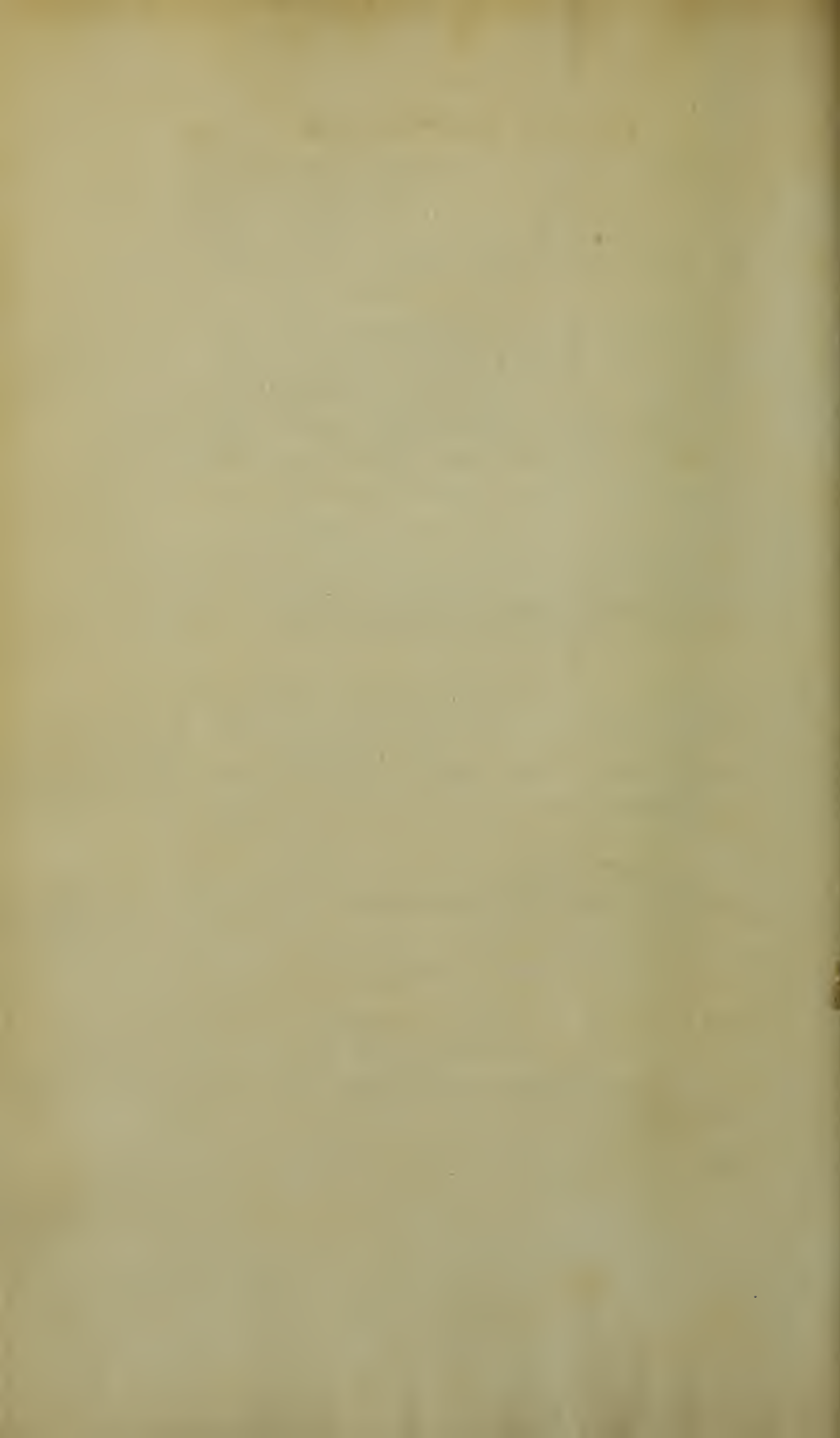
*Ele.* Then ſhew him to our preſence !

[*Exit Servant.*

*Enter*







*Enter Messenger.*

Whence come you Sir?

*Mess.* From William King of Scotland,—  
Who with these letters greets your highness.

*Ele.* Go, get refreshment, and rest awhile!

[*Messenger goes out.*]

(*Opens the packet.*) Well, Lords! here is news  
indeed!

By this I learn, Scotland is with us too.  
'Twas I who stirr'd William our brother to this!

*Cbes.* I wou'd you had done the like by Mow-  
bray; 1050

For he's in battle, a most valiant knight.

*Leic.* That were impossible! since with Henry,  
He still remains the firm and steady friend.

*Ele.* So let him! we count thrice Harry's  
number,

Besides, our troops are all prepar'd for war,  
Whilst yet the King knows nothing of our aim.  
How I do burn to shew him that I've done.  
To make his stubborn, never bending knee  
Kiss the bare ground, and for my pardon sue;  
That were revenge indeed, revenge most sweet!

*Enter*

*Enter* BECKET.

Why art thou thus tardy, my Lord Archbishop?  
1060

*Beck.* Most gracious Queen! I humbly do beseech,

That as I've well resolv'd this business,  
You'll no further urge me, to act therein.

*Ele.* Why how now Becket?

*Beck.* Good Queen! my conscience wills it so.

*Ele.* Hold! I wou'd a word in private with you.  
[*Takes him aside.*]

When I to Rome did LETTERS write, I then  
Did on thy piety and goodly deeds enlarge,  
And gave thee virtues scarce to man belong'd.  
Most patiently thy conscience bore all this;  
Now in sooth thou hast receiv'd thine earnest,

1070  
And like a cunning clerk would'st prate of conscience,

But I will all confess unto the King!  
That he may know thee for an hypocrite,  
This will I do, if thou remain not firm.

*Beck.* Think but a while how much the King  
hath serv'd me!

How many favours he hath heap'd upon me;  
Beseech you, lady, let me hence away!

*Ele.* Thou knowest my sentence! do as thou wilt.

*Beck.* Madam, I am yours! and must bow consent.

*Ele.* Why so 'tis best.

1080

*Enter*





*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Roger Mowbray wou'd speak unto your Grace.

*Beck.* Bring him unto us.

*Enter MOWBRAY.*

*Mow.* At Clarendon, the King wou'd see you Lords ;  
As he doth purpose there a Parliament :  
He begs your Grace moreover will not fail.

*Beck.* We shall meet him there.—

*Mow.* Here is the order bearing his signet,  
[*Takes out the paper which the King gave him.*]  
Which he bade me safe deliver to your hands.  
Mine errand thus fulfill'd, I take my leave.

*Leic.* Yet hold ! good Mowbray, 1090  
Thou art most true and faithful to the King.

*Mow.* And hope, my lord, I ne'er shall prove  
other.

*Leic.* He doth but ill requite thy pains.

*Mow.* I think not so, for I have one reward  
O'ertops all that majesty can bestow ;  
'Tis greater far than title, riches, power ;  
The mind's content—in honouring my King,  
And loving my country, I gain all this,  
What wou'd you more ? Malice or treason

E

Alike

Alike I defy—

1100

My unfain'd soul shall wait death's direful blow,  
And set but once to rise again for ever.

*Leic.* Mowbray, farewell!

*Mow.* Health to you all.

[Goes out.]

*Ele.* We'll change his note, I warrant!

*Beck.* I must follow him, for I have letters,  
Which I wou'd that Mowbray bear unto the  
King!

*Ele.* Thou art with us.

*Beck.* Most truly, so.

[Goes out.]

*Rich.* Now then, prepare we for the parliament!

*John.* And then for war—

1110

*Rich.* Leicester, assemble all your troops,  
And with Earl Hugh, march on to Clarendon,  
Ere night, myself and John shall overtake you.

*Leic. & Ches.* Fare ye well!

*Rich.* See, brother, the like be done by our  
men;

And tell Earl Robert, we'll appoint the halt  
At our next meeting; speed thee to do this!

*John.* I shall attend to it straight.

[Goes out.]

*Rich.* Sweet mother, thou wilt after us.

*Ele.* The loss of life alone, shall plead excuse.

*Rich.* 'Till next we meet farewell!

1120

*Ele.* Farewel! my gentle Richard.

SCENE.







## SCENE.

*A Hall at Clarendon.*

KING, LORDS, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and  
BECKET, *with Bishops assembled.*

*Parchments, &c. laying on the table.*

*Hen.* Though we our clergy much esteem, my  
lords,

Our People are still most dear unto us :  
We cannot therefore pass such crying deeds,  
As late in violation of our laws,  
We find our beadsmen have been charged withal ;  
Drunkenness, gluttony, bloody murders,  
Have partially been judg'd and pardon'd.  
I therefore have thought meet to form an act,  
Purporting to try the sins of churchmen, 1130  
Not by theirs, but by the laws of the land.  
As next to us in power, we call on you,  
Our lord of Canterbury, to sign this !

*[Becket goes to the table and seemingly reads over  
the parchment.]*

*Beck.* My liege, I dare not, for 'twou'd curb  
the rights,  
And weaken much the laws of holy church.

*Hen.* If holy be thy laws, why suffer they  
Such bold, such impudent, such daring crimes

To pass unpunished, in the sight of God.  
 The greatest of my peers for murder dies ;  
 But you so wink at practices most vile,  
 That they do fit you easy as your robes ;  
 Tell me ! who gave ye these privileges ?

*Beck.* God's minister elect, the Pope of Rome !

*Hen.* I shame to hear thee speak thus ! why  
 dost think

The hand of God wou'd sanction deeds like  
 these ?

*Beck.* From him the Pope receives his holy  
 trust,

Whate'er he doth ordain, comes from above ;  
 Therefore I will not to this act subscribe.

*Hen.* Proud upstart man ! but I will hold a  
 awhile. 1150

My Lord of York, and you my bishops here,  
 Wilt please ye, set your signets to this deed ?

*York.* For mine own part, most willingly !

*Archbishop of York and all the Bishops  
 sign the deed.*

*Becket rises, and calls for the Seal of Chan-  
 cellor, then going up to the table, throws  
 it down.*

*Beck.* There, Sir ! take back your seal of Chan-  
 cellor,

Bestow it elsewhere ! I will no more on't.

*Hen.* But with it render me the sums I lent  
 thee.

*Beck.* You never lent me ought.

*Hen.* Did'st not borrow of me four hundred  
 marks ?

*Beck.*



This expression is too strong a great  
deal as it gives the light the  
strong instead of the change

*Beck.* Sir, you did give them to me!

*Hen.* By holy thorn! but thou shal't pay me  
 fraight, 1160

Or else away to prifon for't.

*Beck.* I am thy confessor, thy ghostly father!  
 Shou'd son e'er seek to crush his father?  
 Again I tell thee king! I'd rather die,  
 Than lessen in one point, my churches rights.

*Hen.* Proud, insolent clerk! as such thou  
 dost speak;  
 But I will check thy pride, ere I do leave thee.  
 Thou hast dealt freely with our treasury—

*Beck.* 'Tis false! by holy church, 'tis false. 1170

*Hen.* Mowbray, where art thou? stand now to  
 thy charge.

*Mowbray rises from his seat.*

*Mow.* Here, my liege, and to his teeth I tell  
 him,  
 He hath made free with thirty thousand marks!  
 And let him now deny it if he dare—

*BECKET rises in a passion.*

*Beck.* Take thou the lie! and wer't not for  
 my priesthood,  
 I wou'd against the charge defend myself,  
 With sword in hand, and make thy life answer it.

*Mow.* To thy soul again proud priest I give  
 the lie,  
 And say thou hast done that, and e'en much more!  
 Bring thine accounts, nay! prithee, start not thus.

## HENRY THE SECOND.

*Beck.* Vile infect! peace, I spurn thee.

*Mow.* Wou'd thou wer't other than thou art,  
proud priest.

*Mowbray going towards Becket enraged.*

KING rises.

*Hen.* Sit! Mowbray, I charge thee sit.

*Mow.* O! such usage, my liege!—

*Hen.* Peace! I say.

*Mow.* I crave your highness pardon, for those  
words

Were harsh enough to stir a coward's blood;

Yet I will obey, my lord.—

[Sits down.

*Hen.* Wilt thou thy signet set hereto?

*Beck.* I dare not!—

*Hen.* Pay quickly then, that which thou ow'st  
me.

*Beck.* Were it a just debt, Sire, I lack the  
means.

*Hen.* Hie thee to prison then! and may thy  
pride

Still bear thee up, and keep thee company.—

Art thou so stubborn and so hard of heart,

That we two, cannot dwell in this our land.

Tell me proud Clerk? must I lord it o'er thee,

Or is it great Becket's will, that I shou'd kneel,

And learn obedience? Insolent vain man!

*Beck.* I wou'd not Sir, you stoop'd unto my  
will!

But wou'd, that you were govern'd by my coun-  
cil.

As

*How to stand upon a reason why  
as the justice be*







As confessor, I know thy hidden sins.

*Hen.* I'll bear no longer—Without there, my guard!—

*Leic.* Hold! I will pay that he owes to you Sire!

*Hen.* Then do so, and I shall mark thee for it!  
Beneath this shew of liberality,  
Sure something lurks! Is man thus kind to man,  
And without cause? the world runs not so smooth.

Break up the council! Mowbray, follow me:  
But look to thyself, my good Lord Leicester.

*[They all follow the King except Lord Leicester and Becket.]*

*Leic.* My lord Archbishop, whither go you, now?

*Beck.* I shall with speed towards Canterbury.

*Leic.* And I to join the Queen and Princes.

*Beck.* Then bear to her this message, I pray thee!

Wer't not that now the king did threaten me,  
Call'd me liar, and 'fore mine enemies,  
Stain'd my honour, and used vile words withal,  
I ne'er my vow of secrecy had broke,  
But to be treated thus, I will not bear;  
As holy confessor unto the King!  
I can the cause of this neglect make known,  
The Lord de Clifford's daughter, Rosamond;  
'Tis she that fills the seat in Harry's heart;  
And robs fair Ellen of her husband's love.

*Leic.* This is indeed, most base, but where dwells she?

E 4

*Beck.*

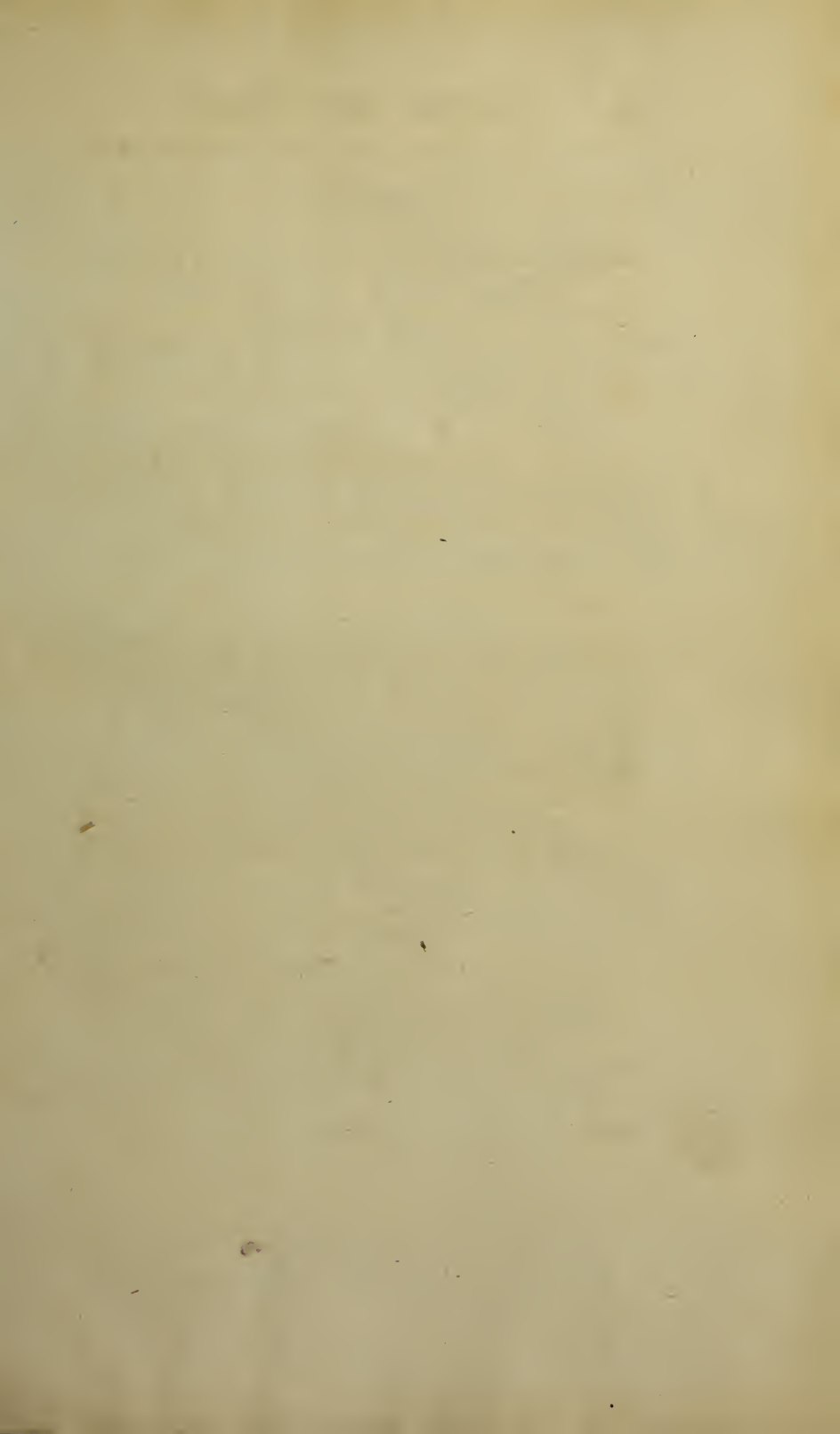
*Beck.* Nigh Woodstock palace stands a secret bower,

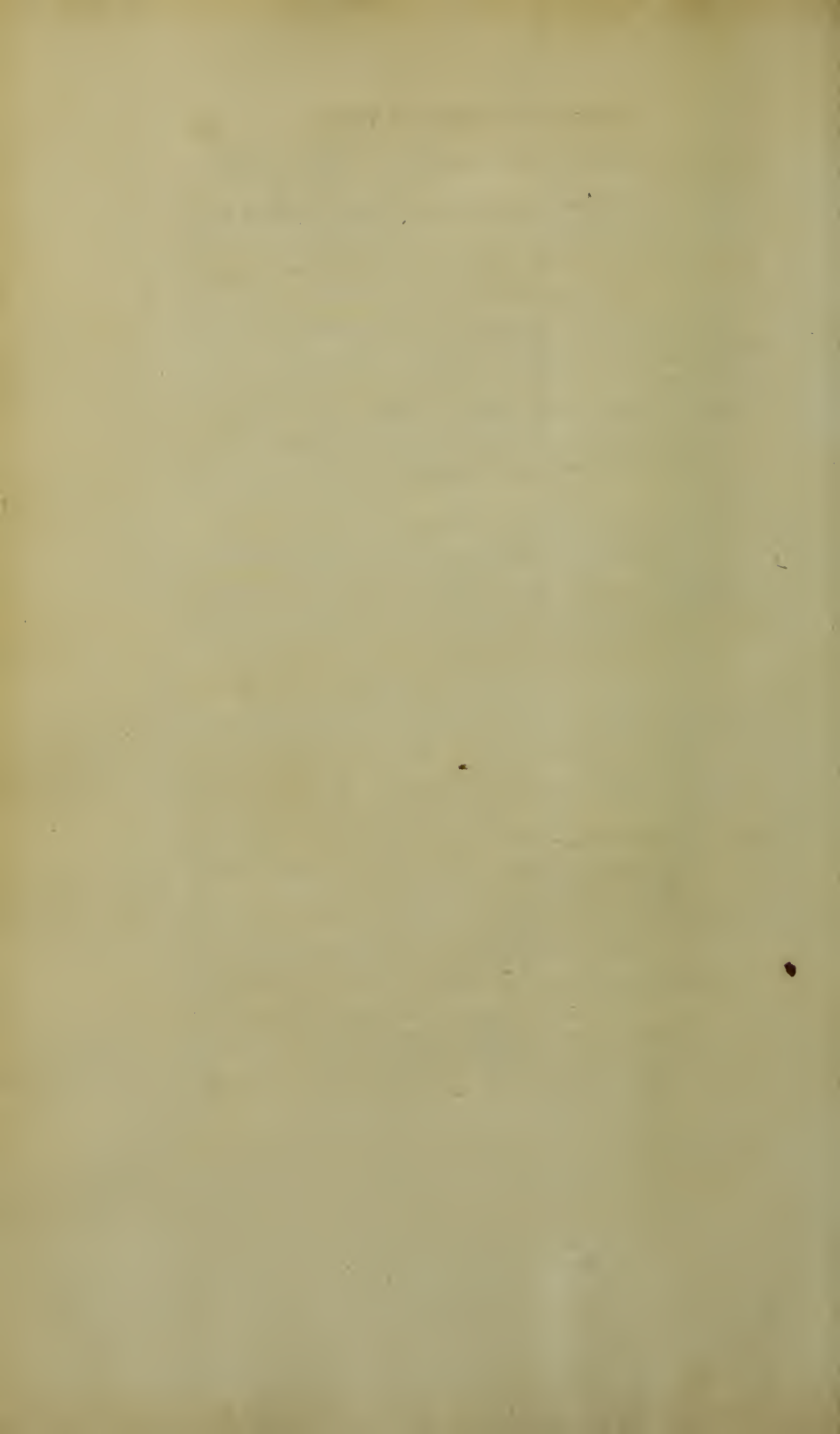
The which, with so much art and skill is form'd,  
That it defies the cunning of man's search!  
For, tho' you'd seem to pace it o'er and o'er,  
You still return unto the self same spot,  
By which you enter'd; known is the secret  
Only to Mowbray and her father, Lord de Clifford.

*Leic.* I shall with speed, relate this to the Queen;

And much she will applaud thee for this news.  
Farewel! my lord.

*Beck.* My love go with thee too, farewell!  
Cou'd I mine eyes turn inward to my soul,  
They'd find it care worn, sick, nay, very sick!  
My glory fades, my triumph's at an end.  
I wish'd for more, yet greater shall not be:  
A summons here bids me prepare for death!  
O! 'tis a dreadful call, when our account  
In Heav'n's great register, stands blotted.  
A punishment, but for a time to bear  
Were nothing, but to be for ever curst  
To all eternity, 'tis horrible!  
No end, no distant time, that one may say,  
Thus much, and 'tis o'er, then am I happy!  
But no! we must to never ending fires;  
Or chance, be plac'd beneath the thrones of those  
That blessed are, and say within thyself,  
Thus might I have been! 'tis a madning thought!  
'Tis on this earth to me a very hell!—  
I'll in, to Heaven breathe a fervent prayer!  
Seek peace and comfort, for 'tis only there!





*A Chamber.*

*Enter* SIR REGINALD BERISON, SIR HUGH MOR-  
VELE, SIR WM. TRACY, *and* SIR  
RICHARD BRYTO.

*Sir Hugh to Sir Reginald.*

Did'st not mark the King?

*Sir Reg.* He seem'd in wrath----

*Sir Rich.* Rather say he was so, and with just  
cause.

*Sir Wm.* Wou'd I had been Harry! when so  
proudly

He did give up the seal of Chancellor—

His life shou'd scarce have satisfied my rage.

*Sir Reg.* Heard'st thou that, the King did say  
but now?

*Sir Hugh.* I'll tell it—On entering his chamber,  
He sat him down, and frowning leant on's hand;  
The scarlet dye that flush'd upon his cheek,  
Became all palid, then turn'd to red again.  
Twice Mowbray did address him, but in vain;  
No longer able to restrain his wrath,  
In rage he thus burst forth—By holy thorn!  
Is it not pity that no one present,  
(For many here do call themselves my friends!)  
Will here stand forth, and rid me of this man,  
This haughty clerk, this insolent proud priest.—  
More he said not, but leaning on his hand,  
Again turn'd silent, and seem'd lost in thought!

*Sir*

*Sir Rich.* Shall we then prove his friends, and do this deed?

Where is Becket now?

*Sir Reg.* Gone hence to Canterbury—

*Sir Rich.* There let him stay—are we all agreed?

*Sir Hugh.* Aye, if he sign not to the king's act!

*Sir Rich.* Then let's away! arm ourselves and follow him.

*All.* Agreed!

*A Chamber.*

*Enter ELEANOR and LEICESTER.*

*Ele.* At Woodstock Bower, sayd'st thou?

*Leic.* Madam, I did.

*Ele.* For this, I thank thee Becket.

Patience avaunt! I will no more of thee.

Was I before a tigress in revenge?

I now am worse than tongue to ear can tell;

For I can act such things—but no matter,

Were this same Rosamond cas'd round with flint,

My nails, the rugged substance shou'd tear off,

Rend forth the heart from out her strumpet breast,

Then smiling tell the king, 'twas I that did it!

*Leic.* Madam, beware how you proceed in this, Cunning and art will better serve your purpose.

*Ele.* Where is the Lord de Clifford now?

*Leic.* At Woodstock, as I guess.

*Ele.* How say you?

Did he not attend the parliament?

*Leic.*





These speeches will bear a  
little retouching and should  
be listened to by all colleagues  
should indeed be the whole of  
the scene deserves great  
attention

*Leic.* He did ; but ere the council was broke  
up,

At Clarendon he took horse, and left us.

*Ele.* Went Mowbray thither too ?

*Leic.* No, he rested with the king.

*Ele.* Alone ! why then 'tis just as I wou'd have  
it ;

I must away ; do you unto my fons,  
'Tell them ere time hath worn three days compleat,  
I shall again be with them.—Fare thee well !

S C E N E—*Canterbury Cathedral.*

BECKET *comes slowly forward seeming thoughtful.*

Man hath his day of joy and misery !  
How short the one, how lasting is the other !  
With me the first is long blown o'er, and now  
The second comes, to mock my tortur'd soul,  
With idiot laughter, ringing to mine ears  
My loss of power, my faded glory —  
This overpeering front ! that bore a sun  
Outshone the girdled brow of majesty,  
Now clouded, dim, and pale. O ! I am sick.  
Tush ! tush ! the sleep of death will cure all  
thoughts :

And yet, must this my wholesome goodly flesh  
Rot, and serve to feed the crawling earth-worm,  
Who nothing favours but of dust and clay ;—  
I tremble at the thought, and e'en but now—  
They wind about my flesh, and to the feel  
Are damp, and cold, as that same horrid sweat,  
Which frets from out the front of dying man !  
Yet it must be so, death will have his due,

The

The worm will feast his fill, and man must rot—  
 Thus much for the body corruptible!  
 As for the soul!—I wou'd, but cannot speak,  
 And were I, all wou'd be conjectural,——  
 My account wou'd stand as clear at the last,  
 As now, that I have nothing uttered.

*Enter* JOHN DE SALISBURY.

*Salis.* Letters from the Queen, my lord!

*Beck.* Take them hence!——

I'll stir no more in this rebellion.

*Salis.* How say you, Sir! Rebellion?

*Beck.* I have spoke too much, yet what matters it?

Yes! Salisbury, I am that godly man,  
 Who have repay'd the bounty of his Prince  
 With damned treason—O! curs'd ambition,  
 To thee! I long ago have sold my peace,  
 And now my life must answer for the fault.  
 Now what think you, Sir? I am a traitor!  
 And worse! for I have broke my oath to God,  
 Told to mens ears, those secrets which the King  
 Did breathe to me his ghostly confessor——  
 O! I am a poor wretched, lost, lost man.

*Salis.* And yet you are my gracious master still——

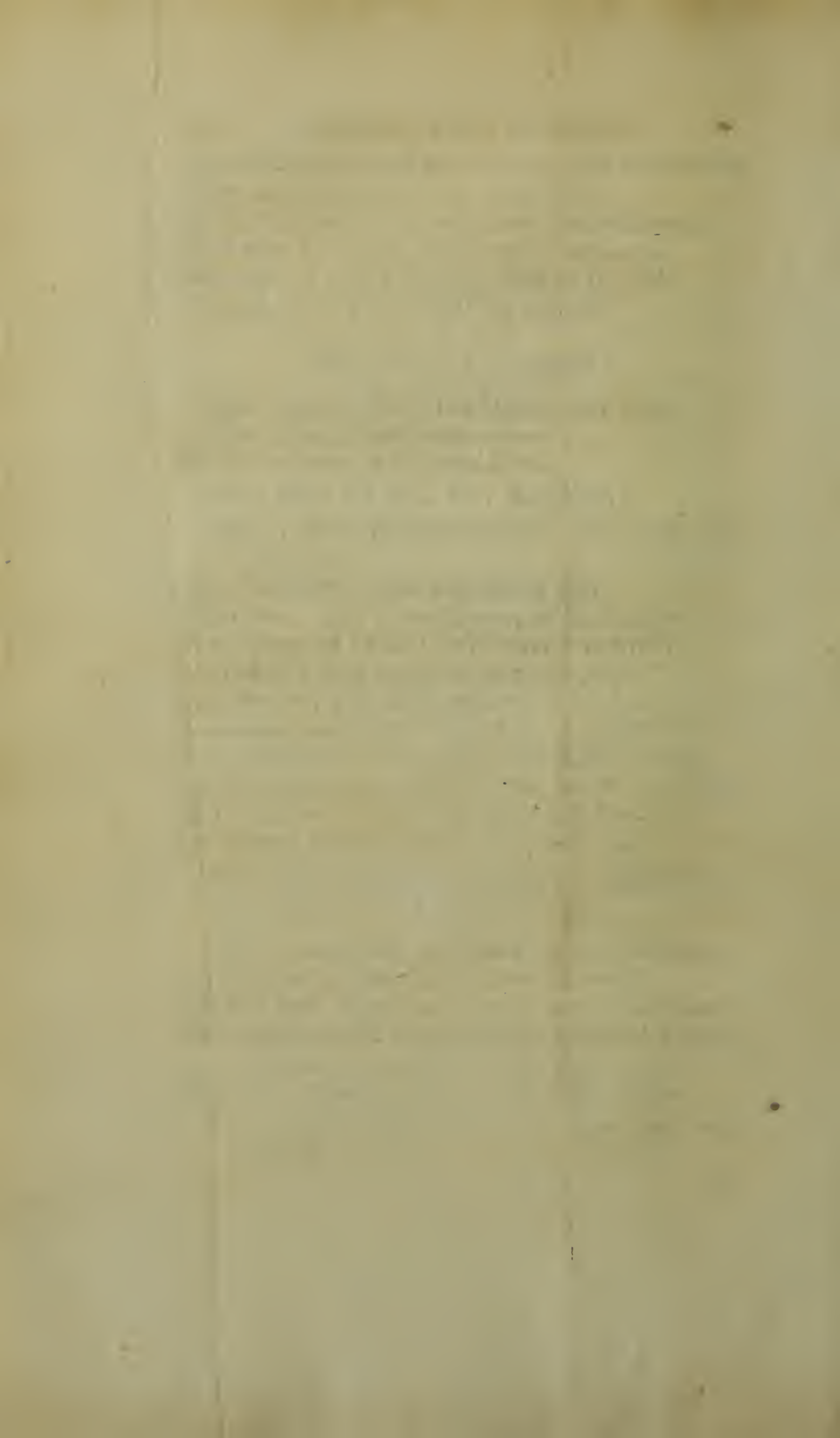
*Beck.* Leave me! I prithee leave me.

*Salis.* O turn not thus from thy true Salisbury!  
 I will not quit, but hang upon this robe,  
 Till you look down upon your once lov'd friend!  
 This out-stretch'd hand, which fain wou'd bid me  
 hence,

Thus let me kiss! and its unkindness shame.

*Beck.* Can't thou then look upon me with  
 pity?

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter.



Is thy good heart so soft that it doth melt  
 Like snow-drop, thus to behold my greatness?  
 Which once did shine as bright as mid-day sun,  
 But now! is set for ever. O! can'st thou  
 Weep so fast, and for a poor fall'n man!

*Salis.* I have a memory of what is past;  
 Can view my present state, and that it was,  
 Can say here is the man, hath done all this!  
 Hath cloath'd and fed me, been to me a father!  
 This self same man doth fall, and shall not I  
 Remember such things were, and stoop to save  
 him?

O! yes, and give up fortune, life, nay all.

*[Kneels to Becket, who embraces him.]*

*Beck.* I did not think such virtue dwelt on  
 earth;

No more! I'll weep upon my present woes;  
 For they have taught me what a man may be,  
 Who keeps his conscience clear, and free from sin.  
 They have instructed me, that here below,  
 The friend you have in high prosperity,  
 May in adversity, prove still the same.  
 Yes! for my Salisbury is yet most true,  
 Had I been always great, I ne'er had known this.  
 Now let us to prayer!——

*Enter Priests, bearing the chalice and crozier, with  
 others following, clad in white, they go  
 up to the altar, BECKET and  
 SALISBURY follow.*

*Enter a MONK in seeming haste.*

*Monk.* Fly! fly! save yourself my Lord Arch-  
 bishop——

*[Becket turning from the steps of the altar.]*

*Beck.*

*Beck.* What means this ?

*Monk.* Four Knights, all arm'd! are seeking for  
your Grace,

They rail'd against you, and did mutter threats;  
On questioning their errand, they answer'd,  
We come from Henry! to seek a traitor.—  
Beseech you, away my lord, and save yourself.

*Beck.* 'Tis done! my time is come, and I  
must die;  
I feel, I know it, and am prepar'd.

*Salis.* You shall, you must away, my lord.

[*Tries to force him out.*]

*Beck.* Off with your hands! I love thee Sa-  
lisbury—  
And wou'd not quit thee, with an angry thought.  
For thy zeal, my thanks! but all is vain,  
My lamp is out!—Weep not! we soon shall meet.  
Our souls will join again, in heav'n for ever.

*Enter the four Knights.*

*Sir Reg.* Where is Becket? Where is the traitor?

*Beck.* Hold! I answer to the name of Becket,  
But not to that of traitor: your will Sirs,  
And how dare ye thus my church profane!  
Your bodies cas'd in rude and warlike steel,  
Your caps lock'd on your brows, your beavers  
down,

Which shou'd be off, in such a holy place,  
A house of peace, and not a field of battle!

*Sir Hugh.* We stand not upon ceremony.

*Beck.* 'Twere better Sirs you did! who are ye?

*Sir Hugh.* We from insulted majesty are come,  
To know if thou unto his act will sign?

*Beck.*



a great deal of the minutiae  
of the study may be absorbed  
by the whole instead of  
being left to the student  
rather to be brought in to  
show that such a thing  
does suddenly without thought,  
— to show condense all the  
best of it in a page or so



*Beck.* Then briefly I reply, I will not —  
 'Twou'd weaken much the pow'r of holy church,  
 So get ye hence! and bear this answer back;  
 Or rather (for well I know your errand)  
 Compleat your work, (*he smiles in contempt*) 'twill  
 do ye honour Sirs.

*Sir Hugh.* Dar'ft thou to mock us with rude  
 contempt?

'Twere better thou did'ft sooth us with fair words.

*Beck.* Peace! I say—What! I sooth, I flatter ye,  
 Know ye my station, Sirs, and who I am?  
 Thomas, holy Lord of Canterbury!  
 The King and I, or Becket and Henry,  
 Are but the self-same thing.

*Sir Reg.* Hear ye this?

*Salis.* For heavens grace, Sir, do not thus urge  
 them.

*Beck.* Your ear, Sirs! I meant not to lisp my  
 words,

An 'twill please ye! I shall again rehearse: —  
 Yet wherefore waste my speech upon such things?  
 Were ye true men, you'd shew your faces bare,  
 But now ye come to act a damned deed,  
 And shrink to let men peep upon your looks;  
 But know! there is an eye can pierce that steel,  
 A mighty hand! will crush the guilty soul,  
 A righteous God! to judge the murderer.

*Sir Hugh.* And to condemn thee, traitor which  
 thou art!

*Beck.* Were I elsewhere than in this fainted  
 place,  
 Tho' clad but as I am, in these thin robes,  
 I wou'd against ye all oppose myself,  
 Wou'd singly crush those arms ye but disgrace,  
 And to perdition downward hurl your souls. —

*Sir*

*Sir Reg.* I'll bear no more! that for thy words—  
*Strikes at him with his sword, Salisbury*  
*holds out his arm, and receives the blow,*  
*the Priests all affrighted, retire, except*  
*Salisbury. Becket tries to wrench a*  
*sword out of one of their hands.*

*Beck.* Why now! ye show yourselves, but I'll  
 grapple.

*Another Knight behind strikes him on the head.*

*Sir Hugh.* Thy labour is but vain, have at thee!—  
*Becket falls with one knee on the step of the*  
*altar, Salisbury holds him up, kneeling*  
*by him.*

*Beck.* O God! and thou Saint Denis! at whose  
 shrine

I now receive the all-dread blow of death,—  
 To thee, I offer up my parting soul.

*[They strike him again.*

*Beck.* Again a blow! *[Strikes again.*

And now another!—O Salisbury!

Take me to thine arms, I die a martyr—

O Lord! all merciful! forgive my sins!

'Tis done! my God forgives, he pardons me.

And thus, thus, my soul flies up to heaven! *[Dies.*

*Salis.* Amen! amen! my noble master.

*Sir Hugh.* Now we have done the deed, let's  
 unto his house,

Seal up his goods, then onward to the King!

Come then! about it straight.

*[Exeunt.*

*The Monks enter in Procession, and sing a Requiem to*  
*Jolemn Music.*

SCENE





SCENE *changes to a Chamber in the Palace, London.*

HENRY *and* MOWBRAY.

*Hen.* How say you, Mowbray?

*Mow.* Your people of the North, are all in arms,

And headed are, by Ellen and your sons.

*Hen.* How many are they strong?

*Mow.* Full nine thousand! and secretly I learn William the Scottish King is with them join'd, Who to their number adds six thousand more:— They fear not, but loudly do defy you!

*Hen.* My wife! my sons! all leagu'd at once against me!

Was ever curse, upon a parent's head,  
Pour'd down with so much vengeance as on mine?

Why toils the father for his infant child?  
Since he but warms a snake to sting his peace;  
At once, 'twere better population ceas'd,  
Than stock the world with beings such as these.  
I cou'd now o'erturn this wide expanse,  
Change the general face of all creation,  
Making the world a second chaos!

Wishing I were unborn!—what must be done?

*Mow.* 'Twere better we make head against them.

*Hen.* What numbers have we?

*Mow.* Near seven thousand!

*Hen.* The odds are great against us then.

*Mow.* Even so, Sir.

*Hen.* Where is that proud, that haughty Becket?

*Mow.* He left the parliament for Canterbury.

F

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* One in seeming haste wou'd speak unto  
your Grace!

*Hen.* Shew him before us!

*Enter one of Becket's Gentlemen.*

*Hen.* Whence come you Sir?

*Gent.* From Canterbury.

*Hen.* From Becket! I suppose,  
Well, Sir! What news from him?

*Gent.* Alas! I come, and most unwillingly,  
To say, my lord and master's murder'd.

*Hen.* How! murder'd—Who hath done this?  
*The vile deed?*

*Gent.* Four knights, my lord, belonging to the  
court.

They did moreover say, 'twas by your will.

*Hen.* How! but they shall justly answer for it.

*Mow.* Right well I know those that have  
done this act;

At Clarendon, you left the parliament,  
And in much choler, some words did 'scape you,  
That scarce were utter'd, but you did repent;  
Yet from those items, hath this deed been done.

*Hen.* O! this, this is the very curse of kings!  
If we but nod, that nod must be obey'd;  
And though we only have the thought of sin,  
Yet are there many that surround the throne,  
Who to gain love and favour of their Prince,  
Will nourish and ripen such sinful thoughts,  
'Till in the soul, they take a lasting root,  
And in the end seal us for destruction.

*Mow.*







HENRY THE SECOND. 67

*Mow.* 'Twere fit, my Prince, you think on  
your safety.

*Hen.* Where lies the enemy?

*Mow.* They come to meet us in Northumber-  
land.

*Hen.* On then! and march we our men thither  
too!

They aid, with mighty numbers a bad cause.  
Ours is stronger, 'tis upheld by justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

*Distant View of Alnwick, in Northumberland.*

*Enter* PRINCE RICHARD, JOHN, *and* HENRY,  
WILLIAM KING OF SCOTS, HUGH EARL  
OF CHESTER, ROBERT EARL OF  
LEICESTER, *and Army.*  
*Drums beating.*

*Rich.* Halt! Thus far have we march'd,  
crown'd with success,  
No siege, no battle yet, hath worn our troops,  
No garrison hath dar'd to stop our course,  
But all obediently have ope'd their gates,  
And friendly been unto us. Tell me now!  
How call you this place?

*Leic.* They name it Alnwick.

*Rich.* Encamp we here, this ground doth like  
us well;

Have yet our scouts brought tidings of the King?

*Ches.* Yea, good Prince, he marches slowly hi-  
ther.

F 2

*Rich.*

68 HENRY THE SECOND.

*Rich.* What power brings he?

*Ches.* Scarce seven thousand men.

*Rich.* So few! why sure he sleeps, but we'll rouse him.

Tell me noble William! do'st not think so?

*Wm.* From our Scot's horn we'll an alarum sound,

Shall stir his sluggard soul, I warrant me.

Thrice hath thy father batter'd down my arms,

Degraded and dishonour'd me, but now!

The time is come, that I shall mock in turn.

[Drums beat.]

*Enter* QUEEN ELEANOR.

*Ele.* My sons, my noblemen! how fare ye all!  
This is a joyful and a seemly fight.

*Rich.* Here is the hardy William, King of Scots,

Who, with his power did join us yesternight.

*Ele.* Welcome our brother, welcome unto us.

*Rich.* Heard'st thou, by the way, of noble Becket?

*Ele.* Too much I fear, unwelcome is the news!  
Oh! my gentle Richard, alas! he's slain.

*Rich.* Where, and by whom?

*Ele.* Four knights, dispatch'd by Harry, as I hear,

Murder'd him, i'th' Church at Canterbury.

*Rich.* Deed most foul! yet shall it to us prove fair.

Just Heav'n will crown our arms with victory,  
Making us instruments of their vengeance.

But where's thy rival? where is Rosamond?

*Ele.* No matter! —

She ne'er again will cross me in my love.

*Rich.*

*here she might well expect in terms  
unpleasant her pleasure at the  
sight of her revenge, directing  
her course in a different  
direction.*





HENRY THE SECOND. 69

*Rich.* Have you imprison'd her, is she then safe?

*Ele.* Aye! if death can make her so.

*Rich.* O mother, mother! this is too much—

*Ele.* I came not hither to seek thy counsel.

*Rich.* 'Twere better madam, had you so done.

*Ele.* No more, Sir! she's poison'd, and I'm content.

Go! prate thy counsel to the howling winds;  
They, not I, may chance listen to thy moan;  
Or rather, go weep with Lord de Clifford—  
Thoult' find him i'the camp, chain'd and my prisoner.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter MOWBRAY, with a Herald.*

Your errand, Sir?

*Mow.* I come, with gracious offers from the King;

If it so please you, grant a hearing.

*Ele.* Proceed, Sir!

*Mow.* He will'd, that thrice his herald shou'd sound forth,

Ere I made known to you my embassy.

[*Herald sounds three times.*]

Henry the Second, just King of England,  
Doth here arraign Richard, John, and Harry,  
The lawful sons and heirs of his body,  
With Eleanor, their mother; also  
Earl Robert, and Hugh Earl of Chester,  
With others here not nam'd, guilty of high treason!

But shou'd they now confess their rebellion,  
Dismiss their followers, and sue for mercy,  
To all, save only William of Scotland,  
Most graciously his pardon he doth grant.

If stubborn, ye chance refuse this offer,  
 No tie of blood will soften his vengeance ;  
 The yearnings of a parent will be hush'd.——  
 Nor shew the mercy of a conqueror.

*Ele.* Go ! bear this answer back unto the king ;  
 We spurn his offer, and defy his rage.——  
 From us, a speech like this, had founded well.  
 We from thy master, did expect fair words,  
 Not threats like these.—Begone ! you know our  
 will.

*Mow.* Wou'd ye, that I bear this answer back?

*Ele.* Aye ! and take good heed you soften not  
 the phrase.

*Leic.* (*Scoffingly.*) Good Mowbray, gentle  
 Mowbray, fare thee well !

*Mow.* My lord ! a word with you.

[*Leicester goes to him.*

When I do jeer, Sir, 'tis not with my tongue ;  
 This is the instrument which I do use.

[*Putting his hand on his sword.*

And this the arm, that works it, do'st hear me ?

[*Holds up his right hand.*

I shall in fight, 'gainst thee oppose myself,  
 'Tis there I'll answer this your mockery,  
 And deal so roughly with your lordship's crest,  
 That were my lady's monkey in the field,  
 He'd maul and make a plaything of your bear,  
 And wrench from out his paw, the ragged staff.  
 Such a crest suits well an apish bearer ;  
 Flout not good my lord ! I ne'er do flatter.

*Leic.* So, Sir, it shou'd seem ——

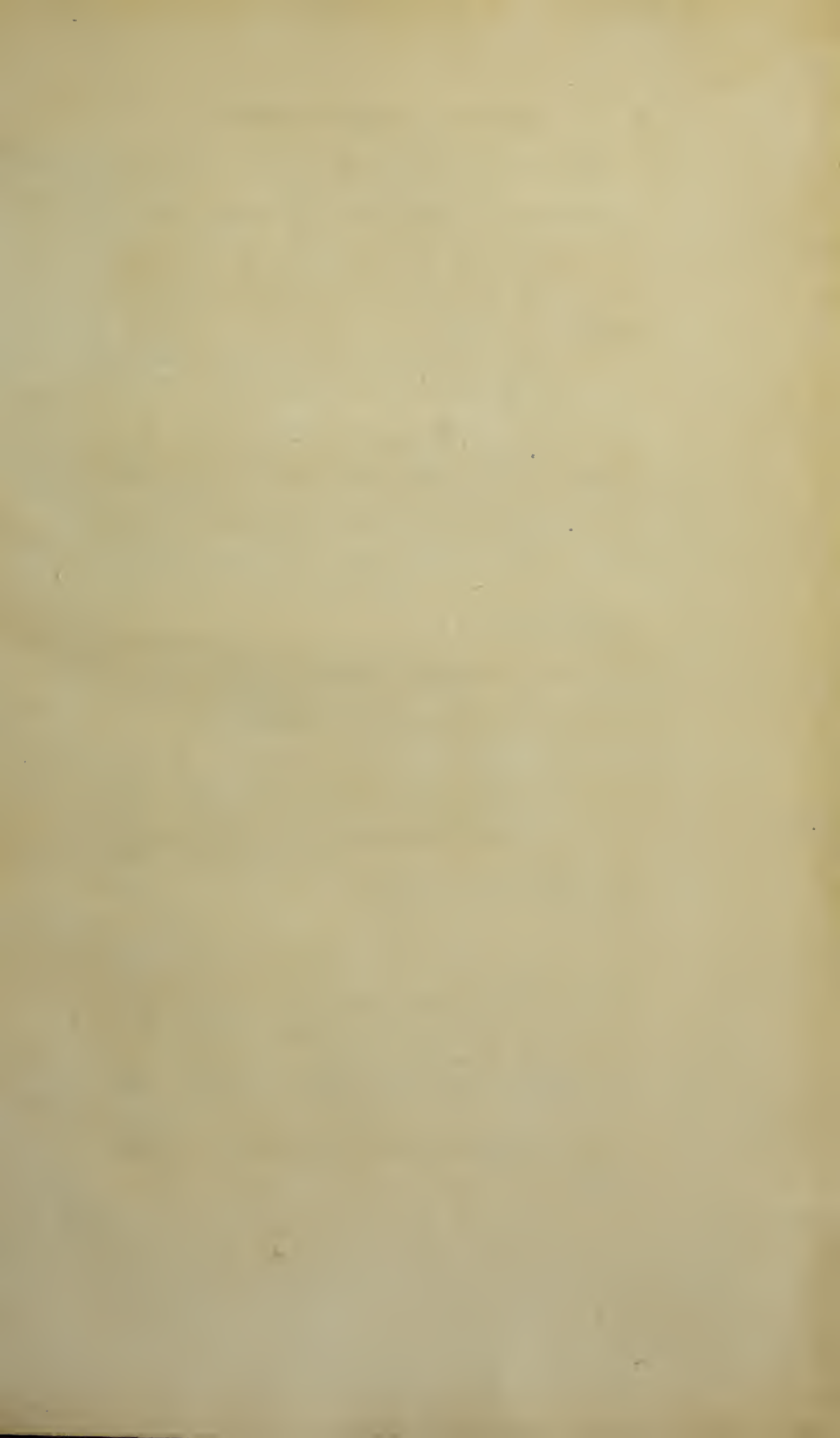
[*Attempts to draw his sword.*

*Mow* Hold ! my Lord, I am a blunt English-  
 man,

And in that title, boast an unstain'd soul,  
 A hand, that ne'er hath grip'd a rebel sword,

But







But always borne the steel 'gainst such as thee,  
 Enemies of our true anointed King.  
 Though I wou'd fain chastise that perjurd heart,  
 And teach thee what it is to wear a soul,  
 That only lives to guard its country's rights;  
 Yet by your leave! a lady claims respect.

[*Bows to the Queen.*]

Farewel! to-morrow i'th' field we'll meet,  
 Then remember, or one, or both must fall.

[*Goes out.*]

*Leic.* I do accept the challenge.

*Ele.* Come, sirs! I pray you now let's in and rest.

By times to-morrow, we'll attack the King;  
 Therefore good night, and peace be with you all.

*All.* Sweet Queen, farewell!

[*Drums beat.*]

#### KING HENRY'S Camp.

*Enter HENRY and MOWBRAY.*

*Hen.* They wou'd not listen to my terms!

*Mow.* They did refuse, and spurn'd your offer.

*Hen.* Saw'st thou the Scottish King?

*Mow.* Aye! my lord.

*Hen.* Well! see my arms be laid within my tent,

And then get thee to rest.

[*Mowbray kneels.*]

*Mow.* Yet ere I go, thus on my bended knee  
 I wou'd intreat a favour of your Grace.

*Hen.* Then ask! I am not want to deny thee.

*Mow.* So please it then, that you permit me  
 Sire,

To range my troops 'gainst those of Lord Leicester.

*Hen.* Thy boon is granted! so good night.

[*Mowbray rises.*]

*Mow.* Thank your grace! now fly thou creeping night,

And let bright day light me to victory.

May gentlest sleep attend your highness' couch.

[*Goes out.*]

*Hen.* Why fare thee well, and to thy wish, amen!

Yet amen! will not close these care-worn eyes,

Nor lull this troubled soul, for one short hour,

Within thy arms, Oh! sleep, thou nurse of care!

What avails my sceptre, ball, nay crown itself?

All will not purchase soft and sweet repose!

The wretch who toils throughout the sun's bright course,

Tho' he be stretch'd upon the flinty rock,

And lies not further from its lofty brink,

Than half his body's length, e'en such a man,

Thou'lt hug, altho' the roaring sea itself

Conjoin, to make the spot more horrible!

The peasant labours for his daily food,

And hourly sweats from bodily fatigue:

But O! how different stands the case with me!

I for a nation toil, and if I sin,

Millions of souls rain curses on my head.

I see it now! the man whom fortune woos,

Will ne'er be woo'd by thee! Wherefore is it?

That now the curse of Heav'n roars against me,

Louder and hotter, than 'tis wont to do!

I ne'er kill'd my father, deny'd my God!

Yet doth my own flesh seek to destroy me.

Is it, O Lord! that I am worse in sin?

Or that the deeds of my forefathers gone,

Are reckon'd up, and I am singled out

To answer all? Yet be it as it may,

Do not suffer O merciful Father!

That I, to-morrow, in the broil of war,

Shou'd



A general index of the  
table-lands may be omitted  
as the common interest  
and the same recommended  
as page 74 will well fill  
the necessary, or not or more  
the subject

HENRY THE SECOND. 73

Shou'd strike my flesh, and spill my children's  
blood.

My life be forfeit, and not theirs O Lord!  
I'll in, and wear away this dismal night  
In pray'r, and offering tears of penitence.

*A Field.*

*Soldiers fighting, Drums beating, &c.*

*Enter MOWBRAY.*

*Mow.* Already is the field one sea of blood!  
Which thrice I have o'er trod, yet find him not.  
Shou'd this day's fight be ended ere we meet,  
I shall grow sick, in very grief of heart.

*Enter LEICESTER in haste.*

*Leic.* Come forth! and face me, where art thou  
Mowbray?

*Mow.* Here! here! and for this fight, I thank  
thee, Mars!

Now breast to breast, and steel to steel oppos'd,  
'Thus fight we, 'till of one the life be clos'd!

*They fight, Mowbray beats off Leicester.*

*Enter WILLIAM KING OF SCOTS.*

*Flourish of Drums, &c.*

*Wm.* Whither shall I fly? triumphant Harry!  
Like that same lion blazon'd on his shield,  
Roars death to us and to our host! curs'd hour!  
'That I shou'd live again to grace his vict'ry!

*Enter*

*Enter KING HENRY, with his Helmet on.*

*Hen.* Beshrew me, now! but I do know thee well!

And long have fought thee! Thou'rt the Scottish King!

Then turn thy sword where it shall honour reap,  
If it prove victor! I am King Henry!

Thou'rt my equal—A king against a king,  
O glorious thought! thus! thus! have at thee then!

*[They fight, King of Scots flies.]*

*Enter PRINCE RICHARD, with his Beaver down.*

Thou fliest! and haply for thee, here is one,  
Who like thy guardian angel, lights on earth,  
To stay that death, which else wou'd have been thine.

*[Harry and Richard fight, then pause.]*

*Hen.* Stand aloof! thou art in fight, so passing hot!

That I cou'd almost stamp thee for my blood.

*Rich.* Why pause ye Sir? come on again!

*Hen.* Yet hold! I wou'd thy beaver were unlock'd,

That I might view thy face. A deadly sweat  
Pours down my feverish limbs, when thus I raise  
My steel against thy breast—I will no more.

*Rich.* Then thou art my prisoner.

*Hen.* Nay, first I will uncase, and shew myself,

If







If then thou know'st me not, we'll to't again,  
And shou'd I slay thee, thou wil't nobly die!

[*Turning up his beaver.*]

For Henry of England is thy rival!

*Richard drops his sword, kneels, and takes  
his father round the knees.*

*Rich.* Gracious gods!—my father!

*Hen.* O! say, ar't not Richard, my eldest born?

[*Richard raises his beaver.*]

*Rich.* I was, I was, but am no longer so!

For I have rebell'd against my parent;  
I am unnatural, have broke those bonds,  
Which in a child, shou'd strengthen with his years;  
O never, never more!——

Can I make peace with God, or thee my fire.

*Hen.* Rise, my son; from me thou hast forgiveness.

[*Embraces him.*]

But remember, thy God must pardon too.

[*Shouting without, victory! victory! King  
Henry hath gain'd the day.*]

*Hen.* This shout doth hail me master of the  
field;

Follow! my child, I will unto my tent,  
And offer thanks to God; come, cheer thee up.

[*Exeunt.*]

## KING HENRY'S Tent.

HENRY seated on a chair of state, QUEEN ELLEN,  
 PRINCES JOHN, HENRY and RICHARD,  
 HUGH OF CHESTER, ROBERT OF  
 LEICESTER, and WILLIAM  
 KING OF SCOTLAND, in  
 chains, Prisoners with  
 Guards, &c.

*Drums and Trumpets sound.*

*Hen.* Let yon rude clamor cease! now tell me,  
 Sirs,  
 And you, our once lov'd queen, that gave them  
 birth:  
 Why have ye dar'd to stain my peaceful land,  
 And drench my fertile plains in English blood?  
 Have ye forget your duty to your God,  
 And can ye thus upon a parent dare to look,  
 Who gave you being!  
 Oh shame, shame! thus to league with foul re-  
 bellion.

*John.* (*The other Princes kneel.*) Forgive! O,  
 pardon us, gentle father,  
 The crime lies with our mother, not with us.

*Ele.* Spare thy tongue the labour of recital,  
 I do confess it, and glory in the deed.

*Enter MOWBRAY and LORD DE CLIFFORD.*

*Hen.* Good Heav'ns! Lord Clifford, how cam'st  
 thou here?

*Ele.*

There is a noble opening for a fair  
and interesting scene of Japanese to give  
interest to the denouement between the  
king and wife & family.  
as has been already shown -



*Ele.* His tears may stop the current of his speech;

Thus! then it is. 'Twas I brought him hither,  
'Twas I poison'd his daughter, thy mistress!  
And 'twas revenge! that urg'd me to this deed.

*Hen.* Poison'd!—What, my Rosamond dead!

*Mow.* My liege, 'tis most true.

The noble Clifford here, hath told me all.

*Hen.* For this deed, may'st thou stand for aye  
abhorr'd.

My Rose gone for ever! The sweetest flow'r

That e'er did kiss the bosom of the wind,

Or spread its fragrance to the May-morn sun!

Abandon'd woman—— [To the Queen.

Bear her from my sight, lead her to prison,

There let her pass the remnant of her days,

In penitence and pray'r.—Bear her hence, I say.—

[Guards lead her out.

And lead Earl Robert and Hugh Chester, straight

To execution—See, Mowbray, it be done.

[Mowbray leads out Chester and Leicester.

And as the crime most foul was not your own,

To you my sons, Richard, John, and Harry,

I here my pardon and forgiveness grant;

But for that ambitious King of Scots,

We hold him pris'ner, until he pay us

Ten thousand marks, for ransom of his person.

See therefore, that he be strictly guarded.

Now we'll to Woodstock, take one last farewell,

Ere that my Rosamond be laid in earth;

Then cross the seas for France, where, as I hear,

They fain again wou'd seize on Normandy,

And curb our lion's glory.

F I N I S.

## EPILOGUE.

**I**F from our Play returning to your homes,  
 Ye chance to read this story as 'tis writ;  
 And find our Harry cross the seas for France,  
 Our Becket unto Rome for succour fly,  
 Thence unto Louis' court to meet his king;  
 Where friends ye find, this haughty priest once  
 more

- Invited home unto his dignities.  
 When this ye read, do not your author blame;  
 He cou'd not bear ye on swift lightning's wing,  
 O'er billowing seas, deserts and gay towns;  
 Or shew within the compass of one hour,  
 The business of a twenty summer's course;  
 Yet shou'd ye frown, look back upon his Play,  
 And let our Harry's courage and sweet love,  
 Forgiveness beg for his o'erleaping time.  
 Our haughty and ambitious Becket too,  
 Shall plead the lack of place: Yet after all,  
 Shou'd any present still remain unkind,  
 And carry with him to his nightly couch,  
 The frown of discontent; O, shou'd this be;  
 Then think how much the writer here hath toil'd  
 To please, and shew in this our Harry's reign,  
 The pride and glory of our English land,  
 The unstain'd thunder of our regal lion;  
 No brow so rough, but sure will smooth at this,  
 No frown so black, but will to sweetness turn,  
 And bright as sun when bursting from the East,  
 Drive night away.—Yet why intreat ye thus?  
 No more! no more! ye smile and look so sweet,  
 I'll to our young and trembling author say,  
 Ye heard, ye smil'd, and did applaud his Play.









