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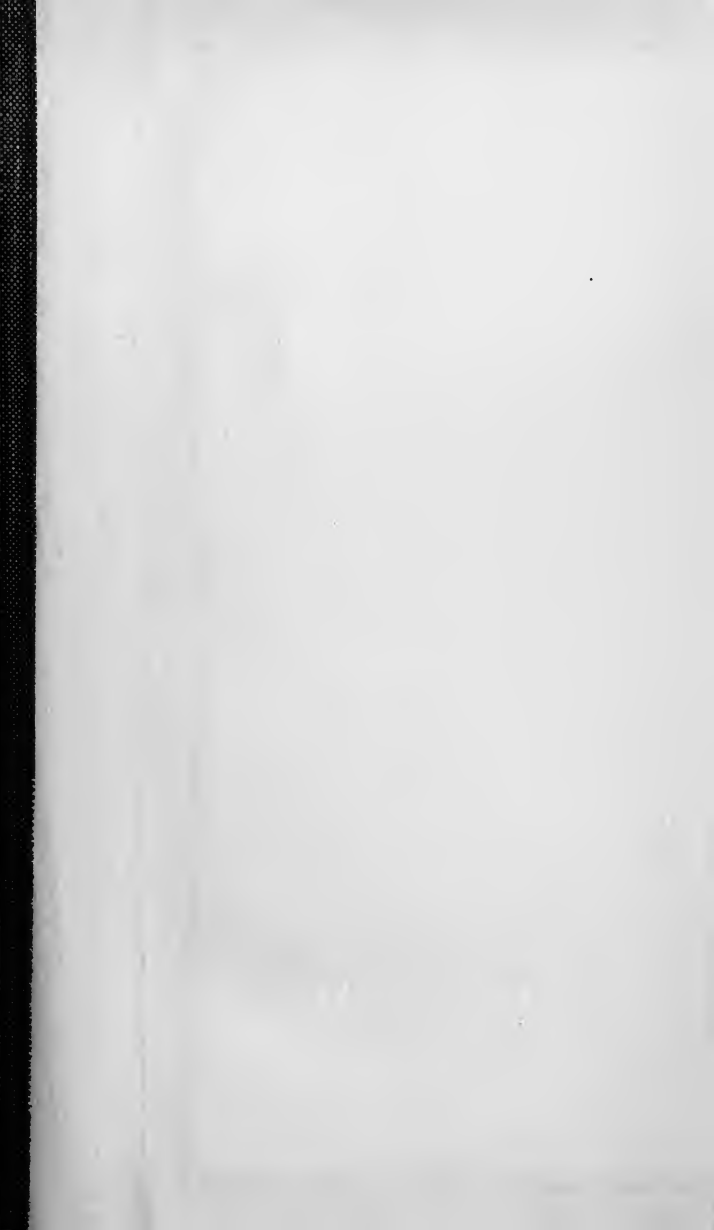
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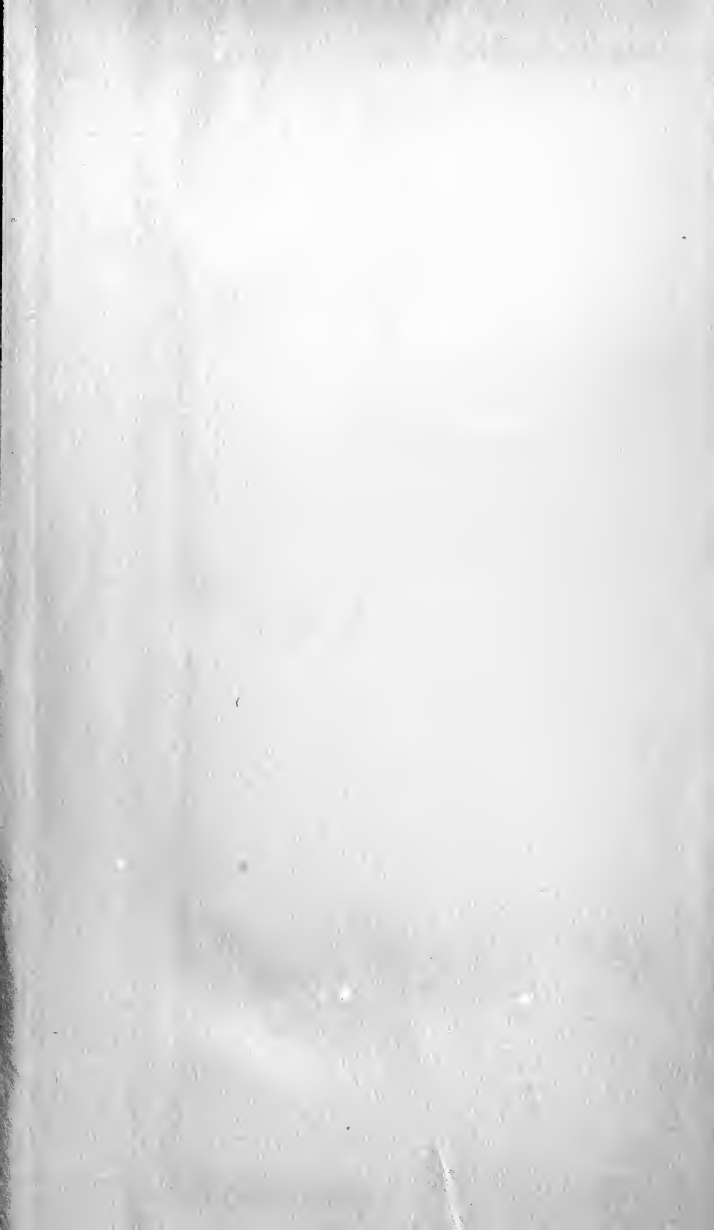


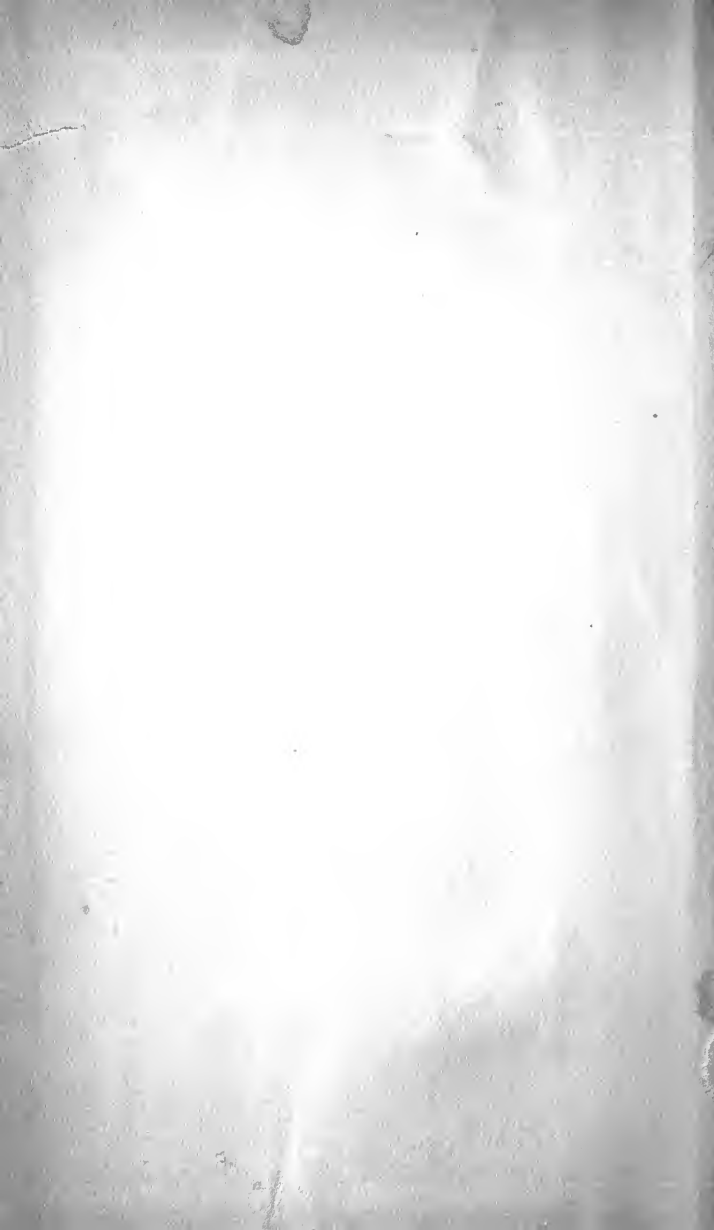
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SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

*PART II.—VOL. I.*

—o—

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

KING RICHARD III.

KING JOHN.

KING HENRY V.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

71  
1522  
2102.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON



~~1527~~  
~~1527~~  
~~1527~~

[Collier, John Payne (ed.)]

# Shakespeare's Library

A COLLECTION OF THE

PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS  
AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

# SHAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

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from a New Collation of the Original Copies

VOLUME THE FIFTH

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## PREFACE.



THE Fifth and Sixth Volumes of "Shakespeare's Library," forming the second and concluding division of the present publication, contain eleven dramas, from which Shakespeare is supposed, with good reason, to have derived assistance, in greater or smaller measure, in the preparation of his own plays on the same subject.

These foundation-dramas stand, however, on a very unequal footing ; for, as elsewhere explained, the poet, in some cases, merely revised the existing texts ; in others, his obligation was scarcely more than nominal ; and in the rest, with one exception, the original piece supplied nothing beyond the outline and general suggestion.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," as here reprinted from the 4to of 1602, exhibits, on the contrary, Shakespeare's own first sketch, afterwards completed and matured by himself, as we find it in the folio of 1623, and in the modern editions.

Almost all the dramatic compositions which are assembled in these two volumes are of the highest rarity ; but such is especially the case with the "Famous Victories of Henry V., 1598," "The Troublesome

Reign of King John, 1591," "The First Part of the Contention, 1594," the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, 1595," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III., 1594," all of which, with the exception of the last, are supposed to be *unique*. But three or four copies at most exist of any of them.

To bring them all together, therefore, in a convenient shape for reference appeared to be desirable. Of the whole number, four have never been collected before, and as regards three of the others, the "Taming of a Shrew," the "Famous Victories," and "King John," the editions employed in "Six Old Plays, 1779," were late reprints, instead of the *editiones principes*, which are generally purer, and (in inquiries of this kind) always more satisfactory and authoritative. But where the Editor of 1779, professing not to "depart from the original copies," chose the right texts, he failed altogether to observe that accuracy which in such cases is indispensable.

W. C. H.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

EDITION.

*Menæmi. A pleasant and fine conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English, by W. W. London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratiuous-streete.*  
1595. 4<sup>o</sup>.

## THE PRINTER TO THE READERS.



THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgment) in harmelesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therin used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meritment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endeavour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously polished.

Farewell.

\* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altered, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

*THE ARGUMENT.*



\* Two Twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,  
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :  
The first his Father lost a litle Lad,  
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother.  
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke  
His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,  
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,  
That Citizens there take him for the same :  
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,  
Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.





A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED

COMÆDIE,

CALLED

*MENECHMUS,*

TAKEN OUT OF THE MOST EXCELLENT

*POET PLAUTUS.*

—o—

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter PENICULUS, a Parasite.*

**P**ENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become : Namely all the vittels which are set before mee. Now in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly : my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by some subtiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man without

all suspicion of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease : Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare : he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such gwestes as my selfe be drawne to his Table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner : for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come forth.

## SCENE II.

*Enter MENECHMUS talking backe to his wife within.*

If ye were not such a brabbling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbände in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can never go forth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry?  
\* As though she were a Constable or a toll-gatherer, I have pamperd her too much : she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well sith it is so, she shall now have

some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

*Pen.* Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me : this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife ; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

*Men.* We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

*Pen.* Come, what share have I in that same ?

*Men.* Out alas, I am taken.

*Pen.* True; but by your friend.

*Men.* What, mine owne Peniculus ?

*Pen.* Yours (if faith) bodie and goods if I had any.

*Men.* Why thou hast a bodie.

*Pen.* Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

*Men.* Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

*Pen.* Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day ?

*Men.* Ile tell thee of a notable pranke.

*Pen.* What, did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing ? Would I might see the reversion.

*Men.* Tell me didst thou see a picture, how Jupiters Eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis ?

*Pen.* Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

*Men.* Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture ?

*Pen.* O ho, what cloake have ye got here ?

*Men.* Prethee say I am now a brave fellow.

*Pen.* But hearke ye, where shall we dine ?

*Men.* Tush, say as I bid thee man.

*Pen.* Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

*Men.* What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

*Pen.* Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

*Men.* On yet.

*Pen.* Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

*Men.* Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

*Pen.* Say your minde.

*Men.* Come farther this way from my house.

*Pen.* So, let me heare.

*Men.* Nay farther yet.

*Pen.* I warrant ye man.

\* *Men.* Nay yet farther.

*Pen.* Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

*Men.* Why?

*Pen.* Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye. But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

*Men.* Seest thou this cloake?

*Pen.* Not yet. Well what of it?

*Men.* This same I meane to give to Erotium.

*Pen.* That's well, but what of all this?

*Men.* There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepard for her and me.

*Pen.* And me.

*Men.* And thee.

*Pen.* O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

*Men.* I knocke. But staie too Peniculus, let's not be too rash. Oh see shee is in good time comming forth.

*Pen.* Ah, he now lookes against the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

*Enter* EROTIUM.

*Ero.* What mine owne Menechmus, welcome sweete heart.

*Pen.* And what am I, welcome too?

*Ero.* You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

\* *Pen.* I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

*Men.* Erotium, I have determined that here shall be pitcht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heavens: And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon the wine boll, yourselfe as Capitaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

*Ero.* Agreed.

*Pen.* I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile.

*Men.* Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

*Ero.* Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers: whats this same?

*Men.* This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

*Ero.* Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all dearest.

*Pen.* Now she showes her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

*Men.* I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

*Pen.* Thus they must do that are right Lovers: especially if they mean to [be] beggers with any speed.

*Men.* I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

*Pen.* There's tenne ponde bestowed verie thriftily.

*Men.* But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

*Ero.* It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie.

\* *Men.* Let a good dinner be made for us three.

Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other be as you please.

*Ero.* You shall Sir.

*Men.* I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, sweete Erotium: Come Peniculus.

*Pen.* Nay I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leese my life, then sight of you till this dinner be done.

[*Exeunt.*

*Ero.* Who's there? Call me Cylindrus the Cooke hither.

*Enter* CYLINDRUS.

Cylindrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings is there not?

*Cyl.* Tis so mistresse.

*Ero.* Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

*Cyl.* What guests have ye to-day mistresse?

*Ero.* Here will be Menechmus and his Parasite, and myselfe.

*Cyl.* That's ten persons in all.

*Ero.* How many?

*Cyl.* Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

*Ero.* Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

*Cyl.* I will have all readie with a trice. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* MENECHMUS, SOSICLES. MESSENIO *his servant,*  
*and some Saylers.*

*Men.* Surely Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they

have bene long tost and turmoyle in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

*Mes.* Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a sight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne that we heare off?

*Men.* Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike to me : I must trie in all places.

*Mes.* Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have roande about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all Haven Towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

*Men.* Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Litle knowest thou Messenio how neare my heart it goes.

*Mes.* This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

*Men.* Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

*Mes.* I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Wel yet I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites,

Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold : then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke heré to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

*Men.* Yee say very well indeed : give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

*Mes.* Why Sir?

*Men.* Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cosened of it : then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders, so to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

*Men.* I pray do so sir, all the better.

*Enter CYLINDRUS.*

\* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners : It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is Menechmus come already, before I could come from the Market? Menechmus, how do ye sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

*Men.* God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

*Cyl.* Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

*Men.* Whom meanest thou good fellow?

*Cyl.* Why Peniculus worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your Parasiticall attendant.

*Men.* What Peniculus? what attendant? My attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

*Mes.* Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?



*Cyl.* Menechmus, harke ye sir, ye come too soone backe again to dinner, I am but returned from the Market.

*Men.* Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a straunger thus.

*Cyl.* Alas sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger to you. Know ye not Cylindrus?

*Men.* Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

*Cyl.* I know you to be Menechmus.

*Men.* Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

*Cyl.* Where? even heere, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse Erotium.

*Men.* I neither have Lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

*Cyl.* Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup and dresses your meate at our house?

*Mes.* What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withall.

*Men.* At your house, when as I never came in Epidamnum till this day.

*Cyl.* Oh thats true. Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

*Men.* Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part.

*Cyl.* Questionlesse, hee is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye Menechmus.

*Men.* What saist thou?

*Cyl.* If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe: for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe.

*Mes.* What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus?

*Cyl.* Tush he wil many times jest with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous jest.

*Men.* Whats that?

*Cyl.* This I say, Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, ile fetche more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite.

*Men.* What wenches? what Parasites?

*Mes.* Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

*Cyl.* Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know.

*Men.* Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

*Cyl.* That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

*Men.* Is he gone? Messenio I thinke uppon thy words alreadie.

*Mes.* Tush marke I pray, Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belong.

*Men.* But I wonder how he knowes my name.

*Mes.* Oh ile tell yee. These Courtizans as soone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect.

*Men.* I mislike not thy counsaile Messenio.

*Mes.* I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie forth. Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

*Enter* EROTIUM.

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho: maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under

the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome. Where is hee, that Cylandrus sayd stood without here? Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

*Men.* Whom doth this woman speake to?

*Ero.* Even to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

*Men.* Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

*Ero.* Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

*Men.* Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to mee uppon so small acquaintance.

*Mes.* Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I tolde ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman what acquaintance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

*Ero.* Where he saw me, here in Epidamnum.

*Mes.* In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his foote within the Towne?

*Ero.* Go, go, flowting Jack. Menechmus what need al this? I pray go in.

*Men.* She also calls me by my name.

*Mes.* She smels your purse.

*Men.* Messenio come hither, here take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

*Ero.* Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

*Men.* A good motion, yea and thanks with all my heart.

*Ero.* Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourselfe.

*Men.* That I commaunded ?

*Ero.* Yea, for you and your Parasite.

*Men.* My Parasite ?

*Ero.* Peniculus, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

*Men.* A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife ?

*Ero.* Tush what needeth all this jesting ? Pray leave off.

*Men.* Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I, nor never was in this place till this instant ; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

*Ero.* What ship do ye tell me off ?

\* *Mes.* Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have saild up and downe in this sixe yeares, Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye ?

*Ero.* Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting and go in.

*Men.* Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person, it is some other that you looke for.

*Ero.* Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusic where Agathocles did raigne, then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

*Men.* All this is true.

*Mes.* Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

*Men.* Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter.

*Mes.* Ye are cast away then.

*Men.* Why so ? I warrant thee, I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe when you please let us go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least

he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

*Ero.* Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus your Parasite?

*Men.* Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

*Ero.* All the better. But sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

*Men.* What is that?

*Ero.* To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

*Men.* Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Hoe Messenio come aside: goe and provide for thyselve, and these ship boyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

*Mes.* Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

*Men.* Peace foolish knave seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

*Mes.* Ay maister.

*Men.* Wilt thou be gone?

*\*Mes.* See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath bourded him at first encounter. Come away fellowes.

### ACT III.

*Enter* PENICULUS.

Twentie yeares I thinke and more, have I playde the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow Menechmus, and

he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden ; there trusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him : tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day ; which I think in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off. Yet I meane to go see : if I can but light uppon the reversion, I may perhaps get my peny-worthes. But how now ? is this Menechmus comming away from thence ? dinner done, and all dispatch ? What execrable lucke have I ?

*Enter MENECHMUS the traveller.*

Tush I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

*Pen.* He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first ile harken awhile what he saith.

*Men.* Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I ? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment ? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

*Pen.* He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee

saith. I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner.

*Men.* She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while I far'd well, and that a' free cost.

*Pen.* Wel, I'le go talke with him.

*Men.* Who is this same that comes to me?

*Pen.* O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

*Men.* Good fellow, what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a railers hire.

*Pen.* I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadie.

*Men.* Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

*Pen.* Well, well, mock on sir, mock on; doo ye not know my name?

*Men.* In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

*Pen.* Fie, awake Menechmus, awake; ye oversleepe your selfe.

*Men.* I am awake, I know what I say.

*Pen.* Know you not Peniculus?

*Men.* Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not.

*Pen.* Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

*Men.* Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

*Pen.* Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

*Men.* Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

*Pen.* Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it.

*Men.* Away filthie mad drivell away; I will talke no longer with thee.

*Pen.* Not a world of men shall staie me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me. I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

*Men.* It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

*Enter ANCILLA, EROTIVMS mayd.*

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmythes, shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended.

*Men.* Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

*Anc.* Do ye know this chaine sir?

*Men.* Yea I know it to be gold.

*Anc.* This is the same you once tooke out of your wives Casket.

*Men.* Who, did I?

*Anc.* Have you forgotten?

*Men.* I never did it.

*Anc.* Give it me againe then.

*Men.* Tarry, yes I remember it: tis it I gave your mistres.

*Anc.* Oh, are ye advised?

*Men.* Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise?

*Anc.* I never knew of anie.

*Men.* Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

*Anc.* Well sir, ile tell her this shall be done?



*Men.* I, I, tell her so, shee shall have the cloake and this both together.

*Anc.* I pray Menechmus put a litle jewell for my eare to making for me : ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.

*Men.* I will, give me the golde, ile paie for the workemanship.

*Anc.* Laie out for me, ile paie it ye againe.

*Men.* Alas I have none now.

*Anc.* When you have, will ye?

*Men.* I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may think that I am gone that way. \* I wil now goe see if I can finde my man Messenio, that I may tell him how I have sped.

#### ACT IV.

*Enter MULIER, the wife of MENECHMUS the Citizen, and PENICULUS.*

*Mul.* Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have to give his Trulles?

*Pen.* Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloak to the Dyars. And see I pray where the garland lyes, this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

*Mul.* What shall I now do?

*Pen.* What? that which ye ever do ; bayt him for life.

*Mul.* Surely I thinke it best so.

*Pen.* Stay, wee will stand aside a little, ye shall catch him unawares.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men.* It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and overlaid with countenance: If a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine own part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will: For taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am sore afrayed Erotium thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long, yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day.

*Pen.* How thinke ye by that?

*Mul.* I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

*Men.* I will hie me thither.

*Mul.* Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough, no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

*Men.* How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

*Mul.* Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

*Pen.* Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him I say.

*Men.* Pray wife why are ye so angry with me.

*Mul.* Oh you know not?

*Pen.* He knowes, but he would dissemble it.

*Men.* What is it?

*Mul.* My cloake.

*Men.* Your cloake.

*Mul.* My cloake man, why do ye blush?

*Pen.* He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him I say.

*Men.* Hold thy peace Peniculus.

*Pen.* Ha hold my peace, looke ye, he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

*Men.* I neither becken nor winke on him.

*Mul.* Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

*Men.* Why what aile ye woman?

*Mul.* Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

*Men.* I protest unto before all the goddes (is not this inough) that I beckond not on him.

*Pen.* Oh sir, this is another matter, touch him in the former cause.

*Men.* What former cause?

*Pen.* The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake againe from the dyars.

*Men.* What cloake?

*Mul.* Nay ile say no more, sithe ye know nothing of your owne doings.

*Men.* Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* You are fallen out with some of your friends.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* Sure I am, I have not offended you.

*Mul.* No, you have dealt verie honestly.

*Men.* Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words, tell me, are ye not well?

*Pen.* What shall he flatter ye now?

*Men.* I speak not to thee knave. Good wife come hither.

*Mul.* Away, away, keep your hands off.

*Pen.* So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me, when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me: alas you know not me, even now.

*Men.* Why Asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together.

*Pen.* Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me beleeve I was mad, and said ye were a stranger, and ye knew me not?

*Men.* Of a truth since wee went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

*Pen.* Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I have tolde your wife all.

*Men.* What hast thou told her?

*Pen.* I cannot tell, aske her?

*Men.* Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I say, what was it?

*Mul.* As though you knew not, my cloake is stolne from me?

*Men.* Is your cloake stolne from ye?

*Mul.* Do ye aske me?

*Men.* If I knew, I would not aske.

*Pen.* O craftie companion, how he would shift the matter, come, come, deny it not, I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

*Men.* What hast thou bewrayd;

*Mul.* Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never

so manifest, Heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieffe, and what he hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne from me.

*Men.* My cloake is stolne from me?

*Pen.* Looke how he cavils, she saith it is stolne from her.

*Men.* I have nothing to say to thee : I say wife tell me.

*Mul.* I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house.

*Men.* Who stole it?

*Mul.* He knowes best that carried it away.

*Men.* Who was that?

*Mul.* Menechmus.

*Men.* T'was very ill done of him. What Menechmus was that?

*Mul.* You.

*Men.* I, who will say so?

*Mul.* I will.

*Pen.* And I : that you gave it to Erotium.

*Men.* I gave it?

*Mul.* You.

*Pen.* You, you, you, shall we fetch a kennel of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

*Men.* Heare me one word wife, I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not, indeed I lent it her to use a while.

*Mul.* Faith sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine own garments, as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

*Men.* You shall have it againe without faile.

*Mul.* Tis best for you that I have : otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

*Pen.* Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

*Men.* I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from

thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

*Pen.* God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischiefe on ye all. [Exit.

*Men.* My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who will shut me in. Now will I entreate Erotium to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wifes mouth withall, and then will I provide a better for her. Ho who is within there? Some bodie tell Erotium I must speake with her.

*Enter* EROTIIUM.

*Ero.* Who calls?

*Men.* Your friend, more then his owne.

*Ero.* O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come in.

*Men.* Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

*Ero.* Say your minde.

*Men.* Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you, that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her: and I promise you, ile give ye an other worth two of it.

*Ero.* Why I gave it you to carry to your dyars, and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

*Men.* Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

*Ero.* Ah then sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both, did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well.

*Men.* To defraud ye? No, but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

*Ero.* Why sir, I asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them: you and your wife together, think ye I esteeme them or you either. Goe, come to mee againe when I send for you.

*Men.* What so angry with mee, sweete Erotium? Staie, I pray staie.

\* *Ero.* Staie? Faith sir no: thinke ye I will staie at your request?

*Men.* What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I were best go trie some other friends, and aske counsaile what to do.

## ACT V.

*Enter MENECHMUS the traveller, MULIER.*

*Men.* Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can no where find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

*Mul.* I marvaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

*Men.* I muse where the knave should be.

*Mul.* I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour. Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders, are ye not ashamde to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

*Men.* How now? what lackes this woman?

*Mul.* Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace.

*Men.* What offence have I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

*Mul.* Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

*Men.* Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed Hecuba to be a bitch?

*Mul.* Never.

*Men.* Because she did as you do now, on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name.

*Mul.* These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day.

*Men.* What care I whether thou livest as a widow or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches.

*Mul.* What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather than suffer thy vile dealings.

*Men.* Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

*Mul.* Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashamde?

*Men.* Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day another gave me to carry to be trimde.

*Mul.* Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? Vecio go runne quickly to my father, desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. Ile tell him first of your prantes, I hope he will not see me thus handled.

*Men.* What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vexe me?

*Mul.* I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.



*Men.* For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, I know her as much as I know Hercules wives father.

*Mul.* Do ye not know me? That's well, I hope ye know my father, here he comes. Looke, do ye know him?

*Men.* As much as I knew Calcas of Troy. Even him and thee I know both alike.

*Mul.* Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

*Men.* Faith nor thy grandfather neither.

*Mul.* This is like the rest of your behaviour.

*Enter SENEX.*

*Sen.* \* Though bearing so great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come. But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her. These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in everie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections. And yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes, Well ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too. Oh tis even as I gessed.

*Mul.* Father ye are welcome.

*Sen.* How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

*Mul.* First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, I can by no

meanes endure this bad man to die for it: and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

*Sen.* What is the matter?

*Mul.* He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

*Sen.* Who doth?

*Mul.* This good husband here, to whom you married me.

*Sen.* See, see, how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

*Mul.* I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me.

*Sen.* I alwaies told ye, you must beare with him, ye must let him alone, ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort.

*Mul.* Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose.

*Sen.* Hee is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

*Mul.* There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes and spoiles.

*Sen.* Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

*Mul.* Father, will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

*Sen.* Not so, daughter; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

*Men.* I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

*Sen.* Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie: I feare there is fault in you.

*Mul.* But he filcheth away my apparell and my jewels, to give to his Trulles.

*Sen.* If he doth so, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to say so.

*Mul.* You may beleeeve me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

*Sen.* Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tell me Menechmus, how is it, that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

*Men.* Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue, and if I ever set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me.

*Sen.* Why fond man, art thou mad to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

*Men.* Do I dwell in that house?

*Sen.* Doest thou denie it?

*Men.* I do.

*Sen.* Harke yee daughter, are ye removed out of your house?

*Mul.* Father, he useth you as he doth me, this life I have with him.

*Sen.* Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse, ye jest too perversly with your friends.

*Men.* Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

*Mul.* Father, marke I pray how his eies sparkle, they rowle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he lookes wildly. See, see.

*Men.* What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them.

*Mul.* Looke how he stares about, how he gapes.

*Sen.* Come away daughter, come from him.

*Men.* Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus, do ye call mee to

come hunt in the woods with you? I see, I heare, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee, and by her stands an old goate that beares false witnessse against many a poore man.

*Sen.* Out upon him Bedlam foole.

*Men.* Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

*Mul.* O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

*Men.* Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves.

*Sen.* Daughter.

*Mul.* Here father, what shall we do?

*Sen.* What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme.

*Men.* How now? they will carry mee in if I look not to my selfe: I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

*Sen.* Get thee into thy house daughter, away quickly.

*Men.* She is gone: yea Appollo I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee: and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

*Sen.* Come not neare me, sirra.

*Men.* Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell up his bowels.

*Sen.* Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt.

*Men.* Many things thou commandest me Appollo, wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the Chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the Chariot, and I have hold on the raines, here is my whip, hait, come ye wilde Jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping: hait I say, will ye not go?

*Sen.* What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

*Men.* Harke, now Appollo bids mee ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my Chariot by the haire of my head. Oh shall I not fulfill Appolloes commandment?

*Sen.* See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a Physitian strait, before hee grow too farre into this rage. [*Exit.*

*Men.* Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship, 'tis time to be gone from hence.

[*Exit.*

*Enter SENEX and MEDICUS.*

*Sen.* My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlatch comes.

*Med.* What disease hath hee said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropsie?

*Sen.* Wherefore I pray do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it.

*Med.* Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him I warrant ye. Oh here he comes, staie, let us marke what he doth.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men.* Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my Ulisses that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live no longer but ile be revengde uppon the life of him: his life? nay tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slaves life from him. And Erotium shee sheweth plainly what she is; who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

*Sen.* Do ye heare him ?

*Med.* He complaines of his fortune.

*Sen.* Go to him.

*Med.* Menechmus, how do ye man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme I pray.

*Men.* Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

*Med.* Sir can you smell anie thing?

*Men.* I smell a prating dolt of thee.

*Med.* Oh I will have your head throughly purged. Pray tell me Menechmus, what use you to drinke? white wine or claret?

*Men.* What the divell carest thou?

*Sen.* Looke, his fit now begins.

*Men.* Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

*Sen.* See what idle talke he falleth into.

*Med.* Tarry, I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

*Men.* What doest thinke I am an Owle?

*Med.* Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

*Men.* When I am hungrie they do, else not.

*Med.* He speakes not like a mad man in that. Sleepe ye soundly all night?

*Men.* When I have paid my debts I do. The mischief light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions.

*Med.* Oh now he rageth upon those words, take heed.

*Sen.* Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

*Men.* Did I?

*Sen.* Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, I know what I say.

*Men.* I say, thou stolest Jupiters Crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

*Sen.* Maister Doctor, pray heartily make speede to cure him, see ye not how mad he waxeth?

*Med.* Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there will I cure him.

*Sen.* Is that best?

*Med.* What else? there I can order him as I list.

*Sen.* Well, it shall be so.

*Med.* Oh sir, I will make yee take neeing powder this twentie dayes.

*Men.* Ile beate yee first with a bastanado, this thirtie dayes.

*Med.* Fetch men to carry him to my house.

*Sen.* How many will serve the turne?

*Med.* Being no madder than hee is now, foure will serve.

*Sen.* Ile fetch them, staie you with him maister Doctor.

*Med.* No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

*Sen.* I go.

[*Exeunt.*

*Men.* Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know them. Well what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me foorth a doores. Erotium is as farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening, I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

*Enter MESSENIO the Travellers servant.*

\**Mes.* The prooffe of a good servant, is to regard

his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his presence : and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders : for in truth I have no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath : methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together. I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels : and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me [he] is overplunged, pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

*Enter SENEX, with foure Lorarii, porters.*

*Sen.* Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you : if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him, why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up and bring him to the Phisitians house : I will go thither before. [Exit.

*Men.* What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens!

*Mes.* O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

*Men.* Is there no good man will helpe me?

*Mes.* Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled.



Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. I'le clout these peasants, out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

*Men.* I have hold of this villaines eie.

*Mes.* Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murtherers.

*Lo. Omnes.* O, O, ay, ay, crie pittifullie.

*Mes.* Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, ile give thee somewhat more, take that. It was time to come maister, you had bene in good case if I had not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come of it.

*Men.* Now as the gods love me, my good friend I thank thee : thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

*Mes.* I'le tell ye how sir, give me my freedome.

*Men.* Should I give it thee ?

*Mes.* Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

*Men.* Thou art deceived man.

*Mes.* Wherein ?

*Men.* On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister, I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

*Mes.* Why then bid me be free : will you ?

*Men.* Yea surelie, be free, for my part.

*Mes.* O sweetly spoken, thanks my good maister.

*Servus alius.* Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

*Mes.* O maister, ile call you maister still, I praie use me in anie service as ye did before, ile dwell with you still, and when ye go home, ile wait upon you.

*Men.* Nay, nay, it shall not need.

*Mes.* Ile go strait to the Inne and deliver up my accounts and all your stuffe : your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

*Men.* Do, fetch it.

*Mes.* I will.

*Men.* I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie: well if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor saie I am mad, who ever sawe such straunge demeanors? well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [*Exit.*

*Enter MENECHMUS the Traveller, and MESSENIO.*

*Men.* Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

*Mes.* Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up, you cried, Helpe, helpe. I came running to you: you and I together beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave mee my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

*Men.* I gave thee thy freedome?

*Mes.* You did.

*Men.* When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe: go thy wayes.

*Mes.* Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men.* Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts

ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

*Mes.* O heavens, maister what do I see?

*Men. Tra.* What?

*Mes.* Your ghoast.

*Men. Tra.* What ghoast?

*Mes.* Your Image, as like you as can be possible.

*Men. Tra.* Surely not much unlike me as I thinke.

*Men. Cit.* O my good friend and helper, well met : thanks for thy late good helpe.

*Mes.* Sir, may I crave to know your name?

*Men. Cit.* I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing, my name is Menechmus.

*Men. Tra.* Nay my friend, that is my name.

*Men. Cit.* I am of Syracuse in Sicilia.

*Men. Tra.* So am I.

*Mes.* Are you a Syracusan?

*Men. Cit.* I am.

*Mes.* O, ho, I know ye : this is my maister, I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him, pray pardon me sir, if I said any thing I should not.

*Men. Tra.* Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

*Mes.* My faith he saies true, this is my maister, you may go looke ye a man : God save ye maister : you sir farewell. This is Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* I say that I am Menechmus.

*Mes.* What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

*Men. Cit.* Even Menechmus the sonne of Moschus.

*Men. Tra.* My fathers sonne?

*Men. Cit.* Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

*Mes.* O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and for my life these are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. Menechmus.

*Both.* What wilt thou?

*Mes.* I call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ship?

*Men. Cit.* Not I.

*Men. Tra.* I did.

*Mes.* Then I call you. Come hither.

*Men. Tra.* What's the matter?

*Mes.* This same is either some notable cousening Jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you.

*Men. Tra.* Indeed I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

*Mes.* Well, let me about it. Heare ye sir, you say your name is Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* I do.

*Mes.* So is this mans. You are of Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* True.

*Mes.* So is he. Moscus was your father?

*Men. Cit.* He was.

*Mes.* So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

*Men. Cit.* I would thinke it happie newes.

*Mes.* Nay staie maisters both, I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answer me : your name is Menechmus?

*Men. Cit.* Yea.

*Mes.* And yours?

*Men. Tra.* And mine.

*Mes.* You are of Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* I am.

*Men. Tra.* And I.

*Mes.* Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

*Men. Cit.* How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

*Men. Tra.* O Jupiter!

*Mes.* Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

*Men. Cit.* About seven yeare old, for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I never heard of anie of my kindred.

*Mes.* Had ye never a brother?

*Men. Cit.* Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes.

*Men. Tra.* O fortune!

*Mes.* Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

*Men. Cit.* Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, Sosicles.

*Men. Tra.* It is he, what need farther prooffe? O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee.

*Men. Cit.* Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that ye are called Menechmus?

*Men. Tra.* When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

*Men. Tra.* Theusimarche.

*Men. Cit.* Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

*Men. Tra.* I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

*Mes.* See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

*Men. Cit.* True it is I, willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

*Men. Tra.* Is not this the same, brother?

*Men. Cit.* How came you by this?

*Men. Tra.* This woman met me, had me in to dinner, entertained me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

*Men. Cit.* Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I beleeve I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

*Mes.* You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

*Men. Cit.* Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to Messenio, he is worthie of it.

*Men. Tra.* I am content.

*Mes. Io Tryumphe.*

*Men. Tra.* Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you.

*Men. Tra.* Thanks my good brother.

*Men. Cit.* Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

*Mes.* A fit office. Come on. O yes.  
What day shall your sale be?

*Men. Cit.* This day sennight.

*Mes.* All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repaire to Menechmus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell: servaunts, household stuffe, house, ground and all: so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too sir?

*Men. Cit.* Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid money for her.

*Mes.* Thus Gentlemen we take our leaves, and if we have please, we require a Plaudite.

FINIS.

KING RICHARD III.

EDITION.

*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594. 4<sup>o</sup>.*



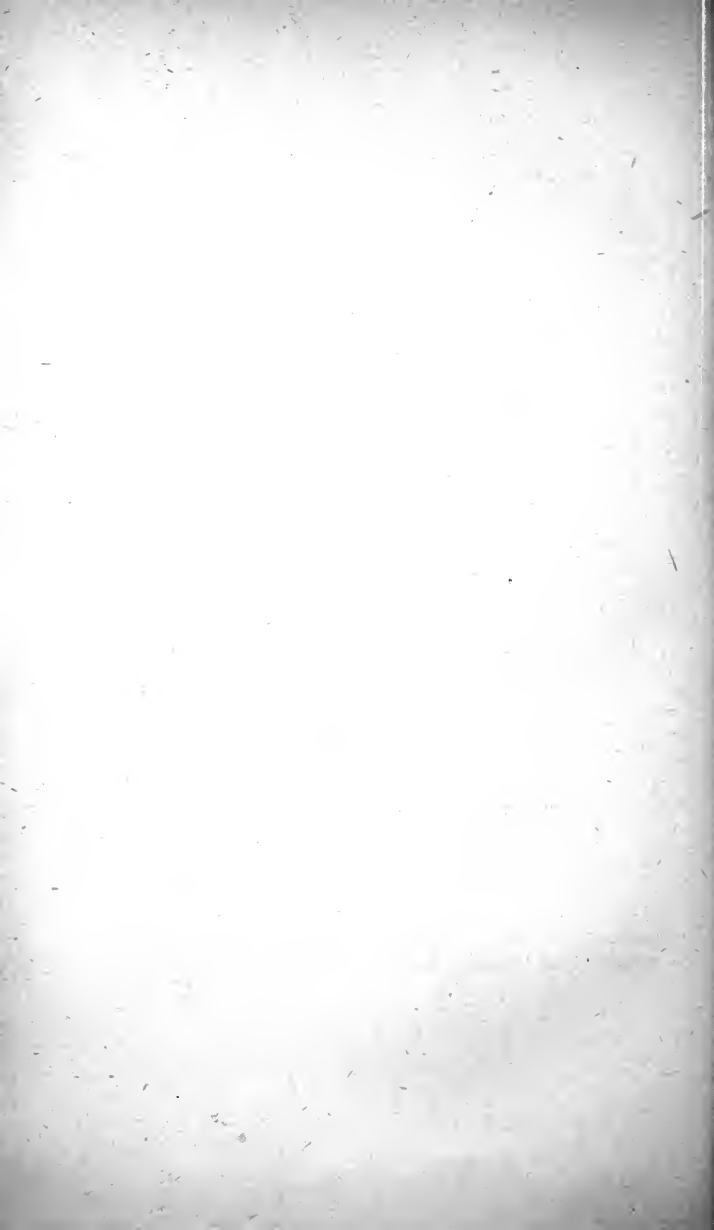
It may be said that there is nothing in common between Shakespeare's play, as printed in 1597, and the "True Tragedy," as printed in 1594; but to a certain extent it seemed to be desirable to make the earlier and inferior drama part of the series, inasmuch as it serves to show the extraordinary mastery of Shakespeare and the poverty of the material with which he had to deal. Here, as elsewhere, he has gone a good deal to his favourite Holinshed, whom he has sometimes copied verbally. See Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 40-1.<sup>1</sup> Legge's "Richardus Tertius," of which three or four MSS. are known, is annexed much for the same reason. At the same time, it is gravely to be doubted whether it ever formed part of "Shakespeare's Library," or whether the great bard ever set eyes on it. It is the performance mentioned by Harington in the "Brief Apology of Poetry," attached to his version of Ariosto, 1591.

In connection with the play of "Richard III.," it would be as well for readers to have before them, or at least to peruse, the "Song of Lady Bessy," printed in the Percy Society's Series, in Halliwell's "Palatine Anthology," 1850, and by Mr Heywood separately, 8°, 1809; and also Giles Fletcher the elder's remarkable poem, published, or at least printed, in 1593, entitled "The Rising to the Crown of Richard the Third," which is inserted in Grosart's edition of Fletcher's works.

Christopher Brooke's powerful production, "The Ghost of Richard the Third," 4°, 1614, reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, is only noticeable as a striking outgrowth or *outcome* from the play, by which it was almost unquestionably suggested.

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<sup>1</sup> Another Latin play on the subject, grounded more or less on Legge's, by Henry Lacy, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was performed there in 1586. It was never printed, but MSS. copies of it are in Harl. 2412 and 6926.



## BARRON FIELD'S INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>



MALONE commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"<sup>2</sup> and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not. "It was in truth (as Mr Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age; and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established."<sup>3</sup> Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted. If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth.

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it; and they instance the dome of St Peter's Church at

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<sup>1</sup> To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Prologue to an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida."

<sup>3</sup> Preface to "History of English Dramatic Poetry," p. ix.

Rome. Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his "Richard the Third." The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus. Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs; Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique; Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand; and so on.

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre<sup>1</sup> and modernising the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's "Edward the Fourth," and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *facsimile* of the old edition, now reprinted through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy.

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., pp. 342-5. But I agree with Mr Boswell that our great

<sup>1</sup> In one instance, in Heywood's "Histories," I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily. Page 37.

"*Chub*. Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en."

My brother, the Rev. F. Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker. All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows—

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en.

poet must be seen this humble work of his predecessor. Mr Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial." The reader will judge for himself. I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas. The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to show that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it—

*King.* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Mr Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose." This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorised in the history by Sir Thomas More—

The same night King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell.

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work. Mr Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *torso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 117 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six. But this is one of

the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself—

“If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.”<sup>1</sup>

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one), to entitle them *true*—

“So sad, so tender, and so *true*.”<sup>2</sup>

So we have the “True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,” the precursor of Shakespeare’s “Henry the Sixth;” and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his “Henry the Eighth” dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was “All is true,” and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as “representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8,”<sup>3</sup> and that by the words “a new play,” which Shakespeare’s “Henry the Eighth” could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page; and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah!* and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun.

<sup>1</sup> “Merchant of Venice,” act v.

<sup>2</sup> Shenstone.

<sup>3</sup> “Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 3d ed. p. 425.



The True Tragedie of Richard the  
Third.

—o—

Enters TRUTH and POETRIE. To them the Ghost of  
George Duke of Clarence.

Ghost. CRESCE, cruor: sanguis satietur sanguine:  
cresce,  
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta.<sup>1</sup>  
[Exit.]

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<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *cresse—sanguinis*, &c. Latin is almost always misprinted in early plays.] "Increase, blood! Let blood be satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly will. O, quickly, quickly, revenge!" *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seems to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost's intervention to avenge. In the "Battle of Alcazar," 1594, we have, "Enter three Ghosts crying *Vindicta*;" and the word occurs in several other plays, cited by Mr Gifford (Jonson, ii. 457) and Dyce (Peele, ii. 17), insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule; and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge's "Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness," 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, "*Hamlet, revenge*;" and the anxiety of the commentators, to discover whether this alluded to Shakespeare's "Hamlet," or to an older play upon that subject: an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet's work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, at first entitled "The Revenge of Hamlet," were meant to be ridiculed or not.

*Poetrie.* Truth well met.

*Truth.* Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

*Poet.* Shadowes.

*Truth.* Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes, Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue To shew her pageant.

*Poet.* Why will Truth be a Player?

*Truth.* No, but Tragedia like for to present A Tragedie in England done but late, That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

*Poet.* Whereof?

*Truth.* Marry thus.

Richard Platagenet of the House of Yorke,  
 Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,  
 Had as the Chronicles make manifest,  
 In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,  
 By act of Parliament intailed to him  
 The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,  
 And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,  
 After the decease of that forenamed King,  
 Yet not contented for to staie the time,  
 Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,  
 And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,  
 And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,  
 But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,  
 Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,  
 Leauing behind three branches of that line,  
 Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,  
 George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,  
 Then Henry claiming after his decease  
 His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie  
 Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

*Poet.* But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

*Truth.* Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies  
 By strict command, from Edward Englands King,  
 Since cruelly murdered, by Richard Glosters Duke.



*Poet.* Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?

*Truth.* It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,

Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,  
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,  
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,  
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,  
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine.

*Poet.* What shield was that he let fall?

*Truth.* A shield conteining this, in full effect,  
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due  
reuenge:

Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor.:*

*Sanguis satietur sanguine: cresce,*

*Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta!*

*Poet.* What maner of man was this Richard Duke  
of Gloster?

*Truth.* A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame  
armed, withall,

Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,  
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,  
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.  
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned  
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,  
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,  
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,  
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,  
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,  
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,  
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,  
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster:  
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,  
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie  
Wend with me.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD  
MARCUS, *and* ELIZABETH. *To them* RICHARD.

*Hast.* Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

*Mar.* An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,  
Hourely attend the person of the King.

*King.* And welcome you Peeres of England vnto  
your King.

*Hast.* For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath  
throwne thee downe.

*Mar.* I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God  
doth frowne.

*King.* Why Nobles, he that laie me here  
Can raise me at his pleasure.  
But my deare friends and kinsmen,  
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,  
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.  
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly  
wise

To meete together in this,  
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the  
harts of men  
So would I haue that admonished and friendly  
fauours,  
Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and  
Lord Hastings  
Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie  
yeares,

I leaue it to your discretions.  
The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,  
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of  
amity betwixt you,  
Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each  
other,

That at my last departure you may send my soule  
To the ioyes celestiall :

For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,  
 May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,  
 Which no doubt may bring comfort  
 To his famous realme of England.

But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)  
 What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,  
 For they are resolute in their ambition.

*Eliz.* Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,  
 And submit your selues to each other :  
 And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,  
 See here the aged King my father,  
 How he sues for peace betwixt you both :  
 Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the  
 Queene,  
 And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your  
 wrath,  
 And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

*King.* Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,  
 It is but folly to speake to them,  
 For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,  
 Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant  
 of death,  
 And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

*Hast.* May it be that thou Lord Marcus,  
 That neither by intreatie of the Prince,  
 Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,  
 May withdraw thy ambition from me.

*Mar.* May it be that thou Lord Hastings,  
 Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.

*Hast.* No I am resolute, except thou submit.

*Mar.* If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,  
 And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.

*King.* Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,  
 What will you do to the yoong Prince after my de-  
 cease?

For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue  
 me to my self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :  
 Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded  
 A greater thing then this at your hands,  
 But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,  
 And so depart and trouble me no more.

*Hast.* With shame and like your Maiestie I submit  
 therefore,  
 Crauing humble pardon on my knees,  
 And would rather that my body shal be a pray to  
 mine enemy,  
 Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre  
 And instance of his death.

*King.* Ah thanks Lord Hastings.

*Eliz.* Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings  
 Is contented to be vnited.

*King.* Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too ob-  
 stinate.

*Mar.* My gracious Lord, I am content,  
 And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,  
 For my foule offence,  
 And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,  
 That he may take reuenge, then<sup>1</sup> once it shall be said,  
 I will offend my gracious suffereinge.

*King.* Now let me see you friendly giue one an other  
 your hands.

*Hast.* With a good will ant like your grace,  
 Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,  
 Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,  
 But now through intretie of my Prince,  
 I knit a league of amitie for euer.

*Mar.* Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,  
 Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed  
 To a<sup>2</sup> shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,  
 That the foules of the ayre should haue fed  
 Their yong withall,

---

<sup>1</sup> Than, for "rather than."

<sup>2</sup> Have.

But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect  
loue,  
And liue friendship for euer.

*King.* Now for confirming of it, here take your  
oathes.

*Hast.* If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of  
friendship

Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

*Mar.* Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

*King.* Confusion.

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now  
at Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two  
vnkles,

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,  
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,

His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,

Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the  
Protector,

But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,

I leaue thee in a world of trouble,

And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,

And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at  
my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,

As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,

Still be bountifull in deuotion.

And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last  
farwell,

For I am so sleepe, that I must now make an ende,

And here before you all, I commit my soule to  
almighty God,

My sauour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the  
earth,

My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my  
sonne :

And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,

He that made me saue me,  
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

[*The King dies in his bed.*]

*Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde.*

*Shor.* O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?

But that thou art fortunate?  
Those whom thou fauourest be famous,  
Meriting mere mercie,  
And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,  
And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me.

*Hurs.* Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,  
You condemne your selfe,  
For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

*Shor.* I as she hath aduanced me,  
So may she throw me downe :  
Bnt Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

*Hurs.* Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke man died.

*Shor.* Ah Hursly, my minde presageth  
Some great mishaps vnto me,  
For last time I saw the King, me thought  
Gastly death approached in his face,  
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to all,  
And still readie to preferre my friends,  
To what preferment I could,  
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?  
Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,  
I know his grace would not see me want,  
And if his grace should die,  
As heauens forfend it should be so,  
I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,

And then those that are my foes will triumph at my  
 fall,  
 And if the King scape, as I hope he will,  
 Then will I feather my neast,  
 That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,  
 I will be throughly prouided for one :  
 But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings.  
 How now Lodwicke, what newes ?

*Enters LODWICKE.*

*Lod.* Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,  
 To come and speake with him.

*Shor.* I will Lodwicke.

But tell me what newes, is the King recouered ?

*Lod.* I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,  
 That he long lookt for.

*Shor.* Lodwicke, how long is it since  
 He began to mend ?

*Lod.* Euen when the greatest of his torments had  
 left him.

*Shor.* But are the nobles agreed to the content-  
 ment of the Prince ?

*Lod.* The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the  
 King would wish them.

*Shor.* Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

*Lod.* I but few thought that the agreement and his  
 life would haue ended together.

*Shor.* Why Lodwicke is he dead ?

*Lod.* In brieffe mistresse Shore, he hath changed  
 his life.

*Shor.* His life, ah me vnhappy woman,  
 Now is misery at hand,  
 Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,  
 Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake  
 me.

Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,  
 When I restored thee thy lands.  
 Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and  
 souereigne,  
 For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking  
 glasse,  
 To all her enemies.  
 Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,  
 That all men are vnconstant.

*Lod.* Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one  
 friend,

Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

*Shor.* Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree  
 decaies

Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,  
 Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my  
 heart,

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,  
 During the innormitie <sup>1</sup> of the yoong Prince.

*Lod.* He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster  
 Protector.

*Shor.* Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,  
 For he could neuer abide me to the death,  
 No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so  
 well,

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vncon-  
 stant.

*Lod.* But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,  
 And thinke well of my Lord,  
 Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

*Shor.* Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I  
 cannot,  
 For he hath alway bene my good Lord,  
 For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of  
 men.

---

<sup>1</sup> Not within legal age to reign.



*Lod.* Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should  
opresse  
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the  
King,  
Shall be at your dispose.  
*Shor.* Thanks good Lodwicke.

*Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a seruing man.*

*Cit.* O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,  
I hope you think on me for my mony.

*Mor.* I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue  
it,  
With thankes too.

*Cit.* Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,  
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I  
lookt for.

*Mor.* In faith sir you shall haue it,  
But you must beare with me a litle,  
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your  
mony,  
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

*Cit.* How so vncertaine of mine owne?  
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

*Mor.* Why no.

*Cit.* Wilt thou come in the night and cut my  
throate?

*Mor.* No.

*Cit.* Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,  
Come and set my house on fire?

*Mor.* Why no, I tell thee.

*Cit.* Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine  
owne?

*Mor.* Why sir by reason the King is dead.

*Cit.* O sir! is the King dead?  
I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

*Mor.* No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall  
haue it  
Assoone as I can.

*Cit.* Well I must be content, where nothing is to be  
had,  
The King looseth his right they say,  
But who is this?

*Mor.* Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,  
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,  
Than the deerest friend that euer I had.

*Cit.* And I for my sonnes pardon.

*Mor.* Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

*Shor.* Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast  
known me,  
For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one  
day.

*Mor.* God forfend mistresse Shore,  
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,  
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

*Shor.* Gramercies good father,  
But how doth thy sonne, is he well?

*Cit.* The better that thou liues, doth he.

*Shor.* Thankes father, but I am glad of it,  
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go?  
And you Morton, youle bear vs company.

*Lod.* I mistresse Shore,  
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming.

[*Exit omnes.*]

*Cit.* There there, huffer, but by your leaue,  
The Kings death is a maim to her credit,  
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,  
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,<sup>1</sup>  
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me:  
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete

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<sup>1</sup> A game at cards. See the Shakespeare Society's edit. of  
"Patient Grissil," p. 67.

With such cold customers as they I met withall euen  
 now,  
 Masse if I meete with no better,  
 I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. [Exit.

*Enters* RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CASBIE, *Page of his Chamber, and his traine.*

*Rich.* My friends depart,  
 The houre commands your absence.  
 Leauē me and euery man look to his charge.  
 [Exit traine.

*Cas.* Renowned and right worthie Protector,  
 Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then  
 protector,  
 Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,  
 That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,  
 That the Crowne of England may flourish in all hap-  
 pinesse. [Exit Casbie.

*Rich.* Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?  
 Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?  
 And who the King deceased, but the brother?  
 Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inherit-  
 ance?  
 No, I say no: Principalitie brooks no equalitie,  
 Much less superioritie,  
 And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a  
 God,  
 For if he be worthie to be called valiant,  
 That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword  
 winnes riches,  
 Why now I with renoune of a souldier, which is neuer  
 sold but  
 By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,  
 I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it be-  
 commeth  
 A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,

Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers  
sonnes ?

To be baser than a King I disdaine,  
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,  
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the  
Crowne,

And I will wear the Crowne,  
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that de-  
nies me :

Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my  
brother Clarēce·

And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow  
me,

Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,  
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my  
brother

As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,  
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule  
I will raign,

And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not  
abide

The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but  
a puffe of

Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,  
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them  
away,

Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no  
counsell,

Ho, whose within ?

*Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.*

*Per.* May it please your Maiestie.

*Rich.* Ha villaine, Maiestie.

*Per.* I speake but vpon that which shal be my  
good Lord.

*Rich.* But whats he with thee ?

*Page.* A Messenger with a letter from the right  
honourable

The Duke of Buckingham.

[*Exit* PAGE.]

*Rich.* Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my  
purpose,

Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good  
lucke,

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach ?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,

My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete  
change,

Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard  
ruth,

Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.

Perciually.

*Per.* My Lord.

*Rich.* For though thy letter declares thy name,

Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant

That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,

And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,

And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne  
league,

To alai the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,

I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put  
in practise

To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to  
deuise ;

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the  
yoong

Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,

Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,

For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coro-  
nation,

At which instant, we will be both present,

And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie  
 my part,  
 That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then  
 I looke for,  
 No nor a haire bredth from that I am,  
 Aiudge thou what it is Perciuall.

*Per.* God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me  
 to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that  
 he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

*Rich.* What power hath he?

*Per.* A braue band of his owne.

*Rich.* What number?

*Per.* My Lord, to the number of five hundreth  
 footmen.

And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamber-  
 laine, and my Lord Hastings.

*Rich.* Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

*Per.* I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I  
 warrant you.

*Rich.* Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and  
 must not be slipt, therefore return this answeare to thy  
 Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I  
 cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a  
 screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again,  
 I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie  
 that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and  
 the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in  
 hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes,  
 now must I so worke, that the water that driues the  
 mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard  
 more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of  
 a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death  
 hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy  
 Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

*Per.* I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

[*Exit* PERCIUALL.]

*Rich.* Why so, now Fortune make me a King,

Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* My Lord.

*Rich.* What hearest thou about the Court?

*Page.* Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part. Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

*Rich.* A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.

But what other newes hearest thou?

*Page.* This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnclcs, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

*Rich.* A parlous<sup>1</sup> bone to ground vpon, and a rush stily knit,<sup>2</sup> which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

*Page.* It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham

<sup>1</sup> Perilous.

<sup>2</sup> This looks like a proverbial expression; but I have not been able to find an instance of the last of the phrase. *Nodum in scirpo quærere* was the Roman proverb for *to stumble on plain ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion to it:—

“O, this it is : the knotted straw is found.”

is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne.

*Rich.* Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seek to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slipph, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me.

[*Exit* RICHARD.]

*Page.* I see my Lord is fully resolued to climbe, but how hee climbs ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to love one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how may noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumberland, are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten<sup>1</sup> I know not. But what do I medling in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth.

[*Exit* PAGE.]

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<sup>1</sup> To *cotton* is to succeed, to prosper. *Gear* is any business or matter.

“Come on, sir frier, picke the locke,  
This gere doth cotton handsome,  
That covetousnesse so cunningly  
Must pay the lechers ransome.”

—“Troublesome Raigne of King John,” part I.



*Enter the yoong PRINCE, his brother, DUKE OF YORKE, EARLE RIUERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.*

*King.* Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I myselve giue consent.

*Riu.* Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

*Vaugh.* Why my Lord Riwers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

*Riu.* I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

*Gray.* We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

*Riu.* We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

*Gray.* Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

*Riu.* Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

*Gray.* Why then my Lord Riwers, I thinke it is

conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northampton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

*Riu.* If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do live my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among] the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

*Gray.* Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie,  
Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

*Vaugh.* A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

*King.* But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourney towards London.

*Riu.* We will attend vpon your Maiestie.

[*Exit omnes.*]

*Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS Page.*

*Page.* Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

*Oste.* I faith my guest you haue amazed mee already, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

*Page.* Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

*Oste.* I, I know that too well.

*Page.* Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night the will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

*Oste.* Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

*Page.* Nay more.

*Oste.* Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

*Page.* Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse<sup>1</sup> have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

*Oste.* How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

*Page.* Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against<sup>2</sup> my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

*Oste.* Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

*Page.* Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie. therefore be briefe, and tell me straight.

*Oste.* Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my wisse.

<sup>1</sup> *Guesse* is the old plural for *guests*.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason.

*Page.* Why then farewell mine Oste.

*Osie.* Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world; but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve. [*Exit.*]

*Enters the mother QUEENE, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary.*

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?  
 What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I  
 am betraid,  
 The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me  
 sore afraid:  
 He speake to him, and gently him salute,  
 Tho in my heart I enuie<sup>1</sup> much the man,  
 God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,  
 And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,  
 Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your  
 cōpany.

*Here enters BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER, and their traine.*

*Rich.* Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head  
 imagins nought but treacherie,  
 Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last  
 night  
 But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in  
 this plight:

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<sup>1</sup> Envy for "hate."

Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?

And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?

Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōng, & must you guide the realme?

Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm :

He weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,

Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe.

*Riu.* Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,

Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,

Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this sort,

So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report :

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?

Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue.

*Buc.* A<sup>1</sup> brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be num.

He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

*Rich.* Speakest y<sup>u</sup> the truth, how durst y<sup>u</sup> speak, for iustice to apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale.

A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

<sup>1</sup> Ah!

*Riu.* A brayd<sup>1</sup> you me as traitor to your grace :  
 No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.  
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my  
 progeny,  
 Wher, as in a glas y<sup>u</sup> maist behold, thy ancestors &  
 their trechery.  
 The wars in France, Irish cõflicts, & Scotland knowes  
 my trust,  
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine  
 armor rust :  
 How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,  
 Yea far from loue or kin,  
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,  
 With vs thou didst combine ?  
 But time permits<sup>2</sup> not now, to tell thee all my  
 minde :  
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold  
 have clind.<sup>3</sup>  
 Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is  
 begun,  
 Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will  
 run.  
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to  
 you : but this,  
 My honor, I will set to sale,<sup>4</sup> let any comman man  
 come in,  
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did  
 quaile,  
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can  
 doo,

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<sup>1</sup> Braid for upbraid. See Huloet's Dict. The word is used by Shakespeare :—

“'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.”

—“Pericles,” Scene I.

<sup>2</sup> Old copy omits *not*.

<sup>3</sup> Climb'd.

<sup>4</sup> Pledge?

Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner  
too :

But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no  
remorce,

Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your  
worst.

*Buc.* My Lord, lay down a cooling card,<sup>1</sup> this  
game is gone too far,

You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill  
war,

Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou  
hast giuen,

Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall  
begin.

*Riu.* But as thou art I leaue thee here,

Vnto the officers custody,

First bare him to Pomphret Castle,

Charge them to keep him secretly :

And as you heare from me so deale,

Let it be done immediatly :

Take from our Garrison one whole band,

To guard him thither safely.

*Riu.* And send'st thou me to common Iayle?

Nay then I know thy minde :

God bless these yoong and tender babes,

That I do leaue behinde.

And God aboue protect them day and night,

Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from  
their right.

Farewell sweet England and my country men,

Earle Riuers leads the way :

Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,

<sup>1</sup> A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary—

“There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.”

—“First Part of Henry VI.,” v. 4.

But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly feare thē all.

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,

The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.<sup>1</sup> [Exit.

*Rich.* So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,<sup>2</sup> that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope. [Exit.

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.*

*Hap.* Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heauinesse.

*Gray.* Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue so great a charge of his grace: and again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

*King.* Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt

<sup>1</sup> Part of the old play of "King John," which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure. And see Reed's "Shakespeare," xx. 462.

<sup>2</sup> Strictly.



my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

*Gray.* The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

*Hap.* Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

*Gray.* Sir Richard Hapc, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

*Enters RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and their traine.*

*Rich.* Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

*King.* Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

*Rich.* Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

*King.* Thankes good vnckle.

*Buc.* Long liue my gracious Prince.

*King.* Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

*Rich.* For that cause we came.

*Buc.* Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how

now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

*Gray.* My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

*Rich.* Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out. No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

*King.* Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

*Rich.* Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

*Buc.* Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinks it to be hid.

*Rich.* Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despite of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadye imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

*Gray.* But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuey of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therefore your arest & attachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawful as your quarrell is right.

*Rich.* Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord

Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

*King.* A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.<sup>1</sup> A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remains for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a thief or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnkle Lord Gray if I may.

*Rich.* Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

*King.* What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

*Rich.* He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

*King.* I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

*Rich.* Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such mat-

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<sup>1</sup> To give *aim* was to stand withit a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

ters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frõ my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I see good.

*King.* Ay me vnhappie king.

*Gray.* Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmēt, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all. [*Exit.*]

*Rich.* Go, you shall answere it by law.

*King.* But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coranatiõ?

*Rich.* What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

*Buc.* Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

*Rich.* Richard.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter the mother QUEENE, and her yoong sonne the DUKE OF YORKE, and ELIZABETH.*

*Yorke.* May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrowes.

*Queen.* Ay me poore husbandles queene, and you poor fatherlesse princes.

*Eliz.* Good mother expect the liuing, and forget

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<sup>1</sup> There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

the dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

*Queen.* Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation.

*Eliz.* Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnkles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

*Queen.* I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

*Yorke.* May it please your grace.

*Queen.* A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with myself, but who is this?

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

*Yorke.* What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

*Mess.* A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me?

My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

*Eliz.* Then utter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

*Queen.* A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

*Mess.* Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the

Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckingham's malice grew so great, that he arrested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in judgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

*Queen.* Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

*Mess.* He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

*Queen.* A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

*Mess.* Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councill, and here he comes.

*Enter CARDINALL.*

*Queen.* But here my friend, grieffe had almost made me forget thy reward. A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grieffe alreadie.

*Car.* What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

*Queen.* Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

*Car.* The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

*Queen.* A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

*Yorke.* How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

*Car.* In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

*Yorke.* I am content, if my mother will let me go.

*Car.* Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

*Queen.* Hold, and haue they persuaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

*Car.* Looke on this Letter and advise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

*Queen.* And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to persuade me to this enterprize? No my Lord, and thus persuade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

*Car.* Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

*Queen.* Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

*Car.* Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

*Queen.* I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

*Card.* A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could persuade you, twere best to let him go.

*Queen.* But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

*Yorke.* Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

*Queen.* Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord. [*Exit.*

*Car.* I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come. [*Exit CAR.*

*Yorke.* How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

*Cat.* What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company. [*Exit omnes.*

*Enter foure watchmen. Enter RICHARDS Page.*

*Page.* Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crowne, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered



once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

*Enter* RICHARD *and* CATESBY.

*Rich.* Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

*Cat.* Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

*Rich.* Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

*Page.* I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

*Rich.* Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

*Cat.* I will my Lord. [*Exit.*<sup>1</sup>

*Page.* Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lög inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord

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<sup>1</sup> For *Exit* with *Richard*.

Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

*Enter* RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, pulling LORD HASTINGS.

*Rich.* Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife : my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst : laie not Shores wife with thee last night ?

*Hast.* That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If.

*Rich.* If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him.

[*Exit with* HASTINGS.<sup>1</sup>

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

*Cat.* I my good Lord, and finished too.

*Rich.* Well then about it. But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King,

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii. sc. 4.

which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

*Cat.* I thanke your grace. [*Exit* CATESBIE.]

*Rich.* Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

*Page.* Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

*Rich.* I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

*Page.* The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me.

*Rich.* Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

*Page.* Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

*Rich.* Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

*Page.* Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

*Rich.* Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

*Page.* My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

*Rich.* Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

*Page.* For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

*Rich.* Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releuee her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releuees her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer.

*Enter SHORES wife.*

*Shor.* Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more

to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoever shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

*Enters LODOWICKE.*

*Lod.* A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

*Shor.* A gods what a griefe is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

*Lod.* A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witness.

*Shor.* Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and releue mee.

*Lod.* Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes,  
But tell me, has thou no friends?

*Shor.* Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chieffest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

*Lod.* Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy

friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But heerst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

*Shor.* A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

*Lod.* Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

*Shor.* I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me,

*Lod.* A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no: for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome. [*Exit.*

*Shor.* A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee: In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods have I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the sword. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me: therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here

comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

*Enter a CITIZEN and another.*

*Cit.* No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems <sup>1</sup> thwackt with ruffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

*Shor.* A good sir releue me, and bestow something vpon me.

*Cit.* A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-ways haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

*Shor.* Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

*Cit.* Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

*Shor.* I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

*Cit.* Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thought so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat.

*Shor.* Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy condemned sonne:

*Cit.* Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse,

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<sup>1</sup> Thames?

neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had bene handg seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone. [*Excunt.*

*Shor.* Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

*Enter MORTON a Seruing man.*

*Mor.* Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Linclone, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murdered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

*Shor.* A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releeue me, and giue me something.

*Ser.* Why what art thou?



*Shor.* In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

*Ser.* A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

*Enters PAGE.*

*Shor.* Good Morton releue me.

*Ser.* What should I releue my Kings enemy?

*Shor.* Why thou promist thou wouldst.

*Ser.* I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him. [*Exit.*

*Page.* An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releue thee?

*Shor.* No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all.

*Page.* Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

*Shor.* If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

*Page.* Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

*Shor.* Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

*Page.* Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

*Shor.* Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

*Page.* And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here

a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. *[Exit.]*

*Shor.* And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence :

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,  
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. *[Exit.]*

*Enter* MAISTER TERRILL, *and* SIR ROBERT BROKENBERRY.

*Bro.* Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence ?

*Ter.* Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

*Bro.* Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

*Ter.* Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

*Bro.* A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell. *[Exit.]*

*Ter.* Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

*For.* Here sir.

*Ter.* Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittlesse.

*For.* I warrant you sir, they are such pittlesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

*Ter.* I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

*For.* Ho Will and Iack.

*Will.* Here sir, we are at hand.

*For.* These be they that I told you of.

*Ter.* Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

*Will.* Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

*Ter.* Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shed in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

*For.* Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags<sup>1</sup> readie charged, and so suddeinly to shoote them through.

*Ter.* No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

*Will.* Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

*Ter.* Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

*Dout.* Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates.

*Ter.* Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done

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<sup>1</sup> Pistols.

in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

*For.* Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done. [Exit TERRILL.

*Enter the PRINCES.*

*Yorke.* How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

*King.* A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

*Yorke.* Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

*King.* No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answer me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

*For.* My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

*King.* Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

*For.* I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.<sup>1</sup>

*King.* Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

*For.* No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

*King.* Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

*For.* One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

*King.* Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

*For.* I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

*King.* Then come brother, we will go to bed.

*For.* I will attend vpon your grace.

*Yorke.* Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

*For.* Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp. [Exit.

*Den.* I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

*Will.* Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

*Den.* Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

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<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. i.

*Will.* I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

*For.* But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

*Will.* Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

*For.* I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

*Iack.* Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

*For.* Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

*Will.* Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

*Enter TERRELL.*

*Ter.* How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

*For.* I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

*Ter.* But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

*For.* I haue conueyd them to the staires foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

*Ter.* I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger drawne.*

*Ban.*<sup>1</sup> Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

*Buc.* Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou hast so vniustly betraied me?

*Ban.* I desire your grace but giue me leave to speake.

*Buc.* I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me.

*Ban.* Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your grace.

*Buc.* Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me.

*Ban.* Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

*Buc.* Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinks his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyselfe readie, and here receiue thy death.

*Enter a HERALD.*

*Her.* Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

*Buc.* Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy slie and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his

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<sup>1</sup> Banister.

death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped.

*Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE.*

*All.* Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die : We will take him away by force.

*Her.* Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

*Buc.* Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arrested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittain<sup>1</sup>, and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reau<sup>e</sup> you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while<sup>2</sup> then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths. But thou villain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraid thy Lorde?

<sup>1</sup> Bretagne.

<sup>2</sup> Till.



Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee.  
 Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and  
 thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele,  
 then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele. And  
 banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest. But  
 come my friends, let me away.

*Her.* My Lord, we are sorie. But come laie handes  
 on Banister. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, *and*  
*others.*

*King.* The goale is got, and golden Crowne is  
 wonne,  
 And well deseruest thou to weare the same,  
 That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,  
 But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe  
 Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,  
 My fearefull shadow that still followes me,  
 Hath summond me before the seure iudge,  
 My conscience wisse of the blood I spilt,  
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,  
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,  
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.  
 Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,  
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,  
 It turned now into a fatall wreathe,  
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,  
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,  
 In Stygian<sup>1</sup> lakes, adrest to tend on me,  
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?  
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?  
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,  
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,  
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *student.* Boswell's correction.

My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus  
 resolu'd,  
 To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary  
 Richard,  
 That's good, Catesbie.

*Cat.* You cald my Lorde, I thinke?

*King.* It may be so. But what thinkst thou  
 Catesbie?

*Cat.* Of what my Lord?

*King.* Why of all these troubles.

*Cat.* Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily  
 ouercom'd.<sup>2</sup>

*King.* How villain, doest thou hope to see me hap-  
 pily ouercom'd?

*Cat.* Who you my Lord?

*King.* Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest  
 to see me ouercom'd.

*Cat.* No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

*King.* Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou  
 of the Duke of Buckingham?

*Cat.* Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at  
 Salisbury yesterday.

*King.* Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he  
 shall outliue me, to be my head.

*Cat.* Out-lieue you, Lord thats straunge.

<sup>1</sup> This line seems corrupt. Archdeacon Nares interprets *to valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from "Hamlet"—

"Thy face is valanc'd [bearded] since I saw thee last."

Perhaps we should read, *To place thy soul in balance?* Old copy, *Pace—vallence*. Field's suggestion.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient particule of *come* was *comed* or *comen*. Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day—

"He would have well becom'd this place."

—"Cymbeline," act v. sc. I.

*King.* No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,<sup>1</sup>  
 And since they hope he shall out liue me, to be my  
 head,  
 He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow  
 rebels.

*Cat.* Mary no force<sup>2</sup> my Lord.

*King.* But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry  
 Earle of Richmond?

*Cat.* Not a word my Lord.

*King.* No : hearest thou not he liues in Brittain<sup>3</sup>,  
 In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against  
 vs,

And perswades him that hee is lineally descended  
 from Henry

The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,  
 Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

*Cat.* My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth  
 deserue,

A most famous gentleman.

*King.* Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and com-  
 mend him to my face?

*Cat.* Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend  
 as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

*King.* Whats that?

*Cat.* Why my Lord, to loose his head.

*King.* Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then.  
 But more to the strengthening of his title,  
 She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest  
 daughter,

Ladie Elizabeth.

*Cat.* Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,  
 By all the nobilitie of Brittain.

*King.* Why then there it goes,  
 The great diuell of hell go with all.

<sup>1</sup> Flames.

<sup>2</sup> No matter.

<sup>3</sup> Bretagne.

A marriage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood :  
 I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,  
 Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth con-  
 spiracies,  
 And brings out perillous birds to wound  
 Their Countries weale,  
 The Earle is vp in Armes,  
 And with him many of the Nobilitie,  
 He hath ayde in France,  
 He is rescued in Brittainie,  
 And meaneth shortly to arriue in England :  
 But all this spites me not so much,  
 As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasurer,  
 Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,  
 He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,  
 But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,  
 And we farther off our purpose then to fore,  
 But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,  
 As we haue sleeping cures at home here,  
 Readie for rescue.

*Cat.* But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide  
 there,  
 Considering he is no friend to Brittainie.

*King.* Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of  
 Brittainie,  
 Durst wake such a foe as England against him,  
 But euill fare makes open warre.  
 But who comes there Catsbie ?  
 Ha one of our spurres to reuenge :  
 The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,  
 His comming is to vs Catsbie,  
 Wert not that his life might serue,  
 For apprehension against our foe,  
 He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,  
 But guiltie death without any more ado.  
 Now Lord Standley, what newes ?  
 Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage  
 into

Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

*Enter* LORD STANDLEY, *and his sonne* GEORGE.

*Stan.* Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

*King.* And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

*Stan.* For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

*King.* Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?

And what power is with him?

*Stan.* And please your grace,  
His power is unknowne to me,  
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

*King.* Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittain out of England.

*Stan.* Not I my Lord.

*King.* Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

*Stan.* I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

*King.* Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

*Stan.* And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittain, God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the priuy councill to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her suf-

ficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue pardon.

*King.* Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your reparaire to our presence?

*Stan.* Only this my Lord, that I may reparaire from the court, to my house in the country.

*King.* Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittain, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.<sup>1</sup>

*Stan.* I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will except the King's proffer. And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge.

*King.* Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.

Thou art set free for our defence,  
Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,  
Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,

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<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 4.

But to preuent his purpose with thy power.  
Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue  
him.

This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue :  
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch  
thee :

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

*Stan.* And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.  
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell  
George.

*King.* How now, what do you giue him letters?

*Stan.* No my Lord I haue done :  
The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne. [*Exit.*

*King.* Carry George Standley to prison.

*Geo.* Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison?

*King.* Shall you go to prison, what a questions that?  
So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.  
How likest thou this Catesbie?

*Cat.* Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue im-  
prisoned his sonne.

*King.* Nay now will we looke to the rest,  
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,  
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,  
But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes?  
What saith the mother Queene to my sute?

*Enters LOUELL.*

*Lou.* My Lord very strange she was at the first,  
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue concent :  
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

*King.* God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady  
Elizabeth?

*Lou.* Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at  
the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she  
quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to

tel your grace, that she meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

*King.* I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

*Cat.* Not a word my Lord.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*King.* Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

*Mess.* No my Lord I haue none.

*King.* From whence comes thou?

*Mess.* From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scotland, & they greeete your Maiestie.

*Lou.* Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

*Cat.* Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

*Page.* How saies thou, is it concluded?

*King.* Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

*Mess.* My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

*King.* Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

*Mess.* This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and Scotland met at Nottingham together, to confer about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determind that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Council commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both



fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

*King.* Messenger staie, hath Blunt betrayd, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuertion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,<sup>1</sup> nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home. Come follow me.

*Enter* EARLE RICH.<sup>2</sup> EARLE OXFORD, P. LANDOYS, & CAPTAIN BLUNT.

*Rich.* Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,

Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,  
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,  
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,  
My right it is, and sole inheritance,  
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,  
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those  
That would not succour him in his attempts,  
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be some corruption here.

<sup>2</sup> Richmond.

Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues :  
 Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,  
 Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,  
 For we may know by dangers we haue past,  
 That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

*Ox.* If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,  
 Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,  
 Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,  
 And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,  
 Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,  
 But follow still with resolution,  
 Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,  
 Or lose thy life in following of thy right :  
 Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine  
 Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.  
 Then cousin Richmond being resolu'd thus,  
 Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. George for vs.

*Blunt.* As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,  
 We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,  
 Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,  
 Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,  
 And that shall be honour inough for mee.

*Lan.* So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so  
 With loue vnfeined for his valure past,  
 That if your honour leade the way to death,  
 Peeter Landoyse hath sworne to follow thee.  
 For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,  
 And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,  
 Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,  
 Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,  
 And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie  
 Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,  
 Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,  
 Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.  
 And this is all Landoyse desires to see.

*Rich.* Thanks Landoyse, and here Earle Richmond  
 VOWS,

If their kinde promises take but effect,  
 That as they haue promised I be made King,  
 I will so deale in gouerning the state,  
 Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,  
 Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those  
 sprigs,  
 Which if they might but spring to their effect,  
 And not be crost so by their contraries,  
 Making them subiect to these outrages,  
 Would proue such members of the Common-weale,  
 That England should in them be honoured,  
 As much as euer was the Romane state,  
 When it was gouerned by the Councels rule,  
 And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,  
 And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,  
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes  
 That hinder those that long to do vs good.

*Ox.* Why we haue scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,  
 Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,  
 Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?  
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?  
 No worthie friends, and louing country-men,  
 Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,  
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,  
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,  
 Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,  
 And this is Oxfords resolution.

*Rich.* But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

*Blunt.* My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother  
 Queene,  
 And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

*Rich.* Admit him straight, now shall we heare some  
 newes.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Long liue Earle Richmond.  
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

*Rich.* Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest ?

*Mess.* In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariual safe.

*Rich.* My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

*Mess.* First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

*Rich.* Are these the full number of all that come ?

*Mess.* Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

*Rich.* Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

*Ox.* Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

*Rich.* Well my friend, take this for thy good newes, And commend me to our mother and the rest. Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs : But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell<sup>1</sup> best, And how we may be least indangered,

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<sup>1</sup> Army.

Because I will be foremost in this fight,  
 To incounter with that bloodie murtherer,  
 My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,  
 My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,  
 Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,  
 A place I know which you will well deserue,  
 And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,  
 Shall by<sup>1</sup> in quarters as our battels scowtes,  
 Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,  
 Must scatter here and there to gaul their horse,  
 As also when that our promised friends do come,  
 Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,  
 Till I by cast of a counter march,  
 Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,  
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,  
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,  
 Therefore let vs towards Aderstoe amaine,  
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,  
 From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next  
 day,  
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play. [*Exit.*]

*Enters the PAGE.*

*Page.* Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,  
 And waile the grieffe of our sore troubled King?  
 For now he hath obtaind the Diademe,  
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,  
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes  
 are gastly,  
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his  
 heart,  
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull  
 cries,  
 That being with him in his chamber oft,

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<sup>1</sup> Bide.

He moues me weepe and sigh for company,  
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,  
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,  
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,  
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,  
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,  
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murdered,  
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,  
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,  
 For to afright him both at bed and boord,  
 But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

*Enters men to go to RICHMOND.*

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

*Men.* Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue  
 with him,

For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

*Page.* Why comes there any more?

*Men.* A number more. [*Exit.*

*Page.* Why these are the villaines my Lord would  
 haue put his life into their hands. A Richard, now  
 do my eyes witnessse that thy end is at hand, For thy  
 commons make no more account of thee then of a  
 priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee  
 aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My  
 maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to  
 lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also  
 of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is  
 happened.

*Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD.*

*Rich.* Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my-  
 selfe.

*Ox.* I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

*Rich.* My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised

my father that none shall come but my selfe, therefore good my Lord depart.

*Ox.* Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

*Rich.* Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

*Enters STANDLEY and another.*

*Stan.* Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

*Rich.* How fares my gracious Lord and father?

*Stan.* In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

*Rich.* But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

*Stan.* Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

*Rich.* Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

*Stan.* Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

*Rich.* Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

*Stan.* O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

*Rich.* This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

*Stan.* Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

*Stan.* Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

*Rich.* Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,

What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

*Stan.* Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

*Rich.* And we hardly fiae thousand, being beset



with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet despair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues the more honourable being obtained. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint George, for me.

*Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enters the KING, and the LORD LOUELL.*

*King.* The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,  
 The daily cares, the nightly dreames,  
 The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,  
 And horror of my bloodie practise past,  
 Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,  
 That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,  
 Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,  
 Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.  
 Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.  
 My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.  
 The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.  
 And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.  
 The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.  
 The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.  
 The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.  
 The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.  
 The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.  
 The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.  
 The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge.  
 Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.  
 And all, yea all the world I thinke,  
 Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.  
 But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

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<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *regna gaudit—fallax.*

In company I dare not trust my friend,  
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe :  
 I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.  
 My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.  
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,  
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death :  
 How wast death I said? who dare attempt my  
 death?

Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?  
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,  
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.  
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are  
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare?  
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat  
 them back?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe?  
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?  
 Then vengeance, mischief, horror, with mischance,  
 Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads,  
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.

*King.*<sup>1</sup> Frantike man, what meanst thou by this  
 mood?

Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

*Lou.* Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight,  
 great is his power that threats thy ouerthrow.

*King.* The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much,  
 as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

*Lou.* May it please your grace to rest your selfe  
 content, for you haue power inough to defend your  
 land.

*King.* Dares Richmond set his foote on land with  
 such a small power of stragling fugatiues?

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<sup>1</sup> This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. sc. 3, with this scene.

*Lou.* May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

*King.* The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life.

*Enter CATESBIE.*

*Cat.* My Lord.

*King.* Yet againe villaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

*Cat.* My Lord, he answeres no.

*King.* Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

*Cat.* My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

*King.* O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

*Cat.* Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

*King.* Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

*Lou.* But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

*King.* Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

*Lou.* Therein his father greatly iniured him.

*King.* Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

*Lou.* What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?

*King.* The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so ?

*Lou.* In doing true iustice, else we answere no.

*King.* His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast<sup>1</sup> by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby.<sup>2</sup> A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus ? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly together, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

*Both.* We will my Lord.

*King.* We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *past.*]

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 4.

*The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE.*

*King.* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

*Page.* A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

*King.* Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,<sup>1</sup> no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules.

[*Exit.*

*Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kils RICHARD.*

*Enters REPORT and the PAGE.*

*Re.* How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

*Page.* A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

*Re.* But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

*Page.* Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the

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<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act v. sc. 4.

Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

*Re.* But wheres sir William Catsby?

*Page.* Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse. And how the battell fell, then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter wortheie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which cōtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but wortheie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recouered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

*Enter* EARLE RICHMOND, EARLE OXFORD, L. STANDLEY, *and their traine, with the Crowne.*

*Rich.* Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thankes vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull

loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountering with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie. And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thankes for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you.

*L. Stan.* Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiõ in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

*Ox.* And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators.

*Rich.* How fares our louely mother Queene?

*Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH.*

*Queen.* In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murdered in this Tragedie?

*Rich.* No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in France, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being

sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

*Queen.* Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

*Rich.* Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thanks to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

*Stan.* Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

*Ox.* Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God saue the King.

*All.* Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

*Rich.* Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes



faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your loue. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

*Eliz.* Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

*Queen.* Then here my Lord, receive thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

*Rich.* And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more than common loue.

*Stan.* And now were but my sonne George Standley here,  
How happie were our present meeting then,  
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete  
Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the  
vsurper

In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

*Rich.* Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother George will turne in safe<sup>1</sup> to us.

---

<sup>1</sup> Return in safety.

*Stan.* A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood,  
will worke his furie on the innocent.

*Enters two MESSENGERS with GEORGE STANDLEY.*

*Stan.* But how now what noyse in this?

*Mess.* Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne,  
thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger  
we haue saued from furie of a tyrants doome.

*L. Stan.* And liues George Standley? Then  
happie that I am to see him freed thus from a  
tyrants rage. Welcome my sonne, my sweete George  
welcome home.

*George Stan.* Thanks my good father, and George  
Standley ioyes to see you ioyned in this assembly.  
And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within  
the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death  
without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George  
Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the  
rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour  
did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre  
then intraged, commanded straight I should be mur-  
dered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but  
they that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off  
with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his  
rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued  
Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should  
die. But to be briefe, when both the battels ioyned,  
these two and others, shifted me away.

*Rich.* Now seeing that each thing turnes to our  
content,

I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard  
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of  
Lester,

Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,  
For as of others paines he had no regard,  
So let him haue a traytors due reward.

Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,  
 Our pleasure is they be solemnized  
 In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient  
 custom due,

The two and twentieth day of August next,  
 Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,  
 There to take further order for the state.

*Mess.* Thus Gentles may you heere behold,  
 The ioyning of these Houses both in one,  
 By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,  
 Who was for wit compared to Saloman,  
 His gouernment was vertuous euery way,  
 And God did wonderously increase his store,  
 He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,  
 That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.  
 He died when he had raigned full three and twentie  
 yeares

Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried  
 In Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

*Mess.* A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,  
 A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,  
 For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,  
 Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,  
 Hee wonne Turwin and Turney.  
 The Emperor serued this King for common pay,  
 And as a mersonary prince did follow him.  
 Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,  
 And still he keepe the French men at a bay.  
 And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered  
 Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,  
 When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,  
 Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried  
 in Windsore.

He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.

Edward the sixt:

He did restore the Gospell to his light,  
 And finished that his father left vndone.

A wise yoong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke.  
 He brought the English seruice first in vse,  
 And died when he had raigned six yeares, fise  
 Moneths, & some odde dayes,  
 And lieth buried in Westminster.

*Eliza.*<sup>1</sup> Next after him a Mary did succede,  
 Which married Philip King of Spaine,  
 She raigned fise yeares, foure moneths and some  
 Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster.  
 When she was dead, her sister did succed.

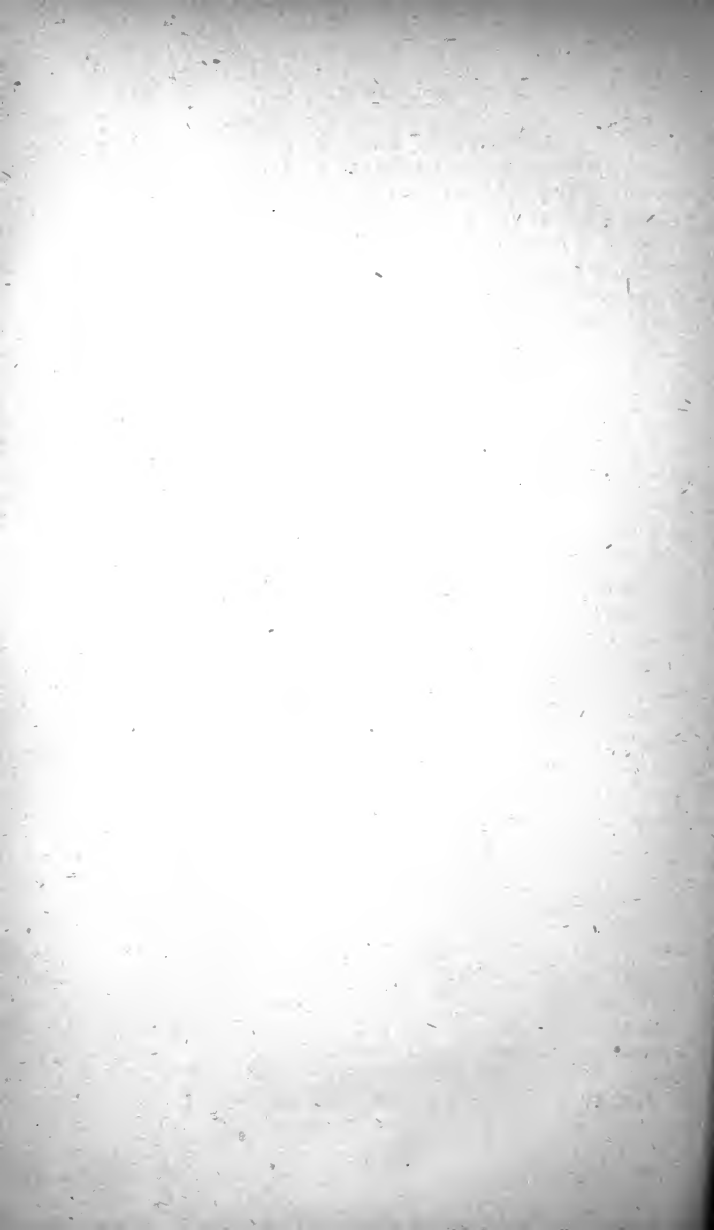
*Queene.*<sup>1</sup> Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,  
 By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,  
 Her country was defended from the crueltie  
 Of famine, fire and sword, warres fearefull messengers.  
 This is that Queene as writers truly say,  
 That God had marked downe to liue for aye.  
 Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,  
 For peace and plentie still attends on thee :  
 And all the fauourable Planets smiles  
 To see thee liue in such prosperitie.  
 She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light,  
 And through her faith her country liues in peace :  
 And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,  
 And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.  
 Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,  
 And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.  
 The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,  
 And babies in Iury sound her princely name,  
 All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,

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<sup>1</sup> It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza.*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus ; but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

Atter her rule was rumord foorth by fame.  
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,  
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.  
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,  
In helping those that were opprest by warre :  
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,  
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.  
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,  
The good she hath done, since she came to the  
Crowne.

For which, if ere her life be tane away,  
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.  
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,  
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.



## APPENDIX.



[FOR permission to print the following Latin Play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society were indebted to the Rev. Dr Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS. is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640.<sup>1</sup>

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies ; but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English

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<sup>1</sup> Two copies are in the British Museum, and at least one in private hands.

but the textual stage-directions in the last part. But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former :

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris  
Collegii Caio-goneviliensis in  
Academia Cantabrigiensi  
magistri ac Rectoris.

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa  
habita Collegii Divi Johnis  
Evangeliste  
Comitii Bacchelaureorum  
Anno Domini 1579  
Tragedia in tres acciones devisa.

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his "Apologie of Poetry," 1591, as follows: "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men;" and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, at p. 55 of the Society's reprint of that work. The play is also alluded to in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, as follows:—"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*"—Vid. post.

The author of this play was Dr. Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen. In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr. Collier,<sup>1</sup> "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably

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<sup>1</sup> "Hist. of Dram. Poet.," i. 296.



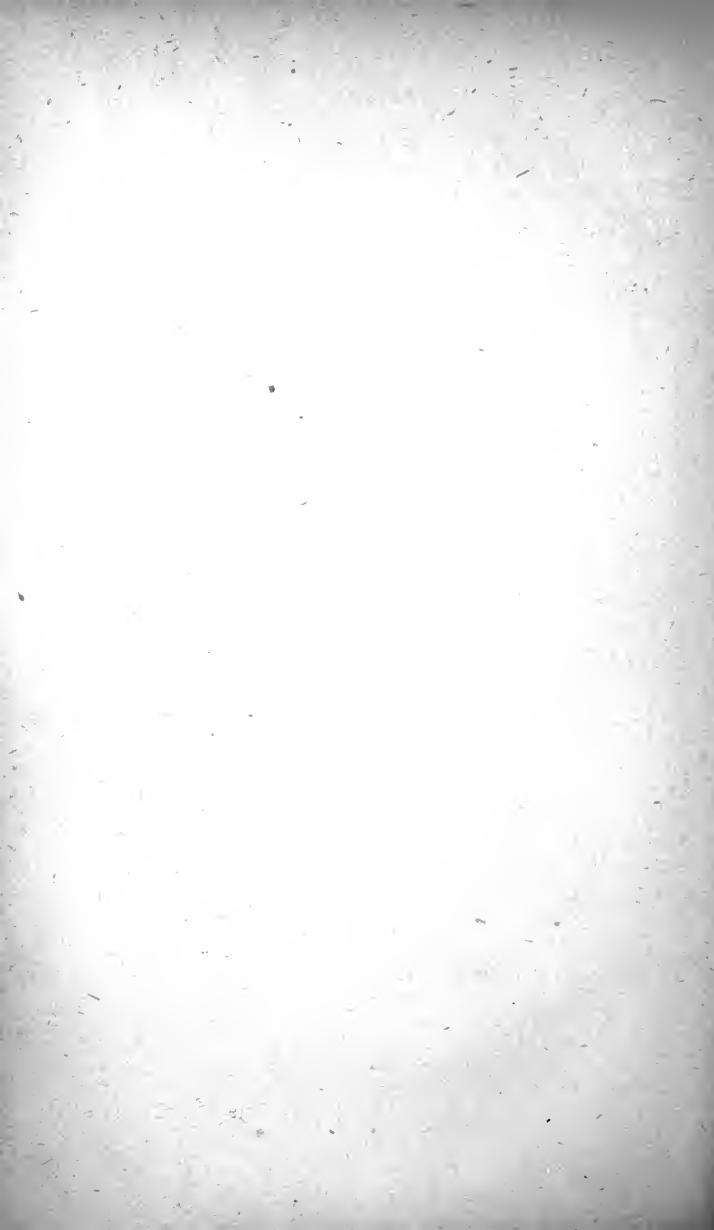
by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue; and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions." Besides the play of "Richardus Tertius," he wrote a tragedy called the "Destruction of Jerusalem," and to use Fuller's words,<sup>1</sup> "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plageary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr. Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play. Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder.

Mr. Halliwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's. Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS. Harl. 2412, 6926. That the "University Men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in "The Return from Parnassus,"<sup>2</sup> in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third."]

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<sup>1</sup> Fuller's "Worthies," ii. 156.

<sup>2</sup> Hazlitt's "Dodsley," vol. ix.



## RICHARDUS TERTIUS.

— o —

- D. SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina.  
 Mr FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis : Cantu :  
 Mr WHALEY, Nuntius.  
 L. W. HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecim annorū.  
 Mr PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest :  
 Mr STRINGER, dux Buckingham :  
 Mr WILKINSON, Riverius  
 Mr BOOTH, Hastings  
 Mr HODSON, Stanleus  
 Mr HILL, Sr. Howardus postea dux Norfolciensis  
 Mr BAYLY, Lovellus  
 Mr STANTON, Episco : Eliensis.  
 Ds PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginae.  
 Mr ROBINSON, Catsbeius, Juris peritus.  
 Mr HILL, Sr. Howardus, Equestris ordinis.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ds PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriae.  
 Mr KNOX, Hastings, miles calligatus.  
 Ds FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis.  
 Ds HOWLAND  
 Ds HENLOWE  
 Mr KENDALL  
 Ds REMER, Archiepisco : Eboracensis.

}

*Barones.*

} *chorus tumultuantium civium Satelles Becke*  
 [Bucke.]

*Serviens ad arma.*

*Prosecutor vulgo pursuevant.*

- RHODES med : Richardus dux Eboracensis parvulus  
 Mr BOWES, Graius heros adolescens  
     Vaghanus  
 WOODCOCKE. Conjux Shori  
     Hawt  
     Sacerdos  
     Quinq filiae Elizabethae Reginae.

}

*Muti.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Inserted twice.

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis.<sup>1</sup>

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obiit

Hic duos reliquit filios. Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecim, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit. Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat. Itaq̄ primū reginæ p̄ amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus iter nullo milite armaret, dum Londinū e Wallorū finib<sup>9</sup> properaret. Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur. Qui dū cæteris heroib<sup>9</sup> inviderent, facile in eorum p̄niciem regis nomine abuti possent. Itaq̄ Riveriū virū nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterinū á rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit. Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur. Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porro a Regina, quæ tū ad asyllum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū parvulū, p̄ Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit. Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studere nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū morte afficit. Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carcerem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eorū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret. Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infantiæ pœna afficitur.

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<sup>1</sup> This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,  
NUNTIUS.

*Regina.*

Quicumq̄ lætis credulus rebus nimis  
confidit, et magna potens aula cupit  
regnare, blandū quærit is malū, licet  
magnū nihil sperare generosū genus  
jubebat : Eduardi tamen Regis thoro  
conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos  
mihi,

generose Gray, triste fatū sustulit.  
dulci veneno gustiebam credula,  
et rapuit altis inclutus titulis honor  
donec meū spernebat abjectū genus  
cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis  
Inimicus affinis parabat exitū.

His cura major, filii quod traditur,  
et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus.  
volui meos Regi propinquos jungere  
comites, ut annis altiūs primus amor  
hæreat, tenera dū surgit ætas grandior.  
nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit  
prius malū majoris est gradus mali

Exhalat ægotum maritus spiritū,  
et fata rumpunt regis impia manu  
sævæ sorores, invident virū mihi  
mortale fatis luditur genus. sibi  
spondere quicquā non potest tam  
stabile

fortuna quod non versit anceps. sor-  
dida

manet domus tantūm beata, dum timet  
virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplici  
mater sobole ditata sum Regis domū  
petebat hæredem remota Wallia :  
nec principe libenter suo gens Cam-  
bria

carebat : hinc iter properat huc filius

Brevis ordo comitatuū meorū, ut  
cingerent

Regale diademate caput : Matrem  
licet

gaudere læta scepra cogunt filii :  
At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi  
mens avida non audet, timet adeptū  
bonū,

metūq̄ pturit semel natus metus,  
multisq̄ curis pectus urit anxiū,  
Sin filiis externa vis adhuc nihil  
minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi  
Regnū, domus Lancastria Eduardo  
incidet,

Et rapta quondam scepra victrici  
manu

pati potest adhuc : tamen domesticus  
premit timor, majusq̄ formidat nefas  
animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor  
mentem tumultu, spesq̄ laceram dis-  
trahit,

Infaustus ô Regni favor multis suā  
conversus in poenam ruit, postquā diu  
falso viros splendore lusit credulos.

*Cardinalis.*

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput,  
curas cur anxio revolvis pectore?  
et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū?  
quin sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria  
Matrisq̄ tristes læta deme spiritus,  
dum filii caput corona cingitur.

*Regina.*

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis,  
insignis Archipræsul atq̄ Cantii,  
nescire quenquam, miserias miserū  
magis.

Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit  
mihi?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,  
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū  
vetus hoc malū. Cum Walliā linquens  
suā

stipato armatus rediret milite  
ut regna patris jure possideat suo  
Eduardus hæres: Sermo multorū  
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,  
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,  
se subditis committeret nudū suis.  
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus  
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus  
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest:  
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites  
Proceres putabunt: nup̄ extinctæ  
minæ

facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru-  
descere  
sanata malè mox suspicantur. Ergo  
dum

sese timent objicere inermes hostib<sup>9</sup>.  
Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,  
Belli furore totū inundavit solū,  
Calcante tellus equite terrendū gemit  
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia  
statimq̄ amoris foedus ictū frangitur.  
Tum pfidū mulctabit authorem scelus  
poenas p̄ pendet lapsa Graiorū domus.  
Primū p̄ artus gellidus excurrit metus  
tandem suis temebunda monitis animo  
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib<sup>9</sup>  
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,  
pompaq̄ magna Regis exonerent  
iter.

ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,  
nova cura mentem concutit formidine,  
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,  
Ingens domū nostram invidia premit,  
furit  
ambitio, nullā cœca dum maculam  
timet

se modica non tuetur ætas filli.  
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius  
Quomodo nepoti ambitio parceret  
potui.

*Card.*

Cesset timere matris infælicis amor,  
Vanosp desine falsa mentiri dolos.  
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,  
Nunquid juvat terrere vano pectora  
tremore? pessimus augur in malis  
timor,  
semperq̄ sibi falsò minatur, et suā  
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā prius.  
Proceres sepultis morte Regis litibus  
longam quitem consecrarunt: nec  
minas  
veretur extinctas sanata Britannia.  
Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet  
priora.

*Nuntius.*

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet.

*Regina.*

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via?

*Nuntius.*

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies  
Northamptonū cum fessa membra  
tangerent.

*Regina.*

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

*Nunt.*

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,  
frequens satelles sepiebat principem,  
illi q̄ multos junxit assiduus labor.  
Postquā tuas Riverius literas  
cepisset, omni milite corpus principis  
nudabat, unus comigrat Riverius,  
suoq̄ junctus Graius heros patruo.

*Regina.*

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

*Nunt.*

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,  
regno suo precatur æternū decus,

multaq̄ præce cōmune gaudiū beat.  
 Honore præstans dux Buckinghamiæ  
 affatur officiis iisdem Principem,  
 Regiq̄ promittunt brevi comites fore  
 Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius,  
 Invisit et Graiū nepotem literis  
 benigne pollicetur omnia nunciis  
 et pars fatigat magna nobiliū simul.

*Regina.*

Postquā favor flatu secundo vexerit  
 ratem procul : reliquit idem languidus  
 alto mari, multisq̄ jactat fluctibus.  
 Res prosperæ si quando lætari jubent,  
 rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit  
 animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret.

*Card.*

Facilè sinistris credit auguriis timor.

*Reg.*

Nihil sapit, quisquis parū doctus sapit.

*Card.*

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri  
 timent.

*Reg.*

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus.

*Card.*

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit.

*Reg.*

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis.

*Card.*

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala ?

*Reg.*

Veterata non sanatur illico vulnera.

*Card.*

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera.

*Reg.*

Tum principe mori dubia quærunť  
 fœdera.

*Card.*

Privata vincit odia cōmunis salus.

*Reg.*

Privata publicā quietem destruit  
 ambitio.

*Card.*

Semp esse nū miserā juvat.

*Reg.*

Timere didicit quisquis excelsus stetit.  
 rebusq̄ magnis alta clauditur quies.  
 Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casæ  
 humili malū, ventisq̄ cunctis cognita  
 superba sumō, tecta nutant culmine.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS;

RICH. DUX GLOC. HEN. DUX BUCK-  
 INGAMIÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-  
 TINGUS HEROS.

*Gloc.*

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus,  
 custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,  
 Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis  
 Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris  
 Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris  
 reddis suæ incolumem fidelis patriæ.  
 Populus tam frequens fidem merito  
 sonat

En gratus hic tibi labor Britaniæ  
 Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi  
 castos labores Wallicæ norunt sedes  
 curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,  
 postquā suo Wallia carebat principe,  
 at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma  
 radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,  
 cras principis jungemur et lateri simul

qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam.  
Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,  
quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non  
capit.

*River.*

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli,  
dux inclyte et generis propago Regii  
Præstare Regi jussit officiū meū  
Fortuna quicquid nostra præclarū  
dedit.

Pondenda bello est vita Regi debita,  
Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi  
hostiū,

Vestræ quia mensæ patebant mihi  
dapes

hac nocte, vobis jure multū debeo.  
Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor  
Lectoq fessa membra componi juvat,  
placidam quietem noctis opto prox-  
imæ.

*Gloc.*

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ  
cui servus olim nomen haud latens  
dedit,

Et orte claro Hastinge patru stemate  
En sol vocato nocte frenos desernes  
sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,  
Vacuū q cælū luna plustrat viris  
silitiū imperans, nitida simul cohors  
comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo  
Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat  
secretas aures nullus exhibet comes  
Annon vides quam sit miser proceru  
status,

diuq spreta ut nobilis virtus jacet  
Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur,  
clarisq lucet inclytū titulis genus,  
aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem  
patet,

vetantq cum nepote patruū vivere  
Quò tanta matris cedit impudentia?  
jam fœminæ succumbit Anglorū decus  
En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est  
debitus, honor, spretusp sanguis no-  
bilis

sordescit : olim matris omnino suæ  
tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur.  
Illis quando honore tamen haud cedi-  
mus

et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,  
parū decebat matris abjectū genus,  
Regni thoros amor nisi quod impulit  
claros negare patruos Regi suos  
minusq nobili comite circumdare  
Parum decorū principi aut nobis erit  
comes magis potentior tuebitur  
quod nos malū manet, si qui male  
nobis precantur, Regiūq claudant  
latus

primosq prævenient amores principis,  
et illius favore consenescent,  
quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,  
atq pueros fucata demulcent leves  
seris nec annis respuūt quicquid prius  
placet. In amores deliciasq pristinas  
ætas probat decursa, nec se corrigit  
Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior  
quamvis fuit, temqusp longū plurima  
seræ noverca disciplina evasserat)  
hem multa quondam facta damnavit  
sua

lapsū priorem nec resuesit tardior  
sensus : Quod heros sensit heu Clar-  
entius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus  
quam conjugū rex cessit olim credulus  
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suade-  
bant mala

quòd uxor horreat maritus quem colit  
quòd dura nostras sors premebat res  
diu

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem  
perfida, malū mens nisi sagax auertit?  
nos ille cælū qui sua torquet manu,  
dirisq flāmis triste vindicat scelus,  
fœlix potenti liberavit dextera.

Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus  
dolis eorū morte damnatos truci  
perdidit, inani voce pulsantes Jovem?  
Nunquā suo parcebat ira sanguini  
stragi suorū una propinquos addidit



Sed vetera plangimus : novū imminet malū.

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi  
comūnis hostis, atq̄ stipabit thronū  
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus.  
Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,  
dum principis sacro abuti nomine  
audebit ad nostrā ruinam atrox domus  
Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet  
Quod morte sanxit sacra pacis foedera  
Eduardus, et veteri medetur vulnere  
Quietis, atq̄ dexteras nos invicem  
conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora  
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis  
quam pace ficta dubia procerū foedera  
pactūq̄ jussu principis percussimus  
quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-  
por?

huic credat ut demens repente qui  
novus

Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?  
firmius inhærebit brevis animi favor,  
quā longa multis invidia lustris man-  
nens?

nunc ergo maturare conciliū decet,  
quò longius serpit malū, fieri solet  
robustius, vires semper colligit.

*Buckin.*

O Claudiane rector, atq̄ Regia  
de stirpe princeps, turbido infelix  
quia

visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,  
et bella cœperunt fremere civilia  
tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure  
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,  
tua signa Buckinghamiū sequi ducem  
miscere præsens verba presenti diu  
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem  
simul

Regina nobis insolens abutitur  
statim premi scelus decet, majus nefas  
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū  
sanare te regni luem tantū decet  
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū  
cohors

cruore quā Regina nostro luderet,  
Gnatūq̄ caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

*Gloc.*

Te patriæ dux ergo vindicem voco  
et selere materno labantis Angliæ.  
Te, te poli qui jura precipitis Regis  
Et vos corruscū testor agmen cælitū  
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus  
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri  
Regina nunc abest : suis afferre opem  
captis nequit remove jam tutò  
licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labe sue  
Quin dormientem comprimere Ri-  
verii,

intraq̄ tecta claudere hospitem decet  
Sin fugerit, tū consciū probat metus  
mox famulæ illius petas claves domus  
qua nup̄ hospes se Riverius abdidit  
Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas  
nec ullus inde servus erumpat foras,  
sed sedulò claudantur intus singuli  
nostrisq̄ verbis advove clā servulos  
(horreret admissio licet nondū die  
nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen  
quod luce prima nos nepotem adibi-  
mus.

*Buck.*

Regis propinquos si coerces vinculis  
cæcoq̄ captos claudis audax carcere,  
Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis  
Juditia dum non recta sortiris : reis  
et criminis parū nocentes arguas.

*Gloc.*

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui,  
et nobilem violare sanguinem student  
lacerare quæerunt Angliā discordiis.  
Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare  
Marchio Graiorū frater : in nostrā  
necem  
tot milites armare crudelis potest ?  
profundere atq̄ principū longas opes.

*Hasting.*

At vinculis si patrū premi suū  
 Heros videbit Graius, is rapida manu  
 Stipabit Eduardū : tremens Britānia  
 parabit arma : seditio miseros trahet.  
 Ardore belli conflagrabit omnia  
 nostraq̄ populus strage purgabit scelus.

*Glocest.*

Aditus viarū munit assiduis vigil,  
 Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northamptoniam,  
 nostrūq̄ prius ad regem iter pverteret,  
 Post quā leves discussit umbras Lucifer,  
 Nudamq̄ jubebit fugam Phœbea fax,  
 nos statuimus Regem priores visere  
 ut grata principi fides sic luceat.

*Buck.*

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit  
 generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labor  
 curam fatigat anxiam summi ducis  
 Nunquam fidem fallā.

*Hast.*

Polus tristi prius  
 jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis  
 amicus ignis fluctib<sup>9</sup> sævus erit  
 vincet diem nox : quam meam damnes  
 fidem.

*River.*

Nescio quid animus triste presagat  
 malū,  
 horrent timore membra : cor pavet  
 metu  
 Demiror hi claves quid hospitii petant,  
 quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio  
 Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes  
 An jam retentū morte mulctant im-  
 proba ?  
 Mihi sunt amici : non amet fucos fides  
 Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet  
 sibi.  
 Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus :

Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero  
 en animus ullos innocens negat metus,  
 manere certū est : quicquid evenit,  
 feram.

Duces adibo : causa quæ sit audiam.

*Glocest.*

O Regis hostis, impiū atq̄ audax ca-  
 put !  
 tu nobiles mulctare suppliciis studes ?  
 et insolentes seminas discordias  
 tu principis nutum ad necem nram  
 vocas ?  
 tuisq̄ demens regna misces litibus.  
 Præstabis istud credis nefandū nefas !

*River.*

Præclare princeps, tale de me nil  
 putes,  
 hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide.

*Glocest.*

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui  
 patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti ?  
 perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus ?  
 at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere.  
 comitesq̄ nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

*River.*

Quo me trahitis. Quam jubet pœnā  
 potens  
 fortuna ? quæ nunc me manent miserū  
 mala ?  
 si morte mulctet, jure damnet publico  
 Nam quæ salutis spes relinquatur  
 mihi ?

EDUARD : REX : DUX : BUCKING :  
 DUX GLOCES : SERVUS REGIS.

*Eduard :*

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter  
 quamvis facio, dum Wallicas muto  
 sedes  
 lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordiā

quod hoc ferunt properare nunc Glo-  
cestriū  
quoniā tot unus non capit proceres  
locus.

*Buck.*

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert  
gradū, -  
generosa quos beant avorū stemata  
præite, plebei sequantur ordines.

*Gloc.*

Rex vivat æternū Britanus inclytus.

*Eduardus.*

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patrue  
postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavi-  
mus  
habeoq̄ tantis gratiā vobis parem.

*Buck.*

Tibi beatū firmet imperiū deus.

*Ed. Rex.*

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte.

*Gloc.*

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus  
nescia resisti consecravit et dolos  
genus struere Regale me regi vetat  
cum cæteris cōmune psuadet fidem  
officiū. Aquas inimicus ignis incolet.  
sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari  
ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui  
si quando falsa corrumpat fides.  
Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis  
infestus hostib<sup>9</sup> mori cupio diē  
Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuū  
ambitio tenet, et Riveriū patruū  
dum principem vobis studetis subdere  
En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib<sup>9</sup>  
Florensq̄ deridetur ortus sanguinis,  
Cur usq̄ Dorsetti minatur Marchio  
nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belini

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida  
manu

Et classe longu oneravit ingenti salū.

*Ed. Rex.*

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi  
nescio : fides suspecta avunculi mei  
Graiiq̄ fratris (crede mihi) nunquā fuit.

*Glo.*

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli,  
Rex inclyte, secretū magis pugnat  
scelus.

Te pduellionis esse aio reum  
Scelestes Graie, teq̄ sceleris consciū  
Vahanne nuntio : proditorem patriæ  
pfide voco Haute\* simul : squalenti  
carcere  
abdite statim, patriæ graves penas  
luant.

*Servus.*

Puerū misellum, lachrymis rigat genas  
tristia videns ad vincula correptū  
fratrem.

*Gloc.*

Te liberam<sup>9</sup> serve famulato tuo  
nec te vollumus hæere lateri principis  
tu principi fidelis stabis comes  
Regisq̄ te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS  
GLOC.

*Servus Regis.*

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer  
Non sustinet, suisque victus virib<sup>9</sup>  
tandem ruit : tuetur hostes intimos  
Munita nomine sacra majestas suo  
parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat  
ambitioq̄ Regni pva suspecti fides  
nec principem sinit anxīū quiescere  
Secreta solii pugna. qui loco stares

\* Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Hawte.

minore tutior. nec amissi premet  
Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū  
honor.

Qui clara torques sydera altitonans  
pater,

tuisq̄ pingis ignibus cœli globos,  
Britanniæ potens defende principem  
ut jura verus reddat hæres Angliæ  
Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede?  
Quo nunc adeo generose p̄cipitas  
gradū?

*Ser. Glo.*

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius.

*Ser. Reg.*

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris.

*Ser. Glo.*

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes.

\* *Ser. Reg.*

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patruī venis.

*Ser. Glo.*

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glo-  
cestriū

Ducis onerabant lauta mensam prandia  
Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,  
misitq̄ selectos cibos Riverio,  
animoq̄ jussit æquo ferre singula,  
nil rebus illius esse formidabile.

*Ser. Reg.*

Num respuit benigna demens munera.

*Ser. Glo.*

Quem longus usus ferre psuasit malū  
Fortuna quoties cura tristis inonat,  
Vitæ cupit solamen afflictæ minus,  
ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore  
Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula  
quem fregerat non cognitus prius  
dolor  
nec asperos dedit minor casus pati

ut blanda fractū verba confirmant  
ducis

et turbidā p̄mulceant mentem dapes,  
At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi.

*Ser. Reg.*

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus  
ut impitis alta figat vulnera?

An sorte nos mutata felici beat  
Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens  
metu?

Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus.

### ACTUS TERTIUS.

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP. EBOR.  
REGINA.

*Ancilla.*

Qui vindices faces potens torques  
manu,

mitisq̄ rebus collocas fessis opem,  
miserere jactatæ Eboracensis domus.  
Quis est malorū finis? heu! heu!  
quamdiū

Regina victa luctibus diris gravat?  
Quæ possidet ferox Erinnis Regiam.  
Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis  
vibrans

Luctūq̄ majorem prior luctus vocat  
Et vix malis Regina tantus sufficit.  
Quis me p̄ auras turbo raptam devehet  
ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam  
mæstæ domus luctusq̄ matris lugubres.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Lett his servants Nondum fugata nocte  
be about him sol reparat diem,  
wh hoods. Nec deserit patri vices

Phœbi soror  
vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagū  
nox sera: Quorsū noctis umbris par-  
cere

quæris, celere solamen, imensū malū

desiderat : æger non patitur animus  
moras

Lett yem bee  
knocking in  
the pallace as  
remooveinge.

Mentem placare tur-  
bidam matris para.  
Sed quis tumultus?  
turba quanta Regia

Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid  
velint.

*Ancilla.*

Splendens honore antistes Eboracensis

Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes  
post quā Luna fessis suaserat,  
et cæca nox horreret, amisso die  
Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium  
duris premi et Graiū nepotem : tū  
locus

quis principem capiat, tenere nemi-  
nem.

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,  
animus tremore concitus subito stupet,  
Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi-  
ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires col-  
ligit,

en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus  
O dura fata, parcite: heu quod voluitis  
Quantū scelus spiratis? an poenæ  
placent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces  
Irate pater: inocens quid admisit  
puer?

quid meruit parvus quid infans pditur?  
una ruina concutis totā domum

Non sustinet labante mox collo caput  
Largo madescunt imbre profusæ genæ  
cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib<sup>9</sup>.

cultū decorum regiæ vestis procul  
removet, et eximii rubores muricis

Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc,  
fugit,

colli jubet iterūq̄ poni corpora.  
Et semp impatiens sui status, citò

mutatur, et cœlū quærelis verberat  
nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,  
curamq̄ serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera  
dempti satellitis. [reclamat anxia]\*  
Mox illa asylo purpurā servos jubet  
aurūq̄ fulvū rapere, supellectilem  
et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,  
Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib<sup>9</sup>.  
hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via  
interna jussit p̄forari mœnia  
Regis, quā asylū clauditur patiū  
Charūq̄ demens filiū tenens sinu,  
et, quinq̄ mater filias vocans fugit  
sacras ad ædes. Interim tremens metu  
qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi  
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitor,  
fera.

*Regina.*

A curtaine being drawne, let the  
queene appear in ye Sanctu-  
ary, her 5  
daughters and  
maydes about  
her, sittinge  
on packs, far-  
dells, chests,  
cofers, The  
queene sitting  
on ye ground  
wth fardells  
about her.

Eboracensis urbis ex-  
cellens pater.  
Ergo deese quid malis  
nostris potest?

aut fata vincere nostra  
quis potuit miser?

Frustra timemus jam  
videre quæ horruit

magnæ domus (heu)  
reliquiæ parvæ su-  
mus.

tantuq̄ miseros templa  
tutantur sacra

Durū parant funus propinqui sangui-  
nis:

nec quis tenet regem locus, servi  
sciunt

An non perimus: ulla spes manet  
domus?

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias  
Erroris istud omne quodcunq̄ et malū  
Quicquāne gravis animos levat miseros  
dolor?

\* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS.

Quin mitius de reb<sup>9</sup> istis cogita.

Mihi nup ubi suadet soporem cæca nox  
me suscitāt somno sepultū nuntius  
Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi  
traxisse Northamtoniæ moras duces,  
ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis  
Pectus mihi quisquā timore luderet,  
nam cuncta tandem sorte fœliciter  
cadent.

*Regina.*

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis  
Hastingus, ille principi exitiū parat :  
En, vindices mater deos supplex  
precor,  
Dirū caput flām̄is nefandis obruant.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Lax furentis turgidos animi motus,  
et siste prudens impetus mentis graves  
testor deorū numen, astra qui sua  
torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū  
quenquā coronant, proximo statim die  
fratri huic suo decora regni insignia  
trademus; en magnū sygillu nunc  
tibi,  
quod mihi tuus quondam maritus de-  
tulit,  
reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio.

*Archiep. solus.*

Rector potens Olympi, et altitonans  
pater

Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,  
ut tractet hæres sceptrā puerili manu  
Ne dura regnū pœna victori cadet  
belliq̄ spem fingunt novā Lancastriæ,  
dum cæde se litabat hostis impia.  
Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio  
capit?

Cuiquamne te magnū sygillū tradere?  
cui detulisti? fœminæ? quin semp fuit  
invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tuā,  
dum magna Regni cure temere pro-  
ditur

Num fœminæ credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuū vis sæviet solū caput  
Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam petat,  
ut non meam duces levem damnent  
fidem.

SERVUS GLOC. CHORUS PROCERŪ TU-  
MULTUANTIŪ CIVES, HASTING<sup>9</sup>  
HEROS, ARCHIEP. EBOR.

*Servus Gloc.*

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viā  
totamq̄ densæ Thamesim sulcant rates,  
ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga.  
Nil Claudiane dux sacrā metuas fidem  
Quin matris ad templa surripiunt opes  
Let artificers Quos hic tumultus  
come running concitatis improbi?  
out with clubs Quo pellit insanos  
and staves. Elizabethæ furor?

*Prim<sup>9</sup> proc.*

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma.

*Servus.*

En arma doliis vehuntur abdita  
quib<sup>9</sup> necem ducibus rebelles clam  
parant.

*2<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Some armed with Quodnā malū tantus  
privy coates tumultus parturit?  
with gownes  
throwne over.  
Some unarmed. *3<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Onerata navigiis Tamesis horruit  
aqua.

*4<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Regina fugiens arma multa simul ve-  
hit?

*5<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

*6<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

At arma feriant, si minentur, non ve-  
hant.

7<sup>o</sup> *Procer.*

Dii feminæ tam triste vindicent nefas.

8<sup>o</sup> *Procer.*

At te deus pusille princeps, muniat.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Regni potentis nobilis procerū cohors.  
An rumor audax credulos ludit, metus  
Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus  
vetus

malū? furensq̄ repetit agnitu prius  
Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā  
sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,  
leves

Supplex ad aras sternitur mater tre-  
mens.

Regina regnū suspicatur filii  
plures atro clauduntur heroes specu

Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit  
Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,  
Scelusq̄ facile concitat timidū licet,  
Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,  
Donec quis errat qui dolos patat magis  
sed clarus huc Hastingsus heros advo-  
lat.

*Hastingsus.*

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,  
Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib<sup>9</sup>.

Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora  
cogunt benigni tanta regis munera.

Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,  
Ingrata fœdaret magis nulla nota

Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili,  
varioq̄ turbari Britannos murmure :

Hospes video tumultuari subditos  
per tota raptare volantes mænia.

Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora  
curvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar-  
rula,

pecta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,  
En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo,

ut  
enerū corona cingeret fulva caput.

At dura quos premit proceres custodia  
Lacerare probris profidi Glocestriū  
quærunt ducem : cæcoq̄ frigent car-  
cere

litem sacratus dū senatus poneret  
Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia  
ne nostra mentem posterā preverteret,  
ne publico lites vigerent funere

Ad arma ne nos via rebellis concitet  
Justissima licet bella suadere queant.

Horū feretur causa semp̄ justior.  
Armīs suis quicunq̄ claudant prin-  
cipem

dum mœnib<sup>9</sup> Regalis adventat puer,  
urbis principi pacata gratuletur suo.

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDIN-  
ENSIS.

*Eduardus.*

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ  
gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares  
Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet nitor,  
Regniq̄ splendet majus inclyti decus.  
Urbs chara, salve tanta : nunquā  
gaudia

post tot ruinas Asiæ Argivis nunquā  
Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes  
cum bella post tam longa primi vise-  
rent

Vix hospiti tot lustra tam lætū tibi  
redditū licet tantis miser naufragiis  
ereptus esses dux Cephalenius parant  
Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ  
hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos  
negant aspectus longam iter nihi.

*Prætor Lond.*

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte  
en læta profudit cohors se civiū  
ut gratuletur principi multū suo  
sol nostro ut alter luceas fœlix polo  
hæresq̄ patris jura Britannis dares  
cives deū pulsabit anxius prece.

*Dux Gloc.*

The King goeing about the stage. Eduardus en rex ves-  
ter, o cives mei,<sup>†</sup>  
honore fulgens regio, en potens puer  
chare Britannis principem vides tuū,  
virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

*Hastingus Heros.*

Regina in ædibus squalens sacris sedet  
Duris propinqui comprimuntur vin-  
culis

Tutorq̄ declaratus Angliæ modo  
suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.  
Magnū sygillū præsulī Eborū demitur  
Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,  
quod prodidit levi sigillū fœminæ  
Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent  
et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem  
necem

Properate fato, mox graves pœnas  
luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

DUX GLOCEST. DUX BUCK. CARD.  
EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,  
BARONES.

*Glocest.*

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia  
gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem mo-  
vet

tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati  
infamiam generosa mens adhuc po-  
test?

Malitia tam diu latebit fœminæ?  
En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,  
ut querulo rebellis agitet murmure  
proceres Britanniae, atque duris vul-  
neret

verbis, tumultu turba conceito. Quasi  
fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus  
senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit  
Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul  
solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus:  
Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludi-  
cra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.  
Nunquā seni colludet im̄istus puer,  
fratrisq̄ ludo frater instabit magis.  
Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere  
Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dede-  
cus

Nostramq̄ damnet non levis fidem  
labes,

Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,  
sacras

quòd fugit ad aras principis frater  
metu.

Citiūs nihil volare maledicto potest:  
Opinio firmata nec statim perit.

Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro  
quorū dubia nunquam fides regi fuit,  
Matri minūs suspecta, cognita patriæ  
satis,

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo  
restituat. At tuam fidem

tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis  
honore præstans Archipræsul inelyte)

Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.  
Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,

salusq̄ fratris, certa patriæ quies.  
Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,

nec matris infœlix amor morem gerit:  
Suprema regis jussa luctantem pre-  
mant

Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia  
Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens  
audi (favente namq̄ spiritū deo)

Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,  
sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

*Dux Buckin.*

Quem solitudo principis non com̄ovet,  
procerūq̄ deflectens honor, aut patriæ  
Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris  
gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus



Ingens puer se junctus affert principi  
 Nec tutū erit carere fratre parvulo,  
 Vulgus probris futile lacessit improbis,  
 quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,  
 Non solū prolis mater ortū vendicat  
 suisq̄ tantū stulta delitiis putet  
 nasci: vocat regni decus: patriam  
 statim

curare dulcis matris oblitū jubet.  
 Quòd melius hæc suadere Cardinis  
 pater

Antistes excellens potest, assentior  
 Sin pavida amoris mater ignorat modū,  
 vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi.

*Hastin. Heros.*

Quorsum sacris hæreret ulnis parvu-  
 lus?

fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?  
 Sin filiū tremebunda periculū tremit,  
 At hic paternū sepiet frequens genus  
 Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,  
 Regisq̄ curabunt amantes subditi.  
 Tum mutuū fratrū vocat solatiū  
 proterva mater sin recusat mittere  
 Cardinis illū præsul ereptū avehat.

*Card.*

Ut fratris aula frater oblectet simul,  
 aut gratus Angliæ meus prosit labor,  
 meisq̄ recuso æquale viribus nihil.  
 Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,  
 solusq̄ fratrem rex suū non impetrat:  
 promissa templo jura nunquā rumpere  
 tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Pe-  
 trum  
 primū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,  
 et longus ordo principū pepigit: bonis  
 multis sacra pepcisse pacta constitit,  
 nec ullus Ister audet Alanis feris  
 præbens fugam violare, nec rigens  
 nive  
 tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus  
 Scythæ  
 Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit  
 fidem.

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris  
 sinus,  
 nec filiū invidet parens solatio  
 Sin fratris aula fratre ppetuò vacet,  
 et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,  
 Nihil meus damnabiter castus labor,  
 solusq̄ matris impediēt cæcus amor.

*Dux Buckin.*

Quin matris impediēt magis protervia  
 Audebo vitam pignori deponere  
 nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet  
 vel filio, nemo lubens cum fœmina  
 pugnabit: optarem propinquis mulie-  
 brem

sexū simul: perturbat Angliā minus.  
 Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,  
 Non quod genus suo trahunt de san-  
 guine,

Sin chara nec regina nobis, aut sui  
 essent propinqui: Regis at fratrem  
 tamen

odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile  
 junxit propinquos: at nisi invisus sibi  
 Honor esset, et minetur infamem  
 notam

Nolis, suū nunquā negaret filiū,  
 Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū  
 fuit

Suū sibi proceres relinquent filium,  
 Sibi si loco mater decoro [manserit]

[*Dux Gloc.*]

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,  
 quorū fides sibi satis est cognita:  
 Imanis hæc erit protervia fœminæ,  
 Non frigidæ mentis pavor. Sin adhuc  
 timet

Infausta mater, quæ timere umbrā  
 potest,

tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet  
 Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū  
 ad exteros regina mittat. Millies  
 promissa templo jura præstat frangere,  
 tantū senatus dedecus quam perferat.  
 Aliiq̄ nostrūm luderent pulcrū caput

spectare qui fratrem cadentem principis

possumus : ergo filiū matris suū  
Templo solutum vi decebit eripi,  
ne jure simus exteris ludibrio.

Nec ego fidem lubens asyli læderem,  
cui robur ætas longa struxit plurimū;  
Nec primus olim privilegiū suū  
Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc paciferer,

Si pertinax in debitores creditor  
sæviet et illis vincula minetur horridus,  
adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi  
oppressit ære aut prodigū alieno mare  
ut corpus ereptū ara tueatur piū  
sane impiis et civibus, vel furibus  
quos nullus unquā continere metus  
potest

Sicariisq̄ parcere, an non impiū  
Sin pacta asylo jura tansū protegunt  
Iniqua quos fortuna vexat : furibus  
cur sacra? cur sicariis? cur civibus  
Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis  
sacrū

Nunquid deus patronus impiis erit?  
Num jura Petrus ista pepigit furibus?  
Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus  
moveret sibi q̄ rapta furto credere  
onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū :  
Ludens maritū furta templo condidit  
Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius,  
tutūq̄ patrato locū sceleri putat  
Ergo benigna sacra demi furibus  
nec jus asyli violet, et gratū deo  
Sanctūq̄ erit, quod pontifex mitis  
nimis

princeps ne pactus est misericors  
nescio

quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod  
læderent

nunquā supstitutione ducti posterī,  
Sed sua sacris promissa servemus,  
nihil

Ducem tamen tuentur inclusū sacra  
Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex,  
Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū

Contraq̄ vim quisquis locus tutus satis  
Indulta sacra leges impediunt minus  
si dura veniam suaserit necessitas  
At quæ premit tristis ducem necessitas?  
Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus,  
psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia.  
Cur impetret dux innocens sacrā  
fidem?

Alius sacrū infanti lavacrū postulat  
At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetrat,  
Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ  
Quid innocens poscat puer? quid  
meruit?

Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem :  
Horreret aras illico iratus puer  
Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat,  
corpus tuentur sacra si cedet bonis,  
hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps  
nequit.

*Episc. Eliens.*

Ut pacta templo jura, creditorib<sup>9</sup>  
erepta servent debitorū corpora  
acerba quos latere forsitan sors jubet,  
divina lex psuasit : indulgent simul  
decreta pontificū sacra miseris fugā  
Aliena cedent æra creditoribus  
tantū : labore rursus ut crescat suo,  
curaq̄ damnū reparat assidua prius  
Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis  
In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergora?

*Dux. Buckingham.*

probabitur hæc sanc mihi sententia  
Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeret:  
non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri  
potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ  
hæret sacris : hunc pedagogus nunc  
sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil.  
Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil  
sit ara consiliis patrona dum lubet.  
huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile  
quod nescit ingeniū petere nec integra  
merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

princeps egere potuit, haud lædit sacra  
Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet.

*Stanl. Heros.*

Quòd expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ,  
ut fratris aula frater una luderet,  
hæreret posthac mens dubia non potest.  
Mulcere mentem matris opto molliùs :  
hunc fortè sano ducta consilio dabit,  
Sin filiū proterva mater detinet,  
sacrisq̄ denegat parere jussibus,  
suo ducem fratri satelles liberet,  
ludoq̄ puerū armata restituet manus.

*Howard Heros.*

Concessa matri filii incunabula  
ætasp̄ fluxit ludicra deliciis suis  
Nunc chara reliquos poscit annos  
patria  
questus graves Matris nihil moror  
si filium negat solutū carcere  
sacro, fratri illū liberabunt milites.

*Dux Glocest.*

Uno senatus ore matri nuntiū  
te poscit antistes, sacrū jussū expedi  
Te præsulī comitem dux Bucking-  
hamiæ

Jungas, et Howarde præstans stemāte  
Amoris at si mater haud ponit modū  
natūq̄ nobis surripere demens studet :  
Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,

frustraq̄ prolem planget

After they bee ereptam sibi  
come downe Nunc te negotiū grave  
from the antistes vocat  
seates. Responsa matris prox-  
imi morabimur.

ELIZABETH REGINA, ARCH. EBOR.  
HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Mater potens illustre regina caput  
nunc ore quamvis verba dicantur meo,

non esse credas nostra : decrevit fre-  
quens

procerū senatus, et Glocestrius simul  
Protector, ut suadente natura licet  
hæreret uno matris amplevu puer,  
ætasp̄ prima cum parente promptius  
versetur: haud sinit tamen regni decus  
Maculas honorem filii demens tui  
Denuo suis turbata sedibus pax ruit  
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes  
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere  
conclusus unā frater alter principis,  
dulci sui fratris carens solatio.  
Odium fratrū plebs suspicatur illicò,  
Sacra ad ædes quod fugit metu puer.  
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere  
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberas  
et principi magnū creas solatiū  
et gestiet segura Nobiliū cohors.

*Regina.*

Summo galeri honore præcellens  
pater,

Quod fratris in domo simul fratrem  
deceat

manere, non repugno : quamvis tutiùs  
uterq̄ dulci matris hæreret sinu,  
Quorū tenera adhuc timere ætas jubet.  
Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior,  
tum morbus hunc premebat infestus diu  
curamq̄ matris grande periculū vocat  
Tantò magis minatur ægroto tabes  
recidiva, nec vulnus secundū fortiter  
Natura priùs oppressa fert nec se satis  
potest tueri. Quam frequens operam  
dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meū  
sedulò, mihi tamen meū deceat magis  
Gnatum relinqui cū melius illū scio  
nutrire, cujus semp̄ ulnis parvulus  
hæsit, hec illū molliùs quispiā potest  
fovere, quā quæ ventre mater sustulit.

*Archi. Ebor.*

Negare demens nemo regina alī potest,

quin filius melius tuæ relinquitur  
custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer  
ut vivat, hæroū inclyta optaret cohors  
simul decoro si maneres in loco,  
utriq̄ sin natura vitam consecras  
sacris tuā, et posthac piæ studet preci  
devota mens ; at fratris aula luderet  
frater, puer, templo solutus, nec sacro  
carcere piū matris suæ furtū hæreat.  
Prudenter matris ulnis eripitur puer,  
nec usq̄ matris garriet petulans sinu  
Infans ut alat sæva regem Wallia,  
et barbaros luceret inter filius  
nup̄ fuit contenta majestas tua.

*Regina.*

Contenta nunquam : cura non eadem  
tamen

tenebat utriusq̄ matrem filii  
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus  
Huic membra multo lassā morbo de-  
sident.

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis  
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet ?  
Si filiū imatura fata absorbeant,  
et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent  
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Gloces-  
triū

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet no-  
tam.

An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet,  
hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo ?  
Suspecta nulli fuit asyli fides,  
hîc incolere cum matre filiū sinant.  
latère templo tuta decrevi magis,  
quàm cum meis diri timere carceris  
pœnas ; asylo quos latère nunc malim,  
quàm vinculis dedisse vestris dexterā.

*Howard.*

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti con-  
scia ?

*Regina.*

Patrasse nec quicquā scio, nec vin-  
cula

quorsū premant : sed non levis timor  
fuit,

ut qui colorem non mirantur carceris  
hi mortis omnem negligant causā  
simul.

*Card.*

Movetur ira : de suis posthac nihil.  
Parcet tuis agitata causa judici,  
nec tibi minatur aliquis heroū metus.

*Regina.*

Imò, timere quid vetat manus pius,  
cum vita non tuetur inocens meas  
An hostibus Regina chara sim magis,  
tristis malorum causa quæ fui meis ?

Matrive parcet juncta Regi chara  
stirps ?

Meos propinquū non minus laudat  
genus

cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avun-  
culus

Quin filius mecum morabitur simul,  
Mens nisi aliud solertior psuaserit  
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem  
fidem

quod absq̄ causa filiū avidè flagitent.

*Card.*

Hoc suspicantur matris at sinū  
magis,

ne forte gelidus corda pstringens metus  
ad exteros relegare cogat filiū.

Sin patruo negare filiū juvet,  
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,  
seroq̄ justis pulsa viribus dabis,  
Non hunc asylo pacta jura muniunt,  
quæ nec dedit imbelle ætas poscere,  
et vita nil timere jussit integra.

Lædi fidem promissam asylo non  
putant,

si filiū sacris solutū liberant,  
sacramq̄ vim minatur vitæ tibi  
Est talis amor erga nepotem patru  
ut principis turpem fugā tremesceret.

*Regina.*

Amore sic teneri nepotis patruus  
ardebat amens, nil ut horreret magis,  
quàm ne suas pusillus evadat manus  
nepos. fugam suadere matrem filio  
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat.  
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis  
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquã  
ferox

Imanis aut violavit olim Thracia.  
At sacra merere inñocens nescit puer  
Nunc ergo frustra parvulus templũ  
petit.

Præclara Tutoris consulit carũ caput  
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquã piũ  
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris  
Cuius timere vita prohibet integra,  
metũq̄ vacuũ jussit esse nescia  
ætas mali : faxit deus tandem præcor  
ut corde pellat jure conceptũ metũ  
Hæreret templo turpitur gnatũ putat.  
Protector (at protector horũ sit pre-  
cor,

nec in suos crudelis hostis sæviat)  
An frater unã fratris ut ludat domo?  
Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu  
pestisq̄ languens : an deesse parvulo  
possunt, quibuscũ prima gestit ludere  
ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo  
Regum supbo junctus atq̄ sanguine?  
quorũ minũs concors ea esse ætas  
solet,

falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors  
Fratrum duorũ mutuũ solatiũ  
Ludit sui secura juris æmula  
Natura dũ fraterna fingeret odia  
pueris lites magis placent domesticæ  
binumq̄ vulnus sentiunt statim fratrũ  
turbata pectora, atq̄ se minus posti  
possunt : magis lusore quovis gestiet  
quam frater cognatus puer, et statim  
admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu  
domesticæ placere delitiæ possunt  
At sacra non poscebat nescius puer?  
Quis ista sibi secreta dixit nuntius?

Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet  
At non negasse finge : sine parvulũ  
non posse, sine ardore asylũ linquere  
Manebit invitus tamen : templũ mihi  
si posco solũ, bona tuebitur simul.  
Nemo Caballũ sacrilega sacris eripit ;  
templo puer latere securus nequit?  
Quin filiũ matri pupillũ detulit  
Britania lex, possessa si nulli bona  
accepta referat : jura matri suũ  
mandent pupillũ : quæ suos vis sacris  
Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet  
cum matre virtus fugeret hostilis  
manus?

Eduardus inimicis suis linquens miser  
extorta manib<sup>9</sup> sceptrã, ad aras mox  
sacras  
fugi grãvida, rex ortus in lucem ibi  
fuit

primosq̄ natales sacros nactus puer.  
Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris,  
Dubiaq̄ fecit pacis incertæ fidem  
utriq̄ asyllum præbuit tutã sedem,  
donec patris gnatum reversi amplexi-  
bus

Templũ relinquens læta traderem,  
fides

tam certa regiæ sit utinã suæ.

Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquã  
roget

mecum sacris manebit ædibus puer  
Quiquinq̄ pacta jura asylo rumperet  
precor sacra fruatur impius fuga  
nec invidio duris opem hostib<sup>9</sup> sacra.

*Card.*

Quid agimus? ira cæcã mentem velli-  
cat

et pungit interdũ ferox Glocestriũ  
non flectitur preci pectus iratũ levi  
pugnare verbis non juvat, jussus sacros  
sumĩ senatus differo, quibus times  
parere frustra ; grande suspicionis est  
tormentũ : acriter errore torquetur suo  
decepta. Si regina charũ patruo

mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos Anglia  
 proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu.  
 Charā mihi vitā tibi pro filio  
 Nunquā timebo pignori deponere  
 Sin filiū nobis tuum mater negas,  
 rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac ero,  
 et filiū coacta deseres tamen.  
 Tremescit anceps cogitationū: Vincin?

*Regina.*

Concussit artus nostros horridus timor,  
 torquetq̄ vinctus frigidus sanguis metu  
 Quid agimus, animū distrahit dubius  
 pavor  
 Hic natus urget, fortius illinc patruus  
 Testor deū verū atq̄ quicquid possident  
 Cæli beatū conjugis manes mei,  
 Non aliud Eduarde in meo nata mihi  
 jam quæro, quam tua sceptrā regali  
 potens  
 gestaret aula, jura Britannis daret,  
 Regisq̄ lætū vivat æternū genus  
 Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodis filiū?  
 et sponte quæsitū neci mater dabis  
 An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?  
 Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus  
 En, possidet natū priorem principis,  
 contentus illo sit: non poscit istū  
 patria  
 Is quærit unū, utrunq̄ mater postulo  
 unum dari rogo, duos cui debuit  
 At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?  
 procerūq̄ vim tantū feris? natū tamen  
 amittis, et tuo perire vulnere  
 vides tuos, properare Cardinis pater  
 matris quærelæ, nec moras parvas  
 facit  
 statim vicinā vim minatur patruus  
 promissa asylo jura nec prolem tegunt  
 Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit  
 Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos.  
 Aut quæ capit fidelis amotū sedes?  
 Obscura Cardindlis haud fides fuit  
 semp̄q̄ sancti authoritas erat patris

Huic filiū manda tuū, Quin eripi  
 sinu videre filiū mater potes?  
 patrisq̄ funus ultimum regis domus.  
 Horrenda fulminet ferox Glocestrius  
 potius, feram, patiar, maneat gnatus  
 modo!  
 Erras, utrosq̄ pditis et gnatū simul  
 tuosq̄ ferre nec Glocestrensem potes.

*Card.*

Dum cæca vires ira colligit, in tuā  
 præceps ruinā armata infœlix amor.  
 Cur patruo charam nepotem denegas,  
 cui cura major Angliæ comittitur?  
 meritò nos inertiae damnas simul,  
 et esse stultos arguis, quando nihil  
 horum timemus, quale tu demens  
 times.  
 Cùm nos tamen Glocestrio junxit  
 duci  
 assidua regni cura, nec magis fuit  
 pspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis.

*Regina.*

Tam stulta nunquā, mentis aut inops  
 fui,  
 vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos,  
 fidem  
 vestramq̄ suspitione læderem mea.  
 Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem  
 quorū alterum si desit, in nostrū caput  
 ruet luemq̄ patria magnam parit,  
 nil sacra naturæ moratur foedera  
 Regni cupido insana: nobilis furit  
 Ambitio fratrum cæde, nec maculā  
 timet?  
 Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides  
 Romana fraterno madebant sanguine  
 mœnia: suo sin regna fratri parcere  
 haud  
 verentur; an frustra nepos patruū  
 timet.  
 Si regii diversa fratres incolant,  
 erit salus utriq̄ servemus alterū,  
 utrumq̄ servabis: duos defendere  
 unius in vita potes: nec tutū erit

ædibus iisdem vivere ambobus simul  
 Merces non ponit una singulas  
 Mercator in navi, procella quem fre-  
 quens

jubet timere, nec marari turbines  
 rabidi solent frustra : licet mihi con-  
 sciæ

recti, loco servare sancto filiū  
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis in-  
 tonet

crudelis horrendūq̄ patruus fulminet,  
 En filium vestris tamen manib<sup>9</sup> simul  
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie  
 servare vos decebit. à vobis ego  
 tum mater illū denuo repetam, caro  
 quando omnis suū ante judicis thronu  
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba.  
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splen-  
 descit

fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ po-  
 tentia,

testata tot rebus simul prudentia,  
 Nihil ut meis deese tutandis queat.  
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,  
 Illum mihi vos p̄ deos relinquite  
 p̄ regis Eduardi throni castam fidem  
 Quantoq̄ me nimis timere dicitis  
 Tantū timere vos minùs, decet parū  
 O dulce pignus, alterū regni decus,  
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego  
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas  
 dies

tibi patronus adsit tot procellis arbiter  
 mundi deus, tutoq̄ portu collocet  
 impulsa vela, mæstæ matris accipe  
 infixæ labris oscula infœlix tuis.

Is novit unus rerū habenas qui tenet,  
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo  
 cum nostra labris imprimuntur oscula  
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū  
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ  
 imitare luctus : sin negat lachrymas  
 tibi

generosus animus ; at suos planct<sup>9</sup>  
 tamen

concede matri, flere novimus priùs

En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris  
 quicquid relictū funere : an quicquid  
 potest

flebilis esse regis Eduardi nece ?  
 at alter Eduardus tamen erat, du  
 potens

supba regni sceptræ gestaret patris,  
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor  
 Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus  
 Tum turma suffulsit meorū nobilis,  
 nec morte fatum fregit una singulos  
 Nunc dira fratrem Carceris custodia  
 avulsit : ipsum possidet regem fides  
 metuenda Richardi : reliquias en  
 patris

solas : in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ  
 domus,

in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia.  
 Quis te manet fiti exitus tristis ? quib<sup>9</sup>  
 heu fluctib<sup>9</sup> una inñocens exponitur ?

si dura parvū fata quærun, ultimū  
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul  
 viventis oculos ad mea claudā manu,  
 et matris in sinu puer pereas. vale  
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū.

Qualis remota matre crudelis leo  
 prædam minorem morsibus vastis præ-  
 mens

raptavit ore ; talis sinu meo  
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus.

*Howard.*

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas  
 variis tenellos filii artus implicet,  
 amplexibus suprema spargens oscula,  
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans  
 loqui.

Hæsità medio rapta gutture egredi  
 vox jussa, nec reperit viam infœlix  
 amor.

Quid matris adeò chara vexas pec-  
 tora ?

post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

*Card.*

Noli timere nobilis princeps, simul

cum fratre colludes tuo ; regis domū  
nil suspicare matris orbatus sinu.

### ACTUS QUINTUS.

CATESBEIUS, DUX BUCK.

*Cates.*

Plagis tenēre lætus imbelles feras  
Glocestrius triumphat : in manus suas  
optata cæcidit præda ; tuta fraus loco  
versatur ; obscuro tenetur carcere  
nepos uterq̄ decora regni jam libet  
spondere sibi, soliumq̄ fratris mortui.  
Qualis feras odore longo sentiens  
sagax canis, postquā vicinā præda  
percipit,

cervice celeri pugnat, et presso vias,  
scrutatur ore : tallis omnib<sup>9</sup> modis  
optare dextris sceptrā fratris dimicat,  
regnoq̄ sperato prope Britanniaē inhiat.  
Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina :  
procerū cohors irata Reginaē nequit  
perferre stirpem poscit ad pœnā ferox  
dum lite pugnant anxii, clā pdere  
dum cogitat, quicumq̄ cœptis obstre-  
pant

Duce absq̄ Buckinghamio, sed nectere  
dolos sūos veretur, et fraudes timet.  
Jussit ducis mentem supbā incendere  
Et concitare prolis odiū regiaē,  
ut sceptrā parvis excidant infantib<sup>9</sup>,  
patriūq̄ Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,  
Regnumq̄ dux incensus acquirat sibi.  
Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,  
hi de creando rege jussi consulunt.  
Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci  
thronū

Huc ferre Buckinghamiū video gradū:  
animo tumet supbus : huic nectam  
dolos.

Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,  
Et maximū quassæ Britaniæ decus ;  
Quid otiū securus alis, inmemor

propriae salutis ? quale vulnus accipit  
collapsus imperii status, si concitus  
temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciū  
Ætatis haud mnlcetur ira fervidæ.

*Dux Bucking.*

At si quis excelsa potens aula, levis  
Imūnis imperio deæ suæ potest  
jactare foelicem statū haud fragili loco,  
Excelsus id Buckinghamus heros  
potest  
Quodnam sed omen istud ambiguus  
jaxis  
Dubio ore carceris nigri lecto specu  
an hostis in nostrum caput frustra ruit.

*Cates.*

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio tacet.

*Buck.*

Nudate turba servuli vestra latus.

*Cates.*

Nil timet generosa magnaninii indoles,  
Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum  
negat

præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius  
heros, Grausq̄ primus hic gradul mali  
Rex sceptrā puerili manu quassans  
furit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas  
injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,  
nec avunculi tulit sui ; mater comam  
lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu  
quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat  
Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita :  
Nam si pepersit hostib<sup>9</sup> manus tuis,  
et traxerunt matris propinqui spiritū,  
Nunquā tuas cessabit in pœnas furor  
At si timori spiritū evomant tuo,  
iramq̄ justam sanguine extinguant suo  
Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet  
scelus

domusq̄ cognatæ fremat diram luem.



*Buck.*

Furor brevis pueri statim restinguitur

*Cates.*

At ira præceps est magis pueri levis.

*Buck.*

Minuet dies, vehemens quod est ruet illico.

*Cates.*Nunquam sinit parentis imensus dolor.  
mori : incitant matrem suorū vincula  
Et filiū matris quærelæ.*Buck.*Criminis  
pars istius Glocestrius fuit.*Cates.*Furor  
satiatur ultione. Sontem negligit  
punit scelus.*Buck.*Ducis potest autoritas  
ferociam pueri minuere.*Cates.*Dum puer  
est.*Buck.*

At suū semp timebit patrum.

*Cates.*Quenquam timere nescit imperii  
decus.*Buck.*Quod nos tueri salubre consilium  
potest.*Cates.*Quod principi necem vestram solum  
vetat.*Buck.*

Pulsabit usq matris ira filium.

*Cates.*

Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest.

*Buck.*

Mali medela sola tollere principem.

*Cates.*Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit  
Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas  
facitPlagis tenetur capta dispositis fera  
Quasi vinculis uterq servatur nepos  
levi peribunt Claudii nutu ducis  
periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas  
Glocestrium munit satelles clam ducere  
mores notat secretos excubitor tuos  
qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes,  
adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares  
Nihil timendū si vides, time tamen  
incerta multorū fides : constans nihil :  
Inimica crede cuncta : turbatus solet  
simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos  
Fratri Thyestes liberos credens suos,  
mistum suorum sanguinem genitor  
bibit.[*Buck.*]Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliū  
diuVesane torques : Carceri hæreas datos  
an poenitebit ? hoc inertis est viri.Hinc regis ita terret : an puerū times ?  
An foeminā ? nam fata cognatos pre-  
munt.Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis  
cujus potestas sumā, quem cuncti tre-  
muntQuæris salutem ? tutus hinc eris magis  
confide sumīs, et fidem præsta Duci*Cates.*Properata Regem fata si vita eximant  
parabit hæres scepra Richardus sibi  
Tu sola jactatæ columnia patriæ  
ambire regnū ope dux tua Glocestrius  
facile potest : utriq vitam munies.

*Buck.*

Nunquā meo ludet cruore regius puer  
 Cujus minas satiabit ereptū caput  
 Jactura parva principis, vitam suā  
 servare si posses. parum pueros de-  
 cent  
 decora regni : matris hoc regnū in-  
 vidæ  
 haud regis esset, cujus impulsu in  
 necem  
 solū suorū armatur iratus puer.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOCEST. CATES-  
 BEIUS.

*Buck.*

O Claudiane rector, Ebori domus  
 spes una, nec non periculi consors  
 mei  
 nobis gravem tuus parat necem nepos.  
 Casus suorū mæstus Eduardo satus  
 plangit, minasq̄ fletib<sup>9</sup> miscet graves  
 Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris  
 infausta proles Regis, an nra nece  
 suæ domus litabit ultrices deos.

*Gloc.*

Horrere vindicis potentiaæ faces  
 cogunt trucesq̄ regis irati minæ  
 salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet  
 Quò longius serpit malū robustius  
 fieri solet, brevisq̄ consiliis mora  
 datur.

*Buck.*

Medela tristis ingenti malo  
 paratur : en facilè scelus vinci nequit  
 Sempq̄ minatur ira cæca principis :  
 vindicta sceptro armata pugnat ace-  
 rimè.  
 Testor deum verū, sumumq̄ cælorū  
 decus,  
 quodcunq̄ consulas, sequor vitæ  
 ducem.

*Gloc.*

Tremulos p artus horror excurrit vagus  
 Juvenile novi regis, ingeniū, ferox  
 indocile, flecti non potest? frangi  
 potest.

Si patiamur, exitiū parat nobis grave.  
 redinere vitam vinculis regis licet,  
 At heu pudet fraterna regna demere  
 undiq̄ frequens ridet Lancastriū genus,  
 lapsamq̄ gaudebit domu æmuli sui.  
 Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie juvat,  
 nec patriā decet onerare luctib<sup>9</sup> :  
 fraterna posco scepra jure sanguinis,  
 vestraeq̄ fautores salutis vos voco.  
 Cœptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,  
 Juro supremos qui tonant cœlum  
 deos,

natus meus solamen unicū, tuā  
 gnatam maritus uxorem ducet sibi.  
 Quod vindicas Herfordiensis eris  
 comes,  
 aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor pisci-  
 bus  
 partes prius quàm pfidus linq̄ tuas.

*Cates.*

Nunc ergo cœpta vota demens pfice,  
 primūmq̄ Regulos ad arcem trans-  
 feras

famulosq̄ substituas novos nepotibus,  
 dicto tuo quos audientes autumas ;  
 Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat  
 via

populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,  
 et subditorum averte regi lumina,  
 calcentq̄ tua posthac clientes limina.

*Gloc.*

Quin Angliæ proceres latère fraudem  
 convenit  
 dum rapta nostris scepra manib<sup>9</sup>  
 caderent.

*Cates.*

Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput  
 non posse dimissi docebut nuntii

tuoq̄ jussu confluat procerū cohors  
 ut magna celebrentur comitia Britan-  
 niæ.

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,  
 et urbe undati manebunt virib<sup>9</sup>,  
 et arma meditantēs priusquā junger-  
 ent,

Incerta cū sit invicem fides sibi,  
 erepta puero scepra tutus posside.

*Bucking.*

At nobilem non fallet Hastingū dolos  
 Stanleius heros urbe quoq̄ confidet,  
 Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent.  
 Si clam coire sepatim senserint.

*Gloc.*

De reb<sup>9</sup> Angliæ gravissimis ut consu-  
 lant  
 coire proceres singuli jussu meo,  
 ne nostra cœpta intentus anim occupet.

*Bucking.*

At quis tui simul comes consilii erit  
 Res magna paucis expediri non potest.

*Gloc.*

Quem non metu posessa scepra com-  
 priment  
 Deesse nostro autoritas voto nequit.

*Buck.*

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve  
 donisq̄ cumula plurimis, qui partib<sup>9</sup>  
 ut hæreant tuis facilè duci queant.  
 vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget  
 timor.

*Cates.*

Difficile procerū animos statim cog-  
 noscere.

*Gloc.*

Quasi publicis de reb<sup>9</sup> anxius nimis  
 quos suspicor sollicitus usq̄ consulā  
 dum multa proponā dubius, et vol-  
 vimus

secretā regni, mens patebit abdita  
 Hastingus unus principi palā studet,  
 et debitos differt honores regulis :  
 hic gratus Anglis et potens multū  
 mea

juvare scepra, vel mori prius decet.

*Cates.*

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis  
 nunquā potest promissa convelli fides.

*Gloc.*

Tentare pversam decet mentem magis  
 Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,  
 ego interim rebus Britanniiis consulā.

*Cates.*

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi  
 consulas :

nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,  
 dolos,

Totum Catsbeiu. Thronū si particeps  
 fraudis Ducis procuret Hastingus :  
 fidem

tibi derogas, minusq̄ posthac creditur  
 si spiritū pemtus inimicus expuat,  
 quasi ptinax amor colat pueros minus :  
 præesse solus tu potes Lecestriæ  
 successor Hastingi : duces credent  
 magis :

bene est : perat, ut nostra creseat  
 gloria

Infesta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.  
 Studere fingam Regulis durū nimis,  
 flecti nec ulla ptinax posset prece.

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

*Stan.*

Pectus stupet, dubiòq̄ pculsū metu  
 agitur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest  
 se evolvere : ominatur aliquod mens  
 malū

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt ?  
 dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat : novit tonans pater ill quid  
disjunctus heros mente versat callidè.  
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem  
nobis, vel insidias struere regi quæat,  
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis.

*Hast.*

Ponas metū  
Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat  
suspitio mentem vana : nihil in nos  
grave  
patrare possunt, quamdiu meus simul  
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam  
solet  
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo  
absens licet non audio.

*Stanl.*

fides et adultera  
non rarò tecta fronte blanda abscon-  
ditur.  
Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitiū  
falsumq̄ vultū haud expriment pauci  
dies,

*Hast.*

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides.  
Jussu meo Lecestri sume colunt,  
Multūq̄ Northamtoniis potens valet.  
rerū mearū sumā in illo colloco.

*Stan.*

Serū est cavendi tempus in mediis  
malis,  
libido regni cæca nullā vim timet,  
Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statim,  
In nosq̄ secretū nefas post sæviet,  
quoscunq̄ participes timet sceleris sui,  
in nuda præda pfidis sumus hostib⁹.  
repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu  
ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus.  
Incepta fortè pfidus metuet furor.

*Hast.*

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem  
satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Duces  
solent, mihiq̄ plurimum semp student :  
Et ipse populi vota, rumores, metus  
comunicavi Catesbeio dudū meo  
Torquebit alios cura magna principis  
quærunt ducem cives, nepotem neg-  
ligunt.

Quòd ista me celavit, haud æque fero  
fugare lubet ? nos arguet reos fuga.  
atq̄ revocatos ira pderet magis.

Tutos manentes vita servat inocens.  
Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim  
scelesta mens, non nostra damnaret  
fuga.

Fraus ista (crede) nulla quam demens  
times.

Rude prius in cœlū chaos mutabitur,  
prius astra terris hæreant, flamine  
salū,  
quam fallat astrictam fidem Cats-  
beius.

*Stan.*

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem debet.

DUX GLOC. CATESBEIUS, HOWARD  
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS.

*Dux Gloc.*

Spes concutit mentem metusq̄ tur-  
bidā,  
trepidumq̄ gemino pectus eventu la-  
bat.

Imago regni semp errat ante oculos  
mihi,

et usp dubium impellit ambitio gravis  
turbatq̄ pectus : flāmā regni concita  
nescit quiescere : sceptra nunc tantū  
placent.

Non desinā dum sumā votorū attigi  
Multum exagitat incertā nobiliū fides  
cui nostra certus consilia credam haud  
scio :

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

*Howard.*

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu verberas?  
nescit timere quisquis audet magna;  
jam  
regnū petis; fortuna fortes adjuvat.  
ars prima regni posse te cives metu  
retinere: qui cives timet, rebelles  
excitat.  
Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit  
et dura tractat sceptrā regali manu.

*Gloc.*

Pectus nihil pturbat ignavus metus  
Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates.  
Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes.  
Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,  
mactetur hostis, quisquis obstabat  
mihi.

*Howard.*

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes  
matris propinquos, nec mori tandem  
jubes?  
Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,  
et ultro pœnas mite supplitiū vocat  
Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex-  
pquant  
firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant.

*Gloc.*

Hostes simul perire præsentēs volo,  
obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,  
et unus omnes occupet pariter metus.  
Quorū dubia studio resistit meus levi.  
Illos prement mox dura captos vin-  
cula.  
Quo flectit Hastingus animū.

*Catsb.*

Tantū in tuū

caput.

*Gloc.*

Meis adjutor esse ptibus  
renuit.

*Catsb.*

Priūs profundat arctus Ithiū

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fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi  
maris,  
Noxq̄ atra terris ante splendorem  
dabit.  
Fraudes abominatur ferox quassans  
caput  
Et semp̄ Eduardi fidelem filiis  
fore spondet, hostem regis hostib⁹  
gravē.

*Gloc.*

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,  
iramq̄ nostram sanguine extinguet  
suo.  
Discant parere principi metu sui,  
At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

*Catsb.*

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shori,  
Flamās libido nec furentes continet.  
Hanc arguas capiti veneficiis tuo  
mortem struere: causam suæ sin-  
pellicis  
amore cæcus, et furore fervidus  
tuetur infœlix patronus; consciū  
sceleris nefandi suspiceris illico,  
et proditorem patriæ incusa suæ:  
mox amputet securis infaustum caput.

*Gloc.*

Proceres in arcem confluunt jussu  
meo  
statim favere quos Regi scio  
palam opprimam, reumq̄ criminis  
arguā  
satelles abscondet bipenni mox caput  
nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

*Catsb.*

Sin abstinet sacris comitiis callidus  
heros, novus quærendus est fraudi  
modus.

*Gloc.*

At illico invise inclytum Howarde  
caput,

L

blandisq; vocibus morantem concita  
sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

*\*Catsb.*

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

*Gloc.*

Stanleius heros, atq; Cardineus pater,  
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vin-  
culis,  
animum ut fidelem carceris donet  
specus.

Sin impotenti ptinax snimo abnuat  
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes  
lues :

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput :  
Infida strictus ensis eruet viscera.  
Res et profecto stulta nequitiae mo-  
dus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> MILES CALLIGATUS.

*Hast. Heros.*

Mirror quid huc eunti equus humi tur-  
piter  
prosternitur, deus omen avertet malū  
sed vana sortis quid movent ludi-  
bria?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia.  
visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,  
lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris  
cruor,

mihiq; demens consulit, turpem fugam  
Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere  
ridetq; turbatos levi casu viros,  
quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

*Howard.*

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera  
gradū.

*Hast. Hæ.*

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,  
secretas aures accomoda paululū mihi.

*Howard.*

Omitte tandem : quid sacerdotem diu  
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,  
nihil sui securus infœlix videt  
mox quàm sibi sacerdote damnato  
opus erit.

*Hast. Her.*

Hastinge, nunquā excidet menti dies  
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius  
quando sub arcis mœnib<sup>9</sup> totus tre-  
mens  
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

*Hast. Miles Calligatus.*

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus  
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus  
mihi  
aut tristis excidit : tibi nullū tamen  
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū  
fuit

Æquata sors utrisq; fuit.

*Hast. Her.*

Imo magis  
hoc diceres, secreta mentis nostræ si  
cognosces : quod singuli posthac  
scient,

At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nun-  
quā quod sciem  
vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die  
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad  
necem

hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die  
nostram cruore suo quitem sanciant.  
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo  
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vaca-  
jactata nullis fluctib<sup>9</sup> vita.

*Hast. Miles.*

faxit.

Id deus

*Hast. Her.*

Quid hæres.

*Hast. Mi.*

Id precor.

*Hast. Her.*

Scio satis.

*Howard.*

Quin rumpas heros nobilis segnes  
moras :

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagax.

De reb<sup>9</sup> ut tot consulant nobile caput.

Descendit : heu nescit miser tristem  
sibi

luem parari. Ah quid nimis pueris  
faves ?

Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides,  
captuq; plagis præda retineris miser.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. HAST. HER.  
EPISC. ELIENS. SATELLES.

*Dux Buck.*

Quam magna regni cura tutorem pre-  
mit,

Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres

Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,

Suisq; reb<sup>9</sup> poscit authorem ducem.

Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā

quorū fidele consultant canū caput

Et ut procuret anxius negotia

celebrare comitia regis anxius studet :

Quò regiū diademate caput cingeret,

ut gratus esse mortuo fratri queat,

cujus sepulti filiū exornat piè.

*Gloc.*

Veneranda o patrū cohors, et max-  
imū

Potentis imperii decus : faustū deus

indulgeat nunc rebus istis exitū.

Nec somniator ego nimis tardus fui,

qui tam frequenti serus adsū curiæ,

Somnus negotiis consultor est gravis  
meis.

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex

Eliensis antistes venis ? senem quies,  
Juvenem labor decet : ferunt hortū  
tuū

decora fragra plurimū producere.

*Episcop. Eliens.*

Nil tibi claudetur, hortus quod meus  
producit : esset lautius vellem mihi,  
quò sim tibi gratus.

*Gloc.*

Quid imperii status,  
Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus ;  
vestris adhuc jactate consiliis patres ;  
Abesse cogunt paululū negotia :  
nec sit molestus fortè discessus, pcor.

*Hast. Her.*

Operam navare maximam, patres  
deceat,

ut dum gerit rex sceptrā puerili manu,

pellamus omnem fortiter discordiā,

quæ scissa nup regna diu exercuit,

Hoc flagitat securā patriæ salus,

clariq; poscit mollis ætas principis,

et ultimo fides sacramento data

Regi sepulto : majus hoc nullū fuit

Regni satellitiū. Ergo proceres si  
invicē

consentiant, floreat hoc regnū diu :

Sin invicem dissentiant brevi ruet.

Purgare tandem patriam macula de-  
cet,

et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.

Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu :

quassans caput torvo supcilio furit.

Duro labellū dente comprimit ferox,

et pectore irato getit dirū malū.

*Gloc.*

Quas destinatis his patres pœnas, suis

Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,

qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,

Tutorq; declaratus hujus insulæ.

*Hast. Her.*

Quas patriæ pferre debet proditor  
Nec moror honorem, nec excuso de-  
cus.

*Gloc.*

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uxor fas-  
cinat.

*Hast.*

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt  
caput  
Justas luat regina pœnas pessima.  
parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc  
meas  
adhuc latebant : fraude captivi mea  
erant propinqui matris : hodie jam  
meis  
hi Pontefracti capite plectuntur dolis.

*Gloc.*

Comitata modò regina Shori conjuge  
Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit :  
Fluit tabo corpus, oculi somnū neg-  
ant,  
Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,  
Venas hiantes deserit pulsus cruor,  
exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat.

*Hast.*

Iheu, frigido cor palpitat tremulū  
metu.  
Num pulcra destinatur morti pallaca ?  
pereunt amores : concubinā conjugis  
Regina nunquā consuleret usquā sui.  
Timent loqui. Securūs alloquar  
ducem  
Si fecerint gravissimas pœnas lunat.

*Gloc.*

Si fecerint ? itanae mihi ? si fecerint ?  
quū dico factū : quod tuū luet caput,  
Sceleste proditor.

*Satell.*

Let y<sup>e</sup> Protec-  
tor give a blow on  
y<sup>e</sup> counsel-table ;  
and let one of ym  
of y<sup>e</sup> gard break  
in thereat with his  
halb<sup>t</sup> and strike y<sup>e</sup>  
L. Stanley on y<sup>e</sup>  
head.

proditi, proditio.

*Gloc.*

Te perduellionis esse  
aio reū.

*Episc. Eliens.*

Percussit (hic) clarū Satelles Stanleū  
An occidit, stillans rigat genas cruor.

*Gloc.*

Vos pduellem datē neci, servi, statim,  
Sacra morituro mox sacerdos finiet  
Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,  
Pœnas quàm mihi pendat abscissum  
caput.

Patremq̄ Cardineū, Eliensem præsu-  
lem,  
Dominum Stanleium coerce vinculis :  
Sceleris pœnas Shora pellex impu-  
dens  
damnata psolvēt, jubente iudice.

*Hast.*

Quis nostra digne conqueri potest  
mala ?  
heu, quas miser voces dabo ? quæ  
lachrimis

nostris Aëdon exhibet luctus graves ?  
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex  
sceleris ; mearū prodidit fallax amor  
blandaq̄ tectū fronte secretū malū,  
cur invidēt severa fata vitam : in  
mea

quid morte tam potens erit versutia ?  
suūq̄ cumulat gaudiū luctu meo ?  
Sed parce demens lachrymis. Testor  
sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi : [simul  
voco

quocunq̄ defugistis intus inferi  
terris opacis inōcens morti trahor ;  
Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie



Dedit supba pompa vivere, in meā  
statim  
Fortuna poenā mutat inimicas dotes.

*Gloc.*

An luctus attonitos muliebris comō-  
vet?  
tantas moras suadere lachrymæ que-  
ant?  
non abripitis hunc? impio ferro caput  
auferte. Quid cunctamini istū per-  
dere.

*Hast.*

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spar-  
gere  
nec solus in poenam placet: vestras  
colos  
sævæ sorares impetrat: ludunt genus  
mortale cæca fata: præmonstrant  
malū  
vitare, quod vetant tamen. Perter-  
itus  
somno nihil Stanleus hæros comōvet.  
Heu visus est lacerare caput utriq  
aper  
frendens cruento dente, longus de-  
fluit  
cruor p humeros: insignia dederunt  
apri  
nomen Glocestrio: ter lapsus insi-  
denti equus  
cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem.

*Gloc.*

Isti malū sibi quærunt satellites  
qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib<sup>9</sup>  
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput.

*Hast.*

Hei mihi; salutis nulla spes? nunc  
ad necem  
trahite, quib<sup>9</sup> fortuna jus in nos dedit.  
quid lachrimis miser moror? pio  
manus  
cruore spargite. Ultimū solis vale

coeleste jubar proditum reparans  
diem.  
Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror  
Phœbi quieta: longa jam nox obruet.

DUX GLOC. CIVES LONDINENS.  
NUNTIUS.

*Gloc.*

Cives properate: hic adestis prope  
licet,  
Serò nimis nobis, in arce quos modo  
Hastingus impiiq consortes sui  
sceleris pmissent, Deus si non opem  
tulisset idq licet diu celaverint  
astu: ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius  
pcepimus metuq subito pcati  
quæcunq casus arma dedit (ut cern-  
itis)  
miseri induimus, ipsiq jam opprimun-  
tur aut  
Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitū.  
magis doli hujus principis in pessimos  
ac sceleris authores redundabit malū.  
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,  
imane quia constaret omnibus nefas,  
p vos ut inotesceret quærentib<sup>9</sup>.

*Cives.*

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulo  
O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem  
tegens  
blandaq tantū fronte contentū malū?  
quis nescit imanes dolos sævi ducis,  
dubitatq captū fraude nobilem virū?  
suū scelus plerunq in authorem redit,  
prius in alios postquā crudelis sæviit.

*Nunt.*

Corurcus Hastingsi hausit ensis spiritu.

*Cives.*

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis ex-  
pedi.

*Nunt.*

Postquā ad locū durus satelles trax-  
erit,

ad astra tollit heros lumina :

Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces  
Quæcunq; nostra contumax supbia,  
supplitia meruit (inquit) ô numen  
sacrū,

utinam meo jam jam luat sanguine.  
Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces  
quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

*Civis.*

Extinguit Hastingū suorū ingens  
favor,

animusq; lætis credulus rebus nimis,  
nec triste suspicatur integer scelus,  
authore donec miserè amico plectitur.  
Sed hic gradum confert ad arma ser-  
viens,

Quid civib<sup>9</sup> clamare quærit publicè.

*Serviens ad Arma.*

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus prodi-  
tor

Hastingus, horrendi caput primū  
mali

Et turba p̄juro gerens morem duci,  
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii  
vitæ dolos, altiꝫ Buckinghamii,

Ultriꝫ dum sacro senatu consident :

Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ  
Rectorib<sup>9</sup>, sedis supremæ culmina

Scandant supbi summa, celso vertice.  
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima

Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.  
Quis nescit Hastingum parentem prin-  
cipis

traxisse secū? turpiter quis regiū  
nescit malis fœdasse nomen morib<sup>9</sup>?

Splendore vel spoliasset regnū pristino  
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū?

Quis nescit Hastingi libido p̄dita  
quot virginū passim pudorem p̄didit?

Lectiq; rupit conjugalis fœdera,

amplexus infames adulter pellices.  
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,  
hujusq; cædis pticeps et conscia,  
Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo  
accepit amplexu parū castè suo  
Ut morte pœnas jure pendat maximas,  
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-  
luit.

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret  
mors traditoris, marte funesto suā  
jurata poscat turba demens principem  
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,  
Dirosq; in tantū tumultus comprimet.

*Cives.*

Præceps agendi magna pturbat modus  
fœtumq; festinaus parit serū canis.

*Civis alter.*

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ  
spiritu

Nam tantulo quī tanta possent tem-  
pore

vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi  
Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ,

pulcrèq; depingi videtur chartula,  
et pulcra postremò loquendi formula,

Illud tamen mirū videtur maximè,  
tam pulchra tam p̄vo parari tempe.

*Civis.*

En Shora tremulū cereum gerens  
manu,

Induta pœnas linteo infames luit,

Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat  
duci

pœnas, pater descende Jupiter, et  
thoro

tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape:  
nam tuā

Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere  
polū,

Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget,  
pudet :

(Licet impudica mulier, et minus  
proba)

Privare vita dum nequit Dux Claudius  
spoliare fora quærit iratus tibi.

## PROCESSIO SOLENNIS.

## CHORUS.

Preces Deo fundamus ore supplices,  
Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera.

1. Fidem tuere conjugū  
Lectum probro libera  
Defende privatos thoros.  
Furtiva ne lædat Venus.
2. Quemcunq; facti pœnitet  
Purga solutum crimine

Exempla sanent posteros  
Furtiva ne foedet Venus.

## EPILOGUS.

Quas dirus admovit Richardus machi-  
nas,  
quantisq; regnandi libido luctibus  
affecit afflictam videtis patriam,  
Ut celsa regni scandat altus culmina  
Frendens aper, regni lues, Glocestrius,  
Illustris Hastingsi cruor defunditur,  
quòd regulis vivus faverat pvulis  
Regno repugnantes novo Riverius,  
Vahanus et Graius repressi carceris  
horrore, læthali præmuntur vulnere.

## THE SHEWE OF THE PROCESSION.

A Tipstaffe  
Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a taper  
burninge in her hand  
The Verger  
Singing men  
Præbendaries  
The Bishope of London  
Citizens.

## ACTIO SECUNDA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis  
Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamiæ  
Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus Heros  
Mr. ALMY, Prætor Londinensis  
Mr. WEBSTER, Fitz Williã, Recordor London, ut vulgo  
loquūtur, Civis amicus Shawi  
Mr. CLAYTON, Doctor Shawe  
Ds. MORRELL, Civis Primus  
Ds. FRAUNCE, Civis secundus  
Mr. SMITH, Hospes

Nobilis  
 Servus unus et alter Buck :  
 Foggs  
 Fagge } Muti.  
 Ds. REMER } Duo Epis.  
 Ds. METHEN }

## ARGUMENTUM.

Postquā hos omnes in potestatem suā Richardus dux Glocestrensis redigisset, quorū erga regem fidem metuebat : quorum Hastingū nobilem morte affecit, cæteros in carcerem conjecisset, in id studiū sedulò incumbit, ut citò sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat. Itaq̄ ut Londinensis fraude induceret, ut ultro cum cæteris nobilibus regnū sibi deferant, Regis ortū, fratrisq̄ sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem, non ita multò antè defunctū, adulterii p̄ duce[m] Bucking : in Curia Prætoris accusavit, neq̄ sui ipsuis matri Ducissæ quondā Eboracensi pepercit. Tandem delatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopere inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assumens solenibus comitiis coronatur.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. LOVELLUS  
 HEROS.

*Gloc.*

Illustris heroū propago, Ducū genus  
 insigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps  
 nostriq̄ consilii Lovelle nobilis :

Quin rumpimus segnes moras strenuū  
 decet

fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil  
 habet

Isthæc periculi : audire decet haud  
 amplius

quis influentis dona sortis respuit ?

Regem potest creare Buckinghamius  
 donor ducis erat semp̄ hic amplissimi :

virtute te natura firma roborat,  
 et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus.

Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-  
 rem,

Nec te magis Minerva quinquā lumi-  
 nat.

Sequi decet, natura quo præstans  
 vocat :

tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius  
 Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,

omnesq̄ diri carceris vincula premunt,  
 Regis favor quos armat in regnum

meū  
 Jubere cunctos voce licet una mori

Hastingus interemptus heros occidit :  
 Stanleus heros continetur vinculis

Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat.  
 reliqui jacent, tetra specu clausi, meis

quicunq̄ cœptis impii favent parū.

*Buck.*

Puerum levem regnare ? fortunæ jocus  
 lasciva ridens scepra miscet litibus :

Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi.  
 Tuo cogita quosnā struis regno dolos :

Nunquā tuos jussus relinqūā ptinax.  
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

*Gloc.*

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas  
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,  
animis oportet prævidere singula,  
res arduas nec aggredi temere decet.  
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat  
Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta pro-  
vidè.]

*Lovel.*

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia ex-  
plicent

En temporis nimium premunt angus-  
tiæ,

quo regiū caput corona cingeret !

Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,  
Ut non sacris statim cōmīitiis con-  
fluant

Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis  
ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli,  
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies  
Hic destinatus est dies solennibus  
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint  
sibi

Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis.  
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles  
Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,  
mutuāq̄ suspicientur incerti fidem,  
agitata mente consilia nec digerant  
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent:  
tu rapta pueris sceptrā tutus posside  
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo  
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

*Buck.*

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors  
animusq̄ prudens fēro tentaret nihil :  
ad arma junget ptinax populi foror,  
motuq̄ cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,  
quocunq̄ fertur: verba convenient  
feris

injustè factis: victanec cedit metu

concepta rabies temere, qualis  
ferro Mæander funditur rapiens, pati  
Neque scit resistentem sibi, et dirū  
fremit.

*Lovel.*

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniū ferōx  
deceat, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur  
At quem suorū civiū favor beat  
inter suos, nec parva micat autoritas,  
tractare molliū rudem mentem potest,  
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,  
Urbs Angliæ præclara Londinū tuis.  
Inducta votis si faveret, vicimus :  
errore capti cæteri cedent pari :  
Possessa regna facillè ferro munies,  
At quis color regni proberet civibus,  
ne decepi captos ragaces senserint ?  
irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

*Buck.*

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis :  
stragemq̄ majorem minantur parvuli  
Lasciva regna : Anglia novas lites  
timet :

et matris haud cessabit in pœnas furor.  
Tua regna luctus auferent teterrimos,  
qui natus es regū supbo sanguine,  
tantamq̄ regni sustines molem sagax.

*Lovel.*

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,  
causamq̄ regni credet injustam fore.

*Gloc.*

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via  
Palā fratris damnentur infames thori  
pudica sceptrā non ferunt probrū :  
spurius vetant regnare jura filios.  
Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciae  
ætate tam calcante dum notas prius  
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat  
et libido sævis nec modū flām̄is dedit,  
temere spondit Luciae regni thoros,  
illāq̄ participem sui regni vocat.

Experta sæpe Venus parit fastidiū  
sordent amores Luciae tū principi,  
Nec furta lecto quærit obscuro impro-  
bus.

Decepit animū conjugii obstrictū suæ,  
et possidet Regina promissos thoros.  
Tum Lucia locū pulsa pellici dedit,  
adhuc rapaces nil timens fati minas  
Hinc filios generi suo infames pater  
genuit adulter (vulnus Angliæ grave)  
Nec adhuc thronus maculā tulit solū  
patris :

Lectū priorem lusit impudens amor.  
Nostri parentis Eboracensis ducis  
Thalamis ducissæ turpe mentiti viri  
Vestigiū secretus invenit comes,  
Coitus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-  
test

Socium tædæ sciunt, pudetq; criminis  
fœdæq; matris fœda proles rex fuit,  
Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio  
incesta sceptrâ detulit falsus pater  
Diversa fratris ora patrem denegant,  
moresq; degeneres fratri meus pater  
vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,  
Imago dissimilis fratris stuprū docet :  
Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit.

*Buck.*

Et jure vendicas : dolos quid quæri-  
mus ?

fatetur æquitatis istud plurimū.  
Iter patet cœptis : Quid utendū arti-  
bus ?

quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt  
levi ?

aut cujus in tantis dolis sequêris  
fidem ?

*Gloc.*

Nil frigidus cor torqueat tremulū me-  
tus.

Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio  
fides ?

Civem potentem facile Londinū dabit,

Et qui dolos tegere sagax nostros po-  
test,

animosq; blandus comovere civiū,  
Multisq; vincere Londinenses premiis  
Inter suos Prætor valet plurimū  
vanos honores ambit et fluxas opes,  
multūq; avaræ mentis instigat furor  
Reddet fidelems pes honoris improba  
et pellit usq; longā numōrū sitis :

*Lovell.*

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit.  
plebem facile mentita ludunt numina  
Animus statim devotus impetum dabit.  
Si præco scripturæ fidelis, dū sacra  
insculpit aurib<sup>9</sup> piis oracula,  
divina vel præcepta populo psonet,  
Comemoret olim fraude deceptos  
thronos

Lectiq; probriū, vulnus et claræ domus.

*Buck.*

Vir literis insignis est Doctor Shaue  
Prætori eadem matre conjunctus frater  
Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ :  
Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,  
cujus tamen menti facilè labes sedet,  
hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest.

*Gloc.*

Aliqui meorū accersat urbis Londini  
Prætozem, honore inter suos magno  
virū,

sumiq; tinctū literis fratrem Shaiū.  
Ubi Prætor animos civiū demulcerit,  
Et nostra regna civil<sup>9</sup> psuaserit :  
hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui  
Miratur illustrem ducē vulgus rude  
Fulgore populus captus attonitus  
stupet,

lapsūq; cælitus deū putat sibi.  
Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim  
dulci veneno mox stupentes opprime  
ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promitte libertatis alta præmia,  
urbem beabit lecta civiū quies,  
et fine nullo crescet imensū decus,  
si vindicent lecti stupro infamem  
domū,  
et sceptrā nobis jure reddant sanguinis.

*Lovell.*

Dum predicet coitus nefandos et  
fratris

novos amores, matris et probrū tuæ,  
domusq̄ regis dedecus sanctus pater,  
donec tuarū præco laudum maximis  
virtutib⁹ decorat intentus Shaus  
Quasi cælitus repente lapsus advola.  
Te principem divinitus creari  
populus levis putabit, atq̄ spiritu  
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shaū  
credet levemq̄ distrahet mentē stupor.

DUX GLOG. PRÆTOR LOND. DOCT.  
SHAA.

*Dux. Gloc.*

Præclare prætor urbis illustrissimæ,  
et sancte præco, diisq̄ sacratū caput.  
en, magna molimur futura comoda,  
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹  
Hujusq̄ laudis magna vobis pars erit  
quos novimus regno precari prospera,  
uterq̄ votis anxius si pareat  
Nunc ergo vestrā posco secretā fidem,  
tam magna quib⁹ arcana regni pandim⁹

Honorib⁹ magnis fidem pensabim⁹  
largisq̄ fidos præmiis ditabimus.

*Prætor.*

Protector illustris, propago splendida  
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā.  
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar.

*Gloc.*

Contrita mutuis cædib⁹ Britannia  
heu terret, et majora suadent vulnera

infirma pueri sceptrā, matris et furor.  
sceleri mederi quis facile demens  
potest?

deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,  
et malè parebit regis imperio pudor,  
viro potenti vera laus non contigit  
Fortuna quos impellit, invitos malè  
vetatq̄ sæpe facere quod cupiunt piè,  
Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus  
metu.

Suadent mihi decora regni nobiles,  
regnare quem regalia jubent stemata.  
Vos civiū suadere mentib⁹ velim  
in urbe, quorum fama tanta splendide  
celebratur, ut mihi sceptrā regni de-  
ferant.

*Præt.*

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vindicas?  
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,  
ubi senserint spoliatū honore princi-  
pem.

*Gloc.*

Talia tuis clam sparge Prætor civib⁹.  
Lecti stuprati natus incestus fuit  
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros  
dum matris amor avarus admisit, ducis  
atq̄ soboli falsos pepotes miscuit.  
Facti probrū pudibundus invenit  
comes,

stuprūq̄ secretū fatentur famuli  
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant  
moresq̄ degeneres fratris : me filiū  
legitimè imago nota psuasa ducis,  
iidemq̄ mores patris et voces pares  
neq̄ tulit hanc solū labem infelix  
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem  
gravat

matrem secutus frater Eduardus suā  
Nam conjugali Lucie junctus fide,  
repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus,  
thalamisq̄ primis ludit injunctā fidem  
Elizabetha serò regali face  
uxor secunda, juncta principi fuit.

Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,  
foedosq; patri filios pellex tulit.

Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim  
in curia cives tum dux inclytus  
corā docebit ista Buckinghamius  
Procerūq; quæ sit omniū sententia  
Splendore populus raptus insignis

viri,  
me fortè principem suis suffragiis  
clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ  
Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-  
mata

populo simul divine præco edissere  
Sed turpe probrū matris invitus quosi  
pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem  
metuisse fingens; laudib<sup>9</sup> ubi nos tuis  
copiosus ornabis; subito quasi cœlitus  
Princeps datus Britannia, laudes meas  
Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū  
dum creduli meditantur, illico no-  
minis

spes falsa seducit facilè, nunc exequi  
vos expedit fideliter quod jussimus.

*Dr. Shau.*

Mox tua fidelis impata psequare.  
nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS PRIMUS. CIVIS SECUNDUS.

*Civis I.*

Quousne scinditur Britannia litib<sup>9</sup>  
Luctusq; cumulat luctib<sup>9</sup> fatum grave?  
dirum premit recens malū? pene  
modū

severa fata nesciunt. Nunquā domus  
Irata plena cædib<sup>9</sup> pacabitur?  
hæresve nullus sceptrā impune geret?  
At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-  
triā

Erepta ferro regna: jam novū scelus  
infausta sibi domus parat, quantū  
luem

præsagit assuetis malis animus? fides  
Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere  
potest

ambitio domens. Glocestriū ducem  
ambire regnū murmurat secreta plebs  
Patruī nefas crudele, tetrū, parvuli  
latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,  
en Comitiis de certo ascriptus dies.

Glocestrii tantū ducis frequens  
Cliens

attrita pulsat limina: illic emicat  
illustri aulæ splendor, istuc con-  
fluunt

mitiora quisquis supplici implorat  
prece.

Quicumq; Regis nuda calcat limina  
Et principis servus fidelis veseret  
illū minū edocta vulnerat cohors.

*Civis 2.*

Charū caput, duræq; sortis pteps  
fidelis, heu, quā nos premūt casūs  
graves?

fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,  
veresq; triste reparat amissas malū.

*Civis I.*

Effare quæ cives manent lasos mala.

*Civis 2.*

Brevi scelus complectar horrens  
impiū,

dum reb<sup>9</sup> otiosus intentus novis  
vagarer, et cōmune regni gaudiū  
revolve præceps ecce fertur impetu  
insana plebs, cæco frequens cursu ruit  
Denso statim miscebar agmini stu-  
pens:

Ad templa rapimur: dubias aures  
porrigo:

Expecto sacra: cogitabundus steti  
Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitū,  
quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,  
sordere foedis moribus, doctor Shaa.  
Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis.



SEMEN BEATUM THORUS ADULTER  
DENEGAT  
PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES  
DABIT.

Postquā diu regni decus quān vulne-  
rat

Lecti probrū præmonstrat, et falsæ  
faces :

thori fidem quantū beabunt numina :  
Lectiq̄ decepti scelestos filios  
peccata testantes patris quantū hor-  
reant :

bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat  
patris :

furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,  
suoq̄ restituit sua hæredi bona.

Qui possidebat regis infandos thoros  
fidemq̄ lusit conjugalē pelluca

Elizabetha falsa mater, impio  
declamat ore quodq̄ primū Luciae

promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit  
Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Luciae

Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos  
et polluit macula suos adultera.

nec filios mentita fædabat fides  
solū regis patris ; polluta mater ar-  
guit

spureosq̄ natales, suis dum liberis  
adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus.

summi ducis, falsūq̄ patris filiū  
diversa suadent ora solus exprimit

Richardus effigiem patris : regem  
vocat

vultus ducis : Nunc ergo jure vendi-  
cat

amissa patris regna. Mox Glocestrū  
ad astra laudibus ferebat : Regis

quod splendor hic lūcebat, hic verus  
nitet,

vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū  
beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū coli  
omnes stupent vultumq̄ demittunt,  
fremunt,

mox intuentur invicem, venit Gloces-  
trius

suas laudes serus amittit : comes  
stipabat ingens. Ubi ducem vidit

Shaus,  
Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset cœ-  
litus,

En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en  
principem

hunc intueri rursus, hunc coli jubet  
Periisse quasi frustra blanditias pudet

jam tum priores, dux prius cū ab-  
fuit

hæ vera imago patris, hic vultus  
ducis,

Nescit mori pater Richardo sospitus.  
Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens.

p densa pumpens virorū, civib<sup>9</sup>  
spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet.

*Civis 1m.*

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

*Civis 2d.*

Postquam Shaus periisse laudes cer-  
neret,

populū nec acclamare lætis vocib<sup>9</sup>  
Rex vivat æternū Richardus : (nam

stupet  
tum populus, admiratur infandū ne-  
fas)

cœpti pudet, seroq̄ cognovit scelus :  
reparare vires quærit amissus pudor

frustra prius spretāq̄ virtutem timet :  
En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū

subducit ipse se clam. At hic quid  
vult sibi

in curia corona tanta civiū.

*Civis 1.*

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.  
de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis

Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis.

*Civis sec.*

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus.

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBITIS, SERVUS UNUS ET ATTER BUCKINGHAMII.

*Dux Buck.*

Amore vestso ductus (ô cives mei) de reb<sup>9</sup> alloquar hodie gravissimis. Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia, Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq̄ Quæ namq̄ vestris expetita sæpiùs votis, diup frustra defessis erant sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo parasse, vel laborc sumo non piget, oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia !

Si tanta, tamq̄ optata quæ sunt quæ-

ritis, tranquillitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū dulcis tutela, salusq̄ conjugū. heu quis priùs tot explicatis sæculis vos pculit metus gravis ? Nam p deos cœlumq̄ quicquid possidet, quis tot dolis

tantisq̄ tutò pfrui suis rebus potuit ? quis esse liberis solatio ? quis in suis regnare solus ædib<sup>9</sup> ? Mens horret illam psequi tyrannidem, p ima quæ grassata regni viscera exhaustit cedes neq̄ pestis invida insontibus novit p̄cere. Quid explicem

exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius ? extoriã vi, quanta visa luxui ? Nec grande civis ferre vectigal postest

Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum levis,

pœnaq̄ gravis p̄cussit offensū brevem. meminisse Burdetti ar̄bitror (cives mei)

cui, quod jocatus est lepidè, demi caput

Rex jussit indignè, nefas judex licet horreret nefandū, locusq̄ nobilis urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,

heu quam graves p̄pessus est pœnas miser,

viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit quos intimè rex invadebat impius ?

Non est necesse ut psequar adesse pene neminem vestrū puto qui tam cruenti tempis non sit metus,

metusq̄ non sit ipse conscius sui, quem vel nefandus regis injecit furor, vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor, Rex nāmq̄ ferro nactus imperiū grave : hunc victos iratus decora lædere regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine affinis esset aut amoris vinculo conjunctus his princeps, prius quos oderat

At huic malo quem majus accessit malū

vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli exitus

Qui vexat lucertus modo : sed (quod foediùs)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio invicem

tacito ardeant, nec optimates acriùs se maximis exulcerabūt litib<sup>9</sup>

Quam, scepra cùm gestaret infesta manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia sic æstuabant undiq̄ ? ut tristi nece pars interiret maxima civiū, hæc, hæc fuit tam foeda strages omniū,

qualem vidit devicta nunquã Gallia : Hæc præpotens exhaustit Anglorū genus

hæc pristinis spoliobat illos virib<sup>9</sup>

Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū dubia minatur pax pares bello minas Numos luunt domini, atq̄ agros quisquis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit ? Jam nemo non timore languebat miser,

nec ulla non plena periclis erant  
tempa

At at quis illi charus esse creditur,  
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere  
quib<sup>9</sup> potest, cui frater esse pfidus  
videtur? aut quib<sup>9</sup> pepercit mitior,  
fratri suo qui toties damnū intulit?

At quos colebat intimus, nihil moror:  
honore vei quales decoro pinxerat.  
quis nescit unā plus potnisse pelli-

cem,

regni viros quān totius primarios?

Invitus ista sanè vobis affero:

Sed nota quæ singulis quid attinet  
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis  
imānis æstus, amoris et cæcus furor?

Quæ virgo paulo pulchrior? quæ  
fœmina

plus cæteris decora, matris è sinu.

quam non mariti vel rapuit am-  
plexib<sup>9</sup>?

ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat:

hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas  
urbs nostra, cujus potius ornasset de-  
cus,

quòd prima regni sedes est, et præmia  
defensus olim sæpe princeps debuit.

Majora benefacta vivus spreverat,

nec mortuus referre gratiā potest.

Alter in eodem restat ortus sanguine,

rex gratior suis futurus subditis,

quiq; meritis referre vestris debita,

voisq; respondere possit affatim.

Nec animus illa (credo) vestris ex-  
cidant,

doctus sacrorū præco quæ sparsit  
priūs.

Nunquam fidem fefellit interpres  
dei:

patruū sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,  
Glocestriū regnare quia jussit deus  
nec sceptrā patris tractat impurus  
nepos,

aut polluat regni decus lecti probrū

Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit:

huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors

magnanima, supplex ut rogaret pa-  
truū,

Regni velit decus tueri principis,  
sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ.  
facturus est ægrè, scio: regni labor  
deterret ingens, certat invidiæ rapax:  
Ingrata pacem sceptrā nequaquā co-  
lunt.

Quantis cietur fluctib<sup>9</sup> fallax decor?  
mihi crede (cives) non potest tantū  
puer

onus tueri: pulsat aures vox sacra,  
Infausta regna levis quib<sup>9</sup> puer præ-  
est.

Fœlix acumen invidū decet thronū,  
ætasq; plena, patrā qualem vides,

Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus,  
aut si juvent optata pacis fœdera;  
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis  
simul.

uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius:

tantum laborem promptus assumet  
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestra nolentem priūs,  
mens ergo quæ sit vestra, palā dicite  
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur  
tacet?

*Prætor.*

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit.

*Buck.*

affabor illos ergo rursus altiūs,  
Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa:  
pax alma tandem sorte fœlici viget,  
Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono,  
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Angliā  
Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci,  
Insula quib<sup>9</sup> jactatur usq; fluctib<sup>9</sup>?

Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona  
sunt clausa cuiq; dissipatq; singula  
luxus, nefandi tum libido principis  
Quæ virgo fuit intacta? Quæ conjux  
labe

carebat injusta? licet quicquid lubet,  
misera fuit cunctis potestas civib<sup>9</sup>

sed Londinensib<sup>9</sup> longè miserrima,  
illis licet benigna psuasit locus.

Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindicet,

Dux ipse regio creatus stemate,  
quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ decus :

Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ,  
hœresq̄ solus Regiæ manet domus.

furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris  
frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri

Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus  
dum sacra vobis præco fundit dogmata

divina nullus ora dānuabit pius.

Hic nobilis comōta Magnatū cohors

et magna civiū corona, supplices

Orare statuunt patruū, ut hæres suū  
capessat imperiū, decus nec patriæ

falsus nepos corrumpat. Id faciet  
lubens

si sponte id vos exoptare senserit.

Clamore mentem publico ergo effundite

Y<sup>o</sup> Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?  
others goeing Mirū nimis.  
to y<sup>o</sup> Duke.

*Prætor.*

Unus solebat ore jussus publico

De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos

Hinc forsitan responsa quærenti dabat

Effare cives, urbis interpret tuæ.

*Fitzwil. Recor.*

Quàm sorie foelici cadant magis  
omnia

quàm fratre quondā rege, quis demens  
negat?

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi  
memoravit hæc dux omniū clarissimus.

Estis duorū facile testes temporū.

Quautū prior premebat ætas, postera  
quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit

magnanimus heros ergo nunc cognoscere,

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem :  
Quod singulos statuisse constat ordines,

Regemp proceres Angliæ verū vocant.

Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis vesiciat?

Quo jure poscat hæres imperii decus,  
Admonuit omnes doctus interpres dei

et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa :  
Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the  
publica. Mayor in y<sup>o</sup>  
care.

*Dux Buck.*

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū  
de rebus his (amici) longè maximis

vos alloqui, non jure queror concitus.  
Amor sed comōtus, ignotū bonū

vobis adhuc referre quòd cupio lubens.  
Hoc singulis erit salubre civib<sup>o</sup>.

manifesta mentis signa precor edite  
statim.

*Servus unus et Alter.*

Rex vivat æternū Richardus.

*Prætor.*

Aula levi tota susurrit murmure,  
Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox

fuit  
mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci.

*Dux. Buck.*

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq̄ maximus,

dum nemo voce contrà quicquā murmuret.

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū  
pariter mihi comites (precor) cras

jungite  
Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit

Nomen deinde sustinere principis.

*Nobilis.*

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser,  
dolos

Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-  
ye Duke tourn- gere haud pcis tibi.  
ing his face to- Furtū piū si lachry-  
wards ye wall. marū, sed tamen

læthale. Solus fata mundi qui vides  
tremende pater, insontib<sup>9</sup> miseris ne-  
cem

averte, tristem sed sequor comes ducē.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

DUX BUCK. CIVES.

*Buck.*

Let ye Mayor Veneranda civiū co-  
come first ac- hors, quos affatim  
companied with hurs, quos affatim  
citizens, then Urbs possidet præ-  
the Duke with clara Londinū, en  
other nobles: sua  
they assemble jam quisq̄ sponte con-  
at Bernhardes tulit faustū gradū,  
Castle. et quilibet confluit

ordo civiū,  
ut dempta scepra Adulteris nepotib<sup>9</sup>  
Glocestrio gerenda reddant patruo  
Ne regiā mentita proles inquinet.  
Sed tu priūs nostri ducem adventus  
mone

Ne tantus anxiū tumultus illico  
pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt  
quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,  
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,  
de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt  
Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit  
Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos  
favor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis  
En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,  
et nulla cingunt tela principem satis,

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cautuq̄ licet, at sermo popularis pre-  
mit.

Sed ista quorsū pseuor? Quod si  
piū

onus coronæ cura comendat gravis  
nihilq̄ suspectū facit illū fides  
at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib<sup>9</sup>  
vivis adhuc, infame regnū patrii.  
honore plenus est : latere dux cupit

His servant re- a turbidus semotus  
tourneth and a invidiæ malis  
secretly report- eth to ye Duke Aditum negat Pro-  
whome he send- eth againe. tector (o cives  
mei)

Tantāq̄ turba suspicatur, nisi priūs  
Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat.  
Quod magna procerū turba supplex  
consulit

cinctusq̄ multo cive prætor, nuncia.  
Domesticū torquet malū, quod aurib<sup>9</sup>  
tantū suis sollicita mandabit cohors.  
At nos Glocestriū rogemus supplices  
Rogamus [inani] reluctantē prece  
Ut scepra regni justus hæres occupet  
Sed nunc duob<sup>9</sup> cinctus esse Episcopis,  
apparet in sumā domo princeps pius:  
ah, sola dux divina foelix cogitat.

*Cives.*

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia  
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet  
secura : nescire cæteros putat  
tectum malum, sibiq̄ blanditur nefas.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOC. CHORUS  
CIVIUM.

*Buck.*

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors  
excelse præses, ut tua de re gravi  
præsentia alloqui liceret. Afferunt  
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi  
Non audet eloqui jussus pios tamen,  
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua.

M

*Gloc.*

Quicumq̄ mens jussit, licebit dicere  
publica juvat decreta scire civiū.

*Buck.*

Diu nimis p̄pressa plebs tyrannidē,  
lætatur hæc luxisse tandem tempa,  
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,  
vitaq̄ grata sit sua securitas.  
De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis  
statumq̄ regni plena civium cohors  
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus  
ut vendices, sanxere sacris jussib⁹ :  
nec sceptrā prolem fratris impurā  
ferunt,  
injusta quam matris Venus suæ pre-  
mit,  
Nunc ergo turba civiū frequens adest,  
ut voce supplex publica mutū petat,  
ut pristino cives timore liberes,  
regnum et sagaci debitū tractes manu.

*Gloc.*

Quàm vera cives sanxerint, licet scīā;  
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,  
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus  
demens ero, verbisq̄ nec populus feris  
pulsabit iratus, thronū quod ambiā  
Fratris mei, nec exteræ probris simul  
gentes lacescent, si dolis patruus meis  
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus auferā,  
aut sceptrā tollam dubia cognati laris  
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,  
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū.  
satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-  
nera,  
vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget.  
Cogit potiùs amor referre gratiam  
Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc  
minùs  
cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā,  
Regnare qui puer licet novit parū  
Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,  
Regni decus puer satis tuebitur :

Viguisse quod nup magis nemo nega-  
tutela postquā tanta regni traditur  
veterata cessat ira, franguntur minæ  
bonoq̄ languent pulsa consilio odia  
partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis  
Nil sceptrā damnes regis (ô civis  
probe)  
debet mihi nomen placere subditi.

*Buck.*

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux in-  
clyte)  
regnare non sinant nepotes subditi :  
summi vetant proceres : vetat vulgus  
rude  
Regnū student purgare adultera labe  
sin justa regni sceptrā spernas ptinax.  
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,  
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat.  
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas,  
audiant.

*Gloc.*

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,  
doleo, fratris qui honoro manes mortui  
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati !  
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-  
test  
Hæc quia video statuuisse consensu pari,  
regnumq̄ spurii aurerunt nepotib⁹  
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem  
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,  
cum sit necesse civibus cedere meis :  
Vota sequar : en, regna posco debita :  
votis creari subditorū principem  
Magis reor. Curā Angliæ accipimus,  
simul  
Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico  
Sanctiūs habænas Angliæ princeps  
regā  
Magis pacata civiū quies monet.  
Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia :  
hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus  
Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem  
utinam sorores filum rumpant pfidæ.

*Chorus.*

The Duke and noblemen go in to the Kinge, the Maior and Citizens departe away.

Richardus rex, Richardus rex, Richardus rex.

*Cives.*

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus pudet sui deforme vultus vitiū.  
 Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus dolos?  
 Et mille patrii machinas? quis sibi prius  
 Promissa fratris regna fraude non videt?  
 Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat.  
 Inventa damnat scepra ficta sanctitas,  
 Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex.  
 qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsitan.  
 Talis sua rex sponte compulsus gerit erepta pueris scepra. Sed decit magis  
 Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias,  
 Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus  
 Semp piis nec vota metitur sua  
 Crebro iuvat nescire, quod scias tamen.

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

DR. SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS.

*Civis.*

Cur sic pigro miser gradu moues stupens,  
 Dubiusq; sese pes incerto tenet?  
 corpus cupis referre progressū licet?  
 Hæret animus, ponisq; nolentem pedem  
 Quid triste consiliū diu torques? modū  
 Nec invenis? quid civiū vultus fugis  
 Insane? vince quicquid obstitit, expedi  
 Mentem tuā, teq; restituas tibi.

*Doct. Shaw.*

Heu mihi animus semet scelere plenus fugit.  
 vetat quæ scire pectus oneratū malis,  
 mentisq; consciæ pavor, dolor æstuat,  
 animus non potest venenū expellere.  
 Scelerisq; mordet sæva conscientia  
 Quis, quis coëgit dæmon adversus mihi,  
 fœdare stupro regis Eduardi thoros?  
 heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,  
 et ore nuntio nefando adulteros:  
 tuā coronā possidet jussu meo  
 Richardus; hei mihi, voce fœdavi mea  
 natos tuos: mendatiis sacra miscui  
 et ore scripturas imani pollui.

*Civis.*

Cur triste poenis gravib<sup>9</sup> infestus graves?  
 nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,  
 renovatq; durū molle sanari malū,  
 Frænos capit prudens dolor, et extinguitur,  
 vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere cupit,  
 et pfdū sanare conatur malū.

*Doct. Sha.*

Psæceps monentem mens fugit, redit statim  
 concepta frustra concilia repetens,  
 sequi  
 cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,  
 Accendit ipse semet infestus dolor,  
 lapsasq; vires inregrat, nunquā meas  
 cessabit in poenas scelus, nunquā quies  
 nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor.  
 Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die,  
 semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

*Civis.*

Malū nequis sanare.

*D. Sha.*

Si possim mori.

*Civis.*

At dedecus demi licet magnū potest.

*Dr. Sha.*

Nisi turpis hæret usq̄ vestigiū labis.

*Civis.*

Mors sola maculā demere infanda potest.

*Dr. Sha.*

Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere.

*Civis.*

At pœnitenti sera parcunt Numina.

*Dr. Sha.*

Sceleris novi mater prius natu scelus.

*Civis.*

Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?

*Dr. Sha.*

Sanare non potes facilè vulnus grave.

*Civis.*

Nulli parcat quisquis haud parcat sibi.

*Dr. Sha.*

Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū.

*Civis.*

Absolve te quem judicas ultus satis.

*Dr. Sha.*

Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest.

*Civis.*

Crimen nimis iudex acerbus vendicas.

*Dr. Sha.*

Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vulnera.

*Civis.*

Dum cogitas severa, nil curas reū.

*Dr. Sha.*Dolor doloris est medela : nescit  
pcerecoelū crimen videt nefandū conscia  
tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga.  
Ruina mentis fœda tam me disparem  
fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis,  
et factus infoelix mei sum p̄fuga,  
animusq̄ serū corporis divortiu :  
precat̄ur anxius, necat quisquis jubet  
vivere : quisquis mori jubet vitam  
dedit.

tantū potest placere quicquid displicet.

de me viri quid loquuntur futiles ?

*Cives.*

Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciū.

*Dr. Sha.*

Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc convolat ?

*Civis.*Ubi civium regnare jussu cœperat  
princeps Glocestrius : loco primū  
studetrex prius ab illo subditis fari suis,  
Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet.  
Nunc ergo ab aulā comigrat West-  
minsteri.Rex ut prius legū peritis imperet :  
Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret,  
discescit infoelix, pati nec civiū  
vultus potest : huic verba pandā  
principis.*Dux Glocest.*Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus,  
et hoc tribunali tremendo Minois,  
auro caput sepire primū fulgido,  
Justaq̄ cives lege regere patriæ  
Rex providere debet id potissimū



ut urbiū columna lex firmissima  
in curio dominetur æquali potens.  
vestrū domare pectus haud metū de-  
cet,

quorū superbū claruit titulis genus :  
Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia  
Nunc ense fessum miles exonerat  
latus :

Omnes amoris vincula jungere juvat,  
contempta nec patrū jacebūt stemata ;  
Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio,  
qui continetis legibus rempublica,  
ne jurgiis lacerata mutuis Anglia  
languescat : amplo vos honore pse-  
quar,

et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet,  
e sordidis qui nutriuntur artib<sup>9</sup>,  
nec causa vos agitata judici premet,  
nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ :  
Nam concidunt res prosperæ discor-  
diis :

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur inte-  
gro :

Hinc omne fluxit civitatib<sup>9</sup> malū.  
Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas,  
fides :

his vinculis fœlix cohoret Angliā,  
quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,  
Nec robur hostiū potest infringere  
Odiū recentis pereat omnis memoria.  
Statim mihi Foggū satelles liberet,  
supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet.  
Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furor,  
Sumō laborat impetu mens impia  
à subditis vultu benigno conspici.  
Heu quàm velim fides vigeret aurea,  
tantum vetustis nota quondā sæculis,  
aut quæ fucos experta virtus non  
fuit.

Mox sit decorū numen adversū mihi,  
si lingua mentis fallat interpret suæ.  
Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propè  
sociemus animos : pignus hoc fidei  
cape,  
conjunge dextram, et me vicissim de-  
lige.

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## HOSPES, CIVES.

*Hospes.*

Domesticum narras malū, terū, grave  
Imēnsa regni moles invidiæ capax  
quantis cietur fluctib<sup>9</sup>? victū licet,  
potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen.  
Graves procellas concitat regni fames,  
Dum cæca quassavit libido principis  
Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera?  
Qualem maris salsi secantem gurgitem  
pūppim benignam turbo concussit  
gravis  
et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,  
dum latera scindit, et geminat minas :  
Talis premit vehemens statim mu-  
tatio.

Affare (quæso) cur frequens huc con-  
volat  
populus, notatq proximos oculis  
locos?

Theatra stupidus specta usq splen-  
dida  
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,  
regale spendat atq soliū principis.

*Civis.*

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronâ cingitur  
Rex Angliæ Richardus : assensu pari  
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

*Hospes.*

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigu<sup>9</sup>.

*Cives.*

Hic maximis datur comitiis, iminet  
horā.

*Hosp.*

Bona diū pius creatur rex : mala,

Si nequior : rex si bonus sit, civiū  
salus :  
rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est.

*Civis.*

Qui regio natus supbo steimate,  
duos nepotes principes tutor suā  
suscepit in fidem patruus : en Angliæ  
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo.

*Hosp.*

Ubi reguli duo ? nefas regere patruū  
hi dum supsint.

*Civis.*

Hoc facit regni sitis :  
in arce regni carceris cæci luem  
patiuntur.

*Hosp.*

O scelus !

*Civis.*

Sed principis tamen

*Hosp.*

Magis hoc nefandū.

*Civis.*

Propter imperiū simul.

*Hosp.*

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet  
parare regnum pretio.

*Civis.*

Semp tamen  
imperia constant pretio bene quolibet.

*Hosp.*

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt.

*Civis.*

semel est regere.

Satis

*Hosp.*

Statim labi duplex malū  
foelicitas brevis labor regni gravis.

*Civis.*

Prout lubet, regendo minuitur labor.

*Hosp.*

Crescit magis odiū.

*Civis.*

Hoc metu restringitur.

*Hosp.*

Potius fide.

*Civis.*

Quin deme tantos spiritus  
Lacerare dictis principem diris grave  
est,  
statimq suspectos sibi mori jubent.  
Jam parce dictis : tempori decet ob-  
sequi

nuper nimis blande salutat obvios :  
abjicere se cogit mens mali conscia,  
regemq vultus pene servilis docet.  
Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,  
Et Stanleium emisit solutū carcere.  
Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,  
Ne sæva patris vindicaret vincula.  
At Eliensem præsullem clausū domi  
retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem.  
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ  
Comites, Ducesq, Marchiones, Præ-  
sides,  
præire torquibus mirantes cernimus.

*Hosp.*

Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria  
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit.

*Civis.*

Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia.

*Hosp.*

Baculū quid.

*Civis.*

Eduardi fuit regis pii  
id illius nunc memoria pferant.

*Hosp.*

Sed absq cuspide gladius, quem fert  
caput  
nudus, quid indicat?

*Civis.*

Clementiā.

*Hosp.*

Clavus, quid?

Aure<sup>9</sup>

*Civis.*

Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ  
Equitum magister publico hunc cœtu  
gerit.

*Hosp.*

Enses quid à dextris feruntur prin-  
cipis  
et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul?

*Civis.*

Sunt arma justitiæ: scelus cleri  
simul  
Laiciq puniunt salubri vulnere.

*Hosp.*

Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspide  
nullo.

*Civis.*

[*Hiant Codices.*]

*Hosp.*

Quidnā loquuntur scepra?

*Civis.*

Pacē.

*Hosp.*

Quid Globus,  
Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?

*Civis.*

Monarchiam.

*Hosp.*

Ecce alius vagina conditū  
et arte sumā fulgidū gladiū gerit  
itemq magnū.

*Civis.*

Sumā dignitatis est  
honore sumō spatha.

*Hosp.*

Quis locū  
splendore mediū maximo, radiis quasi  
nitidis micans, rubroq tinctus murice  
tenet.

*Civis.*

Iste fecialis est sui ordinis  
primus atq regis ipse nomine.

*Hosp.*

Virgula quid alba præ se fert ducis?

*Civis.*

Hanc sumus Angliæ Archichamerinus  
gerit.

*Hosp.*

Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?

*Hosp.*

Notat avis inōcentiā nihil nocens.

## THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION.

Trumpetts  
 Choristers  
 Singing-men  
 Præbendaries  
 Bishoppes  
 Cardinall  
 Heralds  
 Aldermen of London  
 Esquires, Knights, Noblemen  
 Gilt spurrs borne by the Earle of Huntingdon  
 St Edward's stafe. Earle of Bedford  
 The point of ye sword naked. E. of Northumberland  
 The great mace. Lord Stanly  
 Two naked swordes, E. of Kent. L. Lovell  
 The grete scepter. Duke of Suffolke  
 The ball wth the crosse. E. of Lincolne  
 The sword of estate. E. of Surrey  
 Three together. The Kinge of heralds  
 The Maior of London with a mace  
 On the right hand the gentleman usher  
 on the left hand,  
 The King's crowne. Duke of Norfolke  
 The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops  
 The Duke of Buckingham with a white staffe caringe up the  
 King's traine  
 Noblemen  
 The Queen's scepter  
 The white dove wth a white rod  
 The Queene's crowne  
 The Queene wth a circlet on her head under a Canopie  
 The Lady Margaret bearinge up the Queene's traine  
 A Troupe of Ladies  
 Knights and Esquires  
 Northren Souldiers well armed.

During the solemnity of the Coronation  
 lett this songe followinge be songe wth  
 instruments.

Festū diem colamus assensu pari  
 quo principis caput corona cingitur.

Decora Regni possidet  
 Regis propago nobilis  
 Illustre principis caput  
 fulva corona cingitur.  
 Nunc voce læti consona  
 cantū canamus principem.  
     Regnū premebat dedicus  
     Libido Regis polluit.

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 TERTIA ACTIO.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMER, Richardus Rex  
 Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius  
 D. SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina  
 D. TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major  
 D. PILKINGTON, Ancilla  
 Mr. STANTON, Epis. Eliensis  
 Mr. FOXCROFT, Brakenburius præfectus arcis  
 Mr. SNELL, Tyrellus generosus  
 Mr. ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus  
 Mr. GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxor Richardi  
 Mr. SEDWICK, Nuntius primus  
 D. HILL, Nuntius secundus  
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius  
 Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus heros  
 Mr. ROBINSON, Catesbeius  
 Ds. MORRELL, Nuntius quartus  
     Nuntius quintus  
 Mr. HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiæ  
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonii  
 Mr. HILL se : Dux Norfolciensis  
 Mr. LINSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus  
 Ds. HARRIS, Nuntius  
     Mulier  
     Alia Mulier  
     Anus  
 D. HARRISON, Hungerford }  
 Mr. ROBINSON, Burchier } equestris ordinis  
     Miles }

Mr. HODSON, Stanleius heros  
 Mr. CONSTABLE, Gent. Filius Stanlei Dominus  
 Strange.  
 Centurio  
 Braa servus comitissæ Richmond  
 REDFERNE, Dighton carnifex, a big sloven  
 MR. DUCKET, Comes Northumbriæ

## MUTES.

The yonge kinge and his brother lyinge dead on a bed.  
 Foure daughters of King Edward.  
 Souldiers unarmed and armed.

## A R G U M E N T U M.

## FUROR.

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora  
 minasq; spiras intimas, nec expedis  
 faces tuas? scelus expleas Glocestriū:  
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos:  
 et scepra jactes, prætiū sane necis,  
 dubiosq; regni volve fraterni metus.  
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens  
 miretur excelsū decus vulgus leve.  
 Quorsū moras trahis lenes? totus miser  
 fias, magisq; sæviat nefas breve.  
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,  
 Regnūq; verset ultimū Regis scelus.  
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu:  
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regii  
 et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros:  
 imple scelere domū patris tui: illico  
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius:  
 macta tyrannū, deme scepra si potes:  
 sed non potes: pænasq; dignas pferes  
 tanti tumultus. En venit Richmondius,  
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,  
 regniq; juratos priūs thoros: age,  
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera  
 dirāq; stragem: impone finem litibus  
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetret,  
 tuaq; cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu.  
 Actum est satis: parcam furor Britanniaē  
 posthac, novasq; jam mihi quæram sedes.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

BRAKENB. ORDINIS EQUESTRIS,  
TIRELLUS.*Brak.*

O rector alme cœlitum et terræ decus,  
 quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio  
 Clemens furorem siste dūri principis,  
 pœnaq̄ certam libera gravi fidem  
 Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis,  
 curis nec usquā solvitur ægra ambitio.  
 Regni metu Richardus æstuat ferox,  
 injusta scepra possidet trepida manu,  
 novasq̄ suspicatur insidias sibi.  
 Stipante dum magna caterva rex suā  
 inviseret Glocestriā, famam occupans  
 incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,  
 quàmq̄ facili injusta ruit impetu po-  
 tentia,  
 regniq̄ ludibriū nimis statū tremens,  
 dum spiritu vescatur ætherio nepos :  
 mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū  
 geminus nepos, et sanguine extin-  
 guant suo  
 Regni metū pueri, ferox patruus studet  
 Nuper Johannes Greeñus intento  
 sacris  
 Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit  
 Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem,  
 Et principib⁹ adferre crudeles manus  
 quos vinculis præfectus arcis com-  
 primo.  
 Solus potest mactare Brakenburius  
 natos tuos Eduarde? solus pdere  
 stirpem tuā? mandata regis exequar.  
 Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio.  
 Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas  
 vetat.  
 Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,  
 Solusq̄ captivis ministrat carnifex.

O principis dirū nefas, tetrū, ferox.  
 Inter metū animus spemq̄ dubius vol-  
 vitur,  
 mentemq̄ distractā tumultus verberat.  
 Nunc regis horreo minas : notus mihi  
 animus satis vetat timere : conscius  
 nihil mihi, quò fata vellicant, sequor.  
 Quid in tuū Richarde subditū paras?  
 crudele quid spiras? quid atrox  
 cogitas?  
 Pius fui : cruore regem pollui  
 nunquā manus meas : quid incusas?  
 fidem  
 tuebar : ulcisi bonū imēnsū paras.  
 Testor deorū numen inōcens eram  
 insons eram. Solumne regnū uon  
 timet  
 maculā? quid aula ptinax fugis pudor  
 humilemq̄ casā quæris? aulā deserat  
 quisquis piē vivet : micans splendor  
 nimis  
 Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,  
 Et turpiter collisa mens impingitur  
 sin fata me morentur, adveniā lubens  
 tibi de tuorū cæde tristic nuntius  
 Eduarde, pcusus miser ferro simul  
 A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?  
 an non perimus? heu metu cor pal-  
 pitat  
 Quā, quā parant pænā gravē fido  
 mihi?  
 Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

*Tyrell.*

Ignava mens, quid jussa regis exequi  
 dubitas? inanes et metus fingis tibi?  
 Haud leve timebit, tristic quisquis  
 cogitat.  
 Quid principi Tirelle gratari times?  
 rex imperat : erit inocens necessitas :

magna anxii cura Richardū liberas,  
et longa te regis beabunt præmia.  
Principe suo Eborū domus contenta  
erit,

prolesq; regiæ spiritū inimicū expuant  
pro mortuis pugnare quis stultè cupit?  
aut principum demens tueri cogitat  
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-  
dū erit.

malus minister regis anxius pudor  
Equestris ordinis decus Brakenburi,  
regis parentis adulterū vivit genus?

*Brak.*

Tantū moratur ultimū vitæ diem.

*Tirell.*

Nihil horrescis tremendā principis?

*Brak.*

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-  
cant.

*Tirell.*

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

*Brak.*

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima.

*Tirell.*

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps  
oderit?

*Brak.*

Nefas eos odisse quos omnes amant.

*Tirell.*

Regni metu angi Principem nū æquū  
putas?

*Brak.*

Scelere mederi vulneri scelus reor.

*Tirell.*

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus.

*Brak.*

Illis mortuis invisum erit.

*Tirell.*

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā  
pati.

*Brak.*

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando  
opprimit.

*Tirell.*

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus  
timet.

*Brak.*

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur  
diu.

*Tirell.*

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat.

*Brak.*

Parū nisi ut occisore me non occidat.

*Tirell.*

Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros  
mānus?

*Brak.*

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen  
horreo.

*Tirell.*

Hanc imemor regi reponis gratiā.

*Brak.*

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā.

*Tirell.*

Nil sævientis principis iram times?

*Brak.*

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-  
cidit.

*Tirell.*

At multa rex tibi miniatur horridus  
En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,



Nudumq̄ lustrandū sorori deserit  
coelu? ergo sume regis ad te literas,  
claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,  
hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut queā.

BRAKENB. TYRELL, JOHAN :  
DIGHTON.

*Brak.*

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus  
Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patri  
Nefanda sceptra, quæ suorū sanguine  
madent. Propinquæ vos manus heu  
destruunt,

ô nobiles pueri, pupillos opprimunt  
Hostemq̄ dare genus vestrum potest.  
Amissa postquā regna cognovit puer,  
et possidere rapta sceptra patrū :  
Sic fatur infelix lachrymis genas  
rigans

ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,  
Regnū nihil moror : precor vitā mihi  
hanc patruus ne demat. Heu quis  
Caucasus

lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus  
pcere?

Nunquā deinde ornare se miserū  
juvat :

Nulla solutæ vestes diffluunt nodo.  
Imago semp̄ errat ante oculos mihi  
tristis gementis principis, nec desinit  
pulsare mœstum animū quærela  
Reguli.

Sed huc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū.

*Tirell.*

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant  
Vastusq̄ Dighton, et Forestus carnifex.  
Mortem morabor principū dū pferant.

*Brak.*

Uterq̄ fato cessit inimico puer?

*Tirell.*

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa-  
rant.

*Brak.*

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

*Tirell.*

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit.

*Brak.*

Effare quo rex ore responsū tulit  
quod ense nunquā cæderent meo.

*Tirell.*

Ut ista primū novit, ingenti statim  
stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,  
totusq̄ cineri similis expallet simul  
suspiria imis efflat è p̄cordiis,  
lævaq̄ cordi proximū feriens latus,  
regale subitò deserit soliū, furens  
graditur citatis passibus, quassans  
caput,

tacitoq̄ secum dirus imungit sinu,  
ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo  
proruit adustus, fervidis torret genas  
rubetq̄ totus, punctio velut mari  
immersus, aut minio fuisset plitus.

Oculi scintillant flammæ obtuitu truci  
velutiq̄ setis horret erectis coma.  
His tanquā Orestes accensus facib<sup>9</sup>  
fuit

Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares  
utrumq̄ furia: discrepant uno tamen.  
Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ :  
gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.

Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,  
responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua :  
Coram tacendæ functionis assecla  
ingemuit et in hos mœstus erupit  
sonos.

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget  
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-  
ulat?

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas  
latet

Viris nec ullis jam licet confidere.

Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutrio  
si quando tristis urgeat necessitas :

Hi me pentem deserunt, violant  
fidem,

meoq̄ jussu prorsus audebunt nihil.

Respondet illico principi astans as-  
secla,

At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet

(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)

id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget

unquā subire, placeat modò tibi.

Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret,

me dixit : ad cubile rapitur illico,

ibi me fratremq̄ offendit in lectū datos.

Rex tū jocose, Tam citò (inquit) vos

thoro

componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat

panditq̄ mentis triste consiliū suæ

de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece.

Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul

ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens.

meā ultro regi tū lubens opem tuli :

Quocerca primo mane mihi literas

dedit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu :

Jussitq̄ claves turris excelsæ mihi

ut traderes, quò Regis exequar

Fidele mandatū nocte comissū mihi.

*Dighton.*

Uterq̄ suffocatur exanguis puer.

*Brak.*

Hei mihi, p̄ ārtus horror excurrit va-  
gus.

*Tirell.*

Quo sunt precepti genere læthi par-  
vuli?

*Dighton.*

Cū triste cœlū stella lustraret vaga,

serasq̄ gallus cecinit umbras pvigil :

en, dum nepos uterq̄ lecto sternitur,

dulcesq̄ somnos caperet geminus puer:

cubile nos intramus occulto pede,

fratresq̄ subito stragulis convolvimus,

sumis volutos virib<sup>9</sup> depressimus,

Ubi plumeā clauduntur ora culcitra,

vocemq̄ prohibent pressa pulvinaria :

mox suffocantur adempto uterq̄ spiritu,

quia perviū spirantibus non est iter,

En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

*Brak.*

Videone corpora Regulorū livida?

funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorus

Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus

negat?

Hei mihi, precepti fraude patrum

jacet.

Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tan-

gens mare

gens audet? Atq̄ sedis incertæ Scy-

tha.

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox

puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis

epulanda parva membra Diomedes

dedit.

*Tirell.*

Bene est : fratris Richarde nunc soliū  
tene

securus, et decora regni posside,

Sepelite tetri carceris gradu infimo :

satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,

et saxeo mox obruuntur aggere,

de morte passim sparge rumores

vagos,

quod fato sponte trina condulsit soror,

Periisse subita morte finge regulos.

Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò,

Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi.]

*Brak.*

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas

ô regis animus dirus ! ô mens barbara,

secura turbans jura naturæ ferox !

Tune innocentes principes, pueros pios

monstrū Procustes, tune mactasti  
tuos?

ô terra, coelū, mœstūq̄ regnū Tartari,  
scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas  
tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie ful-  
mine

Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput  
radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,  
Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus  
fuit,

adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus.  
Jam Nero pius es? scelere materno  
madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas  
Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos.

Jugulare civem semp̄ indignū fuit  
privare luce fœminā tetrū nimis :  
at inōcentes, parvulos, infantulos,  
(qui vita quid sit, non p̄ ætatem  
sciunt)

spoliare vita, facinus horrendū nimis.  
Quid parcet aliis qui suos ferox necat?  
qui nocte pueros mulctat atra innoxios,  
quos sum̄a charos cura comendat sibi.  
Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactaris Angla flucti-  
bus?

Discede pietas, et locū quærat fides,  
en longa sanguinis sitis regno iminet.

REGINA, ANCILLA.

*Regina.*

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu  
gelidus per artus vadit exangues tre-  
mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,  
Et dira turbant inquietā somnia

At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera,  
et igne flāmiferū vago regis jubar,  
omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū.  
Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat  
quies,

somnusq̄ fessis facilis obrepsit genis  
vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū  
natosq̄ frendens dente laniavit truci

utrosq̄ sævus mactat. Ætheriæ po-  
tens

dominator aulæ, fata si quid filiis  
dirū minantur, in hoc caput crescat  
furor,

matremq̄ prius jam fulmen irati petat.

*Ancilla.*

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?  
modūq̄ ponit matris attonitæ dolor?  
Nam triste matri nunciū demens  
taces?

totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas  
tractare, longos et dolores claudere?  
O regio quondā tumens fastu, potens  
Regina.

*Regina.*

Misera voce quid media stupes?  
exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?  
fuisisq̄ turpes lachrymis genæ madent.

*Ancilla.*

Sæviti cruento dente frendens aper.

*Reg.*

Adhuc

quicquāne sceleri restat.

*Ancil.}*

Ah, gnati tui.

*Regina.*

Audire cupio miseras statim meas.

*Ancil.*

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur prin-  
cipes,

Labefacta mens succumbit : assurge :  
hei mihi,

rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva.  
spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros  
fugit.

*Regina.*

Regnare nunc sceleste patruæ potes,  
nihil  
timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor.

scelesta vibres scepra : adhuc unū  
deest  
sceleri tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum  
pete,  
tui furoris misera testis haud ero.  
Quem defleā infœlix? propinquos?  
liberos?  
anne malis superesse fata quem si-  
nunt  
tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus  
Eduarde quando comite nudavi tuo,  
et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer.  
Te, te, precor supplex mater genib<sup>9</sup>  
minor,  
qui vindicās flamās vibras tonans pa-  
ter,  
et hunc vibrentur tela pjurū tua,  
Spolies Olimpū irate fulminibus tuis,  
et impiū cœli ruina vindicet.

*Ancilla.*

Quin placida cogites, animūq̄ mitiga,  
mentemq̄ sana turbidā curis leva.

*Regina.*

O patruī monstrū nefandū, quale nec  
Dirus Procastes novit, aut Colchos  
ferox.

O Cardinalis impii fallax fides,  
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.

O filii charissimi, ô liberi,  
quos patruī crudelis ensis eripit,  
suo nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas  
vestrumq̄ matri funus invidet mihi.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA: EPISC. ELIENSIS.

*Buck.*

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ,  
depone moestitiā : prius liber licet  
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis :  
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox

Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore  
Parem tibi potius amicū possides  
Jam pristinæ vitæ status reminscere  
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita,

*Eliens.*

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)  
carcere quòd isto liberū me sentiā  
Sed fata quid non graviter incusem  
mea?

Quod mentis initiū benevolæ desinit  
virtus sed animi rebus afflictis tui  
solamen est quæ non potentis respi-  
cit  
tam copiā, quàm quæ voluntas indigi.

*Buck.*

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indiciū mihi,  
Adversa quamvis singula videntur  
tibi :

Cum sic amicè me colis indignū  
tamen,

conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea,  
hæc vera tandū expertus affirmes  
fore,

Nec fata damnes dura, quin potius  
probes,

tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū  
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui  
duras tyrannus regni habenas dū  
tenet

Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū  
puta :

vitā dedit, dum non admit audax  
furor.

Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?  
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis  
furor?

dicere nequeo, nec verba sufficiunt  
mihi :

dolor tacere jussit. O nullo scelus  
credibile in ævo, quodq̄ posteritas ne-  
gat.

Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-  
pulsit.

Tantū exiit regno? necem miseris  
dedit.

Frænos dolor vix patitur, ulcisci cupit.

*Eliens.*

Præclara suades, inclytū durū genus.  
Hoc patribus percrebuit olim pris-  
tinis,

IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUN-  
TUR STATIM.

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,  
quæret lues secreta regni vulnera.  
Perdere tyrannū laus vel hostem æqua-  
lis est.

*Buck.*

At scepra tutus ut regat potiùs ve-  
lim

(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)  
quam sede dimoveri pulsū regia

Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat :  
Stimulo coëgit ira, quæ nescit modū

Cujus tamen regno scio prudens ca-  
put

consulere, pax florebit æqua civibus.  
Laudandus ergo, cura quem regni

tenet,  
et cui suorū civiū chara est salus.

*Eliens.*

Superbus eructat animus, nec con-  
tinet

sese, secretā miscet irā laudibus.  
Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,

ut te tamen seqūi puteris nunc magis  
stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas  
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis certò scio,  
diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi.

Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita  
Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit

duci  
Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus  
Henrice, partes non reliquissem tuas.

Sed cùm secus tulere fatorū vices,  
scepraq̄ regi deferant Eduardo, magis

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quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-  
gsa :

non sic furore pcitus miser fui,  
ut mortui patronus illudar pius.

Calcare victorem quis audet invidus?  
Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū

sagax,  
in gratiā receptus illico fui,

vivoq̄ nunquā fefelli tibi : tu fidem  
Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis

decora regni scepra : longas Angliæ  
tractent habenas regis orti stemate.

At quæ deus contexit, retexere  
non est meū : sed qui fuit regni

modò  
protector, is nunc regio fulget throno.

Cohibebo me : quin sacra præsulem  
vocant

senem magis, non studia regni : jam  
meis

doctus malis satis : at preces decent  
modò.

*Buck.*

De rege fatus obmutescit : audio  
lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat.

Quin perge pater, egressa verba ne  
premas,

animiq̄ tutus vota psequere tui.  
Hinc non modo periculi nihil, sed

gratius  
votis tuis mox comòdu eveniet tibi.

Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi :  
Quod cogitabā, a rege cùm precib<sup>9</sup>

meis  
impetro tuā domi meæ custodiā.

Alterius esset fortè carcer tibi magis  
molestus, hic te liberū potiùs puta.

*Eliens.*

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-  
clyte)

at non placet tractare gesta principiū  
Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte fraus

latet

N

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent  
non bene,  
curamq; fabula suadet Æsopi Phrigis.  
Legem tulit princeps talem feris leo  
passim necis pænā minatur horridus,  
Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat  
tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia  
Jussus tremens regis, parat miserā  
fugā.

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,  
causāq; mirabundus exquirat fugæ.  
Sylvam fugio : Leonis (inquit) horreo  
mandata : Ridet vulpes, affatur ferā,  
Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo  
tantūm tumet frons tibi, gerit cornū  
nihil

Satis (inquit) hoc inermis et novi  
fera,

Sin esse cornu dixerit frëndens Leo,  
quid tum perempta pulchrā sane dis-  
puto :

Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent.

*Buck.*

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens,  
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi.  
Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu  
mihi  
Narras secretus.

*Eliens.*

Hercle aures si suas  
hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat  
male :

Nil tū timerem, forsitan grates daret.  
Sin mala (quod auguror) potiùs  
affectio

interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur :  
utriq; verba grande conflarent malū.

*Buck.*

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida  
cupit.

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,  
haud time  
tantū meis morem geras votis pater.

*Eliens.*

Nihii herclè dico, scepra quando  
possidet

Protector, hæc quo jure princeps ven-  
dicat,

Præcarer at suplex tamen, quod pa-  
triæ

salus requirit, cujus ille frena jam  
moderatur, et pars ego fidelis extiti,  
dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus  
(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra in-  
diget

Quod in tuo numen benignū fusius  
spasserit honore, dotibus abundat  
magis

regniq; tractet meliùs habenas sui.  
Cohibebo me : hæc tacere me decet  
magis.

*Buck.*

Mirror quid hæret, voce quid media  
stupet ?

Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo-  
quor ?

Venerande pater, animū quid incertū  
tenes ?

seseq; vox egressa continet statim  
dum fundis interupta, concludis nihil  
et crebrò spiras. Qua fide regem  
colas

neq; scio, nec tuus amor in nos quis  
fuit

nostras quòd ornas præco virtutes  
(licet

in me reperio laudibus dignū nihil)  
id me magis nunc mentis incertū  
tenet

sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor  
vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,  
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,  
vel impedit pudor senem parū decens,

Effare : honorem pignoro dubio tibi  
tuti recessus, surdus audiā.

*Eliens.*

Quid est  
Promissa cernis, dux nimis fastu  
tumet,  
avidus honores haurit, odit principem  
secretus huic aperire mentem quid  
times?

aut regis exitiū paras, vel dū faces  
accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā.

Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus  
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)  
Quanquā molesti carceris sentio nihil,  
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,  
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,  
quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi  
Victurus, at partem parentes vendi-  
cant,

partem propinqui, maxime sed patria  
debet parens cōmunis allicere piū.  
dem mente volvo, debitū patriæ  
juvat

præstare, cujus (heu) statū dum cogito;  
quantū micabat suā regū gloria,  
tantū tyrannus nunc iugo premit  
gravi :

Regni ruinā sceptrā promittunt sua.  
Sed magna miseris non deest spes  
civibus

dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū de-  
cus,

ignis acumen, vimq̄ dicendi parem,  
suāmas opes raramq̄ virtutem ducis,  
præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus  
patriæ labanti gratulor, cui contigit  
heros mederi quis malis tantis potest  
qui regni habenas tractet æquali  
manu,

quas nunc tyrannis opprimet Gloces-  
tria.

Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū  
parum placet, quod jure sceptrā non  
tenet.

Nec invidio regnum, pios si non  
honor

Mores simul mutasset effrænis ducis,  
novamq̄ mentem nomen acciperet  
novū,

O gravia passū nobile imperiū Angliæ  
graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet  
Iīmānis usq̄ scelera quid psequar?

Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnū viā,  
En optimatū cæde fœdavit manus,  
obstare votis quos putabat improbis.

O sacra regnandi sitis, quò animos  
trahis

mortaliū? scelestus at pgit furor,  
quantūq̄ libuit audet, sceleris haud  
modū

ponit, patravit majus et fide scelus.  
Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius  
quòd damnat insanus probri solus  
suā?

Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,  
fratresq̄ geminos spurios falso vocat,  
nec non nepotes impia notat labe,  
stirpemq̄ fratris damnat ambiguā sui.  
Hoc est familiæ nobile tueri decus.

Sed cur queror? nū sceleris hic finis  
fuit?

gradus mali fuit, hactenus non stat  
nefas

Jam regna fratris possidens non timet  
audire majora : miser heu implet  
manus

funere suorū patruus, insontes necans;  
Erumpat ergo vis corrusca fulminis :  
an parcat aliis qui suos mactat ferox?  
sperare quis meliorā nunc demens  
potest?

Majora monstra triste præ sagit nefas.  
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem  
status.

Per numen æternū, p Anglorū decus;  
titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,  
succurre miseris, rumpe fatorū moras,  
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime  
tyrannū, ademptū vindica regni decus.  
Nec justa dubiū causa terreat nimis,

defende cives, chara sit patriæ salus  
Comes laboris haud deesse jam po-  
test :

plebs tota defectū rebellis murmurat:  
magis subibunt barbari Turcæ regnū,  
quam rex suo impius cruore luderet.  
Quanto magis nunc te crearet prin-  
cipem,

in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis  
quiesce votis, Angliæ oblatū thronum  
Nec respuas, prodesse multis dū potes,  
nec te labor deterreat, si quem putas  
inesse; sed sit arduū: minime tamen  
pro pace patriæ deserendū publica,  
Quod si recusas p̄tinax, nec te sinas  
vinci precibus: adjuro p̄ verū deū,  
p̄ maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul  
quondam p̄ astrictā fidem Georgio  
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Garterii  
quando fuisti primū, ut in nostrū  
caput

sermonis hujus culpa grassetur nihil.  
Hoc publicis imploro precib<sup>9</sup> civiū  
Sin alterius optanda scepra dexteræ  
quæris: throno Lancastriæ pulsū ge-  
nus

addas paterno, aut filiū Eduardi patris  
throno superbo nobilis jungas viri.  
Sic impiū tyrannus exitiū feret,  
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,  
habes meā de rebus his sententiā.

Cur sic tacet? miror: metuo multū  
mihi:

suspiriū ducit: fidemne decipit?

*Buck.*

Video timore distrahi pectus pater.  
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi.  
tu macte sis virtute: non fallā fidem.  
O magne cœli rector, et mundi ar-  
biter,

quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?  
qui fluctuantem sæpius regni statu  
Clemens deus manu benigna protegis?  
Jam statue tandem gravibus ærumnis  
modū,

clementer animi spiritū inspira pater,  
ut principem quæramus auspiciis tuis,  
qui justa tractet scepra regali manu,  
statimq̄ rebus colloceat lassis opem  
Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiū,  
specimen dedisti mentis erga me tuæ  
clarā satis amoremq̄ testor patriæ  
par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos  
de rege mentis sensa prorsus eloquar,  
vires cur illi adjutor adjunxi meas.  
retinere postquā non potest fati colos  
Eduardus ejus nominis quartus, mori  
sed fata cogunt: liberis parū suis  
fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parūm  
dignū referret præmiū, generis mei  
titulos nec altos æstimavit invidus  
Ergo minū orbos tū colebā liberos  
patris inimici. Vulgo jactatur vetus  
dictū facile regnū labi, cujus tenet  
rex puer habenas: Cœpta tū comes  
tua

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū  
fuisse clementem, atq̄ nunc video ferū  
hac fraude plurimū allicit mentes  
pias,

ut publico Protector assensu Angliæ  
renunciatus esset, et regis simul.  
accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,  
ut cū secundū possidet regni locū,  
tantū placere scepra cœperunt  
statim.

Regni decora p̄scit ad tempus sibi  
teneros nepos dum complet annos de-  
bilis.

Dubitare postquā nos videt, regni  
fidem

nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū pro-  
bat

patruus scelestus: credimus tandem  
sibi,

statimq̄ nostri fræna regni tradimus.  
damnavit hæredem ducis Clarentiæ.

crimen paternū, jura avita p̄didit  
Regni thronū, Richarde sic paras tibi

ruisq̄ tandem, quò furor traxit tuus  
regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam neminē



æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis  
ferox,

obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis.  
At quis minister funeris tanti fuit?

Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem,  
tu prole matrem sævus orbaris sua,

nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,  
teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas.

Quorū necis cū fama penetrasset meas.  
aures, trementes horror occupat vagus

artus, venas deserit hiantes intimus  
cruor, soluta membra diffluunt.

Nobis salubre pollicemur inscii,  
incerta dū sit propriæ domus salus

Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria.  
Avita si ad justus hæres prædia

sumiq̄ vendico munus comestabilis.  
graviter repulsā læsus ingrata tuli.

Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā  
dedit.

At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret.  
Ope namq̄ nostra possidet imperiū

decus.

Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope  
Nunquā feroci sceptrā gestasset manu.

Fratris redundat in meū crimen caput,  
manuq̄ patriæ vulnus infixi meæ.

Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero;  
medebor ergo, sicq̄ decrevi prius,

justā querelā durus ubi tū respuit  
Non amplius me contineo: dicā ordine

quodcunq̄ mente absconditū tacita  
latet,

Cum regis animū scelere plenū cernerē  
in odium amor imutatur, ulcisci paro,

Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim  
tuli molestè, ferre nec vultū queo.

Aulā relinquo regiā, domū peto,  
dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dex-

terā  
erepta posse sceptrā transferri puto,  
regnare postquā populus iratus jubet.

Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,  
et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ

mihi falsò videor, ambiens regni  
thronū.

Hæc cogitanti subitò me rogat obvia  
Richmondia comitissa, redditū filio  
precarer exuli: si rex benignus an-

nuat,  
tum regis Eduardi relictæ filia

natū suū despondet ad castos thoros:  
dotem nihil moratur, una dos erit

Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit.  
Hic nostra pereunt regna: tū mihi

exciderat animo filio primū suo  
matriq̄ jus patère regni: somniū

thronus fuit, regnūq̄ frustra vendico.  
Contemno primū vota Comitissæ pia.

Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces,  
tum spiritu impulsā sacro matrem,

bonū  
sensisse regni nesciā imensū puto,

Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,  
quæ sceptrā jure dubia vendicat suo:

æterna fieret civib<sup>9</sup> tranquillitas,  
solidamq̄ pacis alliget rectæ fidem,

hæresq̄ dubiæ certus esset Angliæ.

*Eliens.*

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū  
respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deus.

O sancta lecti jura legitimi, Anglia,  
tibi gratulor, lætare, solamen venit.

*Buck.*

Nunc tata quib<sup>9</sup> arcana tuti pandim<sup>9</sup>  
Matris prius mentem decet cognos-

cere.

*Eliens.*

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent  
satis

Servus fidelis ecce Comitissæ venit,  
ut nos licet lentus juvas miseros deus!

Brai potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ  
domine salutis gratus esto nuntius.

Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis:  
mox natus horæ sceptrā gestabat

manu,  
si jure jurando suā astringet fidem

face velit sibi jugali jungere  
quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit.

Nati ergo faustos mater ambient  
thronos,  
ut sede pellatur sua rex impius.

*Bra.*

Tam læta domine, nuncius ferā  
lubens.  
quamcunq vobis atq prestabo fidem.

*Buck.*

De rege tandem memet ulciscar  
probè :  
de sede malè parta triumphabit parū.  
Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi  
fortem leonem, qui unguib<sup>9</sup> tantū valet  
quantū ille dente : jā scelere cumula  
scelus :

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus :  
adhuc iniquè jura detineas mihi :  
dominare tumidus, spiritus altos gere :  
sequitur superbos ultor à tergo deus,  
Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas  
mihi :

Nuper superbus Eboraci fastu tumens,  
Cinctus corona, vestibus claris nitens  
spectanda præbet ora stupidis civibus,  
diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,  
celebratq plebs honore divino levis :  
portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus.

*Eliens.*

Tu tu tyrannū morte mulctabis ferox  
si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis,  
meaq septus insula tota satis,  
nihil furentis horreā regis minas :  
nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua.

*Buck.*

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,  
unita fortiùs minatur hostibus manus;  
morare paulùm, milites dū colligo :  
defendet armatus tuā miles viā.

LODOVICUS MEDICUS.

Comitissa mater læta Braii nuntia  
postquā sui nati de nuptiis acceperat,  
ut regis Eduardi priori filiæ  
si sacra lecti iura sponderet comes  
Richmondus, speraret amissū thronū,  
adire reginā jubet celeri gradu,  
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsā  
mea :

ut qui peritus arte medicorū fui,  
fœdera medelis sacra miscerem meis,  
Lectumq promissū comitis Rich-  
mondii.

Nunc ergo Lodovice, jussus exequi  
decet fideles, vince matrem, ne thoros  
comiti negaret conjugales filiæ.

EPŪS ELIENSIS FUGIENS.

Deserere nolens cogor hospitiū ducis  
turbata magnū consilia suadent metū.  
Nunc ergo consulā mihi celeri fuga.  
Quām nunc manus miser hostiū sævas  
tremo ?

sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,  
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,  
hopesq tutus bella spectabo procul.  
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex  
precor,  
ab hoste servū protegas sævo tuū.

LODOVICUS, REGINA.

*Lod.*

Regina servans conjugis casta fide  
lectū jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,  
adesse spera jam malis finem tuis.  
Parumper aure verba facilis percipe  
vacato nostris precib<sup>9</sup>: inveni modū  
quo trux tyrannus debitas pœnas luat,  
tractentq rursus scepra felici manu  
tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci :  
procerū sibi, plebisq concitat odiū

Richardus, invisū eximere regno student.

Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmure, quàm ferre possunt gravius imponi jugū,

an scepra speremus benigna principis?

neci nepotes patruus infantes dedit.

Querela civiū frequens pulsat Jovem amare nequiunt, quem execrantur publicè

servile collo populus excuteret jugū

si notus hæres esse imperii sibi.

Richmondæ (nunc exul) Henricus comes

hæres familiæ certus est Lancastræ :

huic filiæ sociare si thalamos jubes,

nullus de regni jure hæses disputat.

*Regina.*

Quod pepulit aures nuntiū lætū meas? quid audio? nū misera mens est credula?

hæc facilè credunt quod minis miseri volunt.

Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax vetat.

Prona est timori semper in pejus fides.

Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus comes,

est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi favor

Quæ filiæ facilis patet meæ via

ad scepra?

*Lodov.*

Voto tremulus obstabit timor.

Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus : prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ :

cædis recentis imemor sobolis jâces cur sic inultâ te sinis? stimulet dolor

cædis tuorū, et conjugis chari probrū.

*Regina.*

Spem pollicetur animus invitam trahens.

Dotâre thalamo filiâ Elizabeth velim :

sed spernet illâ forsâ Henrici parens illam petas ; scrutare nū maneat vetus

domus simultas, exulis gnati potest Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens.

*Lodov.*

Regina, peragam jussa.

*Reg.*

Respiret deus consilia læta, perge non dubio gradu.

DUX BUCK. AD MILITAS.

Ultrice dextra, milites, sævus cadat' cōmunis hostis ille, tum quisquis comes

fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes.

Quid ira posset, durus expromat dolor

Utinâ cruorē capitis invisī deo libare possim ! multa mactatur Jovi

opima magis arasve tinxit victima quam rex iniquus [aut tyrannus impius].

Violenta nemo imperia continet diu, sperare tanti sceleris quis demens potest

regnū salubre, vel fidem tutā dui? vobis scelestæ mentis exponā dolū.

Bellū parari dū videt, mox literas mittit benignas, spondet agros, nil negat

sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto. Ægre repulsâ passus imperat statim venire? adhuc recuso ; sed veniā tamen,

Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem tuo

Et ultor adero inimicus infensus tibi  
miseris Britannis pacis autor publicæ.  
Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius  
vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit.  
Ducem sequuntur Devoniensis Curt-  
næū.

viresque fratris adjuvat sacrū caput  
Episcopi Exetrensis : infesto agmine  
Gilfordus impiū tyrannū eques petit,  
frequensq̄ Cantii caterva militū.

Mactetur hostis, bella poscunt, im-  
pias

dirus suorū carnifex pœnas luat.  
Ergo tyrannū patriæ pestem suæ  
trucidate, cū sit grata civibus hostia,  
præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes  
student

nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,  
omnesq̄ dux ferā lubens angustias,  
ut hostis pereat vester ferox Nero.  
Quid desideremus? arma cur cessant  
pia?

cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes  
stultè nimis votisq̄ pulsando Jovem  
vibrentur enses, copias jungi decet ;  
ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet :  
pugnate validi, vir viro inferat manus  
tollantur altè signa, bellū tuba canat,  
et excitetur classico miles truci.

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem as-  
perā

cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo  
malā

Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis  
insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota.

Quos modò locavit parte suprema,  
modò

ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede.  
Subitio labantis ecce fortunæ impetu

quis non potentem cernit eversā  
domū?

Heu gnatus, heu primò unicus periit  
meus

(ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem  
nimis)

qui clara patris regna sperat mortui.  
Ut ille magni parvus armenti comes,  
primisq̄ vixdum cornibus frontem  
gerens

cervice subito celsus, et capite arduus  
gregem paternū ducit, et pecori im-  
perat.

O suave pignus, ô decus domus

Regalis, ô Britanniaë fumus tuæ,

O patris heu spes vana, cui demens  
ego

laudes Achillis bellicas, et Nestoris  
annos precabar, luce privavit deus.

Nunquā potenti scepra gestabis manu  
felix, Britanno jura nec populo dabis,  
victasq̄ gentes sub tuū mittes jugum.

Non Franca subiges terga, non Scotos  
trahes

in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria  
jacebis alto clausus in tumulo miser.

Porro exul hærens finib<sup>9</sup> Britanniaë  
dirū parat bellū Comes Richmondius,  
viresq̄ cogit scepra rapturus mea.

Domi cruorem populus en nostrū  
petit,

incendit animos ptinax nimiū furor,  
sceleris ministros armat in nostrā  
necem

Quidā minantem virib<sup>9</sup> Richmondii  
juvare ; quidā firma præsidia arcibus

locare? quidā clanculū armatos domi  
servare, quidā subditos ; fidem ut suā

fallant, rogare precibus infensi student  
Nescire velim, cuncta simulavi lubens

duū cæca potui cœpta, concilia dolos  
sentire, militūq̄ vires jungere.

Hujus furoris cū ducem Bucking-  
hamiū

caput esse scirem, et totius fontem  
mali

Vel Marte aperto trahere, vel precipi-

bus piè  
allicere cepi, ne fidem muttat suā,  
Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas,  
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu :  
Sentit dolos. dux, texuit causas moræ  
stomachiq; se dolore rudit premi,  
Omnem statim morā jubebā rumpere.  
Venturū ad hostem patriæ sese negat.  
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,  
in me nefanda bella demens comovit.  
Quid facio? amicus qui mihi sumus  
fuit

auferre regna quærit : odit maximè  
qui maximè colebat : ô scelus impiū !  
et dux profundo devovende Tartaro.  
At plebs velut procella ventis tur-  
bida,

agmine scelesto principem neci petit :  
Solutus Richardus causa cantatur mali  
Quid nunc agendū restat? aut quem  
consulā?

Infecta facta reddere haud quivis po-  
test.

Si populus odit, pereō? sed populi  
favor

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,  
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū ;  
ut in Britannos si quid erumpat malū  
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,  
pius,

et iiberalis civibus meis ero,  
et scelere vindicabo nomen impio.  
Centū sacrificiis alta surgent mœnia,  
curis soluti ut precibus incumbant  
piis :

Legesq; patriæ utiles ferā meæ  
fortasse nostras populus in ptes ruet,  
pietate falsa ductus : auri montibus,  
blandisq; verbis ducitur vulgus leve.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

*Nuntius.*

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamiū,  
magnæq; quid nunc dissipantur copię.

*Rich. Rex.*

Quæ causa subitò terga vertendi fuit?

*Nuntius.*

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manu,  
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā  
pandit superbus, et Sabrinā nobile  
superare flumen properat, agmini suo  
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen; at  
minas

dum spirat horrens impio dux ag-  
mine,

at non genus mortale curant Numina?  
dum milites vicina spectant flumina  
altasq; ripas non datur adhuc tangere,  
subitò gravis terrā ruina cœli verberat  
divesq; pluviis laxat imbres humidus  
Auster, et agros altūm tegit frequens  
aqua.

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur,  
Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris  
eversa, tecta : vagit in cunis puer  
passim per agros, montibus natant  
feræ,

terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem  
Stupet miles, cū Courtneiorū copiis  
jungere pfusus agmen haud fluvius  
sinit.

At Wallicorū turba nulla præmio  
invita serviens duci, carens simul  
misera cibariis, statim illū deserunt :  
Nullis minis gens Cambria adduci  
potest

aut precibus, ut maneat simul belli  
comes,

aut pergat ultra. Præda nudus hos-  
tibus

suis relictus, cepit infœlix fugam.

*Rex Rich.*

Fœlix ad aures nuntius nostras venit  
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.  
Portus ad omnes miles undiq; sepiat,  
dux exteras ne erumpat ad gentes.  
Comes

Richmondus quidnā parat, quærat simul :

nun cocepta linquat, an minetur amplius.

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi captū reducet, præmiū dignū feret.

Si servus ille fuerit emittā manu :  
sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris.

Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,  
ne perfidus premat Angliā Richmondus.

Aude scelera, ne crescat malū :  
exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant preces.

Quicumq; sceleris socius in nostras manus

veniet, piabit sanguine inceptū nefas.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

*Nuntius.*

Captus tenetur vinculis Buckinghamius.

*Rex Rich.*

Sacris colamus prosperā votis diem.  
O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos dies [*al. deos*] !  
hostis quib<sup>9</sup> captus dolis sit, explica !

*Nuntius.*

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,  
obstupuit illicò, atq; sorte tā gravi pcusus, animū pene despondit suū consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen, Banisteri tremens ad ædes clā fugit, cui dux amore eximio prius favebat, et semp auxit dignitate plurimū : hujus latère clā studebat ædibus, donec cohortem reparat, et belli ruinas nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,

Comitiq; sese jungeret Richmondio.

At malè deorū si quis invisus duci fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū. Servus Banister, seu vitæ timens suæ, tuisve ductus præmiis, Salopiæ Proconsul, tum Mitton proditum ducem

Is militū stipante pgit agmine, servi præhendit ab ædib<sup>9</sup> sui haud procul,

dum fata sylvis dira solus cogitat, tibiq; vinctū fidus adducit virū.

*Richardus.*

Si non fides me sacra regno continent,

tentabo mea stabilire scepra sanguine,

et regna duro sævus imperio regā  
Nunc ergo dux pœnas gravissimas luat.

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput, nullamq; pene carnifex reddat morā. Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis. Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides fuit.

Comes sitit Richmondus honores meos.

Gener tuus sibi scepra despondet mea.

uxor suo comitissa quærit filio  
Victrice dextra rapta scepra tradere. rapidis volabis gressibus Lancastrīa : illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus, pateat nec nullū fœminæ servoru iter, ad filiū nullas mater det literas, ne patriæ demens luem tristem paret, et scepra mihi mulier rebellis aufcrat, At Strangeū præstantem honore filiū fidei tuæ mecū relinques præsidem : testabitur puer patris constantiā  
Natura mentem fœminæ pronā malo dedit, dolisq; pectus instruxit, negat vires, malū ut tantū queat vindicare.

*Dux Buckinghamius.*

O blandientis lubricū sortis decus !  
 ô tristis horrendi nimis belli casus !  
 heu, heu fatis mortale luditur genus.  
 Quisquāne sibi spondere tā firmū  
 potest  
 quod non statim metuenda convellat  
 dies !

Cujus refulsit nomen Anglis inclytū  
 modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor  
 miser.

Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos  
 spiritus ?

Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per-  
 didit ?

Heu blanda nimiū dona fortunæ !  
 mare

non sic aquis refluentibus turget, aut  
 undis

turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus  
 tumet,

ut cæca casus heu fortuna magnatū  
 vocat.

Funestus heu dirusq Richardi favor  
 quid illa deplorem miser tempora,  
 quibus

fretus meo consilio aper frendens, sibi  
 regnū cruento dente raptū comparat ?

En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo.  
 Natale solū, illustre decus ô Angliæ,  
 horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent ?

ferox

postquā jugo tyrannus oppressū tenet  
 heu, heu, miser Stygeas ad undas de-  
 primor,

Crudelis et collo securis imminet.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

RICARD. REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL :  
 HEROS, CATESBEIUS.

*Richardus.*

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis  
 blandita vultu gravius ut ruerem, edita

de rupe tollis ! finis alterius mali  
 gradus est futuri : dira conspirat  
 manus

in me rebellis, torqueor metu miser.  
 disrumpor æstuante curarū salo.

Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes  
 in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnū  
 locis :

In cujus arma jurat turba civiū  
 inimica : mox hujus mali tanti metu  
 famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos.

at fama vexat turgidū pectus magis :  
 thalamos jugales filiæ Richmondio  
 Comiti studet regina mater jungere.

O triste facinus, hostis in nostra  
 potens

regnabit aula, meq fatis destinat.

*Nunt.*

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes.

*Rex.*

O flenda fata ! Gesta quæ sunt, ex-  
 plica.

*Nunt.*

Ubi ter, quatuor, implesset October  
 dies,

Oculis profundū mane spectantes  
 fretū,

Vagas carinas vidimus appellere.

Portū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū  
 vocant. Dubia nos turba spectontes  
 diu

manemus illic. Nave tum prætoria  
 comitem ferocem novimus Rich-  
 mondiæ

Auxilia forsan alia sperantes manent  
 aliquot diebus : ut nos celsas vident  
 ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul

Num simus hostes, miles an charus  
 duci

quærun : vafros nos fingimus vultu  
 dolos

ibi milites locasse Buckinghamium,  
 ut comitis adventū maneret exulis,

dubiūq̄ mox ad castra deducant ducis  
Junctæ facilè possent phalanges vin-  
cere.

Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu.  
Hi blanda verba suspicantes, carbasa  
complente vento laxa cōmittunt mari,  
velisq̄ pansis advolant Britannia.

*Rex.*

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserū  
dea?  
nup locatū me levas sumā rota,  
auraq̄ molli prosperos affers dies :  
illico supinū lubrico affligis solo.  
Quàm varia? quàm maligna? quàm  
levis dea?

*Lovell.*

Cur vexat animū cura vesanū gravius?  
ubi prisca virtus? pellat ignavos  
metus  
excelsus animus : [fortis haud novit  
metum.]

Mullo periculo nobilis virtus labat.  
Quorsū ducis manes tremiscis mortui?  
quorsū rebelles cæteros? an non ja-  
cent  
terra sepulti? pulverem demens times?  
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data  
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.  
Mandata legati duci Britanno  
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebelliū  
promittis, armis sceptrā si juvet tua.  
Quem non movebunt ampla promittā  
præmi  
desine timere : quod satis tutū est  
times.

*Cates.*

Si præmiis dux pertinax ductus tuis  
non exietetur aliud inceptū manet.  
Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros  
neptis tuæ : Lancastris si non opem  
ferat domus Eborū (fremat licet ferox)  
frustra minatur : differa connubiū

Richmondii, nec filiæ Eduardi faces  
celebrent jugales, si frui voto vellis.

*Rex.*

Rapietur illico, finietq̄ nuptias  
districtus ensis, Tartaro nubet prius.

*Lovell.*

At est asyli grande violati nefas :  
meliora cogita : ista non prodest tuo  
medicina morbo : culpa non sanat  
reos,  
nec est aperto scelere pugnandū  
scelus.  
Et nuper allectus tibi populus fuit  
quem plurimis dudū modis colere  
studes.  
statim scelere p̄cussus inani, oderit.

*Cates.*

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus  
potest,  
non est minis duris parandū, voce vel  
sæva tyranni neq̄ frigido metu.

*Rex.*

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi  
meoq̄ sceptro contrahi? nunquā ac-  
cidet.  
Scelesta nostrū firmat impietas thronū  
audebo quodvis : scelere vincendū  
scelus :  
violare jura facilè regnanti licet.  
In rebus aliis usq̄ pietatem colas.  
Stringatur ensis : Regna tutatur cruor.

*Lovell.*

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest  
utrinq̄ torqueri facilè, mox deferant  
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias  
suas in aulā adduci mater sinat.

*Cates.*

Si socia thalami fortè moriatur tui,  
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,  
illoq̄ pacto fracta spes comitis erit.



*Rex.*

Placet, quod inquis ! potius quā  
regnū ruat,  
tentanda cuncta : triste consiliū tamen  
dum vivit uxor : hanc decet lætho  
dari.

*Lovell.*

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā.

*Rex.*

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumor po-  
test.

*Lovell.*

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe  
moriatur : utq mors sit illi certior,  
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū  
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi.  
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est.  
Aulā beare sobole foelici decet  
Regem : doloris sæva ppetua lues  
matura timidæ fata foeminæ dabit.

*Rex.*

Mactabo potiùs, ense læthali, priùs  
tollam veneno, quā mea pestis throni  
cladesq fuerit : vosq quos semp colo  
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,  
adite templū, tum meis verbis piè  
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,  
vitæq sordes esse mutatas meæ  
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū.  
Populi favorem nequeo nancisci priùs  
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,  
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,  
natumq Marchionem honore prose-  
quar.  
amplos agros promitte, magnas et  
opes,  
si gratus Anglia exul illico venerit.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit  
regni metus, quiescere nec usquā  
potest,

sanare nunc malū queo solū, face  
neptem jugali si maritus jungerem  
Uxor sed obstat : scelera novimus  
prius

quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere ?  
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tuā ?  
serò pudet : peracta pars sceleris mei  
olim fuit maxima : piū esse quid  
juvat ?

post tanta miserū facinora, nihil facis.  
Parat animus nefanda, parva nec pla-  
cent.

Regnū tuemur : omnis in ferro salus.

LOVELL : REGINA ELIZAB. REX  
RICHARDUS.*Lovell.*

O socia thalami regis olim, foemina  
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis  
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere  
aulā sequaris splendidam mater po-  
tens.

Nec moveat antè Regis imensū scelus,  
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ poenitet :  
matura sanctè suadet ætas vivere  
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,  
serumq cepit vitii fastidiū.

Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant  
magis

nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere :  
at placida victori magis pax expedit,  
quem civiū quivis tumultus territat  
Partā priùs ne perderet iterū gloriā,  
a plebe rex quæsit ardentem colli.

Hoc efficere priùs nequit princeps  
pius,

nisi te tuasq filias sancte colat,  
et splendidis illas locaret nuptiis,  
cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,  
En concidit dolore confectus gravi,  
fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :  
vitæ tantum corrigendæ defuit.  
honus tuarū, filiusq marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p oras nunc  
vagus  
incognitas perrat exul. Si domū  
reversus, arma deserat Richmondii,  
florebit alto clarus imperio statim  
illustris heros, sibi patebunt omnia  
fulgentis aulæ dona : nil frustra petet.  
Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulæ splen-  
didū,

In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi  
nec regis animū sperne tam charū tibi :  
sed dulce pignus filias animi tui  
mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscuro  
horreant

loco, pius quas diligit rex unice.  
Quid moesta terram conticescis in-  
tuens ?

errore quid pectus vago versas tuū ?

*Regina.*

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes  
manus ?

non liberos crudelis occidit fratris ?  
nostrosq conspersit thoros falsa labe ?  
an non potest matri scelestus parcere,  
infame generi vulnus infixit suo

Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furor ?  
Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitæ  
modū ?

Sævire cum ratione num quisquā po-  
test ?

Strictus tuetur ensis, invitis tuis  
quicquid tenere te scias, quicquid  
scelus

peperit, tuetur majus admissū scelus.  
Haud dulcis aula, cruore quæ meo  
fluit.

Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine ?  
An filiarū nuptias celebret ? prius,  
reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere  
funera meorū mater efflagito prius,  
suis debetur atq mortuis honor.

*Lovell.*

Sepulta quid renovas odia ? pectus  
premet

æterna vesanū ira ? patratū liceat  
scelus expiare : quid juvat gemitu  
adeo

opplere cœlū ? vel lamentis æthera  
pulsare ? toties vulneri quid heu  
manus

adfers ? medelā nec pati potes mali ?  
Si quisq quoties peccat, illico Jupiter  
iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur :  
orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole repararet sua  
nunquā Venus cunctis petita viris ?  
adhuc

ferrūne terret.

*Reg.*

Cujus ictu concidi.

*Lovell.*

At melius infligens mededetur vulneri.

*Reg.*

Ad arma nova perrumpit ira sæpius.

*Lovell.*

Despecta magis irascitur clementia.

*Reg.*

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

*Lovell.*

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extin-  
guitur ?

*Reg.*

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi ex-  
pleas.

*Lovell.*

At in cruore quod est necesse sufficit.

*Reg.*

At triste furioso necesse quod libet ?

*Lovell.*

At ira vana luditur sine viribus,  
cœptiq; mox timerarii nimis pudet.  
Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,  
Et regis horres impias adhuc minas :  
hæc sola spes relicta : pugnandū  
prece :

Luctantibus nihil valebis viribur,  
Sed fortius cōmota mens ebulliet,  
nullamq; vim patitur sibi resistere.

*Reg.*

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid in-  
fœlix agā ?

animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,  
sperare rursus jussit omissus thronus,  
Tradamne regi filias? egone meas  
honore privabo? aula filias decet.

At quid facis? cui credis? insontes  
tuos

mactavit, an parcit sorori? Jus idem  
utriq; regni. Cujus heu thoro meas  
Rex filias cōmendat, has qui turpiter  
matre editas mentitus est adultera ?

*Lovell.*

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxīū ?  
Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat,  
Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem som-  
nias

quantū tibi iratus minetur, cogita,  
Hujus benigna vota si contempseris.

*Reg.*

An morte quicquā minatur amplius ?

*Lovell.*

Exosa vitā filias num destrues ?

*Reg.*

O filiæ charissimæ, heu, heu, filiæ.  
dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat,  
abite, vos fortuna quò miseras jubet,  
et supplices ad genua patruī sternite

dedisce regnū infausta proles princi-  
pis,

privata vos decent magis : regnū  
nocet :

facre juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet.  
Omnia timore plena : metuendū ta-  
men

palam nihil : nunquā preces spernit  
leo

timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit  
sonos.

Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en parens  
vos ire : sin crudele fatū pderet,

Ulciscar ipse morte eadem me simul,  
meiq; pœnas mater incœpti ferā.

Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ :  
celeri gradu oras Galliæ mox advola,

gnatoq; Marchioni reditū suadeas,  
dubium nil rerū exitū pavesceret,

nec horreat minas cruenti principis.  
Sceleris sui regem nefandi pœnitet,

deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,  
sibiq; larga pollicetur præmia,

magnosq; honores, atq; liberā malis  
vitam : ergo præceps vela pandat

prospera,  
charamq; rursus patriā reddat sibi.

*Rex. Rich.*

Geminas video sorores : ô faustū  
diem.

Compone vultum, amplectar illas  
arctius.

Neptes amandæ, quàm libens vos os-  
culor.

vestræ miserandam doleo fortunæ  
vicem,

itaq; sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuli.  
Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebi-  
lem

in gaudiū, atq; veste præclara induā,  
vobisq; magnatū parabo nuptias.

Jam gaudet animus ; pace sperata  
fruor.

Has nuptias uxoris invisū caput

perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem  
gradū :  
Concepta mente scelera vultu contegā,  
ægrāq̄ verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,  
NUNTIUS.

*Reg. Anna.*

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus æstuo?  
Quid mihi horrendi præsigit animus  
mali?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces?  
et quærulīs ferā corusca sydera planc-  
tis?

Quid misera faciam? fata deplorā  
mea?

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblatā mihi,  
et garrula volavit fama funeris mei :  
ergo vivæ mihi sepulcrū quæritur,  
Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro  
funera,

cogorq̄ jussa mihi nunc psolvere.  
Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus ne-  
cem?

nihilq̄ nostros amores crudelis æsti-  
mat?

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater  
fletu genis madentib<sup>9</sup> nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudū saturavit amorē,  
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet  
ducia :

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā  
thoro.

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces,  
Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū  
decus,  
qui tenera patris sceptrā gestabit  
manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib<sup>9</sup> æstuat,  
rumorq̄ vexat scelestus augur fati  
mei.

Quid faciam misera? en quærunť neci  
Nostræq̄ vitæ ultimos claudere dies,  
vitæq̄ rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustre Britanniae decus, rector po-  
tens,  
quid misera merui? quid ad mortē  
trahor:

En mortem pstrepunt garrulæ voces,  
et ad sepulcrū funesta turba vocat.  
Si non placet thalamis fides tuis  
data,  
aut si tuū demens honorem læsi, in-  
vida

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,  
et scelesta tuus fodiat ensis viscera,  
nec populi millies suis vulnerent vo-  
cibus,  
et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

*Rex. Rich.*

Nunquā miser charæ pararem con-  
jugi  
mortem, castasq̄ tuo cruore manus  
spargerem.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cū futilis  
erroris esse populus magister solet :  
nec principi plebs novit garrula par-  
cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq̄ cura mol-  
liūs.

En nos graves premunt curæ Brit-  
anniæ,  
motusq̄ turbidos cives rebelles con-  
citāt ;

Hos maximū decet ducem compes-  
cere :  
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-  
bus.

*Nuntius.*

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius  
tuas.

*Rich.*

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū?

*Nunt.*

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-  
rent  
Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,

littusq; puppis tangeret Britannicū,  
mandata monstramus duci statim tua.  
Hujus dolor premebat artus langui-

dos

nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit,  
Hinc jussa rerū cura Thesaurario  
soli fuit, Petrū vocant Landosiū :  
Huic mox agros promittimus re-

belliū,

fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,  
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ

Richmondii, comitesq; cæteros fugæ.  
Promissa vincunt ampla thesaurariū,

Anglisq; tanti gaudet autor muneris,  
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens

viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi.  
Mox concito quærit gradū comitē

velox

at sensit astus callidos comes prius,  
furtoq; se subduxit ille Parisiis.

Tum dura quos fortuna jungit trans-

fugas

comites sequuntur : at dolet Lando-

sius

prædam sibi ereptam esse, sed serò  
dolet

Cæleri cupit vi prævertere elapsū  
licèt,

terramq; calcantes pede ruunt concito  
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si

queant

tardare fugientem : tamen redeunt  
statim

illisq; tantus cessit incassū labor.  
Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,  
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem.

Nec finis hic mali : solutus carcere  
Oxonii fugit comes Callisiis.

Comitiq; jungit supplici supplex comes.

*Rex.*

'O nuntium infestum ! ô nitida pal-

latia,

passura graviorem exitū Oedipodæ  
domo !

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O luce splendens principis falsa de-

cus !

O sors acerba ! ô fata Regnis in-

vida !

Sed parce diis demens scelere quos

irritas.

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos.  
exanguis vulgus, numen abstruxi Jo-

vis,

et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite

dolos.

Vestras manus Richmondiū vocat

nefas,

ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,  
nisi graviore expetat pœnas dolor.

NUNTIUS, REX.

*Nuntius.*

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua  
est.

*Rex.*

O dira fata ! sæva nimis ô numina !  
res possident mortaliū certi nihil ;

Consors unica vitæ, et chara conjux,  
vale.

Crudele tristis indica exitii genus.

*Nunt.*

Postquā lugubris sedisset mœsta diu,  
suspiria gravibus mista cū singulti-

bus

heu sæpe fundit ; sæpe falsis lachry-

mis

diris querelis conjugem ingratiū pre-

mit.

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus  
furor,

nuncq; huc et illuc currit erranti gradu,  
tanquā tumultū patiens in se turbidū :

Statimq; quærit (voces infractæ sono)  
Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis

meū ?

An non est maritus, inquit ? heu  
fidele cor

O

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro.  
 Postea pupillæ prorsus occultæ latent,  
 et solū aperta pallidè albugo micat :  
 vomitiones inde crebras extulit,  
 animæq; in altū sæpe deliquiū cadit :  
 Artus p omnes frigidus sudor meat  
 orisq; subito nitidus evanuit color :  
 frons flava marcet, livida ardent tem-  
 pora  
 et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili  
 Cærulea turpi labia liquescunt situ,  
 et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida  
 prominet hiante ex ore solito gran-  
 dior,  
 unguisq; nunc haud amplius clari  
 nitent,  
 sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt :  
 cadit  
 tandem misera luctata fatis fœmina.

*Rex.*

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,  
 neptisq; fallam frustra promissos  
 thoros.  
 Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu  
 mea,  
 tentare procus hujus instituā thoros.

REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR.

*Rex.*

O regia de stirpe derivans genus,  
 et digna sceptris virgo : postquā  
 (proh dolor)  
 rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia :  
 quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali  
 face,  
 quàm genere quæ regis superbo nas-  
 citur?  
 Sociemus animos, et thori sponde  
 fidem,  
 accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles ?

*Filia.*

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū  
 rogis  
 nullis ! egone manus misera conjux  
 meas  
 rubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā ?  
 Olympus uxori deerit antè suæ,  
 Luanq; gubernabit diem, noctemq; sol :  
 Prius Ætna gelidas emittet ardens  
 aquas,  
 Nilusq; vagus ignitas laminas vomet.  
 Egone silebo parvulos misera invidos  
 tibi nepotes, at mihi charos fratres  
 crudelitèr tua pemptos dextera ?  
 Scelestè patrue ? prius ab extremo  
 sinu  
 Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem :  
 Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem.  
 Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus  
 Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos.  
 Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi  
 lubrica,  
 sævus Procastes asperā pœna luit,  
 quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites.  
 Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu)  
 tuos  
 nuper relictis fasciis miser necas.

*Rich.*

Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,  
 ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.  
 Cruore soliū fateor acquiri meū  
 et inocentiū morte : sic fatis placet.  
 Cecidere fratres ? doleo ; facti pœnitet  
 Sunt mortui ? factū prius nequit infici  
 Num flebo mortuos ? lachrymæ nil  
 valent.  
 Quid vis facerem ? an fratrū geminā  
 necem  
 hac dextera effuso rependā sanguine ?  
 faciā ? paratis ensibus pectus dabo :  
 et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis  
 ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem  
 Caucasū

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū ne-  
mus

atræ Stygis ; nullū laborem desero  
si gratus essem tibi. [virago regia]

*Filia.*

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ira, vel sit fides;  
non curo : placet odisse, quicquid co-  
gitas.

Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,  
libido quàm cognata corpus polluat.  
O Jupiter sævo peritus fulmine.  
Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit  
face ?

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico ?  
Imane portentū ferocis principis,  
terrore superans Gorgoneū genus.

*Rich.*

Pessima, tace : solū silet in armis  
fides.  
nihilne valet amor? nihil thorus movet  
regius? acerbæ neq̄ lacyrymæ valent?  
est imperandi principi duplex via,  
Amor et metus : utrumq̄ regibus utile.  
Cogere.

*Filia.*

Si cogas mori sequor lubens.

*Rich.*

Moriere.

*Filia.*

Grata mors erit magis mihi  
et præstat ærumnis mori oppressā  
statim,  
quam luce curis obsitā frui diu.

*Rich.*

Moriere demens.

*Filia.*

Nil minaris ampliùs ?  
mallem mori virgo, tyranno quā viro  
incesta vivere, diis, hominibusq̄ invida.

*Rich.*

Hem quid agis infœlix? thoros sper-  
net tuos.

Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile  
fratres.

*Filia.*

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet!

*Rich.*

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me-  
tus,  
strictusq̄ nescit ensis unquā parcere.

*Filia.*

Neronis umbræ, atq̄ furie Cleopatræ  
truces resurgite, similem finem date  
his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ  
domus.

Nec sufficit fratres necasses tuos prin-  
cipes?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dexterā?  
quin et integrā stuprare quæras vir-  
ginē  
maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tem-  
pora!

at sæva prius evadat ales viscera :  
in me feras prius tuas atrox nemus  
emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nu-  
trias,  
quàm casta thalamos virgo sequor  
adulteros.

*Rich.*

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens  
thoros

negligit amores stulta virgo regios.  
Nunc ista differam ; minæ forsan ca-  
dent

rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulo.

NUNTIUS, REX.

*Nunt.*

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens

Richmondus, celso superbus vertice  
tumebat : at cecidit miser tandem :  
sui  
serò pudet cœpti, atq̄ fraguntur minæ.

*Rex.*

O grata lux, quæ sceptrâ confirmat  
mea !  
Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides.  
at cuncta narras : nam spes miseros  
alit.

*Nunt.*

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget  
rex Galliæ, nec prima depinxit genas  
barba, nec sceptrâ puerilis manus  
satis tuetur ; quin tenera tutoribus  
curanda datur ætas, virilis pòst vigor  
dum regna discat : hos frequens pulsat  
comes

votis iniquis, rebus et fessis opem  
implorat ardens, nec preces frustra  
sinit

perire. Dum multos fatigat anxius  
multo labore, nec pati potest moras  
mens lassa, planctus atq̄ frustravi suos  
ægrè tulit tam sæpe ; dū longā pati  
cogit repulsā multiplex procerū favor ;  
desperat animus, optat exul vivere  
potius, inanis et laboris pœnitet.

*Rex.*

Festū diem celebrare jam lætos decet,  
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis !  
Jam sors beatis mitior rebus fluit.  
Quot modò procellas concitat frustra  
Comes.  
et quàm graves nuper minatur exitus ?  
Quin in suū redibit authorem scelus.  
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit  
mari,  
Richmondios jam falsò reditus excu-  
bat,  
ergo rates hæere nunc ponto veta,  
milesq̄ portū quisquis adversā cavet,  
deponat arma, finis hic malorū erit.

Tutò licet regnare : jam cessit timor,  
nisi quid timendū non sit, id timeas  
tamen.

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULIER, ANUS.

*Nunt.*

Quis me p̄ auras turbo raptat concitatus ?

fuge, fuge, civis, hæret à tergo Comes :  
minatur horrendū furor Richmondus :  
portū pedite Milfordiū imāni premit.  
totamq̄ calcat proditā sibi Walliā :  
furens comes toti minatur Angliæ.

*Mulier.*

Quo, quo fugis charā marite conjugem ?

frustra q̄ tot perire patieris preces  
uxoris ; en fletu genæ multo fluunt  
miserere ; sin fugere lares dulces juvat ;  
det simul conjux itineris pv̄ onus.

*Alia Mul.*

Heare let divers Te p̄ deorū numen et  
mutes run over datam fidem  
y<sup>e</sup> stage from thori, p̄ annos filii  
divers places for feare. teneros precor,  
ne deseras im̄itis ah  
tristem domū.

*Anus.*

Matris tuæ solamen ô fili mane.  
Sin hostibus domū relinques pfuga,  
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio  
ubera ; tuo mater peribo vulnere.

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOMÆ  
WALLICUS.

*Hen. Com.*

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,  
miserisq̄ nosco maximū exulibus bonū.



ô chara salve terra, sed salve diu,  
frendentis apri dente lacerata impio.

Da (patria) veniam, bella si geram  
pia,

da quæso veniã : causa comovit tua ;  
dirumq̄ principis nefas bellū vocat.

Rex est peremptus : occupat regnū  
Nero :

cum rege fratre parvulus periit puer.

Solū tuentur templa reginā sacra.

Regū cruoris ultor adveni pius :

pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico :  
dedit,

si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus.  
Rhesū Thomæ de stirpe video Wal-  
lica.

*Rhes. Thom.*

O clare princeps regia stirpe edite,  
honore præcellens Comes Rich-  
mondiaë,

heros Britanniaë gentis auxiliū unicū :  
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis.

*Henricus.*

Post multa vota, et temporis longas  
moras.

natale semper mente complector solū :  
servile collo strenuus excutiam jugo.

*Rhes.*

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et verū ca-  
put :

tu solus affers rebus afflictis opem :  
Et rege tanto læta gaudet Anglia.

*Hen.*

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,  
hunc corde semp intimo cives colunt.

*Rhes.*

Deus trisulca qui quatit flāmā polos,  
et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ  
detrudit antra, me premat vivū nigra  
tellure, si datā fidem fallā tibi.

Si signa campis Cambriaë ponere  
jubes,

in Wallicū agrū messor impius, ruam.

Quoscunq̄ velles disjici muros, citō  
hac aries actus saxa disperget manu :  
Nec miles ullus in meis castris erit  
quin te sequetur.

*Hen.*

Rhese, grata est mihi fides  
Si cœpta Numen prosperet mea,

spondeo

te præsidem toti futurū Walliæ.

BURCHER : HUNGERFORD : MILES.

*Hungerf.*

Splendens equestri clare Burcher or-  
dine,

lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus :  
agmenq̄ lubens Duci Brakenburio  
p noctis umbras abstuli densas miser.

*Burch.*

Quot per recessus labimur Hunger-  
ford vagi

huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci ?  
At ô quieta noctis almæ tempora,  
tuq̄ miseris præbens opem Phœbi so-  
ror,

adhuc tuere : differas Titan diem,  
donec tyranni tuti ab armis, inclyti  
tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

*Miles.*

Let heare allso  
divers mutes,  
armed soul-  
diers, run over  
the stage one  
after another  
to ye Earle of  
Richmond.

Fœlix tuas fugio p um-  
bras cæca nox  
mactetur ense quisquis  
obstabit mihi.

*Hen. Rex. [Comes.]*

Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regni  
plaga ?

ubi sū ? ruit nox : heu ubi satellites

Inimica cuncta : fraude quis vacat  
locus  
quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides,  
vide,

nativus artus liquit internos calor,  
rigore frigent membra : vix loquor  
metu :  
tremesco solus, cura mentem conco-  
quit.

Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi  
Stanleus : illū tantæ quæ tent moræ?  
Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,  
dumbiamq̄ solus civiū volvo fidem,  
exercitum præire jussi : tum moras  
damnare tantas vitrici cœpi mei.  
Postquā metus cor, spesq̄ dubiū ver-  
berat,  
et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo  
satis :

densas per umbras lapsus aspectū  
fugit  
exercitus, suo errat orbatus duce :  
sum nudus hostib<sup>9</sup> relict<sup>9</sup> perfuga.

*Com. Oxon.*

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes  
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,  
dux milites quòd absens deseris,  
dum nocte cæca summa montiū juga  
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit.  
Mox triste pectus mœror invasit  
gravis :  
nunc voce miles frustra compellat  
ducem :

nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,  
lætiq̄ sero fruimur aspectu, licet  
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu.

*Henri.*

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus me-  
tus :  
solū juvat secreta sæpe volvere.

*Hunger.*

Sævi tyranni ereptus insidiis miser

supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes  
illustris, atq̄ signa cupio sequi.

*Henri.*

Propago clara, equitūq̄ generosū ge-  
nus ;  
jam vos sequetur digna factis gloria.  
me grata delectat voluntas civiū,  
vestramq̄ tantā lætus amplector fidem.  
At quas tyrannus cogias ducit, doce.

*Hungerf.*

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,  
et cogit arma jungere Richardi me-  
tus :  
sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,  
suis nil armis miles audet credere.

*Henri.*

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua.

HENRICUS COMES, STANLEUS  
HEROS.

*Henri.*

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,  
domus suæ Stanleius eximiū decus.  
verumne video corpus? an fallor tua  
deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires ca-  
pit :  
exultat anlmus, et vacat pectus metu.

*Stan.*

Et nostra dulce membra recreat gau-  
diū :  
generū juvat videre : complexus mihi  
redde expetitos. Sospitem qui te  
dedit,  
det tua vicissim cœpta pficiat deus ;

*Henri.*

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

*Stanl.*

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

*Henr.*

quid non licebit. Quidni potes?

*Stanl.*

non absq̄ magno pfici potest damno. Sæpe quod cupis tamen

*Henr.*

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvis tuā?

*Stanl.*

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei.

*Henr.*

Serat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ.

*Stanl.*

Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet.

*Henr.*

O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū barbarū!  
amore quos fidos parū credit sibi,  
horū fidem crudelis exprimit metus.

*Stanl.*

Irā coërce, pectus et nobile doma  
palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen  
subsidiā nunquā nostra deerunt tibi.

*Henr.*

Discescit: heu, me lenta vitrici fides  
pturbat: hujus quanta spes fulsit  
mihi?  
Frustra at quærelis pectus uritur  
anxium,  
vanisq̄ juvat implere cœlū quæstibus:  
quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet.

DUX NORFOLCIENS: RICH: REX.

*Dux Norf.*

Armatus expectet suū miles ducem  
bellū ciebunt æra, nec moras sinent.

Richardus huc dubio venit princeps  
gradu:  
secreta solus volvit, et curæ premunt.  
Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit  
tuos?

quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia  
stupes.

*Richard.*

Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,  
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides;  
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus.  
Horrenda noctis visa terrent prox-  
imæ.

Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,  
altusq̄ teneris somnus obrepsit genis:  
subitō premebant dira furiarū cohors,  
sævòq̄ laceravit impetu corpus tre-  
mens,  
et fœda rabidis præda sū dæmonibus:  
somnosq̄ tandem magnus excussit  
tremor,  
et pulsat artus horridus nostros me-  
tus.

Heu! quid truces minantur umbræ  
Tartari?

*Dux Norf.*

Quid somnia tremis? noctes et vanas  
minas?

quid falsa terrent mentis et ludibria?  
Jam strictus ensis optimū auguriū  
canit:

audes satis, nec vota formides tua.  
Tibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt,  
vinctæ fatebuntur manus victoriā.

*Richard.*

Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū me-  
tus,  
ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora  
audere didicimus prius: telis locos  
hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellū vo-  
cant:  
acies in armis nostra ex adversis sta-  
bit.

*Dux Norf.*

Quid agimus? hem quid cæca fata cogitant?

quidnā parat suspecta civiū fides?

Inventa nup scripta me talia monent :

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYTE  
NIL CÆPERIS AUDACIUS :  
NAM VENDITUS REX PRETIO  
RICHARDUS HEROS PERDITUR.

At nulla nostram macula damnabit fidem :

Richardi nunquam signa vivus deseram.

## ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES.

Comites fideles, milites et subditi  
Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū scelus

olim patravi : lachrymis culpā piis satis piavi, sceleris et pœnas dedi :

satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo.

vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia.

Partū tueri melius est quā quærere.

Pugnate fortes, regna parta viribus vestris studete fortiter defendere.

Non est opus cruore multo : Wallicus

oppugnant hostis, regna vindicat impudens.

Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus

sicarii nequā, genusq̄ prodigū,

vestræq̄ flamma patriæ gens Gallica.

at civiū me credidit manibus deus,

quorū fides spectata mihi semp̄ fuit :

quorū paravi viribus regni decus

orisq̄ nisi decipiar interpres, truces

victoriā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]

oculi diris necem minantur hostibus.

Vicistis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus :

suo video cruore manantes agros :

simulq̄ Gallos, Cambrios simul leves

mox fœda victos strages absument mea?

Sed fata quid moror? cur his vocibus

vos irruentes teneo? mihi veniā date :

Nunc quanta clemens ultro concedit deus?

Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruces. ferrū, cathenæ, et duro collo servitus :

et nostra membra quærit ensis hostiū me nil morabor : cura sit vestri salus :

consultite vobis, liberis, uxoribus : prospicite patriæ : hæc opem vestrā

petit :

estote fortes ; victus hostes occidat, dubiūq̄ martis exitum nemo horreat.

Nobis triumphi signa dantur maxima: Non vos latet, sumā ducis prudentia niti sālutem militū : nullos habet

En vultus : Henrici minas frustra times

et robur invictū ducis Richmondii. Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant :

curso citato miles infestus ruat, et hostis hostem vulneret ferus ferū

vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii) manent :

Hac namq̄ dextra spiritū ejus haureā, qui causa bellorū fuit civiliū.

Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARD : DUX  
NORFOL.

*Nunt.*

Magnanime princeps, jussa p̄feci tua.

Respondet ore Stanleius duro nimis,

si filiū mactes suū plures habet.

*Rex Rich.*

Detrahat ergo p̄fidus jussus meos ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor?

Mactabo gnatū, vota p̄solvā statim

te digna patre. Tam diu cur filius

vivit scelesti patris? ô patiens nimis,

ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea !

Tu jussa page : mitte qui velox mihi  
ejus pempti referat abscissū caput.

*Dux Norf.*

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater :  
jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit :  
Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū.

*Rex Rich.*

Parcamne gnato inultus impii patris ?

*Dux Norf.*

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus.

*Rex Rich.*

Ergo nefandi patris invisam prolem  
in castra ducite. Marte confecto  
statim  
capite paterni criminis poenas dabit.

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD  
MILITES.

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris  
mea

Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-  
nies,

Sin ulla justūs bella curet Jupiter,  
nobis favebit regis excusso jugo,  
quos liberam videre patriā juvat.

En rapta fraude sceptrā jure posci-  
mus.

Quæ causa belli melior afferri potest  
quam patriæ ? Hostis regiæ stirpis  
lues

ergo tyrannus morte crudeli cadat.

Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-  
thas :

Te (Nero) vicit cæde matris nobilem.

Suos nepotes ense mactat impio :

matris probro nihil pepercit filius :

stuprare neptem audet libido patruī.

Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus ?

Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-  
neres :

nil arma metuas tanta : media ducem  
linquent arena. Quos sequi cogit  
metus,

parūm ducem tuentur inimici suū.

At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem :  
pugnent acriter, et millibus multis  
ruant :

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis  
victoriā potitur, et laudem feret.

Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet  
nullū ? nepotes morte confecit suos.

Asyla rupta, frater occisus, stupro

tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq̄ fides.

Quid non patravit patriæ pestis suæ

adversus hostem corpus ense cingite.

In bella ruite, agmenq̄ strenuè rum-  
pite,

tollantur altè signa. [quisquis occidat]

Bello fidelis pfidos, pius impios,

placidus tyrannū, mitis imitem petis

Quòd si liceret (salvo honore prin-  
cipis)

ad genua vestra volverer supplex,  
peteus

ut verus hæres Anglici Henricus  
throni

vincat Ricardū, sceptrā qui furto  
tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus  
patria exulabit, aut luet poenas graves:

et vos pudebit colla victori dare.

Petatur ultro dū parat vires modò.

Heare ye battell Aut perdat, aut peribit,  
is joyned. hoc certū est mihi.

Uppon his retourne, lett gunns goe  
of, and trumpetts sound, wth all

stir of Souldiers wth out ye hall,  
untill such time as ye lord Stanly

be one ye stage ready to speake.

STANLEUS AD MILITES.

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide  
infesta ferte signa, pugna dū calet,  
ut verus hæres regna teneat Angliæ.

Pugnabit adversus scelus virtus pia  
Pugnate tantum, vestra y<sup>e</sup> battell.  
cum victoria.

Si vincitis, patria tyranno libera  
medios in hostes ruite passu concito.

Let heare bee the like noyse made as  
before, as soone as y<sup>e</sup> Lord Stanley  
hath spoken, who followeth the  
rest to the feild. After a little  
space, let the L. Northumberland  
come with his band from y<sup>e</sup> feild,  
att whose speach let the noyse  
cease.

ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ  
AD MILITES.

Northumbriorū illustre nil damnes  
genus,

nostram lunā (miles) ignavā putes,  
quod tella fugiens hostiū terga dedi  
Immane regis execror tan- y<sup>e</sup> Battell.  
dem scelus :

horreo suorū sanguine mandentes ma-  
nus.

Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore  
victoriā, manus prius si conferat  
Mutata quā sit luna. Luna nos  
sumus :

Mox ergo lunā (militēs) mutavimus,  
tyrannus ut dignas scelere poenas  
luat.

Let hear be the like noyse as before,  
and after a while let a captaine run  
after a souldier or two, w<sup>th</sup> a sword  
drawne driveinge them againe to  
the feild, and say as followeth.

*Centurio.*

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis  
meo peribis ense.

After the like noise againe, let soul-  
diers run from y<sup>e</sup> feild, over the

stage one after the another, fling-  
inge of their harnesse, and att  
length let some come haltinge and  
wounded. After this let Henerye,  
Earle of Richmoud come tryumph-  
ing, haveing y<sup>e</sup> body of K. Richard  
dead on a horse : Catesby and Rat-  
liffe and others bound.

*Nuntius.*

Sedata lis est. Juditiū Mavors tulit,  
Iacet Ricardus, at Duci similis jacet.  
Postquā feroces mutuò sese acies vi-  
dent,

et signū ad arma classicū cecinit tuba :  
sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit.

fugiente tandem milite, comitem vi-  
dens,

equo Richardus admissio in illū ruit,  
Catulis Nemæus ut furens raptis leo  
per arva passim rugiens sævus volat.

Vexilla Comitē fortē Brandonus  
tulit,

Cruore cuius hastam tepefacit suā.  
Hinc se Richardo Chæneius armis  
valens

offert : Richardus hic viribus unā  
cadit.

ventū est ad hostem : quem validē  
solū petit,

In Comite solo comorabatur ferox  
Contrā, potenti dextra sese Comes

defendit : æquo Marte pugnatur diu,  
donec tot hostes convolent illò simul,

ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat.  
O laude bellica inclytū verè ducem,

Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,  
vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem.

Sed sceleris ultor cœlitū potens pater  
est serò vitā, sed satis ultus tuā.

*Oratio Henrici Comitē.*

Rector potens Olympi, et astrorū  
decus,  
terrestriū qui pastor es fidelī,

et principū cujus est potestas cordiū :  
tu læta Regibus trophæa collocas :  
Nitida caput cingis corona regiū,  
Soluta deorū falsa vincis numina,  
hostesq̄ generi affligis invidos suo :  
Ingens honor debetur et gratia tibi,  
qui splendidū triumphū indulseras.  
Cedit tuis armata jussibus cohors,  
Si straga quis sæviret Astyages ferox  
Phrygiove Pelops rege natus Tan-  
talo.

expectet ille Cyrū, et ultorem tre-  
mat.

Henricus audebat Richardū pellere.  
At tu nitentis ô gubernator poli  
Quem terra colit et vasta mundi fab-  
rica,

dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū  
diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,  
teneros levis dum nutrit artus spiritus,  
te laude perpetua canemus, debitas  
tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus :  
Tu belluā meis domandā viribus  
mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis.  
At vos graves passi dolores milites,  
curate mox inflicta membris vulnera,  
crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longiūs.  
Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date.  
Et inferis debetur excellens honor.

STRAUNGE HEROS PUER, HEN.  
COMES, STANLEIUS.

*Straunge.*

Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis  
tumet.

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare.  
Non semp acres Æolus ventos ciet.  
Nec semp humiles cæca calcant sors  
viros.

Aliquando fluctus sternitur rabidi  
maris.

Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,  
Pressosq̄ tollet æqua sors tandem  
viros,

rex olim exul Gallicis et Britonū  
latens in otis, victor en potens suo  
regno potitur. Regis ô charū caput  
salve, tuoq̄ lætus in solio sede,  
multos in annos Angliæ verū decus.  
felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,  
fideiq̄ captivos tuæ hos clemens cape.

*Henricus Comes.*

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi.  
O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con-  
spicor :  
quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos tibi.

*Stanl.*

Rediisse charū patri salvū filiū  
crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā,  
exultat animus lætus, ô fili, mihi  
pericula post tam dira quod sospes  
venis.

*Hen. Rex.*

Regno mihiq̄ gratulor : regno, gravi  
quòd sit tyranno liberū : porro mihi,  
quod sceptrā regni tracto regalia mei.  
Quare supremo regna qui dedit deo  
laudes canamus ore supplices pio.

Let a noble man putt on ye Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end of his oration, and ye Song sunge weh is in ye end of the booke. After an Epilogue is to bee made, wherein lett bee declared the happy uniteinge of both houses, of whome the Queenes majestie came, and is undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperous raigne.

## EPILOGUS.

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,  
 horrenda magnatū furemtem funera :  
 funesta vidistis potentū praelia  
 et digna quæ cepit tyrannus præmia.  
 Henricus illustris Comes Richmondus  
 turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,  
 Antistitis comotus Eliensiū  
 sermone foelici, sagaci pectore  
 et gloriosi marte Buckinghamii,  
 tum Margaretæ matris impulsu suæ,  
 illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū  
 Christoq̄ fundavit dicatū sumptibus :  
 Quæ multa regalis reliquit dexteræ  
 nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ  
 præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis.  
 Hic stirpe regali satus Lancastriæ  
 accepit uxorem creatam sanguine  
 Eboracensi : sic duarū foedere  
 finiunt æterna domorū jurgia.  
 Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis perditis  
 finisq̄ funestæ fuit discordiæ.  
 Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis  
 hæresq̄ certus, qui Britanni Cardinem  
 regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,  
 Henricus Henrici parentis filius.  
 Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,  
 tum singulis unū reliquit comodis  
 præstantius multò, licet quàm plurimis,  
 Cum tam potentem procreraet principem.  
 Elizabethā, patre dignā filiā,  
 canosq̄ vencentem seniles virginem.  
 Quæ regna tot Phœbi phractis cursibus  
 comissa rexit pace foelix Anglia.  
 quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat  
 illus et vitam tegendo protrahet.

FINIS.



KING JOHN.

## EDITIONS.



*The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Gordelions Base Sonne (vulgaly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-side of the Royall Exchange. 1591. 4<sup>o</sup>.*

THIS play was reprinted in 1611, from which edition it has been republished by Nichols in his "Six Old Plays," 1779. The copy of the original 4<sup>o</sup> of 1591 in the Capel collection is the only one with which I am acquainted.

On the title of the reprint of 1611 the bookseller placed the initials W. Sh., ostensibly for the purpose of creating a belief that the play was Shakespeare's.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.



*You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow  
Haue entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,  
And giuen applause vnto an Infidel:  
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)  
A warlike Christian and your Countreyman.  
For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme,  
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,  
Vntill base treason (by a damned wight)  
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,  
Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort  
And thinke it was preparte for your disport.*



*The Troublesome Raigne of King  
Iohn.*

—o—

Enter *K. Iohn*, Queene *Elinor*, his Mother, *William Marshall*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, the Earles of *Essex* and of *Salisbury*.

*Q. El.* **B**ARONS of England, and my noble  
Lords;

Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs  
Victorious Richard scourge of Infidels,  
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu :  
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,  
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,  
A King that may in rule and vertue both  
Succeede his brother in his Emperie.

*K. Iohn.* My gracious mother Queene, and Barons  
all;

Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,  
As is the Throne of mightie England's King ;  
Yet Iohn your Lord, contented vncontent,  
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie yoke  
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.  
My Lord of Pembrooke and Lord Salsbury,  
Admit the Lord Shattilion to our presence ;

That we may know what Philip King of Fraunce  
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

*Q. EL.* Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse  
Whereto this weightie Embassade doth tend:  
If of my Nephew Arthur and his claime,  
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not mist my aime.

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

*John.* My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into England!  
How fares our Brother Philip King of Fraunce?

*Chat.* His Highnesse at my comming was in  
health,  
And wild me to salute your Maiestie,  
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

*John.* And spare not man, wee are preperde to heare.

*Chat.* Philip, by the grace of God most Christian  
K. of France, hauing taken into his guardain and  
protection Arthur Duke of Brittainne sonne & heire to  
Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of  
the said Arthur, the Kingdom of England, with the  
Lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Aniw, Torain, Main:  
and I attend thine aunswere.

*John.* A small request: belike he makes account,  
That England, Ireland, Poiters, Aniw, Torain, Main,  
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:  
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.  
Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home,  
With greater honour than to send them thus  
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,  
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

*Chat.* Is this thine answere?

*John.* It is, and too good an answer for so proud a  
message.

*Chat.* Then King of England, in my Masters  
name,

And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britaines name,  
I doo defie thee as an Enemie,  
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

*Q. El.* My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)  
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,  
That I Queene Elianor (his Grandmother)  
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes  
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so :  
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame  
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,  
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.  
Next, wish him to forsake the King of Fraunce,  
And come to me and to his Uncle here,  
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

*Chat.* This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.

*John.* Pembroke, conuey him safely to the sea,  
But not in hast : for as we are aduisde,  
We meane to be in Fraunce as soone as he,  
To fortifie such townes as we possesse  
In Aniou, Torain, and in Normandy. [Exit Chatt.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of *Salisbury*  
in the eare.

*Sals.* Please it your maiestie, heere is the Shriue of  
Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late  
committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maiestie,  
beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare  
them.

*John.* Will them come neere, and while wee heare  
the cause,  
Goe Salisbury and make prouision,  
We meane with speede to pass the Sea to Fraunce.

[Exit Sals.  
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?  
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

*Shriue.* Please it your maiesty, these two brethren

vnnaturally falling at odds about their father's liuing, haue broken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Iustice, vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous manner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes : and here I Thomas Nidigate shrieue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

*John.* My Lord of Essex, will the offenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

*Essex.* Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discover your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

*Phil.* Please it your Majestie the wrong is mine : yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth to vnrippe the shamefull slaunder of my parents, the dishonour of my selfe, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly.

*Rob.* Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall Robert speake,

And tell your maiestie what right I haue  
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.  
My father (not vnknownen vnto your Grace)  
Receiud his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,  
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,  
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way :  
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.  
What by succession from his Ancestors,  
And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,  
His liuing did amount too at his death  
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare :  
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,  
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

*Phil.* If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate  
By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,  
How should myselfe make any other doubt,  
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

*John.* Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely  
 eares,  
 Or make a question in so plaine a case :  
 Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne ?

*Rob.* Please it your Grace with patience for to  
 heare,  
 I not denie but he mine Elder is,  
 Mine elder Brother too : yet in such sort,  
 As he can make no title to the land.

*John.* A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,  
 Thy Brother, and thine elder, and no heire :  
 Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

*Rob.* I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,  
 Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.  
 Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,  
 My father in his life did count him so :  
 And here my Mother stands to prooue him so :  
 But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre  
 Both to my Mothers shame, and his reproach,  
 He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.  
 Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy  
 The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge.  
 And let him not possesse anothers right.

*John.* Prooue this, the land is thine by Englands  
 law.

*Q. El.* Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers  
 shame,  
 The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,  
 All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,  
 But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

*Mother.* My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend  
 Dame,  
 That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,  
 And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart :  
 For honour and regard of womanhood,  
 Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.  
 Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound



Of such a viper, who with poysoned words  
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.

*John.* Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while :  
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother ?

*Phil.* Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now,  
But for the honour of so braue a Man,  
Whom he accuseth with adulterie :  
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,  
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

*Rob.* Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I  
Charge thee before this royall presence here  
To be a Bastard to King Richards selfe,  
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie.  
Thus bluntly, and—

*Elleanor.* Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed  
of thy kin,  
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe.

*Rob.* The prooffe so plaine, the argument so  
strong,

As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,  
And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)  
Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King.  
First, when my Father was Embassadour  
In Germanie vnto the Emperour,  
The king lay often at my father's house :  
And all the Realme suspected what befell :  
And at my fathers back-returne agen  
My Mother was deliuered, as tis sed,  
Sixe weekes before the account my father made.

But more than this : looke but on Philips face,  
His features, actions, and his lineaments,  
And all this Princely presence shall confesse,  
He is no other but King Richards Sonne,  
Then gracious Lord, rest he King Richards Sonne,  
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,  
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.

*John.* Is this thy prooffe and all thou hast to say ?

*Rob.* I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

*Iohn.* First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire  
My Brother often lodged in his house :

And what of that? base groome to slaunder him,  
That honoured his Embassador so much,  
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?  
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

*Q. El.* Thou saist she teemde sixe weeks before  
her time,

Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,  
To make account of womens reckonings?

Spit in your hand and to your other proofes :  
Many mischaunces hap in such affaires,  
To make a woman come before her time.

*Iohn.* And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,  
In action, feature and proportion :

Therein I hold with thee, for in my life  
I neuer saw so liuely counterfeit  
Of Richard Cordelion, as in him.

*Robert.* Then good my Lord, be you indiffrent Iudge,  
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

*Q. El.* Nay, heare you Sir, you runne away too  
fast :

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem* ?

Or haue read in. Harke ye good sir,  
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise.

She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought vppon  
King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was  
formed in this fashion.

*Rob.* Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,  
I craue my right : King Iohn, as thou art King,  
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

*Iohn.* Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,  
Nor canst thou challenge any thing thereby.

But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime :  
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand  
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.

For thou knowst not, weele aske of them that know,  
His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife :  
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

*Rob.* My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,  
To giue away my right, and put the doome  
Unto themselues. Can there be likelihood  
That she will loose ?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe ?  
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be ?

*John.* Lords, keepe him back, & let him heare the  
doome.

Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire ?

*Essex.* Ladie Margaret, Widow of Fauconbridge,  
Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip ?

*Mother.* Please it your Maiestie, Sir Robert Faucon-  
bridge.

*Rob.* This is right, aske my felow there if I be a  
thiefe.

*John.* Aske Philip whose Sonne he is.

*Essex.* Philip, who was thy father ?

*Phil.* Mas my Lord, and thats a question : and  
you had not taken some paines with her before,  
I should haue desired you to aske my Mother.

*John.* Say, who was thy father ?

*Phil.* Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is  
my father that was neerest my mother when I was  
gotten, & him I thinke to be Sir Robert Faucon-  
bridge.

*John.* Essex, for fashions sake demaund agen,  
And so an ende to this contention.

*Rob.* Was euer man thus wrongd as Robert is ?

*Essex.* Philip speake I say, who was thy Father ?

*John.* Young man how now, what art thou in a  
traunce ?

*Elleanor.* Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

*Phil.* *Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.*

What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings ?

*Quo me rapit tempestas ?*

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?  
 Or whence proeede these fumes of Maiestie?  
 Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,  
 That Philip is the Sonne vnto a King :  
 The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,  
 Whistle in consort I am Richards Sonne :  
 The bubling murmur of the waters fall,  
 Records *Philippus Regius filius* :  
 Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,  
 Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth :  
 Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all  
 Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards Sonne.  
 Fond man, ah whither art thou carried?  
 How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen?  
 Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.  
 Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,  
 These thoughts are farre vnfitting Fauconbridge :  
 And well they may ; for why this mounting minde  
 Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge.  
 Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?  
 And knowest thou who expects thine answere here?  
 Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine  
 Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?  
 No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy Sire,  
 What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.

*John.* Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father  
 was.

*Phil.* Please it your maiestie, Sir Robert  
 Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaues to thy iawes :  
 It will not out, I cannot for my life  
 Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge.  
 Let land and liuing goe, tis Honors fire  
 That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire.  
 Base to a King addes title of more State,  
 Than knights begotten, though legittimate.  
 Please it your Grace, I am King Richards Sonne.

*Rob.* Robert reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,  
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

*Mother.* What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my  
sonne ?

*Phil.* Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.

*John.* Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hath lost  
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge,  
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

*Q. El.* Why how now Philip, giue away thine  
owne ?

*Phil.* Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your  
nephew,

The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath :

And with this prouerb gin the world anew,

Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire ;

Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a  
Sire.

*Elinor.* Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams  
minde :

But cheere the boy, I will not see thee wante

As long as Elinor hath foote of land ;

Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,

And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,

Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.

*John.* Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly  
know

How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,

Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.

*Phil.* Graunt heauens that Philiponce may shew  
himself

Worthie the honour of Plantaginet,

Or basest glorie of a Bastards name.

*John.* Now Gentlemen, we will away to France,

To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates :

Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,

And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands  
 Into my hands to pay my men of warre.  
 The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues  
 With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.  
 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,  
 And march we forward mightiely to Fraunce.

[Exeunt. Manet Philip and his Mother.

*Phil.* Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much  
 leasure as the hearing of a matter I long to impart  
 to you.

*Mother.* Whats the matter Philip? I thinke your  
 sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which  
 you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest.

*Phil.* No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or  
 borrow,

But such a sute, as might some other grant,  
 I would not now haue troubled you withall.

*Mother.* A Gods name let vs heare it.

*Phil.* Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,  
 How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,  
 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,  
 I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge.  
 This grose attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,  
 Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,  
 That field and towne, and company alone,  
 What so I doo, or wheresoere I am,  
 I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts.  
 If it be true, resolute me of my Sire,  
 For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse.  
 Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge,  
 His Father doubtles was as braue a man.  
 To you on knees, as sometimes Phaeton,  
 Mistrusting silly Merop for his Sire,  
 Straying a little bashfull modestie,  
 I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

*Mother.* Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,

And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?  
 Must I accuse myself to close with you?  
 Slaunder myself, to quiet your affects?  
 Thou mooust me Philip with this idle talke,  
 Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

*Phil.* Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,  
 For strong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:  
 Your husband Fauconbridge was Father to that sonne,  
 That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,  
 The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,  
 And holds my right, as lineall in descent  
 From him whose forme was figured in his face,  
 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,  
 To make the one so like as like may be,  
 And in the other print no character  
 To challenge any marke of true descent?  
 My brothers minde is base, and too too dull.  
 To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects,  
 And his external graces that you view,  
 (Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:  
 His constitution plaine debilitie,  
 Requires the chayre, and mine the seate of steele.  
 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?  
 When any one that knoweth how to carpe,  
 Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne.  
 This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe:  
 And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,  
 As cursed Nero with his mother did,  
 So I with you, if you resolute me not.

*Mother.* Let mothers teares quench out thy angers  
 fire,  
 And vrge no further what thou dost require.

*Phil.* Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,  
 Or else she dies: Ile not infringe my vow,

*Mother.* Vnhappy taske: must I recount my shame,  
 Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die?  
 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

Or take from him a while his hearings vse.  
 Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?  
 The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,  
 I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

*Phil.* Mother be briefe, I long to know my  
 name.

*Mother.* And longing dye, to shrowd thy Mothers  
 shame.

*Phil.* Come Madame come, you neede not be so  
 loth.

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.  
 Ist not a slacknes in me, worthie blame,  
 To be so olde, and cannot write my name.  
 Good Mother resolue me.

*Mother.* Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my  
 grieve,

My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,  
 My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,  
 All maimd and staind by youths vnruely sway.  
 And when thou knowest from whence thou art ex-  
 traught,

Or if thou knewest what sutes, what threates, what  
 feares,

To mooue by loue, or massacre by death.  
 To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.

The mightines of him that courted me,  
 Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,  
 That something may extenuate the guilt.

But let it not aduantage me so much :

Vpbraid me rather with the Romane Dame.

That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the deede is don?

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,

That Philips Father was a Princes Son,

Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee,

For honours losse left me with childe of thee :



Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,  
For faire King Richard was thy noble Father.

*Phil.* Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioy,  
My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.  
Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,  
There's something owing to Plantaginet.  
I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,  
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.  
By blessed Marie Ile not sell that pride  
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.  
Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes,  
Away good Mother, there the comfort goes. [Exeunt.

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewis*, *Limoges*,  
*Constance*, and her sonne *Arthur*.

*King.* Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,  
Young Arthur in the Albion Territories,  
Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant siedge :  
Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death,  
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres ;  
And all our Forces ioyne for Arthurs right.  
And, but for causes of great consequence,  
Pleading delay till newes from England come,  
Twice should not Titan hide him in the West,  
To coole the set-locks of his wearie teame,  
Till I had with an vnresisted shock  
Controld the mannage of proud Angiers walls,  
Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.

*Cons.* May that be Iohn in conscience or in feare  
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,  
Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce,  
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres :  
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

*Arth.* Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is  
much,  
And Iohn as I haue heard reported of.

For present vantage would aduerture farre.  
 The world can witnes, in his Brothers time,  
 He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne :  
 Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,  
 That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nephew.  
 I rather thinke the menace of the world  
 Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,  
 And sooner would he scorne Europaes power,  
 Than loose the smallest title he enioys ;  
 For questionles he is an Englishman.

*Lewis.* Why are the English peereles in compare ?  
 Braue caualiers as ere that Island bred,  
 Haue liude and dide, and darde, and done inough,  
 Yet neuer gracde their countrey for the cause :  
 England is England, yeelding good and bad,  
 And Iohn of England is as other Iohns.  
 Trust me yong Arthur, if thou need my reede,  
 Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.

*Lym.* The Englishman hath little cause I trow,  
 To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.  
 Why Arthur heres his spoyle that now is gon,  
 Who when he liud outrou'de his brother Iohn :  
 But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,  
 Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.  
 But newes comes now, heers the Embassadour.

Enter *Chattilion.*

*K. Phil.* And in good time, welcome my Lord  
 Chattilion :

What newes? will Iohn accord to our commaund?

*Chat.* Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,  
 He will approach to interrupt my tale :  
 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to Fraunce.  
 He on his part will trie the chaunce of warre,  
 And if his words inferre assured truth,  
 Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,

Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demaunds,  
 The Mother Queene she taketh on amaine  
 Gainst Ladie Constance, counting her the cause  
 That doth effect this claime to Albion,  
 Coniuring Arthur with a Grandames care,  
 To leaue his mother : willing him submit  
 His state to Iohn, and her protection,  
 Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.  
 More circumstance the season intercepts :  
 This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

*K. Phil.* This bitter wind' must nip somebodies  
 spring !  
 Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis haruest weather.  
 But say Chattilion, what persons of accompt are with  
 him ?

*Chat.* Of England, Earle Pembroke and Salsbury,  
 The onely noted men of any name.  
 Next to them, a Bastard of the Kings deceast,  
 A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous,  
 With many other men of high resolute.  
 Then is there with them Elinor mother queene,  
 And Blanch her Neece, daughter to the King of  
 Spaine :  
 These are the prime Birds of this hot aduerture.

Enter *John* & his followers, Queene, Bastard,  
 Earles, &c.

*K. Phil.* Me seemeth Iohn, an ouer-daring spirit  
 Effects some frenzie in thy rash approach,  
 Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.  
 I rather lookt for some submisse reply  
 Touching the claime thy Nephew Arthur makes  
 To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

*K. Iohn.* For that Chattilion can discharge you all,  
 I list not pleade my Title with my tongue.  
 Nor came I hether with intent of wrong

To Fraunce or thee, or ony right of thine ;  
 But in defence and purchase of my right,  
 The Towne of Angiers : which thou doost begirt  
 In the behalfe of ladie Constance Sonne,  
 Wheretoo nor he nor she can lay iust claime.

*Cons.* Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,  
 And headstrong vsurpation put apart,  
 Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,  
 Without ambiguous shadow of discent,  
 Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

*Q. El.* Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,  
 Occasion of these vndecided iarres,  
 I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose,  
 Thy sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes.  
 For proof whereof, I can inferre a Will,  
 That barres the way he vrgeth by discent.

*Cons.* A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,  
 Wherein the Diuell is an ouerseer,  
 And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse :  
 More wills than so, on perill of my soule,  
 Were neuer made to hinder Arthurs right.

*Arth.* But say there was, as sure, there can be  
 none,  
 The Law intends such testaments as voyd,  
 Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

*Q. El.* Peace Arthur peace, thy mother makes  
 thee wings  
 To soar with perill after Icarus,  
 And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,  
 I pitie much the hazard of thy youth.

*Cons.* Beshrew you els how pittiful you are,  
 Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne ;  
 Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieffe,  
 That minister a poyson for pure loue.  
 But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,  
 That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,  
 For feare his Mother should be vsde too well ?

I theres the griefe, confusion catch the braine,  
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne.

*Q. El.* Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,  
Imodest Dame, vnnurtvred quarreller,  
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,  
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don.

*K. Phil.* But heres no proof that showes your son  
a King.

*K. Iohn.* What wants, my sword shal more at large  
set down.

*Lewis.* But that may breake before the truth be  
knowne.

*Bast.* Then this may hold till all his right be  
showne.

*Lym.* Good words sir sauce, your betters are in  
place.

*Bast.* Not you sir doughtie, with your Lions case.

*Blanch.* Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoile  
belong'd :

Ah Richard, how thy glorie here is wrong'd.

*Lym.* Me thinkes that Richards pride & Richards  
fall,

Should be a president t'affright you all.

*Bast.* What words are these? how doo my sinews  
shake?

My Fathers foe clad in my Fathers spoyle,

A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,

This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,

Searing my inwards with a brand of hate :

How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares?

Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight,

Disrobe him of the matchles monument

Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages,

Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a  
threshing slave,

What makst thou with the Trophie of a King?

Shamst thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament  
 Too precious for a monarchs couerture?  
 Scarce can I temper due obedience  
 Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,  
 From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:  
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,  
 For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,  
 Twice will I not reuiew the Mornings rise,  
 Till I have torne that Trophie from thy back,  
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long.  
 Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,  
 Let not the world repute me Richards Sonne.

*Lym.* Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so  
 soone,

Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:  
 And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand,  
 Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin.

*Blanch.* Well may the world speake of his knightly  
 valor,

That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

*Bast.* Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with  
 mee,

If shortly I present it not to thee.

*K. Phil.* Lordings forbear, for time is comming  
 fast,

That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,  
 And to the purpose for the cause you come.

Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,  
 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,  
 But so and so, because it shall be so.

So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength  
 A Tyrants practize to inuest himselfe,  
 Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.

To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,  
 I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffreys Sonne,  
 Am come before this Citie of Angiers,  
 To barre all other false supported clayme,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs.  
 And in his quarrell on my Princely word,  
 Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.

*John.* Know King of Fraunce, I will not be commaunded,

By any power or Prince in Christendome,  
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,  
 More than to answeere, that mine owne is mine,  
 But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,  
 And heare them offer me allegeance,  
 Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

*K. Phil.* Summon them, I will not beleeeue it till  
 I see it,  
 and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

[They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare  
 vpon the walls.

*K. John.* You men of Angiers, and as I take it my  
 loyall Subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls:  
 to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull  
 therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few  
 words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of  
 Fraunce, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a false  
 pretented title to the same: in defence whereof I  
 your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you  
 from the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude,  
 and vtterly to supplant the foemen, to my right &  
 your rest. Say then, who keepe you the town for?

*Citizen.* For our lawfull King.

*John.* I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods  
 name open your gates, and let me enter.

*Citizen.* And it please your Highness we comptroll  
 not your title, neither will we rashly admit your  
 entrance: if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience  
 we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashness to  
 be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate  
 triall: wee answeere not as men lawles, but to the  
 behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

*John.* I shall not come in then ?

*Citizen.* No my Lord, till we know more.

*K. Phil.* Then heare me speake in the behalfe of Arthur, Sonne of Geffrey, elder Brother to Iohn, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the Crown and Kingdome of England, with Angiers, and diuers Townes on this side the sea ; will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to intertaine you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel willers : or stand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword.

*Citizen.* We answere as before, till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remain firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe before we knowe : More than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doo.

*K. Phil.* Then Iohn I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day ende, in a set battel make thee confesse ; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

*K. Iohn.* I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

Excursions. The Bastard chaseth *Lymoges* the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

*Bast.* And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,  
And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest.  
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,  
Besiedge his thoughts with dismal fantasies,



And ghastly obiects of pale threatning *mors*.  
 Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,  
 Let shadowe temper terror in his thoughts,  
 And let the terror make the coward mad,  
 And in his madnes let his feare pursute,  
 And so in frenzie let the peasant die.  
 Here is the ransome that allayes his rage,  
 The first freehold that Richard left his sonne :  
 With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,  
 As Hectors statue did the fainting Greekes. [Exit.

Enter the Kings Herolds with trumpets to the wals  
 of Angiers : they summon the Towne.

*Eng. Herolds.* Iohn by the grace of God King of  
 England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c. de-  
 maundeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers,  
 if you will quietly surrender vp the Towne into his  
 hands?

*Fr. Herold.* Philip by the grace of God King of  
 Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur Duke  
 of Britaine, if you will surrender vp the Towne into  
 his hands, to the vse of the said Arthur.

*Citizens.* Herolds goe tell the two victorious  
 Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers,  
 require a parle of their Maiesties.

*Herolds.* We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queen *Eliador, Blanch, Bastard,*  
*Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salis-*  
*bury, Constance,* and *Arthur* Duke of Brittain.

*John.* Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen  
 send?

*Philip.* Will Angiers yield to Philip King of  
 Fraunce?

*Eng. Her.* The Townsmen on the wals accept your  
 Grace.

*Fr. Her.* And craue a parley of your Maiesty.

*John.* You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes  
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes  
Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French?  
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall  
Your gaine in yeelding to the English King?

*Phil.* Their losse in yeelding to the English King.  
But Iohn, they saw from out their highest Towers  
The Cheualiers of *France* and crossebow-shot  
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,  
And are resolu'd to yeeld to Arthurs right.

*John.* Why Philip, though thou brauest it fore the  
wals,  
Thy conscience knowes that Iohn hath wonne the field.

*Phil.* What ere my conscience knows, thy armie  
feeles  
That Philip had the better of the day.

*Bast.* Philip indeede hath got the Lyons case,  
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace.  
Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behind:  
But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay.  
It farde with thee as with the mariner,  
Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke  
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,  
That throwes out empty vessels, so to stay  
His furie, while the ship doth saile away,  
Philip, t'is thine: and fore this Princely presence,  
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,  
Being the first aduenture I atchieu'd,  
And first exployt your Grace did me enioyne:  
Yet many more I long to be enjoynd.

*Blanch.* Philip I take it, and I thee command  
To weare the same as earst thy Father did:  
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,  
T'incourage thee to follow Richards fame.

*Arth.* Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute?  
Arthur or Iohn, say which shall be your King?

*Citizen.* We care not which, if once we knew the right,

But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

*Bast.* Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings,  
As are the Kings of England and of Fraunce,  
He would aduise your Graces to vnite  
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,  
Pulling their battered wals about their ears.  
The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,  
For they are minded to delude you both.

*Citizen.* Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assembled here,

The Cittizens of Angiers all by me  
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake :  
And as you like the motion they shall make,  
So to account and follow their aduice.

*John. Phil.* Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

*Citizen.* Then thus : whereas the yong and lusty knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths :  
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,  
And such as loue the quiet of the State.  
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit ?  
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,  
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies :  
But vnto peace your forces should be knit  
To liue in Princely league and amitie :  
Doo this, the gates of Angiers shall giue way,  
And stand quite open to your harts content.  
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,  
Remains one onely honorable meanes,  
Which by your pardon I shall here display.  
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of Fraunce,  
A man of noted valor through the world,  
Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife  
The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine,  
Neece to K. Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch,

Begotten on his Sister Elianor.  
 With her in marriage will her vnkle giue  
 Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match.  
 The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,  
 They may so deale with Arthur Duke of Britaine,  
 Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,  
 As he shall stand contented euerie way.  
 Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)  
 Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.  
 And as vpon conditions you agree,  
 So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

*Arth.* A proper peace, if such a motion hold ;  
 These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,  
 And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, follow this motion, as thou  
 louest thy mothér.

Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing :  
 Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure  
 Arthur shall haue small succour out of Fraunce.

*Iohn.* Brother of Fraunce, you heare the Citizens :  
 Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

*Cons.* Why Iohn, what canst thou giue vnto thy  
 Neece,

Thou hast no foote of land but Arthurs right.

*Lewis.* Byr lady Citizens, I like your choyce,  
 A louely damsele is the Ladie Blanche,  
 Worthie the heire of Europe for her pheere.

*Cons.* What Kings, why stand you gazing in a  
 trance ?

Why how now Lords? accursed Cittizens  
 To fill and tickle their ambitious ears,  
 With hope of gaine, that springs from Arthurs losse.  
 Some dismall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,  
 For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

*K. Phil.* Ladie, and Duke of Brittain, know you both,  
 The King of Fraunce respects his honor more,  
 Than to betray his friends and fauourers,

Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,  
If we vpon conditions could agree?

*Bast.* Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman;  
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.  
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,  
That Lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough,  
And make me heire of store of English land.

*Q. El.* Peace Philip, I will looke thee out a  
wife,

We must with policie compound this strife.

*Bast.* If Lewis get her, well, I say no more:  
But let the froelicke Frenchman take no scorne,  
If Philip front him with an English horne.

*John.* Ladie, what answere make you to the King  
of Fraunce?

Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

*Blanch.* I thanke the King that likes of me so  
well,

To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:  
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,  
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,  
It may be blemish to my modestie.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, and worthie Philip K. of  
Fraunce,

Doo you confer a while about the Dower,  
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,  
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

*Cons.* I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,  
Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face,  
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes.

*Arth.* Sweet Mother cease these hastie madding  
fits;

For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.  
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,  
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.  
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,  
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie spech.

*Phil.* Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou  
giue  
Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

*John.* First Philip knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,  
To be so great as to content a King :  
But more to mend and amplifie the same,  
I giue in money thirty thousand markes,  
For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.

*Phil.* Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,  
Poiters and Aniou, these fiue Provinces,  
Which thou as King of England holdst in Fraunce :  
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

*Bast.* No less than fiue such Provinces at once?

*John.* Mother what shall I doo? my brother got  
these lands

With much effusion of our English bloud :  
And shall I giue it all away at once?

*Q. Elin.* Iohn giue it him, so shalt thou liue in  
peace,  
And keepe the residue sans ieopardie.

*John.* Philip, bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,  
And here in mariage I doo giue with her  
From me and my Successors English Kings,  
Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Torain, Main,  
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.  
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

*Citiz.* We ioye to see so sweete a peace begun.

*Lewis.* Lewis with Blanch shall euer liue content,  
But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke?  
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

*Phil.* K. Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephew here,  
And giue him somewhat that shall please thee best.

*John.* Arthur, although thou troublest Englands  
peace

Yet here I giue thee Brittain for thine owne,  
Together with the Earledome of Richmond,  
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.

*Q. El.* And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle  
Iohn,  
Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee.

*Iohn.* Now euey thing is sorted to this end,  
Lets in, and there prepare the mariage rytes,  
Which in S. Maries Chappell presently  
Shal be performed ere this presence part.

[Exeunt. Manent Constance & Arthur.

*Arth.* Madam good cheere, these drouping languish-  
ments,

Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,  
If heauens haue concluded these euent,  
To small auaille is bitter pensiuenes :  
Seasons will change, and so our present grieffe  
May change with them, and all to our relieffe.

*Cons.* Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene  
To looke into the bottome of these cares.

But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe  
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes  
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,  
What ioye, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,  
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree ?

*Art.* Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne  
shows,

Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.

*Cons.* If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,  
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge :

Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,  
This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breath,  
Whose periurie (as prowde Briareus,)  
Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-beliefe.

He promist Arthur, and he sware it too,  
To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride :  
But now black-spotted Periure as he is,  
He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat,  
And marries Lewis to her iouely Neece,  
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift

Betweene these louers : ill betide the match.  
 And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne,  
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares :  
 So heavens crosse them with a thriftles course,  
 Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,  
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,  
 Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feast ?  
 And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes ?  
 Poore helples boy, hopeles and helpeles too,  
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all.  
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps  
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,  
 Why lookst thou pale ? the colour flies thy face :  
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,  
 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,  
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,  
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,  
 Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent. [Exeunt.

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *France*,  
*Arthur*, *Bastard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Constance*,  
*Blanche*, *Chattileion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisburie*, and  
*Elianor*.

*John*. This is the day, the long desired day,  
 Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce  
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.  
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,  
 From whose sweete bridal such a concord springs,  
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

*Cons*. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

*Phil*. Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,  
 Rouze thee Plantaginet, liue not to see  
 The butcher of the great Plantaginet.  
 Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,  
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale  
 That carries me in furie to a deede



Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.  
 A boone (O Kings) a boone doth Philip beg  
 Prostrate vpon his knee : which knee shall cleaue  
 Unto the superficies of the earth,  
 Till Fraunce and England grant this glorious boone.

*John.* Speake Philip, England grants thee thy request.

*Phil.* And Fraunce confirms what ere is in his power.

*Bast.* Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,  
 Too base a ransome for my fathers life.  
 Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke  
 That braues it in dishonor of my Sire.  
 Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse  
 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,  
 Whereat me thinks I see his sinnews shake :  
 This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once  
 Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;  
 Since I shall liue and die in Richards right.

*Lym.* Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,  
 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes  
 With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace ;  
 Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,  
 With one so farre vnequall to myselfe.

*Bast.* A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings,  
 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

*John.* Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,  
 Beeing a subiect vnto neither Realme :  
 But tell me Austria, if an English Duke  
 Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

*Lym.* Els let the world account the Austrich Duke  
 The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.

*John.* Then cheere thee Philip, Iohn will keepe his word,  
 Kneele downe, in sight of Philip King of Fraunce,  
 And all these Princely Lords assembled here,

I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,  
 And of that Land I doo inuest thee Duke :  
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land  
 Nothing inferiour vnto Austria.

*Lym.* K. Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,  
 Thou wrongst mine honour : and that thou maist see  
 How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,  
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld :  
 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,  
 Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. [Exit.

*Iohn.* Stay Philip, let him goe, the honors thine.

*Bast.* I cannot liue unles his life be mine.

*Q. El.* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my  
 soule,  
 And made me thinke my Richard liues in thee.

*K. Phil.* Lordlings lets in, and spend the wedding  
 day  
 In maskes and triumphs, letting quarreles cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

*Car.* Stay King of France, I charge thee ioin not  
 hands  
 With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know Iohn, that I Pandulph, Cardinall of Millaine,  
 and Legate from the Sea of Rome, demaund of thee  
 in the name of our holy Father the Pope Innocent,  
 why dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother  
 the Church, and our holye Father the Pope) disturbe  
 the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of  
 Stephen Langhton, whom his holines hath elected  
 Archbishop of Canterburie : this in his Holines name  
 I demaund of thee ?

*Iohn.* And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister  
 to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine own ?  
 Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy  
 Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest

Prelate in the world. Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling penie out of England; but as I am King, so will I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both ouer spiritual and temrall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse.

*K. Phil.* What King Iohn, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

*Iohn.* Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a Prelates slauery, my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee King in England, let him winne it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

*Car.* Iohn, this is thine answer?

*Iohn.* What then?

*Car.* Then I Pandulph of Padoa, Legate from the Apostolike Sea, do in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery one of thy subiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they doo owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenes of sinne to those or them what-euer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

*Iohn.* So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a fares: if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shauelings curse and spare not.

*Car.* Furthermore, I charge thee Philip King of France, and al the Kings and Princes of Christendome, to make war vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an heretike; how saist thou Philip, doost thou obey?

*Iohn.* Brother of Fraunce, what say you to the Cardinall?

*Phil.* I say, I am sorrie for your Majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome.

*Iohn.* And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

*Phil.* What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

*Iohn.* Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

*Phil.* The Legate hath absolu'de me of mine oath: Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee heere.

*Iohn.* Why Philip, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periured King of Fraunce, Unworthie man to be accompted King.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Friers

Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,

And in despite Ile send them to the Pope.

Mother come you with me, and for the rest

That will not follow Iohn in this attempt,

Confusion light vpon their damned soules.

Come Lords, fight for your King, that fighteth for your good.

*Phil.* And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt see

How Fraunce will fight for Rome and Romish rytes.

Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead

The K. of England to the gates of Rome.

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see

What Philip K. of Fraunce will doo for thee.

*Blanche.* And will your Grace vpon your wedding day

Forsake your Bride, and follow dreadfull drums?

Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee.

*Lewis.* Sweete hearte content thee, and we shall agree.

*Phil.* Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,  
Drums shal be musicque to this wedding day.  
[Exeunt.

Excursions. The *Bastard* pursues *Austria*, and kils him.

*Bast.* Thus hath K. Richards sonne performde his vowes.

And offred Austria's bloud for sacrifice  
Unto his fathers euerliuing soule.

Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,  
I haue deserude, though not to be thy heire,  
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,  
A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,  
As to be cald the Duke of Normandie.

Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle:  
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,  
And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his feete,  
So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,  
And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. [Exit.

Excursions. *Arthur, Constance, Lewis*, having taken  
Q. *Eliador* prisoner.

*Cons.* Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering arme

Dispearst the foes to true succession,  
Proud, and disturder of thy Countreyes peace,  
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,  
And on thy head will now auenged be  
For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine.

Q. *El.* Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches thou,  
To braue so great a Queene as *Eliador*,

Base scolde, hast thou forgot, that I was wife  
 And mother to three mightie English Kings?  
 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,  
 To set your Grandmother at libertie,  
 And yeeld to Iohn your Uncle and your King.

*Cons.* 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it.

*Elianor.* Nor yet thy threates proud dame shal  
 daunt my mind.

*Arth.* Sweete Grandame, and good Mother, leaue  
 these braules.

*Elianor.* Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

*Cons.* My time is now to triumph in thy fall.

And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph.

*Arth.* Good mother, weigh it is Queene Elianor.  
 Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.  
 Sweete Grandame, beare with what my Mother says,  
 Your highnes shal be vsed honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Lewis my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest,  
 To armes in hast, K. Iohn relyes his men, *removes?*  
 And ginnes the sight afresh: and sweares withall  
 To lose his life, or set his Mother free.

*Lewis.* Arthur away, tis time to looke about.

*Elianor.* Why how now dame, what is your courage  
 coold?

*Cons.* No Elianor my courage gathers strength,  
 And hopes to lead both Iohn and thee as slaues:  
 And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [Exeunt.

[Excursions. *Elianor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur*  
 is taken prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound Victorie.

Enter *Iohn*, *Elianor*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Bastard*,  
*Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

*Iohn.* Thus right triumphs, and Iohn triumphs in  
 right:

Arthur thou seest, Fraunce cannot bolster thee :  
 Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.  
 But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe  
 Into the gardance of thine Unckle Iohn,  
 Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.

*Arth.* Unckle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,  
 To beare captivitie with patience.  
 Might hath preuayld, not right, for I am King  
 Of England, though thou weare the Diadem.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, soone shall wee teach him to  
 forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

*Iohn.* Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,  
 I would he liude not to remember it.

But leauing this, we will to England now,  
 And take some order with our Popelings there,  
 That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,  
 Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Pories,  
 Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse :

And whatsoere he be within my Land,  
 That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,  
 While he may haue his right within the Realme,  
 Let him be iudgd, a traitor to the state,  
 And suffer as an enemie to England.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,  
 As Regent of our Prouinces in Fraunce,  
 While we to England take a speedie course,  
 And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.

Hubert de Burgh take Arthur here to thee,  
 Be he thy prisoner : Hubert keepe him safe,  
 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne.  
 But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse :  
 Then Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me,  
 So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

*Hub.* Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper be,  
 Yet shall your keeper liue at your commaund.

*Arth.* As please my God, so shall become of me.

*Q. El.* My Sonne, to England, I will see thee shipt,  
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

*Bast.* Now warres are done, I long to be at home,  
To diue into the Monkes and Abbots bags,  
To make some sport among the smooth skin Nunnes,  
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers.

*John.* To England Lords, each looke vnto your  
charge,  
And arme yourselues against the Romane pride.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the King of France, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall  
*Pandolph*, Legate, and *Constance*.

*Phil.* What, euery man attacht with this mishap?  
Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of Fraunce?  
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde,  
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce.  
Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight,  
A little sorrow might haue serude our losse.  
Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

*Card.* His soule is safe and free from Purgatorie,  
Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinnes,  
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,  
And all are Mediators for his soule,  
And in the right of these most holy warres,  
His Holinese free pardon doth pronounce  
To all that follow you gainst English heretiques,  
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter *Constance* alone.

*Phil.* To aggrauate the measure of our grieffe,  
All malecontent comes *Constance* for her Sonne.  
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports  
A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde,  
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,



Deepe sorrow throbbeeth misbefalne euent,  
 Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end  
 A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

*Cons.* My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap :  
 When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale ?  
 Must Constance speake ? let teares preuent her talke :  
 Must I discourse ? let Dido sigh and say,  
 She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy :  
 Two words will serue, and then my tale is done :  
 Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne.

*Lewis.* Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of  
 warre :

He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong.

*Cons.* Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long.

*Phil.* Despaire not yet, come Constance, goe with  
 me,

These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

[Exeunt.

*Card.* Now Lewes, thy fortune buds with happie  
 spring,

Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let Iohn alone with him,

Thy title next is first to Englands crowne :

Now stirre thy Father to begin with Iohn,

The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.

*Lewes.* Thankes my Lord Legat for your good  
 conceipt,

'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,

My Father wants to worke him your good words.

*Card.* A few will serue to forward him in this,  
 Those shal not want ; but lets about it then. [Exeunt.

Enter *Philip* leading a Frier, charging him show  
 where the Abbots golde lay.

*Phil.* Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer,  
 but shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

*Frier. Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie?

Sweete S. Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.

*In nomine Domini*, make I my homilie,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie.

*Phil.* Grey-gownd good face, coniuere ye,  
nere trust me for a groate

If this waste girdle hang thee not  
that girdeth in thy coate.

Now balde and barefoote Bungie birds,  
when vp the gallowes climing,

Say Philip he had words inough,  
to put you downe with ryming,

*Frier.* O pardon, *O parce*, S. Frauncis for mercie,  
Shall shield thee from nightspels, and dreaming of  
diuells,

If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,

With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying,

From black Purgatorie, a penance right sorie :

Frier Thomas will warme you,

It shall neuer harme you.

*Phil.* Come leaue off your rabble, .  
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

*2 Frier.* For charitie I beg his life,

Saint Francis chiefest Frier,

The best in all our couent Sir,

to keepe a Winters fier.

O strangle not the good olde man,

My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the Priors chest.

*Phil.* I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at  
libertie,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for com-  
panie.

*Frier.* Come hether, this is the chest, though simple  
to behold,  
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in  
gold.  
My selfe will warrant full so much, I know the Abbots  
store,  
Ile pawne my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere  
is more.

*Phil.* I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share  
shall come,  
But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay  
the sum.

Breake vp the Coffe, Frier.

*Frier.* Oh I am vndun, faire Alice the Nun  
Hath tooke vp her rest in the Abbots chest.

*Sancte benedicite*, pardon my simplicitie.

Fie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

*Phil.* What haue wee here, a holy Nun? so keepe  
mee God in health,  
A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the  
Abbots wealth.

Is this the Nonries chastitie?

Beshrewe me but I thinke

They go as oft to Venery as niggards to their  
drinke,

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, ye shamelesse shauen  
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,  
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

Well, be the hangman nimble,  
Hee'le take the paine to paye you home,  
and teach you to dissemble.

*Nunne.* O spare the Frier Anthony,  
a beggar neuer was  
To sing a Dirige solemnly,  
or read a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,  
 I know an ancient Nunne,  
 That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,  
 did neuer see the sunne ;  
 And that is yours, and what is ours,  
 so fauour now be shown,  
 You shall commaund as commonly,  
 as if it were your owne.

*Frier.* Your honour excepted.

*Nunne.* I Thomas, I meane so.

*Phil.* From all saue from Friers.

*Nunne.* Good sir, doo not think so.

*Phil.* I thinke and see so :

why how camst thou here ?

*Frier.* To hide here from lay men.

*Nunne.* Tis true sir, for feare.

*Phil.* For fear of the laytie : a pitifull dred  
 When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers  
 bed.

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,  
 To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much  
 money.

*Nunne.* Faire sir, within this presse, of plate &  
 money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and other things  
 by gis.

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you  
 know it.

*Phil.* Come on sir Frier, pick the locke, this geere  
 dooth cotton handsome,

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y<sup>e</sup> letchers  
 ransom.

What is in the hoord ?

*Frier.* Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water  
 help vs,

Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

*Haud credo Laurentius,* that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone,  
And brought to discredence if thou be Frier Laurence.

*Frier.* *Amor vincit omnia*, so Cato affirmeth,  
And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth,  
Because he is mortall and made of mould,  
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he  
should.

*Phil.* How goes this geere? the Friers chest filde  
with a sausen Nunne.

The Nunne again lockes Frier vp,  
to keep him from the Sun.

Belike the press is Purgatorie,  
or penance passing grieuous :

The Friers chest a hel for Nunnes !

how doo these dolts deceive us?

Is this the labour of their liues, to feede and liue at  
ease?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please?

Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme,

if I do misse amending,

Tis better burn the Cloisters down,  
than leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,  
to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,  
to quite you for your euill?

*Nunne.* I crie *Peccavi, parce me*,  
good Sir I was beguild.

*Frier.* Absolue Sir for charitie,  
she would bee reconcilde.

*Phil.* And so I shall, sirs binde them fast,  
this is their absolution,  
go hang them vp for hurting them,  
haste them to execution.

*Fr. Lawrence.* *O tempus edax rerum*,  
Giue children bookes they teare them.  
*O vanitas vanitatis*, in this waning *ætatis*.

At threescore wel-neere, to goe to this geere,  
 To my conscience a clog, to dye like a dog.  
*Exaudi me Domine, si uis me parce*  
*Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.*  
 To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,  
 A hundred pounds sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.

*Peter.* Hoe, who is here? S. Frauncis be your speed,  
 Come in my flock, and follow me,  
 your fortunes I will reed.  
 Come hether boy, goe get thee home,  
 and clime not ouer hie,  
 For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt  
 die.

*Boy.* God be with you Peter, I pray you come to  
 our house a Sunday.

*Peter.* My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my  
 boy,  
 For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to  
 dwell,  
 But thou shalt scape them all, and doo full well.

*Boy.* I thanke you Peter, theres a cheese for your  
 labor: my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell her  
 how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue  
 you a rib of bacon.

*Peter.* My masters, stay at the towns end for me.  
 Ile come to you all anon: I must dispatch some  
 busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes.

*Phil.* How now, a Prophet! Sir prophet whence  
 are ye?

*Peter.* I am of the world and in the world, but liue  
 not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and  
 what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now,  
 be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

*Phil.* Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,

that deludes the people with blinde prophecies : you are him I looke for, you shall away with me : bring away all the rabble, and you Frier Laurence, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on. Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a Prophets rewarde. [Exeunt.

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

*Hub.* My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt ; I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner : onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in brieve, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture : stay within that entry, and when you hear me crie, God save the King, issue sodainly foorth, lay handes on Arthur, set him in his chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

*Attendants.* We goe, though loath. [Exeunt.

*Hub.* My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the benefite of the faire euening ?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

*Arth.* Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me,  
In or to whom restraint is newly knowen,  
The ioy of walking is small benefit,  
Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes,  
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye.  
But tell me curteous Keeper if you can,  
How long the King will haue me tarrie here.

*Hub.* I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.  
God send you freedome, and God saue the King.

[They issue forth.

*Arth.* Why now sirs, what may this outrage meane?  
O help me Hubert, gentle Keeper helpe ;  
God send this sodaine mutinous approach  
Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltless life.

*Hub.* So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

*Arth.* Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,  
What meaneth this ? Good Hubert plead the case.

*Hub.* Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,  
Harmfull and harsh, hells horror to be heard :  
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.  
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

*Arth.* What, must I die ?

*Hub.* No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,  
A wrathfull doome, and must vnluckie fate :  
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,  
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

*Arth.* Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of  
feare,  
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :  
What is it man if needes be don,  
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon.

*Hub.* I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,  
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.  
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,  
To aide the office haue at once denide.  
Peruse this Letter, lines of treble woe,  
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest  
our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person,  
that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund,  
thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet.

*Arth.* Ah monstrous damned man ! his very breath  
infects the elements.

Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,  
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.



Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens  
 Of great iniustice, that the miscreant  
 Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.  
 Ah Hubert ! makes he thee his instrument,  
 To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph ?  
 Heaven weepes, the Saints do shed celestiaall teares,  
 They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remorse,  
 They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,  
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell  
 Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell  
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.  
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,  
 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule :  
 Subscribe not Hubert, giue not Gods part away,  
 I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,  
 The chiefe exterior that I would enioy :  
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,  
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack :  
 A cause internall, and eternall too.  
 Advise thee Hubert, for the case is hard,  
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

*Hub.* My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land  
 Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

*Arth.* Yet God commands whose power reacheth  
 further,

That no commaund should stand in force to murther.

*Hub.* But that same Essence hath ordained a law,  
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

*Arth.* I pleade, not guiltie, treasonlesse and free.

*Hub.* But that appeale, my Lord, concernes not  
 me.

*Arth.* Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

*Hub.* I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

*Arth.* His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

*Hub.* Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

*Arth.* Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,  
 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

*Hub.* Why then no execution can be lawfull,  
If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

*Arth.* Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and  
time,  
The offender is conuicted of the crime.

*Hub.* My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,  
Heapes vp more grieffe, than promise of redresse ;  
For this I know, and so resolude I end,  
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.  
I must not reason why he is your foe,  
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

*Arth.* Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy  
soule  
With wrongfull persecution done this day.  
You rowling eyes, whose superficialies yet  
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent :  
Send foorth the terror of your Moouers frowne,  
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers  
That rob me of your faire reflecting view :  
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)  
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt,  
And let the black tormenters of deepe Tartary  
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,  
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.  
Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended,  
Begin I pray thee, reauē me of my sight :  
But to performe a tragedie indeede,  
Conclude the period with a mortal stab.  
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,  
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

*Hub.* I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist :  
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named :  
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free :  
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,  
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,  
He staves my hand, he maketh soft my heart.

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,  
Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not loose an  
eye,

Though I should purchase it with losse of life.  
Ile to the King, and say his will is done,  
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,  
Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne  
To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.

*Arth.* Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,  
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,  
I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,  
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.  
But now procrastination may offend  
The issue that thy kindness vndertakes:  
Depart we, Hubert, to preuent the worst. [Exeunt.

*Enter K. Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.*

*Iohn.* Now warlike followers, resteth ought vn-  
done  
That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?  
The French haue felt the temper of our swords,  
Cold terror keepes possession in their sowles,  
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance  
For buckling with so great an ouermatch,  
The Arche proud titled Priest of Italy,  
That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,  
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,  
Masse and months minde, dirge and I know not  
what,  
To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,  
That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.  
Heard you not, Lords, when first his Holines  
Had tidings of our small account of him,  
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,  
He urgde a reason why the English asse  
Disdaignd the blessed ordinance of Rome?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)  
 Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,  
 The slauish weieht of that controlling Priest :  
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe  
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,  
 Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand.  
 I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past  
 (Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)  
 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.  
 But now for confirmation of our State,  
 Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull braunch  
 That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,  
 It resteth we throughout our Territories  
 Be reproclained and inuested King.

*Pemb.* My Liege, that were to busie men with  
 doubts,  
 Once were you crownd, proclaind, and with ap-  
 plause  
 Your Citie streetes haue ecchoed to the eare,  
 God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne Iohn,  
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer  
 Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,  
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,  
 What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

*John.* Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee  
 doo,  
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.  
 Essex goe in, and Lordings all begon  
 About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip what newes, how doo the Abbots chests?  
 Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?  
 What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or  
 no?  
 Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

*Phil.* My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge :

The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,  
The Monkes, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,  
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth  
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoords.  
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,  
You may proportion all their former pride.

*John.* Why so, now sorts it Philip as it should :  
This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes,  
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,  
Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,  
As thicke as hailestones fore the Springs approach :  
But yet as harmeles and without effect,  
As is the eccho of a Cannons crack  
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen,  
But what newes else befell there Philip ?

*Bast.* Strange newes my Lord: within your territories  
Nere Pomfret is a Prophet new sprong vp,  
Whose diuination volleys wonders foorth :  
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,  
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,  
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,  
Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,  
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,  
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth :  
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,  
With such assurance, scruples put apart,  
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,  
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

*John.* Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst  
brought the man,  
We might haue questiond him of things to come.

*Bast.* My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,  
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,  
He staves my Lord but at the Presence doore :  
Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

*John.* Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,  
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then  
cry God save the king.

*John.* Lordings and friends supporters of our State,  
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,  
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.  
Once ere this time was I inuested King,  
Your fealtie sworne as Liegmen to our state :  
Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung  
To staine the beauty of our garden plot :  
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence  
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,  
Haue to our ioy, made sunshine chase the storme.  
After the which, to try your constancie,  
That now I see is worthie of your names,  
We craude once more your helps for to inuest us  
Into the right that envie sought to wrack.  
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce ;  
Now twice been crowned and applauded King?  
Your cheered action to install me so,  
Infers assured witnes of your loues,  
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care  
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth  
To ballance downe requitall to the full.  
But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all :  
Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

*Essex.* A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your  
words

We ask to guerdon all our loyalties.

*Pemb.* We take the time your Highnes bids vs  
aske :

Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,  
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire  
That not remembred falleth from your head.

*John.* My word is past, receiue your boone my  
Lords,

What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

*Essex.* We craue my Lord to please the Commons  
with

The liberty of Lady Constance Sonne :  
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,  
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end  
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.  
Dismiss him hence, your Highnes needes not  
feare,

Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King.

*Pemb.* This if you graunt, were all vnto your good :  
For simple people muse you keepe him close.

*John.* Your words haue searcht the center of my  
thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,  
Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,  
Let Iohn doo nothing, but by your consents.  
Why how now Philip, what extasie is this?  
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

[There the five Moones appeare.

*Bast.* See, my Lord, strange apparitions,  
Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem  
Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,  
From foorth a gloomie cloude, which courtainelike  
Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied  
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now :  
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte  
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

*John.* What might portend these apparitions,  
Unvsuall signes, forerunners of euent,  
Presagers of strange terror to the world :  
Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.  
Philip thou toldst me of me of wizzard late,  
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

*Pemb.* The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,

When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes  
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

*Essex.* Before the ruines of Ierusalem,  
Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,  
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Bastard with the prophet.

*John.* Is this the man ?

*Bast.* It is my Lord.

*John.* Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,  
That calculatst of many things to come :  
Who by a power replete with heauenly gifte,  
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.  
If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,  
Decide in cyphering, what these fise Moones  
Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all.  
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see  
Thy diuination take a true effect,  
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

*Peter.* The Skies wherein these Moones have  
residence,  
Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,  
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.  
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,  
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,  
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,  
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.  
The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,  
Impatient of the place he holds with them,  
Doth figure forth this Island Albion,  
Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,  
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope :  
This shoues the heauen, and this I doo auerre  
Is figured in the apparitions.

*John.* Why then it seemes the heauens smile on us,  
Giving applause for leauing of the Pope.



But for they chaunce in our Meridian,  
 Doo they effect no priuate growing ill  
 To be inflicted on vs in this clyme?

*Peter.* The Moones effect no more than what I  
 said :

But on some other knowledge that I haue  
 By my prescience, ere Ascension day  
 Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,  
 Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,  
 Thou shalt be cleane dispoyle and dispossesst.

*John.* False Dreamer, perish with thy witched  
 newes,  
 Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies :  
 If it be true, die for thy tidings price ;  
 If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose :  
 Hence with the witch, hells damned secretarie.  
 Lock him vp sure ; for by my faith I sweare,  
 True or not true, the Wizzard shall not liue.  
 Before Ascension day : who shall be cause hereof ?  
 Cut off the cause, and then the effect will dye.  
 Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe,  
 The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes  
 spring vp,

I and my promise past for his deliuey :  
 Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,  
 The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus.  
 Pembroke and Essex, I recall my graunt,  
 I will not buy your fauours with my feare :  
 Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,  
 I love you well, but if I lou'de you better,  
 I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter *Hubert.*

How now, what newes with thee ?

*Hub.* According to your Highnes strict commaund,  
 Young Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

*John.* Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but never see it.

*Hub.* Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine,  
Within one hower gaue he vp the ghost.

*John.* What is he dead?

*Hub.* He is my Lord.

*John.* Then with him dyes my cares.

*Essex.* Now ioy betide thy soule.

*Pemb.* And heauens reuenge thy death.

*Essex.* What haue you done my Lord? was euer heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?  
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.  
Unkindly rage, more rough than Northern winde,  
To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower.  
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,  
When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,  
As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,  
The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth. [Exeunt.

*John.* And are you gone? the diuell be your guide:  
Proud Rebels as ye are, to braue me so:  
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.  
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,  
That shall haue passage through your traitrous throats.  
But husht, breathe not buggs words too soone abroad,  
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach.  
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:  
But while he liude, the danger was the more;  
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,  
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.  
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,  
To whome the diuell owes an open shame:  
His life a foe that leueld at my Crowne,  
His death a frame to pull my building downe.  
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,  
Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome:  
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crownd,

Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,  
 And in my conscience lou'de me as their liege,  
 In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.  
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,  
 A tragick Tyrant, sterne and pitiles,  
 And not a title followes after Iohn,  
 But Butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.  
 What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,  
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,  
 So interlacte with hellish discontent,  
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?  
 Curst be the Crowne, chiefe author of my care,  
 Nay curst my will, that made the Crowne my care :  
 Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe  
 That yeelded me aliuie into the world.  
 Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,  
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

*Hub.* Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,  
 Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.

*Iohn.* Ah dull conceipted peazant, knowst thou not  
 It was a damned execrable deede?  
 Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules  
 Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell  
 Under the warrant of that cursed Seale.  
 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell  
 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

*Hub.* My Lord, attend the happie tale I tell,  
 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence  
 That instigates your Highnes to despaire.  
 If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard,  
 Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth :  
 He liues my Lord, the sweetest youth aliuie,  
 In health, with eyesight, not a hair amisse.  
 This hart tooke vigor from this froward hand,  
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

*Iohn.* What, liues he! Then sweete hope come  
 Home agen,

Chase hence despaire, the purueyor for hell.  
Hye Hubert, tell these tidings to my Lords  
That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death :  
Hence Hubert, stay not till thou hast reueald  
The wished newes of Arthurs happy health.  
I go my selfe, the ioyfulst man aliue  
To storie out this new supposed crime. [Exeunt.

THE ENDE OF THE FIRST PART.

The  
Second part of the  
troublesome Raigne of King  
*John, conteining the death*  
of Arthur Plantaginet,  
the landing of Lewes, and  
the poysoning of King  
John at Swinstead  
*Abbey*

*As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the  
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-  
nourable Citie of*

LONDON.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.



*The changeles purpose of determinde Fate  
Giues period to our care, or harts content  
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end  
Nor can earths pomp or policie preuent  
The doome ordained in their secret will.*

*Gentles we left King John replete with blisse  
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine;  
And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,  
Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent:  
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act.  
Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death;  
Wherein fond rashness murdereth first a Prince,  
And Monkes falsnes poysoneth last a King.  
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,  
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie.*



*The Troublesome Raigne of  
King Iohn.*

THE SECOND PART.

—o—

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls.

NOW helpe good hap to further mine entent,  
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames :  
I venter life to gaine my libertie,  
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.  
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolute,  
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,  
And if I fall, no question death is next :  
Better desist, and liue in prison still.  
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so :  
Comfort and courage come againe to me,  
Ile venter sure : tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from  
his traunce, speakes thus :

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.  
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.  
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?  
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone.  
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?

My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers sonne.  
 How will she weepe at tidings of my death?  
 My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.  
 Sweet Jesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,  
 Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,  
 When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe.  
 My heart controules the office of my toonge,  
 My vitall powers forsake my brused trunck,  
 I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,  
 And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. [He dies.

Enter *Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex.*

*Essex.* My Lords of Pembroke and of Salsbury,  
 We must be carefull in our policie,  
 To vndermine the keepers of this place,  
 Else shall we neuer find the princes graue.

*Penb.* My Lord of Essex, take no care for that,  
 I warrant you it was not closely done.  
 But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,  
 Who in his life shin'de like the Mornings blush,  
 Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right,  
 A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

*Sals.* O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deede!  
 My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

*Essex.* Leauè childish teares brave Lords of England,  
 If waterfloods could fetch his life againe,  
 My eyes should conduit forth a sea of teares.  
 If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,  
 My heart should vllie out deepe piercing plaints.  
 But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes  
 As might ecllipse the brightest Sommers sunne,  
 Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.  
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,  
 Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,  
 Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,  
 Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes.



*Pemb.* The best aduice : But who commes posting  
heere?

Enter *Hughbert.*

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,  
The King entreates your soonest speed  
To visit him, who on your present want,  
Did ban and cursse his birth, himselfe and me,  
For executing of his strict commaund.  
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,  
Assurde him of his cousins being safe,  
Whome pitie would not let me doo to death :  
He craues your company my Lords in haste,  
To whome I will conduct young Arthur streight,  
Who is in health vnder my custodie.

*Essex.* In health base villaine, wert not I leaue the  
crime

To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,  
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point.  
Cal'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,  
And all that are of thy condition.

*Hugh.* My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me  
then,

If heere I left not this yong Prince aliue,  
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,  
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes.  
That God that gaue me liuing to this howre,  
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place :  
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,  
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

*Sals.* Hence traytor hence, thy counesel is herein.

[Exit *Hughbert.*

Some in this place appoynted by the King,  
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,  
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,  
For yet the body is not fully colde.

*Essex.* How say you Lords, shal we with speed  
dispatch

Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce,  
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,  
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,  
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.  
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his curse,  
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto Iohn,  
This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,  
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,  
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reede,  
To make vs all perseuer in this deede.

*Pemb.* My lord of Essex, well haue you aduis'de,  
I will accord to further you in this.

*Sals.* And Salisbury will not gainsay the same :  
But aid that course as far foorth as he can.

*Essex.* Then each of vs send straight to his allies.  
To winne them to this famous enterprise :  
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,  
The tenth of April at Saint Edmonds Bury  
Meete to confer, and on the Altar there  
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise.  
Meane while, let vs conueigh this body hence,  
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,  
Keeping his months minde, and his obsequies  
With solemne intercession for his soule.  
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed ?

*Pemb.* The tenth of Aprill at Saint Edmonds Bury,  
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

*Essex.* Then let vs all conuey the body hence.

[Exeunt.

Enter *King Iohn*, with two or three, and the Prophet.

*Iohn.* Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,  
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,  
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,

Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,  
 That euery obiect these mine eyes behold,  
 Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.  
 Ascension day is come, Iohn feare not then  
 The prodigies this pratling Prophet threatens.  
 Tis come indeede: ah were it fully past,  
 Then were I careles of a thousand feares.  
 The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone.  
 Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,  
 False seers prophecies of no import.  
 Could I as well with this right hand of mine  
 Remove the Sunne from our Meridian,  
 Unto the moonsted circle of th' antipodes,  
 As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,  
 Then Iohn, the date of fatall prophecies,  
 Should with the Prophets life together end.  
 But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*  
 Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,  
 And by the Crowne of *England* heere I sweare,  
 To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

*Peter.* King Iohn, although the time I haue prescribed

Be but twelue houres remaying yet behinde,  
 Yet do I know by inspiration,  
 Ere that fixt time be fully come about,  
 King Iohn shall not be King as heeretofore.

*Iohn.* Uain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce  
 so soone,

To set a King beside his regall Seate?  
 My heart is good, my body passing strong,  
 My Land in peace, my enemies subdew'd,  
 Only my Barons storme at Arthurs death,  
 But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes,  
 Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home,  
 Then were the King secure of thousand foes.  
 Hubert, what news with thee, where are my Lords?

*Hub.* Hard newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince,

Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,  
 Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall  
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate  
 Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

*John.* Is Arthur dead? then Hubert without more  
 words hang the Prophet.

Away with Peter, villen out of my sight,  
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.  
 Now Iohn, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,  
 Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.  
 Sweet Youth, but that I striued for a Crowne,  
 I could haue well afforded to thine age,  
 Long life, and happines to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

*John.* Philip what newes with thee?

*Bas.* The newes I heard was Peters prayers,  
 Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:  
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,  
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

*John.* There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,  
 While Iohn triumphs in spight of Prophecies.  
 But whats the tidings from the Popelings now?  
 What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?  
 Or where's the Barons that so sodainly  
 Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise?

*Bas.* The Prelates storme & thirst for sharpe  
 reuenge:  
 But please your Majestie, were that the worst,  
 Is little skild: a greater danger growes,  
 Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,  
 Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.

*John.* More frights and feares! what ere thy tid-  
 ings be,  
 I am preparde: then Philip, quickly say,  
 Meane they to murder, or imprison me,

To giue my Crowne away to Rome or Fraunce ;  
 Or will they each of them become a King ?  
 Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

*Bast.* Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad.  
 The nobles have elected Lewis King,  
 In right of Ladie Blanch, your Neece, his Wife :  
 His landing is expected euery hower.  
 The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,  
 Incited chiefly by the *Cardinall*,  
 Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,  
 Thinks long to see their new elected King.  
 And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my Liege,  
 Letters to me from your Nobilitie,  
 To be a partie in this action :  
 Who vnder shew of fained holines,  
 Appoynt their meeting at S. Edmonds Bury.  
 There to consult, conspire, and conclude  
 The ouerthrow and downfall of your State.

*John.* Why so it must be : one hower of content,  
 Matcht with a month of passionate effects.  
 Why shines the Sunne to favour this consort ?  
 Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,  
 And scatter all these periured complices,  
 With all their counsells, and their damned drifts ?  
 But see the welkin rolleth gently on,  
 Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them ;  
 The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,  
 Conspire with those confederates my decay.  
 Then hell for me, if any power be there,  
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,  
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps  
 These traitors : oh that name is too good for them,  
 And death is easie : is there nothing worse,  
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew ?  
 What saist thou Philip ? why assists thou not ?

*Bast.* These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season :  
 Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?

*John.* Nay thou wilt proove a traitor with the rest,  
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

*Bast.* I would be loath to leaue your Highnes  
thus,  
Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

*John.* Ah Philip, whither goest thou? come againe.

*Bast.* My Lord, these motions are as passions of a  
mad man.

*John.* A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed,  
My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone.  
And Iohn of *England* now is quite vndone.  
Was euer King as I opprest with cares?  
Dame Elianor my noble Mother Queene,  
My onely hope and comfirt in distresse,  
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,  
And I am interdicted by the Pope,  
All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,  
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,  
The seruice of the Highest is neglected,  
The multitude (a beast of many heads)  
Doo with confusion to their Soueraigne:  
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,  
Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,  
And more than this, elect a forren King.  
O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,  
King Iohn of *England* sees thee miserable:  
Iohn, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,  
*Quic quid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.*  
Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,  
So show it now: post to S. Edmonds Bury,  
Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,  
Confound their diuellish plots, and damned deuises.  
Though Iohn be faultie, yet let subiects beare,  
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.  
A Mother though she were vnnaturall,  
Is better than the kindest Stepdame is:  
Let neuer Englishman trust forraine rule.

Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,  
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.

*Bast.* I goe my lord : see how he is distraught,  
This is the cursed Priest of Italy  
Hath heapt these mischiefes on this haplesse Land.  
Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,  
Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe.  
[Exit.

*John.* And art thou gone? successe may follow  
thee :

Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King.  
Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,  
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.  
Say that the King desires to speake with him.  
Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolute :  
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,  
Then cast about to keep thy Diadem ;  
For life and land, and all is leueld at.  
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,  
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free  
From due obedience to their Soueraigne :  
He animates the Nobles in their warres,  
He giues away the Crowne to Philips Sonne,  
And pardons all that seeke to murder thee :  
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.  
Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,  
But finely to dissemble with the Pope :  
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue  
To cure the hurt, els quite incurable.  
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man  
T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme :  
But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all,  
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.  
Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope,  
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,  
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter *Pandulph*.

*Pand.* Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on earth,  
That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church :  
Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe ?

*Iohn.* Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,  
The holy Vicar of S. Peters Church,  
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,  
And doo submit me to the Sea of Rome,  
And vow for penance of my high offence,  
To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,  
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.

*Pand.* No Iohn, thy crowching and dissembling  
thus  
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,  
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee :  
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,  
And thou art curst without redemption.

*Iohn.* Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,  
And get no help with thy submission,  
Unsheath thy sword, and sley the misprowd Priest,  
That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King :  
No Iohn, submit againe, dissemble yet,  
For Priests and Women must be flattered.  
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,  
No time to laté for sinners to repent,  
Absolue me then, and Iohn doth swear to doo  
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst.

*Pand.* Iohn, now I see thy hartly penitence,  
I rew and pittty thy distrest estate,  
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,  
And only one which I shall shew to thee.  
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome  
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope  
Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes.  
And where his Holinesse hath kindled Fraunce,



And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,  
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,  
That seeke the discontentment of the King.

*John.* From bad to woorse, or I must loose my  
realme,  
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto Rome :  
A miserie more piercing than the darts  
'That breake from burning exhalations power.  
What? shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?  
No : with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.  
What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your maiestie, there is discried on the  
Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of  
all men is thought to be the French fleete, vnder the  
conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Countrie  
in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour.

*K. John.* How now Lord Cardinall, whats your  
best aduise?

These mutinies must be allayd in time,  
By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.  
O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy weayed soule,  
And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse,  
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.  
Well may it be, when Kings are griued so,  
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

*Card. K. John,* for not effecting of thy plighted  
vow,

This strange annoyance happens to thy land :  
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,  
And nothing shall be griuous to thy state.

*John.* Oh Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed,  
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,  
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,  
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, *Pembrooke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clare*, with others.

*Pemb.* Now sweet S. Edmond holy Saint in heauen,  
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemd on earth,  
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts,  
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,  
Lord Bewchampe say, what friends have you procurde.

*Bewch.* The L. Fitz Water, L. Percy, and L. Rosse,  
Uowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre.

*Essex.* Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,  
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,  
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,  
Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord  
Mowbrey,  
Appointed meeting at S. Edmonds Shrine.

*Pemb.* Untill their presence, ile conceale my tale,  
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,  
That venture for the purchase of renowne,  
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,  
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

*Essex.* Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,  
In Pilgrims habit comes our holie troupe  
A furlong hence, with swift vnwonted pace,  
May be they are the persons you expect.

*Pemb.* With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing  
is zeale,  
That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine,  
Now ioy come to them for their true intent :  
And in good time, heere come the warmen all,  
That sweate in body by the minds disease :  
Hap and heartsease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard *Philip, &c.*

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,  
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

*Essex.* Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly  
stock,

A right Plantaginet should reason so.  
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause :  
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,  
On strong instinct hath framed this conuentickle,  
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.  
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,  
Which of you all so barraine in conceipt.  
As cannot leuell at the man I meane ?  
But least Enigma's shadow shining truth,  
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no arte.  
Th' effect of this resort importeth this,  
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant Iohn,  
Tirant, I say, appealing to the man,  
If any heere that loues him, and I aske,  
What kinship, lenitie, or christian raigne,  
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach ?  
First I inferre the Chesters bannishment :  
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,  
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.  
But were this all, the diuill should be saud,  
But this the least of many thousand faults,  
That circumstance with leisure might display.  
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale  
Which now in presence, but for some great cause  
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.  
But shall I close the period with an acte  
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,  
His Cosens death, that sweet vnguilty childe,  
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,  
Heere is my proofes, as cleere as grauell brooke,  
And on the same I further must inferre,  
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,  
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.  
To show the which, is yet to be describd.  
My Lord of Penbrooke, shew what is behinde,

Only I say, that were there nothing else  
 To mooue us, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,  
 Whereof we are assured, if we fayle,  
 It were inough to instigate vs all,  
 With earnestnesse of spirit, to seeke a meane  
 To dispossess Iohn of his regiment.

*Penb.* Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale,  
 Which I auer for most substanciall truth,  
 And more to make the matter to our minde,  
 I say that Lewis in chalenge of his wife,  
 Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,  
 To all that longeth to an English crowne.  
 Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolick,  
 Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.  
 If any be, as trust me none I know,  
 By planting Lewis in the vsurpers roome:  
 This is the cause of all our presence heere,  
 That on the holy Altar we protest,  
 To ayde the right of Lewis with goods and life,  
 Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England.  
 What say you Lords?

*Sals.* As Pembroke sayth, affirmeth Salsburie:  
 Faire Lewis of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,  
 Hath title of an vncontrouled strength  
 To England, and what longeth to the Crowne;  
 In right whereof, as we are true informd,  
 The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.  
 Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,  
 Is to inuest him as we may deuise,  
 King of our Countrey, in the tyrants stead:  
 And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,  
 And so the intent for which we hither came.

*Bast.* My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot couch  
 My speeches with the needfull words of arte,  
 As doth beseeme in such a waightie work,  
 But what my conscience and my dutie will,  
 I purpose to impart.

For Chesters exile, blame his busie wit,  
 That medled where his dutie quite forbade :  
 For any priuate causes that you haue,  
 Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,  
 As to depose a King in their reuenge.  
 For Arthurs death, King Iohn was innocent,  
 He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,  
 With you, to make a colour to your crime, iniustly do  
 impute to his default,  
 But where fell traytorisme hath residence,  
 There wants no words to set despight on worke.  
 I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,  
 To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,  
 Against a King annoynted by the Lord.  
 Why Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true,  
 Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,  
 And rob the heauens of their proper power,  
 Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.  
 And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride,  
 Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings ?  
 What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,  
 But such as giue to man, and takes from God ?  
 I speake it in the sight of God aboue,  
 Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,  
 But sels his soule perpetually to payne.  
 Ayd Lewis, leave God, kill Iohn, please hell,  
 Make havock of the welfare of your soules,  
 For heere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,  
 A troupe of traytors, foode for hellish feends ;  
 If you desist, then follow me as friends,  
 If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors.  
 For Lewis his right, alas tis too too lame,  
 A senslesse clayme, if truth be titles friend.  
 In brieffe, if this be cause of our resort,  
 Our Pilgrimage is to the Diuils Shrine.  
 I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doo,  
 Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause :

Please you returne, wee goe againe as friends,  
 If not, I too my King, and you where traytors please.  
 [Exit.]

*Per.* A hote yong man, and so my Lords proceed,  
 I let him go, and better lost than found.

*Penb.* What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,  
 Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,  
 That you wil to the death, be ayd to Lewis & enemy  
 to Iohn?  
 Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his  
 harts accord,  
 Well then, euery man to armes to meete the King,  
 Who is alreadie before London.

Enter Messenger.

*Penb.* What newes Harrold?

The right Christian Prince my Master, Lewis of  
 Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your honors,  
 directed hether by the right honorable Richard Earle  
 of Bigot, to conferre with your Honors.

*Penb.* How neere is his Highnesse?

*Mess.* Ready to enter your presence.

Enter *Lewis*, Earle *Bigot*, with his troupe.

*Lewes.* Faire Lords of England, Lewis salutes you  
 all  
 As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale  
 At whose request, from plenty flowing Fraunce,  
 Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,  
 He is in Person come at your commaunds,  
 To vndertake and gratifie withall,  
 The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him.  
 But worlds braue men, omitting promises,  
 Till time be minister of more amends,

I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.  
 The heauens dewing fauours on my head,  
 Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,  
 Brought me along your well manured bounds,  
 With small repulse, and little crosse of chaunce.  
 Your Citie Rochester, with great applause,  
 By some diuine instinct layd armes aside :  
 And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,  
 Eccho apace replide, *Viue la roy.*  
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade  
 To Troynouant, your fayre Metropolis,  
 With luck came Lewes, to shew his troupes of Fraunce,  
 Wauing our Ensignes with the dallying windes,  
 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre ;  
 Where after some assault, and small defence,  
 Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,  
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe  
 Within the compasse of their high built walles,  
 Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish.  
 Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes,  
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieffe :  
 And may I liue but to requite you all,  
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

*Salis.* Welcome the balme that closeth vp our  
 wounds,

The soueraigne medcine for our quick recure,  
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,  
 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,  
 Without the which, as sheep without their heard,  
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)  
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.  
 No meruaile then, though with vnwonted ioy,  
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

*Lewes.* Thanks to you all of this religious league,  
 A holy knot of Catholique consent.  
 I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,  
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue :  
 Lord Bigot brought me to S. Edmonds shrine,  
 Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,  
 That this assembly came deuoted heere,  
 To sweare according as your packets showd,  
 Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,  
 I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills,  
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,  
 The townes haue yeelded on their owne accords :  
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,  
 My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare  
 Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,  
 And after march, to end our commings cause.

*Sals.* That we intend no other than good truth,  
 All that are present of this holy League,  
 For confirmation of our better trust,  
 In presence of his Highnes, sweare with me,  
 The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere.

I Thomas Plantaginet, Earle of Salisbury, sweare  
 vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints,  
 homage and alleageance to the right Christian Prince  
 Lewes of France, as true and rightfull King to Eng-  
 land, Cornwall, & Wales, and to their Territories : in  
 the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altars sweare  
 all forwardnes. [All the Eng. Lords sweare.

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we  
 all.

*Lewes.* I rest assured on your holy oath.  
 And on this Altar in like sort I sweare  
 Loue to you all, and Princely recompence  
 To guerdon your good wills vnto the full.  
 And since I am at this religious Shrine,  
 My good welwillers giue us leaue awhile,  
 To vse some orisons our selues apart,  
 To all the holy companie of heauen,  
 That they will smile vpon our purposes,  
 And bring them to a fortunate event.



*Sals.* We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.  
 [Exeunt Lords of England.]

*Lewes.* Now Uicount Meloun, what remains behinde?

Trust me these traitors to their Soueraigne State,  
 Are not to be beleeu'd in any sort.

*Meloun.* Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oths,

And play the Rebels gainst their natiue King,  
 Will for as little cause reuolt from you,  
 If euer opportunitie incite them so :  
 For once forsworne, and neuer after found,  
 Theres no affiance after periury.

*Lewes.* Well Meloun, well, lets smooth with them awhile,

Untill we haue as much as they can doo :  
 And when their vertue is exhauled drie,  
 Il hang them for the guerdon of their help :  
 Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson,  
 To vndertake the issue of our hope.

*Fr. Lord.* Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes  
 With merry smiles, and promise of much waight :  
 But when your Highnes needeth them no more,  
 Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede  
 They prooue to you as to their naturall King.

*Meloun.* Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduis'de,

Venyme for vse, but neuer for a sport  
 Is to be dallyed with, least it infect.  
 Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall :  
 Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

*Lewes.* That so I meane, I swear before you all  
 On this same altar, and by heauens power,  
 Theres not an English traytor of them all,  
 Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King,  
 Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,  
 But I will crop it for their guiltes desert :

Nor shall their heires inioy their Signories,  
 But perish by their parents fowle amisse.  
 This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,  
 If ere I come vnto the height I hope.  
 Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.  
 [The French Lords swear.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,  
 A smile of France will feed an English foole.  
 Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be :  
 But in the hart like traitors as they are.

Enter the *English* Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,  
 Haue we solicited with heartie prayer  
 The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.  
 Leaue we this place, and march we with our power  
 To rowse the Tyrant from his chiefest hold :  
 And when our labours haue a prosperous end,  
 Each man shall reape the fruite of his desert.  
 And so resolute, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter K. *John*, *Bastard*, *Pandulph*, and a many  
 Priests with them.

Thus *John*, thou art absolude from all thy sinnes,  
 And freed by order from our Fathers curse.  
 Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,  
 That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,  
 And carry armes in right of holy Rome.

*John*. I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,  
 And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne.

*Phil*. A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to  
 Friers,  
 Neede hath no law, when Frier must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce,  
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land  
Are marching hetherward in good aray.  
Where ere they set their foote, all places yeeld :  
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out  
But Dover Castle, which is hard besiegd.

*Pand.* Feare not king Iohn, thy kingdome is y<sup>e</sup>  
Popes,  
And they shall know his Holines hath power,  
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter *Lewes, Melun, Salisbury, Essex, Pembroke*, and all the Nobles from *Fraunce and England*.

*Lewes.* Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,  
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,  
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.  
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,  
Thus to conuerse with Iohn that is accurst.

*Pand.* Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,  
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear ;  
Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,  
Shall be remunerated to the full :  
But know my Lord, K. Iohn is now absolude,  
The Pope is pleasede, the Land is blest agen,  
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.  
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,  
And quietly returne to Fraunce againe :  
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo.

*Lewes.* But al's not done that Lewes came to do.  
Why Pandulph, hath K. Philip sent his sonne  
And been at such excessiue charge in warres,  
To be dismist with words? king Iohn shall know,  
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

*Pand.* Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices  
Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,  
That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,  
And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes  
That thou hast tane in England by the sword.

*Melun.* Lord Cardinall by Lewes princely leaue,  
It can be nought but vsurpation  
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,  
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,  
Now with a word to make them carie armes,  
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.  
This must not be : Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,  
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full.

*Bast.* My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince  
To England and the Crowne of Albion,  
But such a title as the Pope confirmde :  
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime :  
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,  
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast :  
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,  
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land  
Will leave the French, and cleaue vnto our King.  
For shame yee Peeres of England suffer not  
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall :  
But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,  
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

*Salis.* Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,  
And we will follow him vnto the death.

*Pand.* Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,  
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,  
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres  
As traytors to the King and to the Pope.

*Lewes.* Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues  
agen :

Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King.

[Exeunt.

*Iohn.* Accursed Iohn, the Diuell owes thee shame,

Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one.  
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce :  
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

*Pand.* Comfort thy selfe K. Iohn, the Cardnall  
goes  
Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes.

[Exit.  
*Bast.* Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,  
Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest  
To answeere Lewes with a lustie shocke :  
The English archers haue their quiuers full,  
Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push :  
God cheere my Lord, K. Richards fortune hangs  
Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme.  
Then let them know his brother and his sonne  
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

*Iohn.* Philip, I know not how to answer thee :  
But let vs hence, to answeere Lewes pride.

Excursions. Enter *Meloun* with English Lords.

*Mel.* O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembroke,  
My soule is charged, heare me : for what I say  
Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.  
Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mourning tale  
To be deliuered by a man of death.  
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars  
Are harbingers from natures common foe,  
Cyting this trunk to Tellus prison house ?  
Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower :  
And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,  
Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule.  
O Peeres of England, know you what you doo ?  
There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,  
The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,  
And simply you runne doating to your deaths.  
But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,  
With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,

This I auerre, if Lewes win the day,  
 There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand  
 Against King Iohn to plant the heire of Fraunce,  
 But is already damnd to cruell death.  
 I heard it vowd ; my selfe amongst the rest  
 Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict.  
 Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,  
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,  
 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt :  
 The other on a naturall instinct,  
 For that my Grandsire was an Englishman.  
 Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,  
 No frenzie, nor no brainsick idle fit,  
 But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,  
 Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,  
 That nothing is discoverd but a truth.  
 Tis time to flie, submit your selues to Iohn,  
 The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death,  
 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,  
 Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.  
 Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,  
 Your seate, your nurse, your birth days breathing  
     place,  
 That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.  
 Ah ! be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,  
 Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe.  
 My soule hath said, contritions penitence  
 Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.  
 Farewell my Lords ; witnes my faith when we are met  
     in heauen,  
 And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere.  
 My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell.  
*Sals.* Now ioy betide thy soule wel-meaning man,  
 How now my Lords, what cooling card is this ?  
 A greater grieffe growes now than earst hath been.  
 What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye ?  
 Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

*Pemb.* My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes :  
 What haue we done? fie Lords, what frenzie moued  
 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce?  
 If we perseuer, we are sure to dye :  
 If we desist, small hope againe of life.

*Sals.* Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,  
 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,  
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,  
 As women wont : but seeke our harmes redresse.  
 As for my selfe, I will in haste be gon :  
 And kneele for pardon to our Souereign Iohn.

*Pemb.* I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,  
 Than to the French that would confound vs all.

[Exeunt.

Enter king *John* carried betweene 2 Lords.

*Iohn.* Set downe, set downe the load not woorth  
 your pain,  
 For done I am with deadly wounding grieffe :  
 Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,  
 The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it :  
 It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.  
 Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?  
 But to a few; a few will pitie me.  
 Why dye I not? Death scornes so vilde a pray.  
 Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.  
 I sue to both to be retaynd of either,  
 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.  
 Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,  
 Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

*Phil.* How fares my Lord, that he is caryed thus?  
 Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,  
 Made such impression of lament in me.  
 Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart  
 With any obiect mouing more remorse,  
 Than now beholding of a mighty King,  
 Borne by his Lords in such distressed state.

*John.* What news with thee? If bad, report it  
straite :

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

*Phil.* Such as it is, and heauy though it be,  
To glut the world with tragick elegies,  
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,  
Another moane to make the measure full.  
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth  
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side,  
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,  
That Iohn had fled, the King had left the field.  
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,  
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,  
Than ignominious scandall by retyre.  
I cheerd the troupes, as did the prince of Troy  
His weery followers gainst the Mermidons,  
Crying alowde, S. George, the day is ours.  
But feare had captiuated courage quite,  
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,  
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld.  
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,  
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.  
By this time night had shadowed all the earth.  
With sable curteines of the blackest hue,  
And fenct vs from the fury of the French,  
As Io from the iealous Iunoes eye,  
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,  
Passing the washes with our carriages,  
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,  
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,  
And swallowed up the most of all our men,  
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well paced,  
Out stript the flouds that followed waue by waue,  
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

*John.* Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe  
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.  
Was euer any so infortunate,



The right Idea of a curssed man,  
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,  
 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?  
 How farre to Sminsteed, tell me, do you know?  
 Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.  
 My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,  
 I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leaue me.

*Phil.* Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,  
 Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meete you.

Enter the Abbot and certayne Monkes.

*Abb.* All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord  
 the King.

*John.* Nor health nor happines hath Iohn at all.  
 Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

*Abb.* Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,  
 Your maiestie shal be assured of.

*Phil.* The King thou seest is weake and very faint,  
 What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

*Abb.* Good store my Lord, of that you neede not  
 feare,

For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds  
 Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

*John.* Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,  
 Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,  
 As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,  
 If any plot of ground do passe another,  
 The Friers fasten on it streight:  
 But let vs in to taste of their repast,  
 It goes against my heart to feed with them,  
 Or be beholden to such Abbey groomes. [Exeunt.

*Manet* the Monk.

*Monk.* Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?  
 Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?  
 Is this the man that robd the holy Church?  
 And yet will flye vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeyes lands?  
 Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,  
 And yet will flie vnto a Friorie?  
 Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers,  
 Monks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,  
 If wicked Iohn escape aliuie away.  
 Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,  
 And be canonized for a holy Saint:  
 To please the world with a deseruing worke,  
 Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,  
 And murder him that seeks to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

*Abb.* Why are not you within to cheere the King?  
 He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

*Monk.* What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

*Abb.* What, at thy Mumpsimus? away,  
 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

*Monk.* Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,  
 And with a mallet knock him on the head.

*Abb.* Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me?  
 Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place.

*Monk.* Ile poyson him, and it shall neere be knowne,  
 And then shall I be chiefest of my house.

*Abb.* If I were dead indeed he is the next.  
 But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,  
 And in his madnesse he will murder me.

*Monk.* My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you  
 not.

*Abb.* Alas good Thomas, do not murther me, and  
 thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

*Monk.* I murther you! God sheeld from such a  
 thought.

*Abb.* If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

*Monk.* I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord:  
 but if you please,  
 I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.

*Abb.* Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on.

*Monk.* You know, my Lord, the King is in our house.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* You know likewise the King abhors a Frier.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.

*Abb.* Thou saist true.

*Monk.* Then the King is our enemy.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kil the King.

*Abb.* O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

*Monk.* Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,

Ile free my Country and the Church from foes,  
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

*Abb.* Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art resolu'd,

I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes,

For why the deede is meritorious.

Forward, and feare not man for euery month,

Our Friers shall sing a Masse for Thomas soule.

*Monk.* God and S. Francis prosper my attempt,  
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. [Exeunt.

Enter Lewes and his armie.

*Lewes.* Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,

Followes the fortune of young Lodowike,

The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,

Only two crosses of contrary change

Do nip my heart, and vexe me with vnrest.

Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,  
 A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.  
 The other grieffe, I thats a gall indeede  
 To thinke that Douer Castile should hold out  
 Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.  
 Yee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne,  
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant Iohn,  
 The better halfe of England is our owne :  
 And towards the conquest of the other part,  
 We haue the face of all the English lords,  
 What then remains but ouerrunne the land ?  
 Be resolute my warlike followers,  
 And if good fortune serue as she begins,  
 The poorest pesant of the realme of Fraunce  
 Shall be a maister ore an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

*Lewes.* Fellow, what newes ?

*Mess.* Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salsbury,  
 Penbroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the  
 Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodeine fled  
 with all their powers, to ioyne with Iohn to drive thee  
 back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

*Mess.* Lewes my Lord, why standst thou in a maze ?  
 Gather thy troups, hope not of help from Fraunce,  
 For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,  
 Conteyning twenty thousand souldiers,  
 With victuall and munition for the warre,  
 Putting them from Callis in vnluckie time,  
 Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands,  
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

*Lewes.* More newes ? say on.

*Mess.* Iohn (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,  
 As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea,  
 So he and his enuironed with the tyde,  
 On Lincolne washes all were ouerwhelmed,  
 The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

*Lewes.* Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

*Mess.* Yet Lodowike reuiue thy dying heart,  
 King Iohn and all his forces are consumde.  
 The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,  
 The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauies wracke,  
 And follow tymes aduantage with successe.

*Lewes.* Braue Frenchmen armde with magnanimitie,  
 March after Lewes, who will leade you on  
 To chase the Barons power that wants a head,  
 For Iohn is drownd, and I am Englands King.  
 Though our munition and our men be lost,  
 Philip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplyes.

[Exeunt.]

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

*Frier.* Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,  
 Would a might eate his last for the loue hee bears to  
 Churchmen.

*Frier.* I am of thy minde too, and so it should be  
 and we might be our owne caruers.  
 I meruaile why they dine here in the Orchard.

*Frier.* I know not, nor I care not. The King coms.

*Iohn.* Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

*Abb.* Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

*Iohn.* Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury,  
 all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie  
 keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe,  
 Philip.

*Bast.* My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to  
 y<sup>e</sup> prouerb, honors change manners: a King is a  
 King, though Fortune do her worst, & we as dutifull

in despite of her frowne, as if your highnesse were now in the highest type of dignitie.

*John.* Come, no more ado, and you will tell me much of dignitie, youle mar my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

*Abb.* No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiestie.

*Bast.* I thinke, rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powtches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

*Abb.* Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are hartily welcome to me.

*Monk.* Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinsted.

*John.* Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

*Monk.* As much helth to your Highnes as to my own hart.

*John.* I pledge thee kinde Monke.

*Monk.* The meriest draught y<sup>t</sup> euer was dronk in England.

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

*John.* Not a whit, all friendes and fellowes for a time.

*Monk.* If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any prooffe : why so it workes.

*John.* Stay Philip, wheres the Monke?

*Bast.* He is dead my Lord.

*John.* Then drinke not Philip for a world of wealth.

*Bast.* What cheere my liege? your cullor begins to change.

*John.* So doth my life : O Philip, I am poysond.  
The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage,  
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

*Bast.* This Abbot hath an interest in this act.  
At all aduentures take thou that from me.  
There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuill.  
March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.  
How fares my Lord ?

*John.* Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,  
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,  
That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote.  
To burne the holy tree in Babylon,  
Power after power forsake their proper power,  
Only the hart impugnes with faint resist  
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,  
Help God, O payne ! dye Iohn, O plague  
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes.  
Philip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,  
My leggs disdain the carriage of a King.

*Bast.* A good my Liege, with patience conquer  
griefe,  
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

*John.* Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne,  
Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,  
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.  
Me thinkes the Diuill whispers in mine eares,  
And tels me, tis in vayne to hope for grace,  
I must be damned for Arthurs sodaine death,  
I see I see a thousand thousand men  
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,  
And there is none so mercifull a God  
That will forgiue the number of my sinnes.  
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse ?  
What haue I loud, but wracke of others weale ?  
Where haue I vowd, and not infring'd mine oath ?  
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well ?  
How what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,

That tended not to some notorious ill?  
 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,  
 Craues little pittie for so strange a death,  
 Or, who will say that Iohn deceasd too sonne?  
 Who will not say, he rather liud too long?  
 Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,  
 And shame attendeth Iohn vnto his death.  
 Why did I scape the fury of the French,  
 And dyde not by the temper of their swords?  
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,  
 Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

*Bast.* Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,  
 And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

*Iohn.* My tongue doth falter: Philip, I tell thee  
 man:

Since Iohn did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,  
 Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth:  
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.  
 Bnt in the spirit I cry vnto my God,  
 As did the Kingly Prophet Dauid cry,  
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)  
 I am not he shall build the Lord a house,  
 Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth:  
 But if my dying heart deceiue me not,  
 From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch  
 Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,  
 And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets  
 pride,

That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon.  
 Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame  
 Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,  
 And in the faith of Iesu Iohn doth dye.

*Bast.* See how he striues for life, vnhappy Lord,  
 Whose bowels are diuided in themselues.  
 'This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings  
 Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and  
 Friers.



Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,  
Which all this while bare armes against the King,  
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,  
Together with the Prince his highnes Sonne,  
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

*Bast.* Your Sonne, my Lord, yong Henry craves to  
see

Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside  
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.  
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,  
His speech doth faile : lift vp your selfe my Lord,  
And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers  
in their hands.

*Prince.* O let me see my Father ere he dye :  
O Uncle, were you here, and sufferd him  
To be thus poysned by a damned Monke ?  
Ah, he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake.

*Bast.* His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

*Pan.* Lords, giue me leaue to joy the dying King,  
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here  
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp  
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.  
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,  
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

*Salis.* We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,  
And vow to fight for England and her King :  
And in the sight of Iohn our soueraigne Lord,  
In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce,  
Who hetherward are marching in all hast,  
We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.

*Hen.* Help, help, he dyes ; ah Father ! looke on  
mee.

*Legat.* K. Iohn, farewell : in token of thy faith,

And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,  
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here,  
Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauour Christ.  
Now ioy betide thy soule : what noyse is this ?

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward  
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,  
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,  
Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.

*Bast.* Lets arme our selues in yong K. Henries  
right,  
And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe.

*Legat.* Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,  
And bring him face to face to parl with you.

*Bast.* Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with  
me,  
So shall we bring these troubles to an ende.

*King.* Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,  
Let not a stone of Swinsted Abbey stand,  
But pull the house about the Friers eares :  
For they haue killde my Father and my King.

[*Exeunt.*

A parle sounded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c.*

*Pan.* Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry Englands  
King

Requires to know the reason of the claime  
That thou canst make to any thing of his.  
King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,  
See where his breathles trunk in presence lyes,  
And he as heire apparant to the crowne  
Is now succeeded to his Fathers roome.

*Hen.* Lewes, what law of Armes doth lead thee  
thus,  
To keepe possession of my lawfull right ?

Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,  
 And make surrender of my right againe,  
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword :  
 I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not,  
 For now the Barons cleave vnto their King,  
 And what thou hast in England they did get.

*Lewes.* Henry of England, now that Iohn is dead,  
 That was the chiefest enemy to Fraunce,  
 I may the rather be inducde to peace.  
 But Salisbury, and you Barons of the Realme,  
 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath  
 That you on Bury Altare lately sware.

*Sals.* Nor did the oath your Highnes there did take  
 Agree with honour of the Prince of Fraunce.

*Bast.* My Lord, what answere make you to the  
 King?

*Dol.* Faith Philip this I say : it bootes not me,  
 Nor any Prince nor power of Christendome,  
 To seeke to win this Island Albion,  
 Vnlesse he haue a partie in the Realme  
 By treason for to help him in his warres.  
 The Peeres which were the partie on my side,  
 Are fled from me : then bootes not me to fight,  
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,  
 I am contented to depart the realme.

*Hen.* On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

*Lewes.* That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

*Bast.* Then Kings & Princes, let these broils haue  
 end,

And at more leasure talke vpon the Léague.  
 Meanwhile to Worster let vs beare the King,  
 And there interre his bodie, as beseemes.  
 But first, in sight of Lewes, heire of Fraunce,  
 Lords take the crowne and set it on his head,  
 That by succession is our lawfull King.

They crown yong *Henry*.

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Raigne,  
 And bloody warres are closde with happie league.  
 Let England liue but true within it selfe,  
 And all the world can neuer wrong her State.  
 Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,  
 For neuer Frenchman got of English ground  
 The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.  
 Dolphin, thy hand ; to Worster we will march :  
 Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne  
 With obsequies of honor to his graue :  
 If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,  
 Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them  
 wrong.

FINIS.

KING HENRY V.

EDITION.

*The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth: Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt: As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players.* London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598. 4°. Black letter.

THERE was a second edition in 1617; and the drama was licensed in 1594. The Malone copy of 1598 here reprinted is, however, the earliest impression known, as well as the only copy of that impression which has yet been found.

The second 4° was included in "Six Old Plays," 1779.



*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,  
Containing the Honorable Battell of Agin-  
court.*

—o—

*Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

*Henry V.* COME away Ned and Tom.

*Both.* Here my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Come away my Lads :

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

*Ned.* Faith my Lord, I haue got fise hundred pound.

*Hen. V.* But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?

*Tom.* Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

*Hen. V.* Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers Receuers?

*Ned.* Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

*Hen. V.* Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

*Tom.* My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

*Hen. V.* But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle Comes not away : Sounds see where he comes.

*Enters Iockey.*

How now Iockey, what newes with thée?

*Iockey.* Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,  
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,  
With hue and crie after your man,  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

*Hen. V.* Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie  
Out our booties.

*Iock.* I my Lord, euen the very same.

*Hen. V.* Now baseminded rascal to rob a poore  
carrier,  
Wel it skills not, ile saue the base vilaines life :  
I, I may: but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the  
Receiuers?

*Iock.* Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a  
foote,  
So we may escape them.

*Hen. V.* Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone  
with them.  
But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the  
knaues?  
For I am sure I got something, for one of the  
vilaines  
So belamd me about the shoulders,  
As I shal féele it this moneth.

*Iock.* Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred  
pound.

*Hen. V.* A hundred pound, now bravely spoken  
Iockey:

But come sirs, laie al your money before me,  
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe :  
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe  
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,  
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.



*Enters two Receiuers.*

*One.* Alas good fellow, what shal we do?

I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd.

But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo?

*Hen. V.* How now you vilaines, what are you?

*One Recci.* Speake you to him.

*Other.* No I pray, speake you to him.

*Hen. V.* Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

*One.* Forsooth we be. Pray speake you to him.

*Hen. V.* Sowns, vilains speak, or il cut off your heads.

*Other.* Forsooth he can tel the tale better than I.

*One.* Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

*Hen. V.* Are you my fathers Receiuers?

Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

*One.* Money, Alas sir wee be robd.

*Hen. V.* Robd, how many were there of them?

*One.* Marry sir, there were foure of them :

And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,  
And your blacke Nag.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?  
Blood you vilaines : my father robd of his money  
abroad,

And we robd in our stables.

But tell me, how many were there<sup>1</sup> of them?

*One Recci.* If it please you, there were foure of them,  
And there was one about the bignesse of you :  
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,  
That he wil feele it this month.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds you lamd them fairerly,  
So that they haue carried away your money.  
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

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<sup>1</sup> [This word is omitted in first 4<sup>o</sup>.]

*Both Recci.* I beséech your grace, be good to vs.

*Ned.* I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.  
Well stand vp and get you gone,  
And looke that you speake not a word of it,  
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.  
[*Exit Purseuant.*]

*Hen. V.* Now sirs, how like you this?  
Was not this brauely done?  
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,  
I haue so feared them with words.  
Now whither shall we goe?

*All.* Why my Lord, you know our old hostes at  
Feuersham.

*Hen. V.* Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal  
we do there?  
We haue a thousand pound about vs,  
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.  
No, no: you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,  
There is good wine: besides, there is a prettie wench  
'That can talke well, for I delight as much in their  
tongies,  
As any part about them.

*All.* We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogither,  
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King  
My father were dead, we would be all Kings,  
Therefore come away.

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

*Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence  
Costermonger.*

*John Cob.* All is well here, all is well maisters.

*Law.* How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?  
I thinke it best that my neighbour  
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,  
And we will watch here at Billinsgate ward.  
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?

*Rob.* Marry well neighbours :  
 I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.  
 But neighbors, and you heare any adoe about me,  
 Make haste : and if I heare any adoe about you,  
 I will come to you. *Exit Robin.*

*Law.* Neighbor, what newes heare you of y<sup>e</sup> young  
 Prince :

*John.* Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward  
 yoong Prince,  
 For if he met any by the hie way,  
 He will not let to talke with him,  
 I dare not call him théefe, but sure he is one of these  
 taking fellowes.

*Law.* Indéed neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely  
 A young Prince as euer was.

*John.* I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,  
 His father will cut him off from the Crowne :  
 But neighbour say nothing of that.

*Law.* No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

*John.* Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sléepe,  
 If you will, we will sit down,  
 For I thinke it is about midnight.

*Law.* Marry content neighbour, let vs sléepe.

*Enter Dericke rouing.*

*Der.* Who, who there, who there ? *Exit Dericke.*

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* O neighbours, what meane you to sléepe,  
 And such ado in the stréetes ?

*Ambo.* How now neighbor, whats the matter ?

*Enter Dericke againe.*

*Der.* Who there, who there, who there ?

*Cob.* Why, what ailst thou ? here is no horses.

*Der.* O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there ?

*Rob.* Hold him neighbor Cobler.

*Cob.* Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

*Der.* Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,  
Do Clownes goe in silke apparell?  
I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant  
goe so

Well: sownes you know clownes very well:  
Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be  
speake?

For I will not take it at his hands.

*John.* Faith I am maister Constable,  
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

*Der.* Is not maister Constable here?  
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

*John.* Nay I pray you do not take the law of  
vs.

*Der.* Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

*John.* I am one of his bad officers.

*Der.* Why then I charge thee looke to him.

*Cob.* Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an  
honest

Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:  
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,  
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

*Der.* First, thou saiest true, I am an honest  
fellow,  
And a proper handsome fellow too,  
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not  
greatly,

Nay, I am quickly pacified:  
But and you chance to spie the theefe,  
I pray you laie hold on him.

*Rob.* Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

*Der.* Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the  
knaue

Is, now I haue forgiuen him.

*John.* Neighbors, do ye looke about you?  
How now, who's there?

*Enter the Theefe.*

*Theefe.* Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the

Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

*Der.* Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

*Theefe.* I know thee for an Asse.

*Der.* And I know thee for a taking fellow,

Vpon Gads Hill in Kent :

A bots light vpon ye.

*Theefe.* The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

*Der.* Maisters, vilaine, and ye men stand to him, And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

*John.* My friend, what make you abroad now?

It is too late to walke now.

*Theefe.* It is not too late for true men to walke.

*Law.* We know thee not to be a true man.

*Theefe.* Why what do you meane to do with me?

Sownes I am one of the kings liege people.

*Der.* Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

*Theefe.* I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

*Der.* Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching people.

*Cob.* Come, come, lets haue him away.

*Theefe.* Why what haue I done?

*Rob.* Thou hast robd a poore fellow, And taken away his goods from him,

*Theefe.* I neuer sawe him before.

*Der.* Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.*

*Boy.* How now good man Cobler?

*Cob.* How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad At this time of night?

*Boy.* Marrie I haue béene at the Counter,

I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

*Cob.* What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

*Boy.* Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and thrée or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntil such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

*Cob.* Here is newes indéede *Robert*.

*Law.* Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indéede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first.

*Theefe.* What meane you to do with me?

*Cob.* We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day.

*Theefe.* Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

*Cob.* Nay thou must go to y<sup>e</sup> country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

*Theefe.* I prethie be good to me honest fellow.

*Der.* I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thée, For I wil neuer leaue thée, til I see thée on the Gallowes.

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter  
and the Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your Maiestie, héere is my Lord Maior, and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.

*K. Hen. IV.* Admit them to our presence.

*Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.*

Now my good Lord Maior of London,  
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leauē and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

*Maior.* May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leauē to tell our tale?

*K. Hen. IV.* Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vneqall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

*Maior.* Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

*K. Hen. IV.* Go too, say on.

*Maior.* Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the stréete they went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an

houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staid them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects thereabouts : and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell : and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safeguard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beséeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answeare.

*Hen. IV.* Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answeare. [*Exit Maior.*

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,  
That hath gotten a sonne, which with gréeffe  
Will end his fathers dayes.

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in déed,  
And to deserue imprisonment,  
And well haue they done, and like faithfull sub-  
iects :

Discharge them and let them go.

*L. Exe.* I beséech your Grace, be good to my Lord  
the yong Prince.

*Hen. IV.* Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

*L. Oxf.* Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe  
haue bene too precise in this matter.

*Hen. IV.* No : they haue done like faithfull sub-  
iects :

I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler,  
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.*

*Iudge.* Iayler bring the prisoner to the barre.



*Der.* Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

*Judge.* Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

*Theefe.* Here it is my Lord.

*Judge.* Clearke of the office, reade his inditement.

*Clearke.* What is thy name?

*Theefe.* My name was knowne before I came here.

And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

*Judge.* I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go.

*Der.* Sownes and you do but send to the next Iaile, We are sure to know his name, For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

*Clearke.* What is thy name?

*Theefe.* What néed you to aske, and haue it in writing.

*Clearke.* Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

*Theefe.* What the Diuell néed you to ask, and know it so well.

*Clearke.* Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thée by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourtéen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

*Der.* Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hée hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Bess with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that gréeues me most.

*Judge.* Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

*Theefe.* Not guiltie, my Lord.

*Judge.* By whom wilt thou be tride?

*Theefe.* By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will.

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. V.* Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you héere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

*Theefe.* Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

*Hen. V.* Haue they bound thée villain, why how now my Lord.

*Judge.* I am glad to sée your Grace in good health.

*Hen. V.* Why, my Lord, this is my man, Tis maruell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands.

*Theefe.* I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

*Judge.* Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

*Hen. V.* Why my Lord, what hath he done?

*Judge.* And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

*Der.* Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hobblings man of Kent.

*Hen. V.* What wast thou batten-breech? Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest.

*Der.* Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

*Hen. V.* Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

*Judge.* And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice then he must be executed.

*Der.* Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

*Hen. V.* Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

*Judge.* And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike you meane to hang my man?

*Judge.* I am sorie that it falles out so.

*Hen. V.* Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

*Judge.* And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne.

*Hen. V.* You say true my Lord :  
And you will hang my man.

*Judge.* And like your grace, I must néeds do iustice.

*Hen. V.* Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

*Judge.* I cannot my Lord.

*Hen. V.* But will you not let him go?

*Judge.* I am sorie that his case is so ill.

*Hen. V.* Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man?

*Judge.* I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

*Judge.* No.

*Hen. V.* No : then I will haue him.

*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.*

*Ned.* Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

*Hen. V.* No, I charge you draw not your swords,  
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians,  
Away, be gone. [*Exeunt the Theefe.*]

*Judge.* Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

*Hen. V.* Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

*Judge.* Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

*Hen. V.* You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Judge.* Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place I doo represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill wee haue spoken with your father.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fléete?

*Judge.* I indéed, and therefore carry him away.

*Exeunt Henry V. with the Officers.*

*Judge.* Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntil the next Sises.

*Iayler.* At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

*Enter Dericke and John Cobler.*

*Der.* Sownds maisters, heres adoo,  
When Princes must go to prison:  
Why Iohn, didst euer see the like?

*Iohn.* O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like.

*Der.* Why Iohn thou maist see what princes be in choller,

A Iudge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thee Iohn, O Iohn, I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

*Iohn.* No nor I, there had bene no way but one for vs,

We should haue been hangde.

*Der.* Faith Iohn, Ile tel thee what, thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire, And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a box on the eare,

And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatives meane, I commit you to the Fléete.

*John.* Come on, Ile be your Iudge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

*Der.* No, no.

*John.* What hath he done?

*Der.* Marry he hath robd Dericke.

*John.* Why then I cannot let him goe.

*Der.* I must néeds haue my man.

*John.* You shall not haue him.

*Der.* Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare :

How say you, shall I not haue my man ?

*John.* No marry shall you not.

*Der.* Shall I not Iohn ?

*John.* No Dericke.

*Der.* Why then take you that till more come,  
Sownes, shall I not haue him ?

*John.* Well I am content to take this at your hand,  
But I pray you who am I ?

*Der.* Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy selfe ?

*John.* No.

*Der.* Now away simple fellow,  
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

*John.* No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, Masse thou saist true, thou art indéed.

*John.* Why then to teach you what prerogatives mean I commit you to the Fléete.

*Der.* Wel I wil go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,  
Ile course you. *Exit. And straight enters again.*

Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chaire, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thée a box on the eare, and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday Clownes.

*John.* But I maruell what will become of thée ?

*Der.* Faith, ile be no more a Carrier.

*John.* What wilt thou doo then?

*Der.* Ile dwell with thée and be a Cobler.

*John.* With me, alasse, I am not able to kéepe thée, Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great pièces of béefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Wood-cocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such little thing serues me.

*John.* A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

*Der.* Rootes, why are you so good at rooting? Nay Cobler, wéele haue you ringde.

*John.* But Dericke, though we be so poore, Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire, With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale, Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.

*Der.* A bots on you, and be but for your Ale, Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the yong Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. V.* Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned, Didst thou not sée what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord chiefe Iustice.

*Tom.* By gogs blood it did me good to sée it, It made his téeth iarre in his head.

*Enter sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

*Hen. V.* How now sir Iohn Old-Castle? What newes with you?

*Ioh. Old.* I am glad to sée your grace at libertie, I was come I, to visit you in prison.

*Hen. V.* To visit me, didst thou not know that I

cf Hen IV  
p 11, 2  
ms. p 99, 140

am a Princes son, why tis enough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuell and all : but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.

*Ioh. Old.* Héé is a good olde man, God take him to his mercy the sooner.

*Hen. V.* But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Iustice out of office. And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Ned.* Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?

By gogs wounds Ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice That euer was in England.

*Hen. V.* Then Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into Fence Schooles, and I will endue thée with them, with landes to maintaine them withall : then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses, and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that wil stand by the highway side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me, and I will giue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

*Ioh.* Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery world til the old king be dead.

*Ned.* But whither are ye going now?

*Hen. V.* To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie sicke.

*Tom.* But I doubt he wil not die.

*Hen. V.* Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

*Iock.* Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so ful of néedles?

*Hen. V.* Cloake, ilat-holes, néedles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I wil weare it.

*Tom.* I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

*Hen. V.* Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

*Iock.* Or that euery néedle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings.

*Hen. V.* Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yoong Prince will bee a well toward yoong man and all this geare, that I had as leeué they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must néeds speake with my father, therfore come away.

*Por.* What a rapping kéepe you at the Kings Courte gate?

*Hen. V.* Heres one that must speake with the King.

*Por.* The King is verie sicke, and none must speak with him.

*Hen. V.* No you rascall, do you not know me?

*Por.* You are my lord the yong Prince.

*Hen. V.* Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

*Ned.* Shall I cut off his head?

*Hen. V.* No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my father's Court.

*Ned.* I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes, Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*

*Hen. IV.* And is it true my Lord, that my sonne



is already sent to the Fléete? Now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue séene this noble Realme of England flourish by thée my soone, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie.

*He wepeth.*

*Enters Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,

That commeth to speake with you,  
He saith, he must and wil speake with you,

*Hen. IV.* Who my sonne Harry?

*Oxf.* I and please your Maiestie.

*Hen. IV.* I know wherefore he commeth,  
But looke that none come with him.

*Oxf.* A verie disordered companie, and such as  
make

Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house.

*Hen. IV.* Well let him come,  
But looke that none come with him.

*He goeth.*

*Oxf.* And please your grace,  
My lord the King, sends for you.

*Hen. V.* Come away sirs, lets go all together.

*Oxf.* And please your grace, none must go with  
you.

*Hen. V.* Why, I must néeds have them with me,  
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,  
Therefore come away.

*Oxf.* The King your father commaunds.  
There should none come.

*Hen.* Well sirs then be gone,  
And prouide me thrée Noyse of Musitians.

*Exeunt knights.*

*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.*

*Hen. IV.* Come my sonne, come on a God's name,  
I know wherefore thy comming is,  
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde  
and

Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so mani-  
festly :

Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
Wil end thy fathers dayes.

*He weepes.*

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the  
presence of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I  
tel thee my sonne, that there is neuer a needle in thy  
cloke, but it is a prick to my heart, & neuer an ilat-  
hole, but it is a hole to my soule ; and wherefore  
thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,  
but by coniecture.

*He weepes.*

*Hen. V.* My conscience accuseth me, most soue-  
raign Lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to  
the last point, That is, whereas you coniecture that  
this hand and this dagger shall be arme against your  
life : no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts  
of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for  
so good a father : but farre be the thoughts of any  
such pretended mischiefe : and I most humbly render  
it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and  
soueraigne for euer : and with your dagger arme show  
like vengeance vpon the bodie of your sonne, I was  
about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that  
your wilde slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for,  
sweet father, because I am vnworthie, and those wilde  
& reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish  
their company for euer. Pardon sweete father,  
pardon : the least thing and most desire : and this  
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and  
sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mis-

chiefe: Pardon me, swéet father, pardō me: good my Lord of Exeter, speak for me: pardon me, pardō good father, not a word: ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry. But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil lay me downe and die.

*Exit.*

*Hen. IV.* Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

*Hen. V.* And doth my father call me againe? now Harry,

Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

*Hen. IV.* Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father,

But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee,

And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

*Hen. V.* Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day,

Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

*Hen. IV.* Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dericke.*

*Der.* Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson stinking whore,

Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

*Enter Iohn Cobler running.*

*Iohn.* Derick, D. D. Hearesta,

Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,

Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?

*Der.* Shées an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn.

*Iohn.* Why what hath she done?

*Der.* Marry marke thou Iohn,  
I wil proue it that I wil.

*Iohn.* What wilt thou proue?

*Der.* That she cald me in to dinner.  
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,  
She brought me a dish of rootes, and a péeece of barrel  
butter therin : and she is a verie knaue,  
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

*Iohn.* Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?  
Nay, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe,  
And all shall be amended.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

*Iohn.* I, all is wel.

*Der.* Then ile go home before, and breake all the  
glass windowes.

*Enter the King with his Lords.*

*Hen. IV.* Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not  
to take any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world  
cannot cure me, no not one. But good my Lords,  
remember my last wil and Testament concerning my  
sonne, for trully my Lordes, I doo not thinke but he  
wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer  
raigned in England.

*Both.* Let heauen and earth be witnesse betwéene  
us, if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

*Hen. IV.* I giue you most vnfaigned thanks, good  
my lords,

Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléepe.

*He sleepeth. Exeunt Lords.*

*Enter the Prince.*

*Hen. V.* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy that hath  
neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil  
goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my  
sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his

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bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indéed, but his soule is, whereas it néeds no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? if wéeeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil wéepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with wéeeping. *Exit.*

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*

*Exe.* Come eásily my Lord, for waking of the King.

*Hen. IV.* Now my Lords.

*Oxf.* How doth your Grace féele your selfe.

*Hen. IV.* Somewhat better after my sléepe,  
But good my Lords take off my Crowne,  
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

*Ambo.* And please your grace, the crown is takē  
away.

*Hen. IV.* The Crowne taken away,  
Good my Lord of Oxford, go sée who hath done this  
dédé :

No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,  
To depríue my sonne, they that would do it now,  
Would séeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my  
death.

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*

*Oxf.* Here and please your Grace,  
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

*Hen. IV.* Why how now my sonne?  
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,  
I had giuen you a lesson for all,  
And do you now begin againe?  
Why tel me my sonne,  
Doest thou thinke the time so long,

That thou wouldest haue it before the  
Breath be out of my mouth?

*Hen. V.* Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloved  
father,

I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time  
Past all recouery, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my wisse: and what should I doo,  
But with weeping tears lament y<sup>e</sup> death of you my  
father,

And after that, séeing the Crowne, I tooke it:  
And tel me my father, who might better take it  
then I,

After your death? but séeing you liue,  
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,  
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:  
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

*Hen. IV.* Stand vp my sonne,  
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,  
For I must néed confesse that I was in a very sound  
sléep,

And altogether vnmindful of thy comming:  
But come neare my sonne,  
And let me put thée in possession whilst I liue,  
That none depriue thée of it after my death.

*Hen. V.* Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,  
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father  
liues.

*He taketh the Crowne.*

*Hen. IV.* God giue thée ioy my sonne,  
God blesse thée, and make thée his seruant,  
And send thée a prosperous raigne.  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

*Hen. V.* Howsoever you came by it, I know not,  
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil  
kéepe it:

And he that séekes to take the Crowne from my  
head,

Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
Or I will pearce him to the heart,  
Were it harder than brasse or bollion.

*Hen. IV.* Nobly spoken, and like a King.  
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne  
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
As euer rained in England.

*L. Ambo.* His former life shewes no lesse.

*Hen. IV.* Wel my lords I know not whether it be  
for sléepe,

Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,  
But I am verie much giuen to sléepe,  
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne,  
Draw the Curtaines, depart my chamber,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sléepe.

*Exeunt omnes. The King dieth.*

*Enter the Theefe.*

*Theefe.* Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
For so soone as my Lord chief iustice it heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:  
But here comes some of his companions,  
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,  
For old acquaintance.

*Enter Knightes raunging.*

*Tom.* Gogs wounds the King is dead.

*Iock.* Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice  
Of England.

*Tom.* Why how, are you broken out of prison?

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.

*Iock.* Why what wil become of thée now?  
Fye vpon him, how the rascall stinkes.

*Theefe.* Marry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

*Tom.* Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any  
such

Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

*Ned.* Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,  
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long  
Before he come this way :

And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée. *Exit Theefe.*

*Iock.* Oh how it did me good, to sée the king  
When he was crowned :

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
And his person like vnto a God.

*Ned.* But who would haue thought,  
That the king would haue changde his countenance  
so?

*Iock.* Did you not sée with what grace  
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French  
king

That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,  
And Harry of England wil haue it.

*Tom.* But twas but a litle to make the people be-  
léue,  
That he was sorie for his fathers death.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, the king comes,  
Let all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of  
Oxford.*

*Iock.* How do you my Lord?

*Ned.* How now Harry?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,

You are a king, and all the realme is yours :

What man, do you not remember the old sayings,

You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,



Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much  
 changed,  
 And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes be-  
 léue  
 The death of your father gréeues you,  
 And tis nothing so.

*Hen. V.* I prethée Ned, mend thy manners,  
 And be more modester in thy tearmes,  
 For my vnfeined gréeffe is not to be ruled by thy flat-  
 tering  
 And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,  
 So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that  
 quickly,  
 Or else I must cause thée to be chaunged.

*Iock.* Gogs wounds how like you this?  
 Sownds tis not so swéete as Musicke.

*Tom.* I trust we haue not offended your grace no  
 way.

*Hen. V.* Ah Tom, your former life gréeues me,  
 And makes me to abandō & abolish your company  
 for euer  
 And therefore not vpō pain of death to approach my  
 presence  
 By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,  
 It may be I wil do somewhat for you,  
 Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,  
 Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,  
 We haue no other matters to talke on.

*Exeunt Knights.*

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,  
 What say you to our Embassage into France?

*Archb.* Your right to the French Crowne of France,  
 Came by your great grandmother Izabel,  
 Wife to King Edward the third,  
 And sister to Charles the French King:  
 Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he  
 wil,

Then must you take your sword in hand,  
 And conquer the right.  
 Let the vsurped Frenchman know,  
 Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil  
 not :  
 For your Countrymen are willing with purse and  
 men,  
 To aide you.

Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,  
 That Scotland hath bene in league with France,  
 By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
 I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,  
 And thē I think that you may go more easily into  
 France :

And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.

*Hen. V.* I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of  
 Canterbury.

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

*Oxf.* And, And please your Maiestie,  
 I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,  
 He that wil Scotland win, must first with France  
 begin :

According to the old saying.

Therefore my good Lord, I think it best to inuade  
 France,

For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,  
 And conquere France, and conquere both.

*Enter Lord of Exeter.*

*Exe.* And please your Maiestie,  
 My Lord Ambassador is come out of France.

*Hen. V.* Now trust me my Lord,  
 He was the last man that we talked of,  
 I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our an-  
 swere,  
 Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.

*Hen. V.* Now my good Lord the Duke of York,  
What newes from our brother the French King?

*Yorke.* And please your Maiestie,  
I deliuered him my Embassage,  
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,  
But for the answeare he hath sent,  
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Bur-  
gony,  
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horse-  
men,  
To bring the Embassage.

*Hen. V.* Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges  
Into our presence.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
We do learne by our Lord Embassador,  
That you haue our message to do  
From our brother the French King:  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed  
order,  
We giue you frée libertie and license to speake,  
With good audience.

*Archb.* God saue the mightie King of England,  
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,  
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of  
France,  
As a most noble and Christian king,  
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather con-  
tent  
To yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds,  
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his  
daughter

The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,  
 And some crownes which he may wel spare,  
 Not hurting of his kingdome,  
 He is content to yéeld so far to your vnreasonable  
 desire.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike your Lord and maister,  
 Thinks to puffed me vp with fifty thousand crowns a  
 yere,

No tell thy Lord and maister,  
 That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,  
 Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe :  
 And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

*Archb.* And may it please your maiestie,  
 My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,  
 With this present.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.*

*Hen. V.* What a guilded Tunne ?

I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it ?

*Yorke.* And it please your Grace,  
 Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

*Hen. V.* A Tunne of Tennis balles ?

I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,  
 What might the meaning thereof be ?

*Archb.* And it please you my Lord,  
 A messenger you know, ought to kéepe close his  
 message,  
 And specially an Ambassador.

*Hen. V.* But I know that you may declare your  
 message  
 To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

*Archb.* My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before  
 your

Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,  
 Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis  
 Court

Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the  
 Camp.

*Hen. V.* My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant<sup>1</sup>  
with me :

But tel him, that in stéed of balles of leather,  
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.

I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.

Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy massage  
quickly,

Least I be there before thee : Away priest, be gone.

*Archb.* I beséech your grace, to deliuer me your safe  
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

*Hen. V.* Priest of Burges, know,

That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is  
all one,

And in stead of my hand and seale,

I will bring him my hand and sword :

And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of Eng-  
land said it,

And I Harry of England, wil performe it.

My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,

Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

*Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.*

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,

For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest  
French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer  
These Tennis balles were sent into England.

My Lord, I wil y<sup>t</sup> there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,  
With all spéed, at South-Hampton.

For there I meane to ship my men,

For I would be there before him, if it<sup>2</sup> were possible,

Therefore come, but staie,

I had almost forget the chiefest thing of all, with chafing  
With this French Embassador.

Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *pleasant.*]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *it it.*]

*Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.*

*Exe.* Here is the King my Lord.

*Iust.* God preserue your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

*Iust.* I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* Why what aile you?

*Iust.* Your Maiestie knoweth my grieffe well.

*Hen. V.* Oh my Lord, your remember you sent me to the Fléete, did you not?

*Iust.* I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

*Hen. V.* I truly my Lord, and for reuengement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,  
Vntil it shall please God to giue me spéedie returne Out of France.

*Iust.* And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie  
Of so high a dignitie.

*Hen. V.* Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie,  
Because I thinke you worthie  
For you that would not spare me,  
I thinke wil not spare another,  
It must néeds be so, and therefore come,  
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.*

*Cap.* Come, come, there's no remedie,  
Thou must néeds serue the King.

*Iohn.* Good maister Captaine let me go,  
I am not able to go so farre.

*Wife.* I pray you good maister Captaine,  
Be good to my husband.

*Cap.* Why I am sure he is not too good to serue  
y<sup>e</sup> king?

*John.* Alasse no : but a great deale too bad,  
Therefore I pray you let me go.

*Cap.* No, no, thou shalt go.

*John.* Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home  
to Cobble.

*Wife.* I pray you let him go home againe.

*Cap.* Tush I care not, thou shalt go.

*John.* Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to  
me,

This had not bene, for I haue said many times,  
That I would go away, and now I must go  
Against my will.

*He weepeth.*

*Enters Dericke.*

*Der.* How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old cod-  
péece,

Maister Captaine shall we away ?

Sowndes how now Iohn, what a crying ?

What make you and my dame there ?

I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,  
Now we are gone.

*Wife.* Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,  
What doe you with my potlid ? heare you,  
Will you haue it rapt about your pate ?

*She beateth him with her potlid.*

*Der.* Oh good dame, here he shakes her.  
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you all to  
péeces

That I would.

*Wife.* Would you so, Ile trie that. *She beateth him.*

*Der.* Maister Captaine will ye suffer her ?  
Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can,  
But and you come againe,  
Ile clap the law on your backe that flat :  
Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall dom ?  
Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,  
She will do as much good as her husband and I too.

*Enters the Theefe.*

Sownes, who comes yonder ?

*Cap.* How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister.

*Theefe.* I truly sir.

*Cap.* Hold thée then, I presse thée for a souldier, To serue the King in France.

*Der.* How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest ?

*Theefe.* I, I knew thée long ago.

*Der.* Heare you maister Captaine ?

*Cap.* What saist thou ?

*Der.* I pray you let me go home againe.

*Cap.* Why what wouldst thou do at home ?

*Der.* Marry I haue brought two shirts with me, And I would carry one of them home againe, For I am sure héele steale it from me, He is such a filching fellow.

*Cap.* I warrant thée he wil not steale it from thée, Come lets away.

*Der.* Come maister Captaine lets away, Come follow me.

*John.* Come wife, lets part lovingly.

*Wife.* Farewell good husband.

*Der.* Fie what a kissing and crying is here ? Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe ? Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base Minded to die among French men ? Sownes, we know not whether they will laie Vs in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

*Cap.* I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Constable of France.*

*King.* Now my Lord high Constable, What say you to our Embassage into England ?



*Con.* And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,  
Vntil my Lords Embassadors be come home,  
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,  
To get your men in so good a readinesse,  
For feare of the worst.

*King.* I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,  
But if the King of England make against vs,  
We must haue thrice so many moe.

*Dol.* Tut my Lord, although the King of England  
Be yoong and wild headed, yet neuer think he will  
be so  
Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King  
of France.

*King.* Oh my sonne, although the King of Eng-  
land be  
Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is  
rulde  
By his wise Councillors.

*Enter Archbyshop of Burges.*

*Archb.* God saue the life of my soueraign lord the  
king.

*King.* Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
What news from our brother the English King?

*Archb.* And please your Maiestie,  
He is so far from your expectation,  
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne  
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste  
quickly,  
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,  
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie  
landed

At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,  
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

*King.* You have made great haste in the meane  
time,  
Haue you not?

*Dol.* I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England take my presents?

*Archb.* Truly my Lord, in very ill part,  
For these your balles of leather,  
He will tesse you balles of brass and yron.  
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,  
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,  
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

*Con.* Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,  
I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Mess.* God saue the mightie King of France.

*King.* Now Messenger, what newes?

*Mess.* And it please your Maiestie,  
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,  
Which is so beset on euery side,  
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,  
The Towne will be yeilded to the English King.

*King.* Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still  
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?  
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,  
And Danes, be sent for with all spéede:  
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall  
Ouer all my whole Armie.  
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,  
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appoint-  
ment.

*Dol.* I trust your Maiestie will bestow,  
Some part of the Battell on me,  
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

*King.* I tell thée my sonne,  
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy  
life,  
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,  
And the English men to haue the victorie.

*Dol.* Why my Lord and father,

I would haue the pettie king of England to know,  
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

*King.* I know well my sonne,  
But at this time I will haue it thus :  
Therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords of England,  
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,  
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.  
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines  
With all spéed, to number the hoast of the French  
men,  
And by that meanes we may the better know  
How to appoint the battell.

*Yorke.* And it please your Maiestie,  
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,  
And many of them die for want of victuals.

*Hen. V.* And why did you not tell me of it before ?  
If we cannot haue it for money,  
We will haue it by dint of sword,  
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

*Oxf.* I beséech your grace, to graunt me a boone.

*Hen. V.* What is that my good Lord ?

*Oxf.* That your grace would give me the  
Euantgard in the battell.

*Hen. V.* Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot :  
For I haue already giuen it to my vnc<sup>[l]</sup>e y<sup>e</sup> Duke of  
York,  
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

*A Trumpet soundes.*

How now, what is that ?

*Yorke.* I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

*Enters a Herald.*

*Her.* King of England, my Lord high Constable,

And others of the Noble men of France,  
Sends me to defie thée, as open enemy to God,  
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,  
They presently bid thée battell.

*Hen. V.* Herald tell them, that I defie them,  
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,  
And as wron[g]full vsurpers of my right :  
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell.  
Tell them that I thinke they knowe how to please me :  
But I pray thée what place hath my lord Prince Dol-  
phin  
Here in battell.

*Her.* And it please your grace,  
My Lord and King his father,  
Will not let him come into the field.

*Hen. V.* Why then he doth me great iniurie,  
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis  
together,  
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,  
But other maner of ones then he sent me.  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,  
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of  
weapons  
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,  
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend :  
And tell my Lord that I am readie when he will.

*Exit Herald.*

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,  
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.  
Strike up the Drumme.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter French Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Come away Jack Drummer, come away  
all,  
And me will tel you, what me wil doo,

Me wil tro one chance on the dice,  
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.

2. *Soul.* Come away Iacke Drummer,  
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

*Enter Drummer.*

*Drum.* Oh the braue apparel that the English mans  
Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what  
Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,  
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. *Soul.* What do thou meane by trunkea (*sic*)?

2. *Soul.* A shest man, a hundred shests.

1. *Soul.* Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,  
Me ha put fue children out of my house,  
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the  
English mans in.

*Drum.* Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we  
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what we wil  
tro

At the kings Drummer and Fife,  
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. *Soul.* Faith me wil tro at y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Northum  
berland

And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,  
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. *Soul.* Ha, bur Ladie you ha reasonable good  
lucke,

Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,  
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

*Enters a Captaine.*

*Cap.* How now what make you here,  
So farre from the Campe?

2. *Soul.* Shal me tel our captain, what we haue done  
here?

*Drum.* Awée, awée.

*Exeunt Drum and one Souldier.*

2. *Soul.* I wil tel you what whe haue doune,  
We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice,  
But none can win the king.

*Cap.* I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,  
And I haue set thrée or foure chaire-makers a worke,  
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly  
King of England in, that all the people may laugh  
And scoffe at him.

2. *Soul.* Oh braue Captaine.

*Cap.* I am glad, and yet with a kindle of pitie,  
To see the poore king.  
Why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France  
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Péeres  
of France?  
Are not here the Normans with their frie hand-  
Gunnnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?  
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses,  
And lanching speares?  
Are not here Pickardes with their crosbowes & pierc-  
ing Dartes.  
The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe  
Carbuckles.  
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?  
Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,  
And alas what wil become of him?  
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,  
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

*Exit.*

2. *Soul.* Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of  
the English mans. *Exit.*

*Enters the king of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords and fellows of armes,  
What company is there of the French men?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,

Our Captaines haue numbred them,  
 And so neare as they can iudge,  
 They are about thréescore thousand horsemen,  
 And fortie thousand footemen.

*Hen. V.* They thréescore thousand,  
 And we but two thousand.  
 They thréescore thousand footemen,  
 And we twelue thousand.  
 They are a hundred thousand,  
 And we fortie thousand, ten to one.  
 My Lords and louing Countrey men,  
 Though we be fewer, and they many,  
 Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God wil defend  
 you :

Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either  
 haue

A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.

Now my Lords, I wil that my vnclé the Duke of  
 Yorke,

Haue the auantgard in the battell.

The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,

The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,  
 That they may come fresh vpon them.

And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,

The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,

Wil be in the midst of the battell.

Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,

And the Earle of Northumberland,

With their troupes of horsemen, be cōtinually running  
 like Wings on both sides of the army :

My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.

Then I wil that euery archer prouide him a stake of

A trée, and sharpe it at both endes,

And at the first encounter of the horsemen,

To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before  
 them,

That they may gore themselues vpon them,  
 And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly alto-  
 gither,  
 And so discomfit them.

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,  
 I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith  
 cōtent.

*Hen. V.* With all my heart, my good Lord of  
 Oxford:  
 And go and prouide quickly.

*Oxf.* I thanke your highnesse. *Exit.*

*Hen. V.* Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,  
 And the French making of bonfires, and at their  
 bankets,  
 But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

*The Trumpet soundes.*

Soft, here comes some other French message.

*Enters Herauld.*

*Her.* King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
 And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate  
 of thée

And thy poore Countrey men,  
 Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ran-  
 some?

Perhaps thou maist agréee better cheape now,  
 Then when thou art conquered.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike your high Constable,  
 Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?  
 Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of ten-  
 nis-bals

No not so much as one poore tennis-ball,  
 Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to féed  
 crowes,

Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome  
 For my bodie.

*Her.* A kingly resolution.



*Hen. V.* No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,  
And the resolution of a king :

Here take this for thy paines.

*Exit Herald.*

But stay my Lords, what time is it ?

*All.* Prime my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Then is it good time no doubt,

For all England praieth for vs :

What my Lords, me thinks you looke chéerfully  
vpon me ?

Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,

With me throw vp your caps, and for England,

Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.

*Strike Drummer, Exeunt omnes.*

*The Frenchmen crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis,*

*Mount Ioy, S. Dennis.*

*The Battell.*

*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords come, by this time our

Swords are almost drunke with French blood,

But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many  
of our

Army be slaine in the battell ?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,

There are of the French armie slaine

Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred

Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners :

Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the  
good

Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or six and twentie  
Common souldiers.

*Hen. V.* For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,

I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,

Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath  
giuen vs,

Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,  
Here comes another French message.

[*Sound Trumpet.*]

*Enters a Herald and kneeleth.*

*Her.* God saue the life of the most mightie Con-  
queror,  
The honourable king of England.

*Hen. V.* Now Herald, me thinks the world is  
changed  
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace  
for a  
Herald to kneele to the king of England,  
What is thy message?

*Her.* My Lord & maister, the conquered king of  
France,  
Sends thee long health, with heartie gréeting.

*Hen. V.* Herald, his greetings are welcome,  
But I thanke God for my health :  
Well Herald, say on.

*Her.* He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,  
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his  
poore  
Countrymen, that they may all be honourably buried.

*Hen. V.* Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister  
Send to me to burie the dead?  
Let him bury them a Gods name.  
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Con-  
stable,  
And those that would haue had my ransome?

*Her.* And it please your maiestie,  
He was slaine in the battell.

*Hen. V.* Why you may see, you will make your  
selues  
Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,  
What Castle is this so néere adioyning to our Campe?

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie,  
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.

*Hen. V.* Well then my lords of England,  
For the more honour of our English men,  
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agin-  
court.

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie,  
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* What is that Herald? say on.

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and  
maister,  
Craues to parley with your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

*Her.* Your grace néeds not to doubt that.

*Hen. V.* Well, tell him then, I will come.

*Exit Herald.*

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,  
To view my country men, and to haue them honourably  
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in  
Curtesie, while I am Harry King of England.

Come on my lords.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Iohn Cobler and Robbin Pewterer.*

*Robin.* Now Iohn Cobler,  
Didst thou sée how the King did behaue himselfe?

*Iohn.* But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie  
The King had, to sée how the French men were kild  
With the stakes of the trées.

*Robin.* I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

*Enters an English Souldier roming.*

*Soul.* What are you my maisters?

*Both.* Why we be English mèn.

*Soul.* Are you English men, then change your lan-  
guage

For all the Kings Tents are set a fire,  
And all they that speake English will be kild.

*John.* What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,  
For I can speake broken French.

*Robin.* Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst  
speak.

*John.* Commodeuales Monsieur.

*John.* Thats well, come lets be gone.

*Drum and Trumpet sounds.*

*Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and  
takes him prisoner.*

*Der.* O good Mounser.

*French.* Come, come, you villeaco.

*Der.* O I will sir, I will.

*French.* Come quickly you pesant.

*Der.* I will sir, what shall I giue you?

*French.* Marry, thou shalt giue me,  
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.

*Der.* Nay sir, I will giue you more,  
I will giue you as many crowns as will lie on your  
sword.

*French.* Wilt thou giue me as many crowns  
As will lie on my sword?

*Der.* I marrie will I, but you must lay downe your  
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sworde.

*Here the Frenchman layes downe his sword, and  
the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.*

*Der.* Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

*French.* O good Mounsier comparteue  
Monsieur pardon me.

*Der.* O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,  
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy  
short el?

O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

*Here whiles he turnes his back, the French-  
man runnes his wayes.*

*Der.* What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,  
 For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd  
 again,  
 And then I should haue béene spilt,  
 But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

*Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.*

*Hen. V.* Now my good brother of France,  
 My comming into this land was not to shead blood,  
 But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can  
 deny,  
 I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,  
 And to depart out of your land.

*Char.* What is it you demand,  
 My louing brother of England.

*Hen. V.* My Secretary hath it written, read it.

*Sec.* Item, that immediately Henry of England  
 Be crowned King of France.

*Char.* A very hard sentence,  
 My good brother of England.

*Hen. V.* No more but right, my good brother of  
 France.

*Fr. King.* Well, read on.

*Sec.* Item, that after the death of the said Henry,  
 The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.

*Fr. King.* Why then you do not onely meane to  
 Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

*Hen. V.* Why my good brother of France,  
 You haue had it long inough :  
 And as for Prince Dolphin,  
 It skills not though he sit beside the saddle :  
 Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

*Fr. King.* You are very peremptorie,  
 My good brother of England.

*Hen. V.* And you as peruerse, my good brother of  
 France.

*Char.* Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

*Hen. V.* I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches.

*Char.* I for by this hote beginning,  
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

*Hen. V.* It is as you please, here is my resolution.

*Char.* Well my brother of England,  
If you will, giue me a copie,  
We will meet you againe to-morrow.

*Exit King of France, and all their attendants.*

*Hen. V.* With a good will my good brother of France.

Secretary deliuer him a coppie.

My lords of England goe before,  
And I will follow you.

*Exeunt Lords. Speaks to himselfe.*

*Hen. V.* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Harry.  
Hast thou now conquered the French King,  
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,  
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne?  
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:  
I but I loue her, and must craue her,  
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

But here she comes:  
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,  
What newes?

*Kathren.* And it please your Maiestie,  
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of  
these

Vnreasonable demands which you require.

*Hen. V.* Now trust me Kate,  
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,

For none in the world could sooner haue made me  
debate it

If it were possible :

But tell me swéete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue ?

*Kate.* I cannot hate my good Lord,  
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

*Hen. V.* Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou loue the King of England ?

I cannot do as these Countries do,  
That spend halfe their time in woing :

Tush wench, I am none such,  
But wilt thou go ouer to England ?

*Kate.* I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,  
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable de-  
mands.

*Hen. V.* Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse  
me so hardly :

But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England ?

*Kate.* How should I loue him, that hath dealt so  
hardly

With my father ?

*Hen. V.* But ile deale as easily with thee,  
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,  
How saist thou, what will it be ?

*Kate.* If I were of my owne direction,  
I could giue you answeere :  
But séeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

*Hen. V.* But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean  
season ?

*Kate.* Whereas I can put your grace in no assur-  
ance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

*Hen. V.* Now before God, it is a swéete wench.

*She goes aside, and speaks as followeth.*

*Kat.* I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,  
That is beloued of the mighty King of England.

*Hen. V.* Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?  
Swéete Kate, tel thy father from me,  
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded  
me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

*Kate.* God kéepe your Maiestie in good health.

*Exit Kat.*

*Hen. V.* Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet  
wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Vpon his hands and knées.

*Exit King.*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.*

*Der.* How now? Sownes it did me good to see how  
I did triumph ouer the French men.

*Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full  
of apparell.*

*Iohn.* Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

*Der.* What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.

*Iohn.* I promise thée Dericke, I scapte hardly,  
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

*Der.* Were you so?

*Iohn.* I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

*Der.* But once kild, why it is nothing,  
I was foure or fiue times slaine.

*Iohn.* Foure or fiue times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue béene aliue now?

*Der.* O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

*Iohn.* Why what didst thou?

*Der.* Why, I will tell thée Iohn,



Euery day when I went into the field,  
I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,  
And make my nose bléed, and then I wold go into  
the field,

And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,  
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,  
Whereof I was glad :

But marke the chance Iohn.

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then  
Iohn,

I thought I had béne safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lustie tall Frenchman,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there,

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day,

And was not this well done Iohn?

*Iohn.* Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

*Der.* I Iohn, thou maist sée, if thou hadst taken my  
coûsel,

But what hast thou there?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the Frenchmen.

*Iohn.* I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell,  
To carry home to my wife.

*Der.* And I haue got some shooes,  
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,  
I would go take off all theyr shooes.

*Iohn.* I, but Dericke, how shall we get home?

*Der.* Nay sownds and they take thée,  
They wil hang thée,  
O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be  
hangd,  
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoever thou  
doest.

*Iohn.* Why Dericke the warres is done,  
We may go home now.

*Der.* I but you may not go before you aske the king leaue,  
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.

*John.* How is that Dericke?

*Der.* Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

*John.* I that I do.

*Der.* Why then thou knowest wéele go with it.

*John.* I but Dericke, how shall we do for to méet them?

*Der.* Sownds if I make not shift to méet them, hang me.

Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,  
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton  
And kéepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,

And thou shalt go and take a péce of cake, then ile ring,

And thou shalt say, oh this fellow kéepe a good stint,

And then I will go drinke to thée all the way:

But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,

Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog

By the way?

*John.* Why what shall we do Dericke?

*Der.* Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore,

And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,

Because we be souldiers. *The Trumpets sound.*

*John.* Dericke helpe me to carry my shoes and bootes.

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.*

*Hen. V.* Now my good brother of France,  
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your  
answere?

*Fr. King.* I my welbeloued brother of England,  
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councill,  
But cannot finde that you should be crowned  
King of France.

*Hen. V.* What not King of France, then nothing,  
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,  
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,  
When I came last to parley,  
The French men had better a raked  
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,  
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,  
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,  
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.

*Fr. King.* I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie  
In this matter.

But if this please you, that immediately you be  
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,  
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

*Hen. V.* Heire and Regent of France, that is well,  
But that is not all that I must haue.

*Fr. King.* The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

*Sec.* Item, that Henry King of England,  
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,  
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,  
The Crowne with all rights to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heires for euer.

*Hen. V.* Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needs desire.

*Fr. King.* What is that my good brother of Eng-  
land?

*Hen. V.* That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

*Fr. King.* Whereas they haue not stucke with greater

Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle, Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

*Hen. V.* Come my Lord of Burgondie, Take your oath vpon my sword.

*Burgon.* I Philip Duke of Burgondie, Swear to Henry King of England, To be true to him, and to become his league-man, And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires, Then I the said Philip to send him word, And aide him with all the power I can make, And thereunto I take my oath. *He kisseth the sword.*

*Hen. V.* Come Prince Dolphin, you must swear too. *He kisseth the sword.*

*Hen. V.* Well my brother of France, There is one thing more I must néeds require of you,

*Fr. King.* Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maiestie ?

*Hen. V.* A trifle my good brother of France. I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England, If she be willing, and you therewith content : How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England ?

*Kate.* How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy ?

*Hen. V.* Tut stand not vpon these points, Tis you must make vs friends : I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thée :

What wench, the King of England ?

*Fr. King.* Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the King of England and thée, agréee to it.

*Kate.* I had best while he is willing,

Least when I would, he will not :  
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

*Hen. V.* Welcome swéet Kate, but my brother of  
France,  
What say you to it?

*Fr. King.* With all my heart I like it,  
But when shall be our wedding day?

*Hen. V.* The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing.                   *Sound Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*



THE SECOND PART OF KING  
HENRY VI.

EDITION.

*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne.* London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. 4°.



## MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>



ON the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearian bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5, 15s. 6d., and described in the sale catalogue, No. 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, Lond. by P. S., 1595." This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concern-

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<sup>1</sup> [To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8<sup>o</sup>, 1843. This introduction applies to the First Sketches of the Third, as well as Second, Part of Henry VI.]

ing the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library, and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Part of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI., which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., both printed from *unique* copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds; the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realise more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

## I. THE FIRST PART.

1. "The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known. See "Bibl. Heber.," vol. ii., No. 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter. Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appear; and Dr Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possessions, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian. At p. 33, l. 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him. Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occurs in various copies of the same edition. See p. 92. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th.

2. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tra-

gicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne. London : Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense. It possesses, however, a few important corrections. This edition is very rare, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title.

3. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600."

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage. The only copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is  $\alpha\tau\epsilon\lambda.$ , having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G. This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer.

## II. THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1. "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster

and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595."

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size; and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as "a small octavo," yet he afterwards refers to it as "the *quarto* of 1595." On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note:—"This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr Chalmers at Dr Pegge's sale in 1796 [?]. It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value. By an oversight of Mr Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr Steevens, Mr Chalmers obtained it easily for £5, 15s. 6d., without much competition; and Steevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it." On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of Shakespeare, which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr Bandinell says it was, by Dr Pegge.

2. "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas

Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes; for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

3. "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragically ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the "First part of the Contention," as well as "The true Tragedie." T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4°. Lond. 1619, for the same bookseller, is R; and on the recto of sig. I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt."

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766,

and in general with accuracy,<sup>1</sup> although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader. Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c. : in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays :

“ 12 March 1593-4.

“ Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Sussex*. and the tragical End of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne.

“ 19 April 1602.

“ Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI: ij. books.”

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the “Contention ;” and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays “as are not formerly entered

<sup>1</sup> Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of “Kind-Harts Dreame” contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind ; yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI., and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt." In the same way, we find they did not insert "King John" in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered. The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from the previous entries. Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention," as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris cujuscunque;" and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI." had superseded the older one.

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.;" but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist.

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted. They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626. Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolise nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays. Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602. In addition to these, Pavier also had "Sir John Oldcastle," "Titus Andronicus," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Puritan," and "Pericles," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again,



Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,<sup>1</sup> and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays<sup>2</sup> without; but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the First Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

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<sup>1</sup> I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, were published piratically.

<sup>2</sup> Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,<sup>1</sup> as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI. also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"<sup>2</sup> and who

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<sup>1</sup> It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures; but, as I am kindly informed by Mr Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain anything to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey, in his "Foure Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was not "dunsically botched-*vp*, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes: which

probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published; and Shakespeare's name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "True Tragedy;" and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy.

most-deadly, but most liuely playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton's play. The original "platt of the second Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, iii. 348. The exact date of Tarlton's death is not known; but in the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry: "Richard Tarelton was buryed the third of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Haliwel Stret," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary ; nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act i., sc. 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt that  
This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr Knight, stands thus :

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in *twain* ; *by whom*, I cannot guess :  
*But, as I think, by the cardinal. What it bodes*  
*God knows* ; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,  
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play :

"Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,  
But as I think, it was by the cardinal ;  
And on the pieces of the broken wand  
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk,  
This was my dream : what it doth bode God knows."

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences

cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act i., sc. 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines :

“ But ere it be long, I'll go before them all,  
Despite of all that seek to cross me thus.”

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech, an elaboration of the other two—

“ I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,  
As long as *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man*, and Protector, as he is,  
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop *headless* :  
*And being but a woman*, I'll not [be] behind  
For playing of *my part*, in spite of all  
That seek to cross me thus.”

Again, compare these versions with the amended play :

“ Follow I must : I cannot go before,  
While *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man*, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.”

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act ii., sc. 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the “*Contention*,” and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less

than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas.

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of 1 Henry VI. The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line :

"O ! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalise this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs ; and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to anything of the kind.

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is

scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement; yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority;<sup>1</sup> and it probably proved a source of considerable vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologising for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of "Kind-Hart's Dreame." He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor; and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."<sup>1</sup> This was in No-

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<sup>1</sup> And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from *Heauen and Hell*. Prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of *Connycatchers*. *Commended to the Presse* By B. R. At London, Printed, Anno. Domini. 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greenes Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo. Lond. 1595. "Howsoeuer vnderuedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine."

ember or December 1592. Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time.

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted. Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, *however some suppose themselves injured*, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the ONLY comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given; he exclaims, "to no man's disgrace be *this* intended," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite; this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare. He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured."<sup>2</sup> Mr Collier think Chettle im-

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<sup>1</sup> A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "*fatiuous* grace in writing, *which* approoves his art." The passage was corrected in passing through the press. A perfect copy of this rare book is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter. Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice. Thus at p. 16 of the reprint, we have:—"It were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *triumphers* of so many mischiefs." The word "triumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "trumpets." If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations.

<sup>2</sup> In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "howeuer some *may* suppose themselves injured."



plies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592; and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories; and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been *rifacimenti* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with *our* feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent.," 4°. Lond. 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

"Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie ;  
 Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vpon him.  
 Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die ;  
 Greene gauē the ground to all that wrote vpon him.  
 Nay more the men that so Eclipst his fame,  
 Purloyndé his Plumes, can they deny the same."

This is "Sonnet ix." in this rare little volume, which contains the terms "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare. R. B., whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist." Was Harriot held a plagiarist, when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel,

though there was no Vieta alive to claim the ground-work. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning.<sup>1</sup>

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr Collier, indeed, tells that *before* 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point: but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and according to Mr Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the

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<sup>1</sup> A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice; and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse."—*Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8°. Lond. 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the *other* "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

name of the original company. If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas.

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas. In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirate.*" Who Abradas was, does not any where appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4°. Lond. 1588,<sup>1</sup> a tract written by Greene: "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirat,* thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice. It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,<sup>2</sup> how well I will not say." If, therefore, Greene

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<sup>1</sup> This book was entered, according to a MS. note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E. Aggas, Jan. 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T. C. and E. A.," was published that year without a date. Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 183.

<sup>2</sup> "He that was wont to sollicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least euery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures."—*Greenes Newes both from Heauen and Hell*, 1593.

was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "the First Part of the Contention."

I have followed Mr Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmers may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and *other parties*, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says: "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few: and, at this instant, *singularly*, to *one*, whom I salute with a hundred blessings." These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592. Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare; and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended. There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,<sup>1</sup> but which implies that Rowe was not

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<sup>1</sup> I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram. "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the

exactly right when he stated that "the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet." Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' "Humours Heav'n on Earth," 8vo. Lond. 1609, p. 208, which has not been yet quoted:—

"Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,  
 These on a stage she rais'd, in scorn to fall,  
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,  
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small :  
 Yet some she guerdon'd not to their <sup>1</sup> deserts ;  
 But othersome were but ill-action all,  
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,  
 By custom of their manners, in their mind."

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note ; but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor. Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion :

plays of our bard were performed. One evening, *when Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her : this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, immediately after finishing his speech and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it:—

'And though now bent on this high embassy,  
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.'

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it."—*Dramatic Table Talk*, 8°. Lond. 1825, ii., 156-7.

<sup>1</sup> "W. S., R. B."—*Marg. note in orig.*

“ Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,  
 Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,  
 Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
 And been a king among the meaner sort.”

remains to be unravelled. It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I.

This digression is not without its use, because it shows that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, and we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a “facetious grace in writing that approves his art.” If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the “Contention.” Mr Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper. Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of “Sir John Oldcastle,” and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others. A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact. In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings “for *altering* of Fayton;” and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, “in earnest of a boocke called Richard Croockback, and for *new adycions* for Jeronimo.” According to Mr Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with

the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists." The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made alterations, and added to them when necessary. There was no plagiarism in the case; and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI. was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays. This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI. in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators. The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully-constructed part of the play; our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end: but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories." Mr Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the first Part of Henry VI. to prove that they were both written by one and the same person; but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action. That there is considerable unity of action, I admit. In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur. Thus, in 1 Henry VI. act iv. sc. 1., King Henry says:

"Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France."

And in the First Part of the Contention, act i. sc. 1, he says—

"Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France."

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in Richard III., the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holinshed, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr Hallam thinks the First Part of Henry VI. might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of 1 Henry VI. the Margaret of the First Part of the Contention? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge; but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in 1 Henry VI. not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for different circumstances would render this very possible; but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for



the purposes of continuation, as Mr Knight would have us believe, how does Mr Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI. under the title of "The *First* Part of the Contention?" This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the "First Part of the Contention" were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI. had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the "Contention," he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI. mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI. to be the first of his own Series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make "new adycyons" to the old play of Henry VI. and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI. away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V. remains equally intelligible. The "True Tragedy" may also have been called "Edward IV., and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part of Henry VI. and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., Act v. sc. 3.

"*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples; whoso'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act iii. sc. 2.

"*Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,  
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot live : but here to die,  
What were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,  
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.  
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,  
That I might breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

By thee to die, were but to die in jest ;  
From thee to die, were torment more than death :  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queen.* Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then should'st thou stay ; but heavens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisses him.*]

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,  
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.  
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we ;  
This way fall I to death.

*Queen.* This way for me.

[*Exit Suffolk.*  
[*Exit Queen.*"]

Mr Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology, as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school." This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author. Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days; we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play; and there seems to be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI. was not wholly the work of one hand.

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI., long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style; and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning:—

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III." How can Mr Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI., and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI., or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time.

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote

plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." This is absurd. "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"<sup>1</sup> Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII., and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers:—

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,  
And think they are more authentic."

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the

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<sup>1</sup> "Thirdly, he affirms that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lyes the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals; if too short, they enlarge them with many fables; and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables: whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lyes."—*A Refutation of the Apology for Actors*, 4<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1615, p. 42.

middle of the sixteenth century. Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history.

There are other opinions that require notice in this place. It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other. The reader will find this mentioned in another place. On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henry IV. and Henry VI. are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second. It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *ἀμαρτία κατὰ συμβεβηκός* of Shakespeare. It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another; but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way.

Dr Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were not written without a *dependence* on the first. Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI. had been exhibited before these were written in any form; but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*." This is exactly the point to which I would draw the reader's attention. I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and

this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this :—

“ These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.  
 The duchess she thinks now that all is well,  
 But I have gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hired me to set her on,  
 To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers ;  
 And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my means must work the duchess' fall,  
 Who now by conjurations thinks to rise.”

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset :—

“ So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.  
 What's here, the sign of the Castle ?  
 Then the prophecy is come to pass,  
 For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,  
 The which he always did observe,  
 And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,  
 The Castle in St Alban's, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous by his death.”

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard ? Is there

identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the original play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times.

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Feb. 22nd, 1843.



*The First Part of the Contention of the  
Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lan-  
caster, with the death of the good Duke  
Humphrey.*

—o—

*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUM-  
PHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMER-  
SET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEW-  
FORD, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the  
Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET,  
and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICK.*

*Suf.* AS by your high imperiall Maiesties com-  
mand,<sup>1</sup>

I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellence,

---

<sup>1</sup> "This noble company came to the cite of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the churche of saint Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, which was uncle to the husbunde, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vij erles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen." —*Hall's Chronicle*. The historical information in these plays



To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
 So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
 In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,  
 The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittain, and Alon-  
 son.<sup>1</sup>

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the<sup>2</sup> reuerend  
 Bishops,

I did performe my task and was espousde,  
 And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
 In sight of England and her royall Peeres,  
 Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,  
 Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the sub-  
 stance

Of that great shadow I did represent :  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

*King.* Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries  
 Court,

The greatest show of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,  
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde  
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,

---

appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of "The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre and Yorke," fol. Lond. 1548. Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall.

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions; but the second folio of the amended play omits "and."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "twenty," as well as the amended play; which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall's "Chronicle" given above.

And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,  
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

*Kin.* Her looks did wound, but now her speech  
doth pierce,<sup>1</sup>

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :  
And vnckle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,  
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene Margare't, Englands happi-  
nesse.

*Queene.* We thank you all.<sup>2</sup> [*Sound Trumpets.*]

*Suf.* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,  
Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

*Hum.* Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French  
King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of  
Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England,  
that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie  
Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples,  
Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queene of  
England, ere the 30. of the next month.<sup>3</sup>

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the  
Dutches of Anioy and of Maine,<sup>4</sup> shall be released  
and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.*]

<sup>1</sup> The word "her" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619. The amended play reads :

"Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys."

<sup>2</sup> The first folio reads "all kneel," an addition omitted by modern editors.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month."

<sup>4</sup> The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts ; but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

*Kin.* How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Hum.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,<sup>1</sup>

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.<sup>2</sup>  
Vncl of Winchester, I pray you reade on.<sup>3</sup>

*Car.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliured ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well,<sup>4</sup> Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde. Thankes vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset,<sup>5</sup> Salisbury and Warwicke. We thanke you all for<sup>6</sup> this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

<sup>2</sup> The two quarto editions of 1600 read "that I can see no more," while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading. The amended play reads—

"Pardon me, gracious Lord,  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further."

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry. The edition of 1619 reads very differently :

"My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on ;"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York. Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading.

<sup>4</sup> The whole of this speech may be arranged in metre.

<sup>5</sup> The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Somerset." Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all."

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide  
To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet*<sup>1</sup> *King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke*  
*HUMPHREY staies all the rest.*

*Hum.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the  
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieffe,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keep in awe that stout vnruely Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vncler Bewford<sup>2</sup> here,  
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,<sup>3</sup>  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the  
roast,

Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

*Car.* Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
The big swoln venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume<sup>4</sup> gainst that thy Soueraigne  
likes.

<sup>1</sup> The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

<sup>2</sup> Beaufort. The orthography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> "Is" may be a mistake for "are." The edition of 1619 reads, "spent quite in vain."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play.

*Hum.* Nay my Lord<sup>1</sup> tis not my words that troubles<sup>2</sup>  
you,

But my presence, proud prelate as thou art :  
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Car.* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see,<sup>3</sup> if he but walke the streets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-  
phrey.

But I will after him, and if I can  
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

*Buc.* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Som.* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with  
me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

*Buc.* Content, Come then let vs about it<sup>4</sup> straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

<sup>1</sup> The 4to. of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Lords," but erroneously.

<sup>2</sup> Probably "trouble."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then." The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy.

*Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition follows after.<sup>1</sup>  
 Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
 My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
 Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall  
 Sweare, and forswear himself, and braue it out,  
 More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.<sup>2</sup>  
 Cosin Yorke,<sup>3</sup> the victories thou hast wonne,  
 In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,  
 Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
 And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,  
 Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
 Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,  
 The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name,  
 Is of no little force if I command,  
 Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
 That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
 But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne.

*War.* For grieffe that all is lost that Warwick won.

---

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality. Stevens quotes the following from Wyntown's "Chronicle:"---

"Awld men in thare prowerbe sayis,  
*Pryde gays before*, and schame always  
 Followys."

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, which is more similar to the line in our text: "It is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads—

"More like a ruffian then a man of the church;"

which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by Mr Knight. The amended play reads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church;"

as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632. Modern editors write it somewhat differently.

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "brother." York married Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. Salisbury and York were, therefore, step brothers.

Sonnes.<sup>1</sup> Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once. Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords,<sup>2</sup> be giuen away with wordes.

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King Henry giues away his owne.

*Sal.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.<sup>3</sup>

*War.* Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost, Which Warwicke by main force did win from France,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr Knight. But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salisbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Warwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sounes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows: "Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?" The expression "*we won*" cannot reasonably be considered an argument for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position:

*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
Anjou and Maine! Myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!"

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted:

"And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words."

<sup>3</sup> This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved:

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.  
*War.* Unto the main, O father! Maine is lost;  
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,  
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:  
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;  
Which I will win from France, or else be slain."

Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exet* SALSURY and WARWICKE.

*Yorke.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the  
French,

Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey :  
And when I spie aduantage, claim the Crowne,  
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit :  
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits<sup>1</sup> not for a Crowne :  
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,  
To prie into the secrets of the state,  
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,  
With whose sweete smell<sup>2</sup> the aire shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,  
To graffle<sup>3</sup> with the House of Lancaster :  
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

[*Exet* YORKE.<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions read. It ought to be "fit."

<sup>2</sup> Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that "this thought is not exactly just," though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour :

"She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,  
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew."

<sup>3</sup> The older form of the word. The edition of 1619 reads "grapple."

<sup>4</sup> This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr Knight.



*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR,  
COBHAM his wife.*

*Eln.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,  
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries  
Crowne?

Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,<sup>1</sup>  
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?  
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content  
thy minde.

*Hum.* My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to-night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.<sup>2</sup>

*Eln.* What drempt my Lord. Good Humphrey  
tell it me,  
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,  
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampt  
that

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court, [Sig. B.]  
Was broke in two,<sup>3</sup> and on the ends were plac'd,  
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,  
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

*Eln.* Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Art thou not a prince."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "It do betide none ill."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations:

"Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:  
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes  
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke."

Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
 Where Kings and Queenes<sup>1</sup> are crownde, and at my  
 feete

Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold  
 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
 Art thou not second woman in this land,  
 And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
 Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Eln.* How now my Lord. What angry with your  
 Nell,  
 For telling but her dreame. The next I haue  
 Ile keepe to my selfe,<sup>2</sup> and not be rated thus.

*Hum.* Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
 But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your grace, the King and  
 Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to  
 Saint Albones, and craues<sup>3</sup> your company along with  
 them.

*Hum.* With all my heart, I will attend his grace :  
 Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs<sup>4</sup> I am sure.

[*Exit HUMPHREY.*

*Eln.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
 But ere it be long,<sup>5</sup> Ile go before them all,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and  
 queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe."

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "crave."

<sup>4</sup> So in the original. This evident mistake is corrected in the  
 later editions.

<sup>5</sup> Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition  
 of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde :  
 Were I a man, and protector as he is,

Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

*Enter Sir IOHN HUM.* <sup>1</sup>

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

*Eln.* My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

*Eln.* What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine,<sup>2</sup> the cunning Witch of Ely,<sup>3</sup> with Roger Bul-  
ingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do  
me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madame, and they haue promised  
me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde,<sup>4</sup>  
that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

*Eln.* Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two days hence  
I gesse

I'de reache to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse.

And being but a woman, Ile not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus."

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv. sc. 4, in the first folio, p. 140, the word "be" is omitted before "be-  
traid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir." So "Sir John Evans," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

<sup>2</sup> "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute brevis regii domino Waltero Hungerford, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit *Margeriam Jourdemayn*, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanctæ Crucis Londoniæ, nuper custodiæ suæ pro *sorcerye* in dicto castro commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeriam, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de cætero de eorum custodia."—Rymer's "Fædera," vol. x. p. 505.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr Knight follows history in reading "Eye."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "from *the* depth of vnder-grounde."

Will fit our time, then see that they be here :  
 For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,  
 And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,  
 When they be gone, then safely they may come,<sup>1</sup>  
 And on the backside of my Orchard heere,  
 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
 And so resolute vs<sup>2</sup> of the thing we wish,  
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

[*Exet* ELNOR.]

*Sir Iohn.* Now sir Iohn Hum,<sup>3</sup> No words but mum.<sup>4</sup>  
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come."

<sup>2</sup> The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Library Shakespeare," vol. vi. p. 124.

<sup>4</sup> The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler: "Thys yere, dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to aduance and promote her husbando to the crowne : upon this she was examined in saint Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penaunce, in iii open places within the cite of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the keyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest and chanon of sainte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witch of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entending therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death ; for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jourdayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolinbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened ; Ihon Hum

These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,  
 The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,  
 But I haue gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hyred me to set her on,  
 To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,  
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.<sup>1</sup>  
 But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,  
 For feare you lose your head before you goe. [*Exet.*

*Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man.*

1. *Pet.* Come sirs let vs<sup>2</sup> linger here abouts<sup>3</sup> a  
 while,  
 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.  
 2. *Pet.* I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries  
 life,<sup>4</sup>  
 For but for him a many were vndone,

---

had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execution." Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this chronicle as well as to the original drama. Grafton (p. 587) gives the same information as Hall. See also Higden's "Polychronicon," translated by Trevisa, lib. ult. cap. 27. With respect to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King James I., in his "Dæmonology," that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness."—See Dr Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol. ii. p. 18.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "raise." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "lets."

<sup>3</sup> The genuine old form of the word. Mr Knight alters it to "hereabout."

<sup>4</sup> The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600.

That cannot get<sup>1</sup> no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues<sup>2</sup> him their writings.*

1. *Pet.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Pet.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

*Queene.* Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suf.* A complaint against the Cardinals man.  
What hath he done?

2. *Pet.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole<sup>3</sup> away my wife, And th' are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suf.* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.

But what say you?

*Peter Thump.*<sup>4</sup> Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne,<sup>5</sup> and that the King was an vsurer.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "giue."

<sup>3</sup> In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne."

<sup>4</sup> Mr Collier calls him "Hump;" but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error; for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisbury makes on his name. Mr Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as where "Hump" occurs for "Humprey."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown."

*Queene.* An vsurper thou woulds say.

*Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister<sup>1</sup> saide so, th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret.

*Suf.* I marry this is something like,  
Whose within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take in this fellow<sup>2</sup> and keepe him close,  
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,  
Weele here more of this<sup>3</sup> before the king.

[*Exet with the Armourers man.*

Now sir what yours?<sup>4</sup> Let me see it,  
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing  
the commons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

*i. Pet.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me,<sup>5</sup> I  
am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

[*He teares the papers.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads "mistress," with other alterations. Tyrwhitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS. from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours."

<sup>5</sup> This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> In the amended play this is as follows: "Teare the Supplication." Modern editors alter this; but it is a matter of very little consequence.

*Suf.* So now show your petitions<sup>1</sup> to Duke Humphrey.  
Villaines get you gone<sup>2</sup> and come not neare the Court,  
Dare the peasants write against me thus.

[*Exet Petitioners.*

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues<sup>3</sup> vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him more then to King Henry :  
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,<sup>4</sup>  
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,  
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.<sup>5</sup>  
The other day she wanted to her maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,  
Can any grieffe of minde be like to this.  
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,  
And stolst away our Ladaies heart in France,  
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

*Suf.* Madame content your selfe a little while,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances.

<sup>3</sup> Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene." The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

"She beares a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe ;"

which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in the amended play.



As I was the cause of your comming to England,<sup>1</sup>  
 So will I in England worke your full content :  
 And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,  
 I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
 As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
 But staie Madame, here comes the King.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter<sup>2</sup> Duke HUMPHREY, Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER.*

*Kin.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.<sup>3</sup>

*Yorke.* My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,

Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.

*Som.* Then whom your grace thinke<sup>4</sup> worthie, let him go,

And there be made Regent ouer the French.

*War.* Whom soeuer you account worthie, Yorke is the worthiest.

*Car.* Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

*War.* The Cardinals not my better in the field.

*Buc.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

*War.* And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all,<sup>5</sup>

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "your comming into England."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then entereth."

<sup>3</sup> This of course means "all's one to me." This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thinks."

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

*Hum.* Madame our King is old inough<sup>1</sup> himselfe,  
To giue his answere without your consent.

*Queene.* If he be old inough, what needs your grace  
To be Protector ouer him so long.

*Hum.* Madame I am but Protector ouer<sup>2</sup> the land,  
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

*Suf.* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,<sup>3</sup>  
As who is King but thee. The common state  
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,  
And as for the Regentship of France.  
I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.

*Yorke.* Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthie deeds that York hath  
done,  
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

*Suf.* Peace headstrong Warwicke.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suf.* Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

<sup>1</sup> "Our" is a misprint in the original for "our." The two editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enoughe," which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector: "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king."

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these.

That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.

*Kin.* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Arm.* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my wnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

*Arm.* Alasse my Lord,<sup>1</sup> hang me if euer I spake<sup>2</sup> the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good wnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie<sup>3</sup> do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

*Kin.* Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum.* The law my Lord is this by case,<sup>4</sup> it rests suspitious,

That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600 reads, "master."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "If euer I spake these words." The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I beseech your worship."

<sup>4</sup> The comma ought to be inserted after "this," and left out after "case." The passage is obscure. Mr Knight reads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture.

<sup>5</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight. The period of action of this and the first scene of

With Eben staues, and Standbags<sup>1</sup> combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[*Exet* HUMPHREY.

*Arm.* And I accept the Combat willingly.

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.<sup>2</sup>

*Suf.* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde :  
Go take them hence againe to prison.

[*Exet with them.*

[*The Queene lets fall her gloue,*<sup>3</sup> and hits the  
*Duches of GLOSTER a boxe on the eare.*

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue. My Minion can you  
not see? [*She strikes her.*

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Eln.* Did you not proud French-woman.  
Could I come neare fyour daintie vissage with my  
nayles,

Ide set my ten commandments<sup>4</sup> in your face.

*Kin.* Be patient gentle Aunt.

It was against her will.

*Eln.* Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,

the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April; for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30. of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI. are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison; and the day  
Of combat shall be *the last of the next month.*  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away."

<sup>1</sup> Probably "sandbags."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight." The amended play reads, "I cannot fight."

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play the Queen drops a *fan*, not a *glove*.

<sup>4</sup> The nails. So in "Westward Hoe," 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back." Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.  
 But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,  
 She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde,

[*Exet* ELNOR.

*Kin.* Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,  
 I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
 My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.  
 Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace  
 Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
 Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

*Hum.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
 For that these words the Armourer should speake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,  
 Let Somerset be Regent ouer<sup>2</sup> the French,  
 Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*Kin.* Then be it so<sup>3</sup> my Lord of Somerset.  
 We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
 And to defend our rights<sup>4</sup> gainst forraine foes,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read :

“For that these words the Armourer doth speake.”

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads “ore.”

<sup>3</sup> This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, “without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster’s opinion;” but the same may be said of the armourer’s reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr Collier and Mr Knight reject Theobald’s addition. Indeed, as Mr Knight justly observes, “the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall.” Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry’s assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier’s “Shakespeare,” vol. v. p. 129.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “right.”

And so do good vnto the Realme of France.  
 Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
 The time of Truse I thinke is<sup>1</sup> full expirde,

*Som.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,  
 And take my leau to poste with speed to France.

[*Exet SOMERSET.*

*Kin.* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our  
 horse,  
 For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
 Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,  
 And we will try how she will flie to day.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Enter ELNOR, with sir IOHN HUM, KOGER<sup>2</sup> BULLENBROKE a Coniurer and MARGERY IOURDAINE a Witch.*

*Eln.* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
 Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
 And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
 And here the spirit what it saies to you,  
 And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[*She goes vp to the Tower.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now sirs begin and cast your spels  
 about,  
 And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
 And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

*Witch.* Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,  
 And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,  
 Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
 Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,  
 And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe vpon her face.*

*BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.*

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "is I thinke."

<sup>2</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "Roger."

*Bul.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.<sup>1</sup>

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,<sup>2</sup>  
The spirit Askalon to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.<sup>3</sup>

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.*

*Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me do?

*Bul.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,  
But him out liue,<sup>4</sup> and dye a violent death.

*Bul.* What fate awayt<sup>5</sup> the Duke of Suffolke.

*Spirit.* By water shall he die<sup>6</sup> and take his ende.

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads :

“Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night;”

in which place the word *silent* is a noun. Fletcher, in the “Faithfull Shepherdess,” writes—

“Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm’s light.”

<sup>2</sup> Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty. In Nash’s “Pierce Penillesse,” the devil is called “Marquesse of Cocytus.” See Mr Collier’s edition, p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read “Askalon, ascenda, ascenda.” Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils. It may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read “Yet him out liue.”

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, “What fate awaits.” The first folio reads, “What fates await.”

<sup>6</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “By water he shall die.”

*Bul.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset ?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be  
vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted  
stand.<sup>1</sup>

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.<sup>2</sup>  
[*He sinks downe againe.*]

*Bul.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.  
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.  
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,<sup>3</sup>  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.  
Sonnes,<sup>4</sup> we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKING-  
HAM, and others.*

*Yorke.* Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind  
them sure,

<sup>1</sup> The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this :

"Safer shall he be on sand,  
Than where castles mounted stand."

<sup>2</sup> It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer :

"Have done, for more I hardly can endure."

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth.

<sup>3</sup> *Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is occasionally used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's *Horace*, 1567 :

"Made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke."

<sup>4</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.



This time was well watcht.<sup>1</sup> What Madame are you there ?

This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are<sup>2</sup> plotting Treasons<sup>3</sup> thus with Cunnurers,

The King shall haue notice<sup>4</sup> of this thing.

[*Exet* ELNOR *aboue*.

*Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

[*Exet* *with them*.

*Buc.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,

Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about straight.

*Buc.* Farewell my Lord. [*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.

*Yorke.* Whose within there ?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury<sup>5</sup> and Warwicke, to sup with me to night. [*Exet* YORKE.

*One.* I will my Lord. [*Exet*.

<sup>1</sup> A similar expression occurs in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," act v. sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to "that you are."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Treason."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "The King shall haue a notice," which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "go will the Earle of Salsbury." I scarcely understand the meaning of the conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error. Perhaps we should read "invite" for "go will," or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,<sup>1</sup>  
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the  
Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this  
last flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone  
out.<sup>2</sup>

*Kin.* How wonderful the Lords workes are on  
earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

*Suf.* No maruell if it please your Maiestie  
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so  
well.<sup>3</sup>

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

*Hum.* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

<sup>1</sup> This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. (Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 133.)

<sup>2</sup> See Boswell's Malone, vol. xviii. p. 203. "Out of sight," I suppose, is understood; but Percy explains it thus: "the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Ione would not have taken her flight at the game."

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "doe towre so well." The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619.

"They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch.  
*Hum.* Faith, my lord, it's but a base minde,  
That sores no higher than a bird can sore."

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play: but see the "Introduction" to this volume.

*Car.* I thought your grace would be about the cloudes.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good Your grace could flie to heauen.

*Car.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a Crowne,<sup>2</sup> proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

*Hum.* How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,  
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.<sup>3</sup>

*Suf.* Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

*Hum.* As how, my Lord?

*Suf.* As you my Lord. And it like<sup>4</sup> your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

*Hum.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*Kin.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these

<sup>1</sup> The first folio thus reads: "I thought as much, hee would bee about the clouds." Modern editors generally read "he'd;" but Mr Knight restores the old reading.

<sup>2</sup> An image taken from falconry. A hawk was said to *beat* when it fluttered with his wings. A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in Lyly's "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, as quoted by Stevens:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in "The Booke of Hawking," MS. Harl. 2340. In the "Tempest," act i. sc. 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v. sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters "doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr Knight. See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage of the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like."

furious Lordes<sup>1</sup> to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.<sup>2</sup>

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Hum.* Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to  
that.

*Car.* Euen when thou darest.

*Hum.* Dare. I tell rhee<sup>3</sup> Priest, Plantagenets  
could neuer brooke the dare.

*Car.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne  
to Iohn of Gaunt.

*Hum.* In Bastardie.

*Car.* I scorne thy words.

*Hum.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in  
thine own person meete me at the East end of the  
groue.<sup>4</sup>

*Car.* Heres my hand, I will.

*Kin.* Why how now my Lords?

*Car.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast

<sup>1</sup> This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads :

“I prythee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.”

But the second folio of 1632 reads :

“I prethee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these too-too furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.”

<sup>2</sup> See St Matthew, v. 9, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

<sup>3</sup> A mistake in the original copy for “thee.” It is corrected in the later impressions.

<sup>4</sup> In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal.

off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and buckler.

*Hum.* Faith Priest,<sup>1</sup> Ile shaue your Crowne.

*Car.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.

*Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.<sup>2</sup>*

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it ?

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular, these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600. This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father : "I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saiege that he was borne blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therefore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that saint Albons body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainly thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocester, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to see such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory as shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himselfe, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himselfe affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien

*One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.<sup>1</sup>

again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him. What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulede bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he had him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betweene divers colours, yet coulede he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se."—*The Workes of Sir Thomas Moore, 1557, p. 134.* The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived. The following account is given in Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 597-8: "In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon. When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen; so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle. So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, No, than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I beleve you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he; I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? This anone the beggar told him. What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told him the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks." So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine."

*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke,<sup>1</sup> bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.*

*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise, For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

*Hum.* Where wast thou borne?<sup>2</sup>

*Poore man.* At Barwicke sir, in the North.

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe, That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

*Hum.* What are thou<sup>3</sup> lame too?

*Poore man.* I indeed sir, God helpe me.

*Hum.* How cam'st thou lame?

*Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.<sup>4</sup>

*Hum.* Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

*Poore man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life, My wife did long for plums.

*Hum.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*Poore man.* I truly sir.

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was born blinde.

*Hum.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Hum.* Hadst thou bene his mother, Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet.

*Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

<sup>1</sup> This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended ay.

<sup>2</sup> This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement.

<sup>3</sup> Omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

*Hum.* Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why<sup>1</sup> red maister, as red as blood.

*Hum.* And his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why thats greene.

*Hum.* And what colours his hose?

*Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

*Hum.* And what colours my gowne?

*Poore man.* Black sir, as black as Ieat.

*King.* Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.

*Suf.* And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.<sup>2</sup>

*Hum.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many  
a one.

But tell me sirrha, whats my name?

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.

*Hum.* What his name?

*Poore man.* I know not.

*Hum.* Nor his?

*Poore man.* No truly sir.

*Hum.* Nor his name?

*Poore man.* No indeed maister.

*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?

*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours,<sup>3</sup> but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning<sup>4</sup> to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

<sup>1</sup> This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio.

<sup>4</sup> This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play. The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of



*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.

*Hum.* My Maisters of saint Albones,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And things called whippes?<sup>1</sup>

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

*Hum.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

[*Exet one.*

*Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole<sup>2</sup> hither by and by,  
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from  
whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I am not able to stand  
alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Hum.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam  
stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with  
your doublet quickly,

"hiscunning," which last reading is the right one. Rowe suggested "that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors.

<sup>1</sup> A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day. Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," 1608, says: "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store." Now, according to Mr Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet; and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatre as that for which Shakespeare wrote. It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hanlet saies," instead of "as Gloster saies."

<sup>2</sup> The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole." I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in opposition to the opinion of Mr Collier.

*Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle had hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*

*Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt at euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord. [*Exet Mayor.*

*Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day. He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witnesse France.

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

What newes brings Duké Humprey of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?  
(*Reads.*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,  
Yet him out lieue, and die a violent death.  
Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?  
By water shall he die and take his end.

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<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go."

*Suf.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?  
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

*King.* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Car.* Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector.  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

*Hum.* Forbear ambitious Prelate to vrge my grieffe,  
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,  
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,  
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords this night weele lodge in S.  
Albones,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent. [*Exet omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY  
and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke,<sup>1</sup>  
To Englands Crowne by lineall desent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition. It is necessary to transcribe the whole :

“ Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was Edward the blacke prince,  
Prince of Wales.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.  
 Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
 The first was Edward the blacke Prince,  
 Prince of Wales.  
 The second was Edmund of Langly,  
 Duke of Yorke.  
 The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.  
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
 The Duke of Lancaster.  
 The fifth was Roger Mortemor,<sup>1</sup> Earle of March.  
 The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.  
 William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.  
 Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father.

---

The second was William of Hatfield,  
 Who dyed young.

The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence.

The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,

The duke of Lancaster,

The fit was Edmund of Langley,

Duke of Yorke.

The sixt was William of Windsore,

Who dyed young.

The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke.

"Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde him two sonnes; Edward, borne at Angolesme, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an heyre.

"Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and Ulster: and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell, duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir, in time of Richard's reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heir to Iohn of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the crowne, deposd the merthfull king, and as both, you know, in Pomfret castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster vnto the crowne."

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate; and history must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare. The differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments for certain points connected with the history of the various editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the introduction to the present play.

<sup>1</sup> This, as well as the name of Edward's second son, is an error. Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play.

and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.

Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the thirde sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Sal.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

*Yorke.* True. But so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt have possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*War.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne. It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,<sup>1</sup> Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest Lord<sup>2</sup> of Henries blood, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why my minde presageth I shall liue. To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY, the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor COBHAM, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Kin.* Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham<sup>3</sup> Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst<sup>4</sup> us, our States and Peeres.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "I wil rouse the Beare." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Maugre the proudest lords."

<sup>3</sup> This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry's marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "against."

First for thy hainous crimes,<sup>1</sup> thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

*Eln.* Euen to my death, for I have lived too long.  
[*Exet some with ELNOR.*]

*Kin.* Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad, In that these Treasons thus are come to light, Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Hum.* Oh gracious Henry, giue me leaue awhile, To leave your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes<sup>2</sup> the fountaines of mine eyes to swell, And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*Kin.* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please, Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe, For Henry will be no more protected, The Lord shall be my guide<sup>3</sup> both for my land and me.

*Hum.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all. My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,<sup>4</sup> As erst thy noble father made it mine,<sup>5</sup> And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it, As others would ambitiously receiue it, And long hereafter when I am dead and gone, May honourable peace attend thy throne.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "crime."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "make."

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "guide."

<sup>4</sup> This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,—

"As ere thy noble father made it mine."

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr Knight.

*Kin.* Vncle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse beloued of vs, then when  
Thou weart Protector ouer my land.<sup>1</sup> [*Exet* GLOSTER.

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

*Kin.* Then call them forth, that they may trie their  
rightes.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours,  
drinking to him so much that he is drunken,<sup>2</sup> and  
he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe  
with a sandbag fastened to it,<sup>3</sup> and at the other  
doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and  
Prentises drinking to him.*

1. *Neigh.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you  
in a cup of Sacke.

And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ouer this my land."

<sup>2</sup> "This year [1445] an armourer's servant in London appeled his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmsye and *aqua vitæ* to comfort him withall: for it was the cause of his and their discomfort; for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfelde where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him; and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant, being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawn to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded."—Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 594.

<sup>3</sup> According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler alludes to this when he says:—

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
As men with sand-bags did of old."



2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.<sup>1</sup>

3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man.

*Arm.* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter.

1. *Pren.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine for thee.

3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

*Peter.* I thank you all, but ile drink no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer,

And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,  
Take all the mony that I haue.<sup>2</sup>

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able

<sup>1</sup> A sweet wine ; so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In "The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate," 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines : "Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms : some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux ; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination." Part of this curious quotation is given in the *variorum* Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald. See Nichol's "Illustrations of Literature," vol. ii. p. 437.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my money that I have."—It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Horner* instead of *Hornor*.

to deal with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

*Sal.* Come leave your drinking; and fall to blowes. Sirrha, whats thy name?

*Peter.* Peter forsooth.!

*Sal.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thumpe.

*Sal.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

*Arm.* Heres to thee<sup>1</sup> neigbbour, fill all the pots againe, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation,<sup>2</sup> to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "Here to thee."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "as it were of man's instigation," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also followed by the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> This allusion to the well-known old romance is not in the amended play, though frequently inserted from the sketch by modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described:—

"They had not ridden but a while,  
Not the mountenance of a mile,  
But they met with a giaunt,  
With a full sorry semblant.  
He was both mighty and strong;  
He was full thirtie feet long;  
He was bristeled like a sow,  
A foot there was betweene each brow.  
His lips wer great, they hanged aside,  
His eies were hollow, his mouth wide.  
He was lothly to looke on;  
He was lyker a devil than a man.  
His staffe was a yong oake.  
He would give a great stroke.  
Bevis wondrod, I you plight,  
And asked him what he hight;  
My name, sayde he, is Ascapart,  
Sir Grassy sent me hetherward."

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an

*Peter.* Law you now, I told you hees in his fence  
alreadie.

[*Alarmes*,<sup>1</sup> and *PETER* hits him on the head  
and fels him.

*Arm.* Hold Peter,<sup>2</sup> I confesse, Treason, treason,  
[*He dies.*

*Peter.* O God I giue thee praise. [*He kneeles downe.*

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

*Kin.* Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,  
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,<sup>3</sup>  
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exet omnis.*

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men in mourning  
cloakes.*

*Hum.* Sirrha, whats a clocke?

undated black-letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse." According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton; and there certainly is some uncouth-looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted.

<sup>1</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the edition of 1819.

<sup>2</sup> The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's "Chronicle" that records the duel might have suggested the name of *Horner* to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. ii. p. 8.

<sup>3</sup> According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Muri-muth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation: "Magna fuit evidētia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur."

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Hum.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poor Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,<sup>1</sup>  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,  
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on,<sup>2</sup> and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir JOHN STANDLY, and Officers with billes and holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

<sup>1</sup> This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "*still* laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary. Mr Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mr Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch.

<sup>2</sup> Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr Collier says that modern editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states that they were *pinned on*. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble." Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader.

*Hum.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Eln.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Eln.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
'Then thought of this,<sup>1</sup> doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids<sup>2</sup> me aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame<sup>3</sup> with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.  
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "bid."

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "mail'd up in shame;" but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 148.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word.

*Hum.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I shoulde incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Eln.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,<sup>1</sup>  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer<sup>2</sup> thy head,  
As shortly it will be. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,  
And flie thee how thou can<sup>3</sup> they will intangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Mer.* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse  
Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of  
the next month.

*Hum.* A Parlament and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before. 'This is sodeine.<sup>4</sup>  
Well, we will be there. [*Exet. Herald.*  
*Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against  
my  
Lady, then the course of law extendes.*

*Sher.* Please it your grace, my office here doth  
end,  
And I must deliuer her to Sir Iohn Standly,  
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

<sup>1</sup> This is intended to be a question. According to Hall "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayd litle."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "ore."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can."

<sup>4</sup> The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly. This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

*Hum.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Stan.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreede,  
And I am so commanded by the King.

*Hum.* I pray you Sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,  
In that I intreat<sup>1</sup> you vse her well.  
The world may smile againe<sup>2</sup> and I may liue,  
To do you fauour if you do it her,  
And so sir Iohn farewell.

*Eln.* What gone my Lord, and bid me not<sup>3</sup> farwell?

*Hum.* Wisse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay  
to speake. [*Exet HUMPHREY and his men.*]

*Eln.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,  
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?  
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,  
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

*Stan.* Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,  
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

*Eln.* Ah good sir Iohn my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:  
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter to the Parliament.*

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER, and then the King and the Queene,<sup>4</sup> and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WARWICKE.*

*Kin.* I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.

<sup>1</sup> This word is rather curiously transposed in the amended play.

<sup>2</sup> In other words, as Johnson observes, the world may again look favourably upon me.

<sup>3</sup> So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "the king and queene."

*Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
 How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,<sup>1</sup>  
 That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:  
 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
 When euery one will giue the time of day,  
 And he will neither moue<sup>2</sup> nor speake to vs.  
 See you not how the Commons follow him<sup>3</sup>  
 In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,  
 And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,<sup>4</sup>  
 Honouring him as if he were their King.<sup>5</sup>  
 Gloster is no litle man in England,  
 And if he list to stir commotions,  
 Tys likely that the people will follow him.  
 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.  
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
 Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
 And by your speeches, if you can disproue me,  
 I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke.

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<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue."

<sup>3</sup> The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>4</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and accordingly we do not find it in Mr Knight's edition.

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their king." Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W. W.," with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's "Malone," vol. x. p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier.



*Suf.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,  
 And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
 I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.  
 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is  
 deepest.

No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
 Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*Kin.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from  
 France?

*Som.* Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,  
 That all your holds and Townes within those Terri-  
 tores

Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Kin.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,  
 But Gods will be done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me,<sup>2</sup> for I had hope of  
 France,  
 Euen as I haue of fertill England.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too  
 soone,

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
 We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt<sup>3</sup> not see me  
 blush

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost."

<sup>2</sup> This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p. 420 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes."

<sup>3</sup> The 1623 edition of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well Suffolk, yet thou shalt." Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt;" while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Nor change mine countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie,<sup>1</sup> who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke  
bribes from France,  
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,  
By which<sup>2</sup> his Maiestie hath lost all France.

*Hum.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that  
thinke so?

So God helpe me,<sup>3</sup> as I haue watcht the night  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That penie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie,  
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was pro-  
tector

Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous<sup>4</sup> theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord aboute the rate of common law.

*Suf.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change for the worse, though retained by Mr Knight.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Through which."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe."

<sup>4</sup> For "felonious," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of 1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs in "Maundeville's Travels," edit. 1839, p. 291.

*Kin.* Good vncke obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hum.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads<sup>1</sup> not yet their liues destruction.  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
Bewfords frie eyes showes<sup>2</sup> his enuious minde,  
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies<sup>3</sup> his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone<sup>4</sup>  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus :  
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,<sup>5</sup>  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suf.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignomious<sup>6</sup> wrong,

<sup>1</sup> Probably "dread."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "showe."

<sup>3</sup> Probably "bewraie."

<sup>4</sup> That is, *aims*, meaning to express York's great ambition. So in the "Tempest," act ii. sc. 1, Gonzalo says, "You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing." In Rider's Latin Dictionarie, 1640, we have "aime or leuell." In "Titus Andronicus," act iv. sc. 3, Marcus says :

"My Lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this."

<sup>5</sup> The word "well" is omitted in the edition of 1619, though found in the amended play, which reads, "affected" for "performed."

<sup>6</sup> For "ignominious," as in the two editions of 1600, that of 1619, and the amended play.

Had sobornde or hired some to swere against his life.

*Queene.* I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed, Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaie me false.

*Buc.* Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day, My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey, And see him garded sure within my house.

*Hum.* O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch. Before his legs can beare his bodie vp, And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side, Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first. Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy, Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*]

*Kin.* My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best,

[Sig. E.] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queene.* What will your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

*Kin.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieffe, Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone, For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*]

*Queene.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,

<sup>1</sup> In Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, nearly the same expression occurs: "I, I, well giue loosers leaue to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea;" but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I."

<sup>2</sup> That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in "Piers Plowman." The still older word, *annuy*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46.

Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.  
 Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.  
 In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suf.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,  
 If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King :  
 And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
 The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,  
 But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
 We should not question if that he should liue.  
 No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
 For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suf.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*<sup>2</sup>

*Queene.* How now, sirrha, what news?

*Mess.* Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

<sup>1</sup> This and the next line are given to York in the edition of 1619; but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation; and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line:

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain."

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,  
Doth plant themselues<sup>1</sup> within the English pale.

*Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my  
Lords?

*Yorke.* Twerē very good<sup>2</sup> that my Lord of Somerset  
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.<sup>3</sup>  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
He did so much good when he was in France.

*Som.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht  
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his liue before  
That France<sup>4</sup> should haue reuolted from Englands  
rule.

*Som.* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouern'd worst  
then I.

*Yorke.* What worse then nought, then a shame  
take all.

*Som.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

*Queene.* Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 omits the word "very."

<sup>3</sup> This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows:

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,  
And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe."

We should of course read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech.

<sup>4</sup> "The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619.

Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those  
kernes.<sup>1</sup>

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers  
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

*Buc.* Madame I will, and leaue such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,  
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for  
thee?

*Yorke.* At Bristow, I wil<sup>2</sup> expect them ten daies  
hence.

*Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.  
[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

*Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to  
do.

And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did see to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exit omnis, Manit* YORKE.]

<sup>1</sup> "Tertius ordo comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis armaturæ Machærophores, ab Hybernis *Karni* dicuntur—" "Ricardi Stanihursti De rebus in Hibernia gestis liber," Antwerp, 1584, lib. i. p. 42. In a passage quoted by Bowle, from an early English translation of the same book, we have the following account: "The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake hells, or the devils blacke-garde." See also another description of them in Dymoke's "Treatise on Ireland," in an Harleian MS., which I passed through the press for the Irish Archæological Society, with an introduction by Mr Butler. The two editions of 1600 read "gainst those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

"And Yorke shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those kernes."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I'le."

*York.* Now Yorke bethink thy self and rowse thee  
 vp,  
 Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
 Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not  
 attaine,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
 And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
 I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
 Iohn Cade of Ashford,  
 Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,<sup>2</sup>  
 To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
 I shall perceiue how the common people  
 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
 To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,  
 Now if he should be taken and condemd,  
 Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
 To put in practise and to gather head,  
 That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
 To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,  
 To helpe him to performe this enterprise.  
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.  
[Exit YORKE.]

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "thou canst not it attaine."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,"

which addition does not agree with the scene where Cade knights himself. The edition of 1619 here adds the following line :

"For he is like him euery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the amended play. This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy.



*Then the Curtaines being drawne,<sup>1</sup> Duke HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them.*

*Suf.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

*One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

*Suf.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still, That when the King comes, he may perceiue No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is handsome<sup>2</sup> now my Lord.

*Suf.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,  
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

[*Exet murtherers.*]

*Then enter<sup>3</sup> the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the Cardinall.*

*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,

<sup>1</sup> In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In "Lady Alimony," 1659, quoted by Malone's "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." There is also an old book, called "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Boaistuau's "Theatre, or Rule of the World," translated by Alday, 1581.

<sup>2</sup> This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer; but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

<sup>3</sup> The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

*Suf.* I will my Lord. [*Exet* SUFFOLKE.

*King.* And good my Lords proceed no further  
against our vnkle Gloster,<sup>1</sup>

Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,  
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter* SUFFOLKE.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle ?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.<sup>2</sup>

[*The King faller in a sound.*

*Queen.* Ay—me, the King is dead : help, help, my  
Lords.

*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me com-  
fort ?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart :  
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
For euen in thine eye-bals<sup>3</sup> murther sits,  
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske  
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently :

"Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead ;"

while the edition of 1619 reads, "My lord of Gloster's dead," which apparently confirms the punctuation of the first edition. Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre.

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of thine."

<sup>4</sup> The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr Knight. "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catobletas great noyeing to mankinde ; for all that see his eyen

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,  
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?  
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
And you had<sup>1</sup> best say that I did murther him.

*King.* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,<sup>2</sup>  
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,  
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,  
And thrise by aukward winds<sup>3</sup> driuen back from Eng-  
lands bounds,  
What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

*Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY.*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue  
of bees,<sup>4</sup>

should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockatrice."—  
"Bartholomæus de prop. rerum," lib. xviii. cap. 16. The same  
property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk. So, in  
"Albion's England," as quoted by Reed,

"As Æsculap an herdsman did espie,  
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,  
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, 'and y'had.'

<sup>2</sup> Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster,  
but for me." The amended play reads "is" instead of "was;"  
but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to  
the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to  
believe has fallen upon herself on account of his death.

<sup>3</sup> Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in  
the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads  
"twice" instead of "thrise." In "Cymbeline" we have the  
expression, "rudest wind." Malone quotes the following ap-  
posite passage from Drayton:

"And undertook to trauaile dangerous waies,  
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry hiue of bees," the  
reading adopted by Mr Knight, though, perhaps, few readers  
will think it an improvement.

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,  
For good Duke Humphreys death,<sup>1</sup> whom they report  
To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinall  
here.

*King.* That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,  
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.<sup>2</sup>

*War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view  
the bodie.

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I  
returne.

*Salb.* I will sonne. [*Exet* SALBURY.

[*WARWICKE draws the curtaines and showes  
Duke HUMPHREY in his bed.*

*King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.  
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon  
him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,  
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,  
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.<sup>3</sup>

*Suf.* A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemne toong,  
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>2</sup> Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables.

<sup>3</sup> The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>4</sup> The following passage in Porter's "Two Angry Women of Abingdon," 1599, appears almost a parody:

"Oft haue I heard a timely married girl  
That newly left to call her mother mam."

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by "in proper time." The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word *ghost*; but it is again used in the same sense in this volume:

"Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear;"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers.

Of ashie semblance,<sup>1</sup> pale and bloodlesse,  
 But loe the blood is setled in his face,<sup>2</sup>  
 More better coloured then when he liu'd,  
 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
 His fingers spred abroad<sup>3</sup> as one that graspt for life,  
 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are  
 probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murdered.<sup>4</sup>

*Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in  
 charge,

And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

*War.* I, but twas well knowne<sup>5</sup> they were not his  
 friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Car.* But haue you<sup>6</sup> no greater proofes then these ?

*War.* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter ?  
 Who findes the partridge in the puttocks<sup>7</sup> neast,

<sup>1</sup> So Spenser—

“Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts !”

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “in the face.”

<sup>3</sup> That is, widely distended. So in Peacham’s “Complete Gentleman,” 1627: “Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy’s hand, or any finger.”—See Malone’s Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. 264.

<sup>4</sup> So in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Hermia says to Demetrius,

“It cannot be but thou hast murder’d him.”

The passage in the amended play (act iii. sc. 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given :

“It cannot be but he was murder’d here.”

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “but tis well knowne.”

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads “ye.”

<sup>7</sup> A kite. See Bewick’s “History of British Birds,” edit. 1797, vol. i. p. 21. In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

But will imagine how the bird came there,  
 Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?<sup>1</sup>  
 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your  
 talants?<sup>2</sup>

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suf.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
 But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,<sup>3</sup>  
 That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,  
 That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,  
 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
 That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

*War.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke  
 dare him?

*Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
 Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

*War.* Madame be still,<sup>4</sup> with reuerence may I say it,  
 That euery word you speake in his defence,  
 Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.

*Suf.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
 If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,  
 Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
 Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke  
 Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,  
 And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
 And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
 I would false murtherous coward on thy knees

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vnbloody beake."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talents."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a." The word "case" is altered to "ease" in the three other editions.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still."

Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say it was thy mother that thou meants,  
 That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,  
 And after all this fearefull homage done,  
 Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy  
 blood,

If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[WARWICKE *puls him out.*

[*Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the  
 Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe  
 with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of  
 SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons  
 drawne.*

*Kin.* Why how now Lords ?

*Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of  
 Berry,

Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i<sup>2</sup>

[*The commons againe cries,<sup>3</sup> downe with Suffolke, downe  
 with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the  
 Earle of SALBURY.*

*Sal.* My Lord, the Commons made you word by me,  
 The vnlesse false Suffolke<sup>4</sup> here be done to death,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell;"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present play.

<sup>2</sup> This last isolated letter is found in the original; but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop.

<sup>3</sup> This grammatical error is repeated several times.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,  
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht  
hinds

Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,  
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,<sup>1</sup>  
But all the honour Salisbury hath got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador  
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.<sup>2</sup>

[*The Commons cries, an answer from the King,  
my Lord of Salisbury.*

*Kin.* Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,<sup>3</sup>  
And had I not bene<sup>4</sup> cited thus by their meanes,  
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[*Exet SALISBURY.*

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle  
Suffolkes banishment.

*Kin.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,

<sup>1</sup> It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means *skillful, dexterous*. So Prospero says, "My quaint Ariel."

<sup>2</sup> A company or body of tinkers. So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii. sc. 2,

"The shallowest thick-skin of that barren *sort*."

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care;"

and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I beene."



If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.  
Come good Warwicke<sup>1</sup> and go thou in with me,  
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene  
and SUFFOLKE.*

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with  
you,

Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.  
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suf.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse  
them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,<sup>2</sup>  
I would inuent as many bitter termes

Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,

With twise so many signes of deadly hate,

As leaue fast enuy<sup>3</sup> in her loathsome caue,

My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

<sup>1</sup> The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>2</sup> Bulleyn, speaking of Mandragora, says: "They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men; and also without the death of some lyving thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dogge or some other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meané tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrack. In which cry it doth not onely dye itselpe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—"Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse," fol. 1579, p. 41. This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors. The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

<sup>3</sup> The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy."

My haire be fixt on end,<sup>1</sup> as one distraught,  
 And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
 And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gall worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste.<sup>3</sup>  
 Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
 Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.  
 Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.  
 And boding srike-oules make the comsort full.  
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

*Suf.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?  
 Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
 Well could I curse away a winters night,  
 And standing naked on a mountaine top,

<sup>1</sup> So the modern editors write, but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine haire be fixt an end."

<sup>2</sup> Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of "Cæsar Borgia, 4<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1680. As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here :

*Mach.* Nay, since you urge, sir, my heart will break  
 Unless I curse 'em ! Poyson be their drink.

*Borg.* Gall, gall and wormwood ! Hemlock ! hemlock ! quench 'em.

*Mach.* Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders.

*Borg.* Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks ;  
 Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth.

*Mach.* Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,  
 All the foul terrours of dark-seated hell.

*Borg.* No more ; thou art one piece with me thyself :  
 And now I take a pride in my revenge."

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "the daintiest *that* they taste," and Theobald wishes to read, "the dainties *that*," or "the daintiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition.

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.* No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence  
to France,

Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,  
Ile haue an Irish<sup>1</sup> that shall finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee  
repelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe.  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou seest it, thou maist think on me.  
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieffe,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suf.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

*Enter VAWSE.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast? [Sig.F.]

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,  
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
And sometime<sup>2</sup> he calles to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald aloude for him.

*Queene.* Go then good Vawse and certifie the  
King.

[*Exet VAWSE.*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.  
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?

---

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Iris. See the amended play, act. iii. sc. 2, and Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xvij. p. 275. The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shalt."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "sometimes."

Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot liue: but here to  
die,

What were it else but like a pleasant slumber  
In thy lap?<sup>1</sup>

Here could I, could I,<sup>2</sup> breathe my soule into the  
aire,

As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
That dies with mothers dugges between his  
lips,

Where from thy sight<sup>3</sup> I should be raging madde,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,

Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,

By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,

From thee to die, were torment more then death,

O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy  
life,

Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,

And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

*Suf.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisseth him.*

*Suf.* A ieuell lockt into the wofulst caske,

That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,

Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to deathe.

[*Exet SUFFOLKE.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

[*Exet Queene.*

<sup>1</sup> This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error.

*Enter King and SALSBURY,<sup>1</sup> and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue<sup>2</sup> but one whole yeare,<sup>3</sup>

Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

*Kin.* O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,

<sup>1</sup> This stage direction is as follows in the amended play: "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed."

<sup>2</sup> This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's "Chronicle": "During these doynge, Henry Beauford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended on an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenance, ryche aboute measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdainfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferringe money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perourmyng. His covetous insaciabie, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies: for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes: Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to buy it. Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worn a tryple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me."

<sup>3</sup> This is altered in the amended play to "and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, "how he is troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer.

Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.<sup>1</sup>

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?<sup>2</sup>  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison<sup>3</sup> which the  
Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame  
downe his haire,  
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

*Kin.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of hea-  
uenly blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.<sup>4</sup>

[*The Cardinall dies.*

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.  
Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*Kin.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.<sup>5</sup>  
[*Exet omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read —

“ Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.”

<sup>2</sup> So in “ King John,” act iv. sc. 2:—

“ We cannot hold mortality’s strong hand.”

And again:—

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?”

<sup>3</sup> The word “ strong ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> So in the old “ King John,” 1591, the legate says to the dying sovereign:—

“ Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,  
Thou diedst the servant of our Saviour Christ:—  
Now joy betide thy soule !”

<sup>5</sup> The word “ be ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

*Alarmes*<sup>1</sup> within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship<sup>2</sup> and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and others with him, and WATER WHICKMORE.<sup>3</sup>

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,  
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.

This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransomes<sup>4</sup> ere they passe.

*Suf.* Water! [*He starteth.*

*Water.* How now, what doest feare me?<sup>5</sup>

Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suf.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,  
That by Water I should die :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. "*Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme."—Rider's "*Latin Dictionarie*," 4<sup>o</sup>, London, 1640.

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have "*Lieutenant*" throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

<sup>3</sup> In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt "*Walter Whickemore*."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome."

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me." This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>6</sup> So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, in Drayton's "*Epistles*," we have—

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,  
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
And one foretold by *water*, thou should'st die,  
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy."

See Malone's "*Shakespeare*," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 283.

Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is Gualter, not Water.

*Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.<sup>1</sup>

*Suf.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid.

*Water.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. *Pris.* But what shall our ransomes be ?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that  
or die.

2. *Pris.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome  
I will haue.

This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated. The note upon these lines is: "The witch of Eye receiv'd answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." The two editions of 1600 print *Walter* instead of water, and it is probably one of those that Mr Collier refers to in his edition of "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 181.

<sup>1</sup> This scene is thus related in Hall's "Chronicle:" "But fortune wold not that this flatigious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendinge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shippe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men iudge, by God's punyshment; for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and devisor of the destruction of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloude of the innocente man was with his dolorous death recompensed and punished." See Holinshed's "Chronicle," p. 632, and Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 610.



*Suf.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suf.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I? <sup>1</sup>

*Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Base Iadie groome,<sup>2</sup> King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,<sup>3</sup>

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him  
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poull.

*Suf.* Poull.<sup>4</sup>

*Cap.* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene,<sup>5</sup> shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suf.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

<sup>1</sup> This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

<sup>2</sup> A groom who attends upon inferior horses. Here, a term of reproach. See "Henry VIII," act. iii. sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

<sup>4</sup> This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

<sup>5</sup> This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the two editions of 1600.

The great Masadonian Pyrate,<sup>1</sup>

Thy words addes<sup>2</sup> fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

*Suf.* Has not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand<sup>3</sup> and held my stirrope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

*Cap.* Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his  
hed.

i. *Pris.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your  
life.

*Suf.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:  
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

*Suf.* A Swordar and bandeto slaue,  
Murthered sweete Tully.

<sup>1</sup> In the amended play we have—

“Small things make base men proud; this villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.”

Bargulus, or Βαρδύλλης, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, “Macedonian” not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk’s speech. Greene, in “Penelope’s Web” [1588], mentions “Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat,” who “thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” See Malone’s “Shakespeare,” by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 289. The second folio reads, “threats” instead of “threatens.”

<sup>2</sup> Probably “adde.”

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “Hast not thou kist thine hand.”

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

[*Exet* SUFFOLKE, and WATER.

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it saue deliuered vnto her.

Come lets goe.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in  
thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee,  
they haue bene vp this two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now.  
But sirrha George whats the matter?

*George.* Why sirrha, Iack Cake the Diar of Ashford  
here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap  
on it.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne threed-  
bare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs,<sup>1</sup> since these gentle  
men came vp.<sup>2</sup>

*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord  
weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But sirrha, who comes more<sup>3</sup> beside Iacke  
Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin  
the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression. "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words: It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's "Chronicles," by Howes, fol. 1631, p. 546. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 294. The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still more apposite.

<sup>2</sup> The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "else."

last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be<sup>1</sup> Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter* IACKE CADE, DICKE *Butcher*, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, *and the rest, with long staues.*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.<sup>2</sup>

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.<sup>3</sup>

*Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man<sup>4</sup> and a good Brick-laiier.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Brases.<sup>5</sup>

*Will.* She was a Pedlers daughter<sup>6</sup> indeed, and sold many lases.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "be al."

<sup>2</sup> This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall *fall* before us." It would appear that something is omitted.

<sup>3</sup> A measure less than a barrel. The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Berking: "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." Nash, in his "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name." Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play.

<sup>4</sup> In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the *Lacies*."

<sup>6</sup> In the edition of 1619 this speech is given by Nicke.

*Robin.* And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,<sup>1</sup>

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.<sup>2</sup>

*Harry.* I for<sup>3</sup> the field is honourable, for he was borne

Vnder a hedge, for his father<sup>4</sup> had no house but the Cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* Thats true, I know he can endure anything, For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.<sup>5</sup>

*Dicke.* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes,<sup>6</sup> and it shall be felony to

<sup>1</sup> A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 296.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honourable borne." Thus in the "Third Part of Henry VI.," edit. 1623, p. 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along: Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play.

<sup>3</sup> The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father."

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam."

<sup>6</sup> The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with *hoops*; and in "The Gul's Horn-Booke," 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures. See also Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 103. Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten.

drinke small beere, and if I be king,<sup>1</sup> as king I will be.

*All.* God saue your maiestie.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes<sup>2</sup> from my mouth.

*Dicke.* We shall haue sore lawes then,<sup>3</sup> for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

*George.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam.*<sup>4</sup>

*Will.* Oh Captaine a pryze.

*Cade.* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Sonnes,<sup>5</sup> hees a coniuurer bring him hither. Now, sir, what your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come."

<sup>3</sup> Stephano makes a similar pun in the "Tempest," act. v. sc. I.

<sup>4</sup> Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See W. Wyrcestre, p. 471. But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture.

<sup>5</sup> A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,<sup>1</sup>  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.<sup>2</sup>

*Cade.* And what do you vse<sup>3</sup> to write your name?  
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay, true sir,<sup>4</sup> I praise God I haue bene so  
well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh hes confest,<sup>5</sup> go hang him with his penny-  
inckhorne about his necke.

[*Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey  
Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings  
power, and mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe  
knight.

Kneelee downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother. [*He Knights DICKE Butcher.*<sup>6</sup>

*Cade.* Then kneelee downe Dicke Butcher,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye."

<sup>2</sup> Of letters missive, and public acts. In the "Famous Victories of Henry V.," 1598, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry:

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe  
Conduct, under your broad seale *Emanuel.*"

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse?"

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 has this speech as follows: "Oh he has confest, go and hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke."

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line.

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

[*Now sound vp the Drumme.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.*

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,<sup>2</sup>

Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Staf.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier.<sup>3</sup>

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner,<sup>4</sup> what then? But I come of the Mortemers.

*Staf.* I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe, For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March, Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, thats true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* Thats false.

*Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,

And that was my father,<sup>5</sup> and I am his sonne,

Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay them no regard. "I care not a pin for you," is a common expression at the present day.

<sup>3</sup> The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>5</sup> The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I know was true," which Mr Knight has corrected to "I know 'tis true."



For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie.<sup>1</sup>

*Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King,  
that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide  
at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes,<sup>2</sup> I am con-  
tent that he shall be King as long as he liues. Marry  
alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicite.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee leaue the Lord Sayes  
head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp  
the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling  
the Townes in France, by which meanes England

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "to testifie it."

<sup>2</sup> The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-  
counter for French crowns." The earlier commentators do not  
give any note on the game of span-counter, which Strutt and  
Nares suppose to have been thus played: one throws a counter,  
or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another  
so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it. It is alluded to by  
Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,  
Than if I play'd at span-counter."

Dr Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry  
Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his  
diary in MS. Ashm. 208; but this curious document does not  
give us any information relative to the manner in which the  
game was played. A few leaves onwards, in the same volume,  
Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an  
illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amuse-  
ment in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temp-  
tation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an  
example of the ancient method of styling members of the univer-  
sity by the title of "sir," already alluded to. Forman is speak-  
ing of his college life when he tells us: "Nowe ther were too  
Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors: the one  
of them was Sir Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike,  
and he was of Magdalen College; the other was Sir Pinckney,  
his cossine of St Mary Halle. Thes too lovyd hym [Forman]  
nyng welle, and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth  
tho Loes the keper of Shottofer for his houndes to go on huntinge  
from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave them-

hath bene maimde<sup>1</sup> euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance<sup>2</sup> held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethie?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes. That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet* STAFFORD and his men.]

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*]

selves to their bockes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the dauncing scolles, *to steall deer and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to woinge of wenches; to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thornbury he woed Besse; and Sir Pinckney he woed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceived Besse as the mayor's daughter of Bracly, of which Ephues writes, deceived him. But ther was their ordinary haunt alwaies, and thethere muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a similar conceit in his "Civil Wars," 1595:

"Anjou and Maine, the *maim* that foul appears."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD<sup>1</sup>  
and his brother is slaine. Then enter IACKE CADE  
again and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day  
most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou  
hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will  
reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it  
was. Thou<sup>2</sup> shalt haue licence to kill for foure score  
& one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weele  
march to London, for to morrow<sup>3</sup> I meane to sit in  
the Kings seate at Westminster. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene,  
with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord  
SAY, with others.*

*Kin.* Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is [Sig.G.]  
slaine,

And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their generall.

*Reade.*<sup>4</sup> Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one<sup>5</sup> againe.  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowe to haue  
thy head.

<sup>1</sup> "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings: but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot."—Hollinshed's "Chronicle, Henry IV.," p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow."

<sup>4</sup> This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps "once."

*Say.* I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*Kin.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue,<sup>1</sup> if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde<sup>2</sup> so much for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.<sup>3</sup>

*Kin.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels. Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth. Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebell Cade do find thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me. And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

*Kin.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say. Come Madame, let vs go. [*Exet omnes.*]

<sup>1</sup> Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "Thou would'st not half haue mourn'd."

<sup>3</sup> "The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire."—Holinshed's "Chronicle," p. 366. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Lancham's letter, we find "the castle hath name of Kyllelingworth; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenelworth."

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES vpon the Tower Walles walking.  
Enter three or foure Citizens below.<sup>1</sup>*

*Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*i. Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.  
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honour from  
the Tower,  
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall  
command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield<sup>2</sup> and gather head,  
And thither I will<sup>3</sup> send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues.  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword  
vpon London Stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first year of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now hence forward,<sup>4</sup> it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

<sup>1</sup> This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "But get you into Smithfield."

<sup>3</sup> These words are transposed in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

"And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then."

The amended play agrees with our text.

*Enter a souldier.*

*Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him downe. [*They kill him.*]

*Dicke.* My Lords,<sup>1</sup> theirs an Army gathered together

Into Smythfield.

*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,<sup>2</sup>  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come lets away. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine,<sup>3</sup> and all  
the rest with him. Then enter IACK CADE again,  
and his company.*

*Cade.* So sirs, now go some and pull down the  
Sauoy,<sup>4</sup>

Others to the Innes of the Court,<sup>5</sup> downe with them all.

*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we burne all the Records,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "My lord."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "set London Bridge on fire." At that time the bridge was made of wood.

<sup>3</sup> This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father."

<sup>4</sup> The word "some" is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things<sup>1</sup> shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment<sup>2</sup> be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.<sup>3</sup>

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will<sup>4</sup> lustily stand to it. Shall go with me, and<sup>5</sup> take vp these commodities following :

Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

*Enter GEORGE.*

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the Townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "al thing."

<sup>2</sup> These words are transposed in the edition of 1619. This speech occurs in act iv. sc. 2, of the amended play. Here it is act iv. sc. 7.

<sup>3</sup> The second folio reads, "my" for mine."

<sup>4</sup> This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minsheu to be a kind of woollen stuff. Spenser uses the word—

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say  
He clothed was."

There seems also to be a play on the word George and *serge*, as it is spelt in the amended drama.

What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,  
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier  
bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France ?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected  
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,  
and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie,<sup>1</sup> thou hast  
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face,  
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades<sup>2</sup> of  
bookes with red letters, and talkes<sup>3</sup> of a Nowne and  
a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian  
eare is able to endure it. And besides all that,<sup>4</sup> thou  
hast appointed certaine Iustises<sup>5</sup> of peace in euery  
shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing,  
and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them  
vp : Onely for which cause they were most worthy to  
liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?<sup>6</sup>

*Say.* Yes, what of that ?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy  
horse weare a cloake, when an honest man then thy  
selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent ?

<sup>1</sup> "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and  
dignity," was the regular language of indictments.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "reade."

<sup>3</sup> Probably "talke."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace."

<sup>6</sup> This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is  
entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight. This  
shows the value of the old copies. The first folio reads, "in a  
footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading. A  
footcloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the  
horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made  
of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyne, in his "Dia-  
logue," 1564, says : "He gave me my mule also with a velvet  
footcloth." See "Richard III.," act iii. sc. 4 ; and "2 Henry  
VI.," act iv. sc. 1.



Say. Nothing but *bona, terra*.<sup>1</sup>

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

Mill. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,<sup>2</sup>

Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not<sup>3</sup> Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head  
so?

Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "Nothing but *terra bona*."

<sup>2</sup> So all the editions. The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civell'st place of all this isle;  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,  
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are." I have printed from the second edition of 1632. The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct; but Mr Knight reads,

"Term'd *is* the civellest place of all this land."

I would rather read, "is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cæsar which is referred to is as follows:—"Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt."—"Comment de bello Gallico," v. 14. The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the *civilest*." Shakespeare, or rather the author of the "Contention," had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone. It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr Collier does not seem to be aware of this. See his "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 198.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

<sup>4</sup> Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it

*Cade.* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say,<sup>1</sup> thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too,<sup>2</sup> and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exet one or two with the Lord SAY.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,  
But he shall paie me tribute for it.  
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see<sup>3</sup> to me for her.  
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,

nearer the present passage. Blgrave, in his "Astrological Practise of Physick," p. 135, prescribes a cure of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows: "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague. All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague.' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen."—See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Hazlitt, iii. 236.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say."

<sup>2</sup> "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say; but, his lordship insisting to be tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J. Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's to be carried before him on spears."—Holinshed, p. 364. See also Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol. ii. p. 28. According to the contemporary chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall.

<sup>3</sup> Read "fee."

Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,<sup>1</sup>  
 And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,  
 or toong can tell.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Robin.*

*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and flaxe and squench<sup>3</sup> it.

*Enter DICKE and a Sargiant.*

*Sar.* Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

*Cade.* Why what has he done ?

*Sar.* Alasse sir he has rausht my wife.

*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
 And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
 You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

<sup>1</sup> A tenure *in capite*. This is an equivoque on the preceding line.

<sup>2</sup> There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell." Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 321. The disgusting custom of the *Marcheta Mulierum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Marchequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua: hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Marcheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitæ prima violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptis prima nuptiarum nocte; sed et pie a Malcomio tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vaccarum numero et quasi pretio redimitur." Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "quench." The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word.

Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,  
 And rest a man when hees<sup>1</sup> at dinner,  
 And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his<sup>2</sup>  
 mouth.

Go Dicke take him hence, cut out<sup>3</sup> his toong for cog-  
 ging.

Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
 Brane<sup>4</sup> him with his own mace.

[*Exet with the Sargiant.*

*Enter two with the Lord SAYES head, and sir JAMES  
 CROMERS, vpon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes  
 ende, let them kisse together.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD  
 the Earle of COMBERLAND.*

*Clif.* Why country-men and warlike friends of  
 Kent,

What meanes this mutinous rebellions,<sup>6</sup>  
 That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,  
 Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
 To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,  
 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "he is."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "on's."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out."

<sup>4</sup> That is, "brain." The edition of 1619 reads "braue."

<sup>5</sup> "And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together."—Holinshed, p. 634. See also Hall's "Chronicles," sig. a. Farmer gives another parallel passage from the "Mirroure of Magistrates." Hall says, "to the great detestation of all the beholders." See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 322.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads,

"What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?  
 If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
 Then hast to France that your forefathers wonne,  
 And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
 And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forsake Cade.*

*Cade.* Why, how now, will you forsake your generall,  
 And ancient freedome which you haue possesst?  
 To bend your neckes vnder<sup>1</sup> their seruile yokes,  
 Who if you stir, will straightwaies<sup>2</sup> hang you vp,  
 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
 And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade.

[*They runne to Cade againe.*

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,<sup>3</sup>  
 Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
 And I myself will go along with you,  
 To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,  
 And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
 Blowne euery way,  
 But that they may see there want no valiancy<sup>4</sup> in  
 me,  
 My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
 And so a poxe take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads "vnto" instead of "vnder."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "straight way."

<sup>3</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600, and that of 1619, read "there wants no valiancy."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away."

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
Come march away. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET.*

*Kin.* Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the  
Rebell Cade?

*Som.* This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is  
don to death,  
And the Citie is almost sackt.

*Kin.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede,  
so must it be :<sup>1</sup>  
And be it as he please,<sup>2</sup> to stop the pride of those  
rebellious men.

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene  
aliue,  
The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with  
the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull  
King,  
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*Kin.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

*Clif.* No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but  
proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but  
bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "so it must be."

<sup>2</sup> The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the sentence.

may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes<sup>1</sup> were thus misled.

*Kin.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English  
Crowne.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*Kin.* Come let vs haste to London now with speed,  
That solemne prosessions may be sung,  
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other mai-  
ster ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACKE  
CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating  
them.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country  
life,  
This litle land my father left me here,  
With my contented minde serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,  
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand  
villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a  
thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest,  
ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,<sup>2</sup> and swallow  
my sword like a great pinne.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes."

<sup>2</sup> It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estridge," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee ?

Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And enterd into my ground<sup>1</sup> without the leaue of me  
the owner,

But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiae dayes, yet and I do not<sup>2</sup> leaue thee and thy fiae men as dead as a doore nayle,<sup>3</sup> I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it neuer shall<sup>4</sup> be saide whilst the world doth stand,<sup>5</sup> that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee.<sup>6</sup> Sirrah fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou doest not hew<sup>7</sup> this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou

Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a [paper] battle some two centuries ago. The word "estridge" occurs twice in Shakespeare, "1 Henry IV.," act iv. sc. 1, and "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii. sc. 2, meaning a kind of hawk; while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "into the ground."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet if I do not."

<sup>3</sup> This proverb is used by Pistol in "2 Henry VI.," act v. sc.

3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xvii. p. 225.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands."

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile combat with thee."

<sup>7</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "if thou hewst not."



maist fal<sup>1</sup> into some smiths hand,<sup>2</sup> and be turned to hob-nailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and CADE fals downe.*

*Cade.* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiuallrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.

[*He dies.*

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell<sup>3</sup> which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this,<sup>4</sup> and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it<sup>5</sup> . . . .

[*Exet.*

*Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove." The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I. ; but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr Collier.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands."

<sup>3</sup> Hall gives the following account of Cade's death: "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should haue for his pain a m. markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in his defence manfully slewe the caitife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge." The edition of 1619 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel."

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this." The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition.

To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
 Ah *Sancta Maiesta*,<sup>1</sup> who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes  
 with him?

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I swear:  
 What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

*Buc.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord  
 and soueraign,

Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace?  
 Or that thou being a subject as I am,  
 Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,  
 Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subject as he is.

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,  
 But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
 Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,  
 And not farre hence I know they cannot be.<sup>2</sup>  
 Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,  
 That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,  
 I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,  
 And heaue proud Somerset<sup>3</sup> from out the Court,  
 That basely yeilded vp the Townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
 But if it be no otherwise but so,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For "majestas."

<sup>2</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 omits the word "not;" and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the edition of 1619 and in Mr Knight's. This part of York's speech is of course spoken aside.

<sup>3</sup> The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so."

The King doth pardon thee, and granst<sup>1</sup> to thy request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,

Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,

And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*

*Buc.* Come York, thou shalt go speake<sup>2</sup> vnto the King,

But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

*Enter King HENRY.*

[*Sig. II.*

*Kin.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,

That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes

Which came with him, but as your grace did say,

To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*Kin.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,

And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,

Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter maister EYDEN with IACKE CADES head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry<sup>3</sup> in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, "grants."

<sup>2</sup> Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Long liue King Henry."

I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*Kin.* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my  
friend,

That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.

Oh let me see that head that in his life,  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
Presageth warlike humors in his life.

Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediately created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*Kin.* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,<sup>1</sup>  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthie act,  
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

*Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace,<sup>2</sup> and I no  
longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King.<sup>3</sup> [*Exet.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*<sup>4</sup>

*Kin.* O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads:—

“A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee.”

<sup>2</sup> This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads:—

“Then I prouue iust and loyall vnto my king.”

<sup>4</sup> This direction is found in the same place in the folio

*Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?  
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonor'st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

*Somer.* Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my  
baile,<sup>1</sup>  
And send thee there in dispight of him.  
Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle  
of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one  
doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other  
doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme  
and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY,  
and speakes.*

*Clif.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

---

editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows :

“ Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile :  
I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,  
They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchisement ;”

*Yorke.* We thank thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs<sup>1</sup> with thy lookes,  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele  
again.

*Clif.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my  
King.

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.<sup>2</sup>

*Kin.* I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not<sup>3</sup> your grace send him to the  
Tower?

*Queene.* He is arested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.<sup>4</sup>

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Ed.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Rich.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough  
beares.

*Kin.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme him-  
selfe.

*Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou  
hast,

Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improve-  
ments, though modern editors have only adopted two of them.  
In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the  
king.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads, "do not affright me," but York is  
now speaking as a sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson  
quotes Stowe to prove that there was "an hospitall for distracted  
people" called St. Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the  
thirteenth century. See "Survey of London," 1598, p. 127,  
and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 344.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "Why do  
not."

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "shall be his  
suretie," an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended  
play.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers.*

*Clif.* Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,<sup>2</sup>  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.<sup>3</sup>

*War.* Now by my fathers age,<sup>4</sup> old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cædar shows,  
That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yoong Clif.* And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,<sup>5</sup>  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and at the other doore."

<sup>2</sup> A helmet. See "Antony and Cleopatra," act i. sc. 5.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads "housed" and the second "house's" instead of "household." The reading in our text is the correct one. The speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 216.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary.

<sup>5</sup> The first folio reads:—

"And so to armes victorious Father;"

while the second folio has:—

"And so to Armes victorious noble Father."

This difference is not noticed by any of the earlier editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

*Rich.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,

For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night.

*Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kills him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.<sup>1</sup>  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the prophesie is come to passe,<sup>2</sup>  
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue.  
And now, behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,  
The Castle in saint Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death. [*Exet.*]

*Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare.  
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire :  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

*Clif. speakes within.* Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murdering Curtel-

<sup>1</sup> This is omitted in the amended play. The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads :—

“So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.”

<sup>2</sup> “There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford,” &c.—Hall’s “Chronicle.”



axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter* YORKE.

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter* CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight  
with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

[*Exet* WARWICKE.

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here  
alone,

Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.

[*Alarmes, and they fight, and* YORKE *kils*  
CLIFFORD.<sup>1</sup>

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,

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<sup>1</sup> This is a departure from the truth of history; but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of "The True Tragedie," if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand.

Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.

[*Exet* YORKE.

[*Alarmes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone.*

*Yoong Clifford.* Father of Comberland,  
Where may I<sup>1</sup> seeke my aged father forth?  
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

[*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his  
father, fights with him,<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD flies away  
againe.*

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father.*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing  
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

<sup>2</sup> The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619.

Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*Kin.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs  
hast,

And sommon a Parliament<sup>1</sup> with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

[*Exet King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke  
of YORKE<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath  
bene,

I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights :  
But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest sprited<sup>3</sup> man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter SALSBUURY and WARWICKE.*

*Ed.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant  
Duke,

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<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parliament."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 adds "Edward."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited."

And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,  
 The small remainder of my weary life,  
 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
 Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

*Yorke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled  
 London?

There as I here to hold a Parlament.  
 What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can.  
 Now by my faith<sup>1</sup> Lords, twas a glorious day,  
 Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,  
 Shall be eternest<sup>2</sup> in all age to come.  
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets,<sup>3</sup> and to London all  
 And more such daies as these to vs befall.

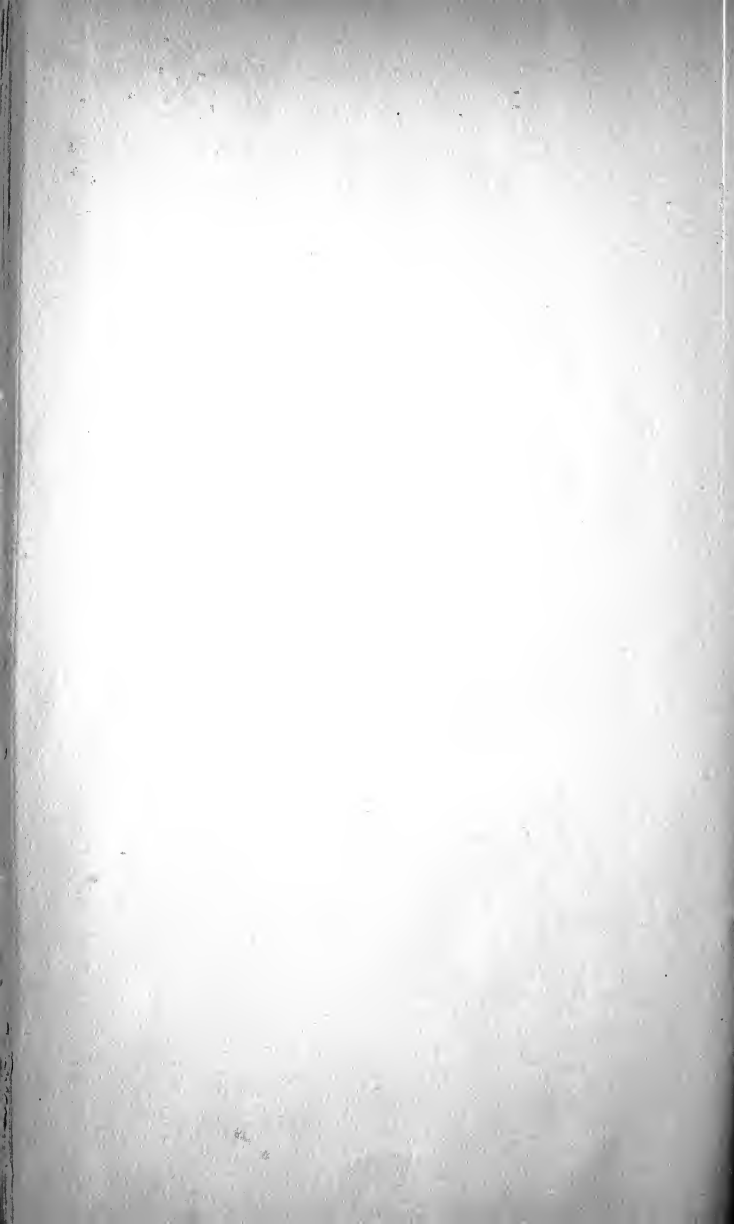
[*Exet omne*

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "by my hand."

<sup>2</sup> This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drump and Trumpets."







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