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Vol. 231

# THE WHOLE CONTENTION

(1619).

PART I.

THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION OF THE TWO  
FAMOUS HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER, WITH THE  
DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMFREY.

*THE THIRD QUARTO,*

1619.

Q<sub>1</sub> HAVING BEEN REVIZED BY SHAKSPERE, MARLOWE, AND GREENE  
INTO "*THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT.*"

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 34, k. 38),

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

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### 40 SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR F. J. FURNIVALL.

#### 1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.	No.
1. Hamlet. 1603.	9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.
2. Hamlet. 1604.	10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1630. (Fisher.)	11. Richard III. 1597.
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)	12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.	13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. ( <i>printing.</i> )
6. Merry Wives. 1602.	14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. ( <i>foto-</i> <i>graft.</i> )
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)	15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. ( <i>not yet done.</i> )
8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.	

#### 2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

16. Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire's copy. ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 17. Richard II. 1600. (I. R. for Heyes.) ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 18. Richard II. 1537. Mr Huth. ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 19. Richard II. 1808. Brit. Mus. ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 20. Richard II. 1631. ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 21. Pericles. 1609. Q1. 22. Pericles. 1609. Q2. 23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.) 24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.) 25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. 26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599.	27. Henry V. 1600. ( <i>printing.</i> ) 28. Henry V. 1608. ( <i>printing.</i> ) 29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. 30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. 31. Othello. 1522. 32. Othello. 1630. 33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull.</i> ) 34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.) 35. Lucrece. 1594. 36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. ( <i>foto-graft.</i> ) 37. Contention. 1594. ( <i>not yet done.</i> ) 38. True Tragedy. 1595. ( <i>not yet done.</i> ) 39. The Famous Victories. 1598. ( <i>not yet done.</i> ) 40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: <i>not yet done.</i> )
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FOREWORDS TO "THE WHOLE CONTENTION,"  
1619.

§ 1. THE reason for the appearance of this Third Quarto, *The Whole Contention*, 1619, before the first Quartos of *The Contention* 1594, and *The True Tragedy* 1595, is, that the unique originals of the first Quartos are in the Bodleian, while Mr Praetorius works in the British Museum (where a copy of Q3 is), and the Bodleian authorities refused to send their Quartos to be fotograft in the Museum. Next month, however, either Mr Praetorius or his partner will go up to Oxford, and fotograf the 1594 *Contention*, and the 1595 *True Tragedy*, 'in situ'; and their Facsimiles will come to our Subscribers in due course.

'The *Whole Contention*' is, as its name indicates, in one volume, yet its Facsimile appears in two Parts. The reason is, that Mr Quaritch didn't like to double the price of one volume of the Series, while on the other hand Mr Praetorius couldn't afford to give two Parts or volumes as one. To any Subscriber who looks at the necessary cost of the production of these Facsimiles, it must be plain, that, tho' we Editors all work for nothing, 3s. a volume can hardly do more than cover the expense of fotografing, lithografing, number-writing, correcting and printing the text, and paying the Printer's bill for the Forewords or Introduction. As Mr Quaritch pays for the 500 copies of every volume on their delivery, and takes his chance of the Series being completed, and the books then selling in sets, he having to incur fresh cost to supply the numbers short through Mr Griggs's fire, no one can deny that he is entitled to such profit on the venture as he may be able to get. The production of the Quartos has turnd so'ely on his willingness to advance their cost, on delivery. And when any student contrasts the present Series with the hand-made ones by Mr Ashbee, sold by Halliwell at Five Guineas a-piece,—without any helpful Forewords, side-numbers, and marks of differences from the Folio, &c.—he can estimate what he owes to Mr Quaritch, Mr Griggs, Mr Praetorius, and the volunteer Editors, to whom is due the existence of this Series, this great boon to the real student of Shakspeare's text.

§ 2. Had the First Quartos of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* been facsimiled first, the side-marks to this *Whole Contention* of 1619 would have noted only its differences from the First Quartos. But as Q3 was to come out first,—in October last, as I thought, when I markt it in August at Castleton village, on the edge of the

North-Riding moors, 15 miles West of Whitby,—I rezolv'd to take the further trouble of marking Q3 by the Folio—or rather, the Globe Shakspeare—as well as by Q1.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly the marks on the outer edges of the pages<sup>2</sup> show when Q3 differs from the Globe text (that is, the Folio with a few changes), while the few marks on the inner edges show where Q3 differs from Q1. ‘§’ marks lines special to Q3; a dot ‘.’ lines partly altered from Q1.

§ 3. The main changes which Q3 makes in the text of Q1, showing that some Editor or Reviser workt at it, are four in number, which I arrange here, beside the further revision in the First Folio, as I did in *The New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, p. 285-8. The words in which both Q3 and F1 differ from Q1 are printed in *italics*. The differences special to Q3 are in **clarendon**; those special to F1 are in **SMALL CAPITALS**:

## I.

1 <i>Cont.</i> 1594, 1600, I. ii.	1619. <i>Cont.</i> I. ii. (p. 8 below)	1623. 2 <i>Hen. VI</i> , I. ii. 25—30.
This night vhen I was laid in bed, I dreamt that	This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt	
This my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,	That this my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,	METHOUGHT this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd	Was broke in <i>twaine</i> , by <i>whom I cannot gesse</i> ; <i>But as I thinke by the</i> <i>Cardinall. What it</i> <i>bodes</i>	Was broke in <i>twain</i> ; by <i>whom I HAVE FORGOT</i> ; <i>But, as I think, IT WAS</i> <i>by the cardinal,</i>
The heads of the Cardi- nall of VVinchester,	<i>God knowes</i> ; and on the ends were plac'd The heads of <i>Edmund</i> <i>Duke of Somerset</i> ,	And on the <b>PIECES OF</b> <b>THE BROKEN WAND</b> Were plac'd the heads of <i>Edmund duke of Somers-</i> <i>set</i> ,
And William de la Poule first duke of Suffolke.	And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke.	And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolke, <b>THIS WAS MY DREAM:</b> <i>what it DOTH bode, God</i> <i>knowes.</i>

Who is responsible for the italic and clarendon parts of the 1619 edition? who for the small-capitals part of the 1623?

## II.

Again, in Act I, scene ii, Q1, 1594 has these two lines:

But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,  
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,

<sup>1</sup> I forgot to write the Scene- and line-nos. of the Qo. on the inner edge, and afterwards thought it not fair to the lithografer to make him put them in from a corrected proof.

<sup>2</sup> A star \* marks the lines not in F1, '+' those altered in F1. '<' marks an omission in Q3 as compared with F1.

In the Quarto of 1619 and the Folio of 1623, are instead,

1619. <i>Contention</i> , Act I. sc. ii. l. 61-7 (p. 9 below).	1623. 2 <i>Henry VI</i> , Act I. sc. ii. l. 61-7.
He come after you, for I cannot go before,	FOLLOW I MUST: I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:	WHILE Gloster beares this base and humble mind:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,	Were I a man, A DUKE, and NEXT OF BLOOD,
Ide reach to th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse:	I WOULD REMOVE THESE TEDIOUS STUMBLING-BLOCKS, AND SMOOTH MY WAY UPON THEIR headless NECKS:
And being but a woman, ile not [be] behinde	And, being a woman, I will not be SLACK
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse me thus.	TO play my part in FORTUNE'S PAGEANT.

## III.

Further again, compare:

1594. <i>Contention</i> , p. 19.	1619. 1 <i>Contention</i> (p. 18, below).	1623. 2 <i>Henry VI</i> , II. i. 12-14, p. 125.
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.	They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.	They know their Master loues to be aloft, AND BEARES HIS THOUGHTS ABOVE HIS Faulcons Pitch.
<i>Humphrey</i> . Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde	<i>Hum</i> . Faith, my lord, it's but a base minde,	<i>Glost</i> . My Lord, 'tis but a base IGNOBLE minde,
That can sore no higher than a Falkons pitch.	That sores no higher then a bird can sore.	That MOUNTS no higher than a Bird can sore.

## IV.

Lastly, see these changes:—

1594. <i>Contention</i> , p. 25.	1619. 1 <i>Contention</i> . (below, p. 23.)	1623. 1st Folio, p. 127-8, 2 <i>Hen. VI</i> , II. ii. 12-52.
The second vvas Edmund of Langly, <sup>2</sup> Duke of Yorke. [see <i>fift</i> in Q3, 1619, below.]	The second was William of Hatfield, Who dyed young.	The second William of Hatfield; AND the third,
The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.	The third was Lyonell, Duke of Clarence.	Lionel, Duke of Clarence; NEXT TO WHOM,
The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,	The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,	Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The Duke of Lancaster.	The Duke of Lancaster.	
The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.	The fift was *Edmund of Langley, Duke of Yorke.*	The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.	The sixt was William of Windsor, Who dyed young.	The sixt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of GLOSTER;

<sup>1</sup> Mr Halliwell prints *w* for *vv* of the original.

<sup>2</sup> Both mistakes.

1594. *Contention*, p. 25.

William of Winsore vvas the seventh and last.

Novv, Edvvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left / behinde him Richard, that afterwards vvas King, Crowvnde by / the name of Richard the second, and he died vwithout an heire./

\* Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke \* died, and left behind him tvo / daughters, Anne and Elinor./ Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, / and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I / claime the Crowvne,

as the true heire to Lyonell Duke / of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the thirde. Now sir. In the / time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire / to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward / the third, he claime the Crowne, deposite the Merthfull King, and / as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmelesse Richard was / shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's death came the house of / Lancaster vnto the Crowne./

*Sals.* Sailing your tale my

1619. 1 *Content'ou.*  
(below, p. 23.)

The seaventh 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,<sup>1</sup> 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 Vlster:** and so by her I claime the Crowne [*&c.* as in Q1, 1594].

And HIM to Pumfret; WHERE, as ALL you know,

Harmlesse Richard was murdered TRAITEROUSLY.

*Warv.* FATHER, THE DUKE HATH TOLD THE TRUTH;

THUS GOT THE House of Lancaster the Crowne.

*Yorke.* WHICH NOW THEY HOLD BY FORCE, AND NOT BY RIGHT:

FOR RICHARD, THE FIRST SONNES HEIRE, BEING DEAD,

THE ISSUE OF THE NEXT SONNE SHOULD HAUE REIGN'D.

*Salisb.* BUT WILLIAM OF HATFIELD dyed WITHOUT AN HEIRE.

*Yorke.* THE THIRD SONNE, Duke of Clarence, FROM WHOSE LINE I claime the Crowne,

HAD ISSUE *Phillip, † a Daughter,* Who married *Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March. †*

1623. 1st Folio, p. 127-8,  
2 *Hen. VI*, II. ii. 12-52.

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, And left behinde him Richard, HIS ONELY SONNE,

WHO after EDWARD THE THIRD'S DEATH, RAIGN'D AS King, TILL Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,

THE ELDEST Sonne and Heire OF Iohn of Gaunt,

CROWN'D BY THE NAME OF HENRY THE FOURTH,

SEIZ'D ON THE REALME, depos'd the RIGHT-FULL King,

SENT HIS POORE QUEENE TO FRANCE, FROM WHENCE SHE CAME,

<sup>1</sup> 'In the nine and thirtieth yéere of king Edwards reigne [1365], and in the moneth of Februarie, in the cite of Angolesme, was borne the first sonne of prince Edward, and was named after his father, but he departed this life the seventh yere of his age.'—*Holinshed*, ed. 2, vol. iii. p. 397, col. 1, ll. 56—61.

The reviser of the 1619 *Contention* must have taken some pains with his genealogy.—W. G. STONE.

1594. *Contention*, p. 25.  
Lord, as I haue heard, in  
the raigne / of Bullen-  
brooke, the Duke of Yorke  
did claime the Crowne,  
and / but for Owyn Glendor,  
had bene King./

*Yorke*. True. But so it  
fortuned then, by meanes  
of that mon/strous rebel  
Glendor, the noble Duke  
of York was done to  
death, / and so euer since  
the heires of Iohn of Gaunt  
haue possessed the Crowne.

But if the issue of the elder  
should succed before the  
is/sue of the yonger, then  
am I lawfull heire vnto the  
kingdome./<sup>1</sup>

§ 4. The chief of the smaller changes<sup>2</sup>—some of which are mistakes, others due to a Reviser,—are as follows:—

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 3, l. 8	twenty	then the	twenty
p. 4, l. 49	thirty day	30.	thirtieth
" l. 50	Dutcheffe	Dutches	Dutcheffe
" l. 52	fa——	fa.	father.
" l. 56	ore	ouer	[not in]
p. 5, top line,	My Lord of Yorke,	Vnckle of <i>Winchef-</i>	<i>as in Q1.</i>
	I pray do	<i>ter</i> , I pray	
" l. 57	<i>Yorke</i>	<i>Cardinall</i>	<i>Win.</i>
" l. 57-8	Dutcheffe	Duches	Dutcheffe
" l. 71	for all	all, for	all for
" l. 93	spent quite	fpent	[not in]
" l. 110	Dutcheffe	Dutches	Dutche
p. 6, l. 137	Lords	Lord	Lord

<sup>1</sup> The genealogy in the 1594 edition of *Contention* is so inaccurate that I should doubt the existence of any historical work from which it could be derived. The reviser of the edition published in 1619 would find in Holinshed (edition 2, vol. iii, pp. 657-9) the articles of agreement between Henry VI. and Richard Duke of York, whereby Henry VI. was to be acknowledged as King during his life, and the Duke was declared to be heir apparent.

In this document there is a genealogy (p. 657), starting from Henry III, which gives Edward III.'s sons and Richard Duke of York's descent from Lionel Duke of Clarence. Henry VI.'s descent from John of Gaunt is also compared with Mortimer's line (p. 657-8).—W. G. STONE.

<sup>2</sup> Changes of 'and' to '&', and vice versa, and different stops, abbreviations, and spellings (*Hum. Q3, Humphr. Q1*; *S. Q3, Saint Q1*), or separations or joinings of words (Me thought, Methought; be gone, begone; &c.), are not notised.

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 6, l. 148	you well	well you	[not in]
" l. 186	of the	of	o' th'
p. 8, l. 254	grapple	graffle	grapple
" l. 26	(Q3) (See <i>abuw</i> , No. I, p. iv.)		
p. 9, l. 34	the	th'	[not in]
" St. Dir.	<i>Enter a</i>	Enters a	<i>Enter</i>
" l. 59	vs	vs vs	vs
" l. 62-6	(Q3) (See <i>abuw</i> , No. II, p. iv-v.)		
p. 10, l. 76	<i>Rye</i>	<i>Ely</i>	[not in]
" l. 86	they may	they may	[ " ]
p. 11, l. 30	to	vnto	to
" l. 36	Who's	Whose	Who is
p. 12, l. 23	what's	what	What's
" l. 26	me	me, me	[not in]
" l. 78	to speake	nor speake	[ " ]
" l. 82	take her for	takes her for the	take her for the
" l. 83	She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.	[not in]	She beares a Dukes Reuenues on her backe
" l. 69	into	to	to
p. 13, st. dir.	<i>Then entereth</i>	and enter	<i>Enter</i>
" l. 108	thinkes	thinke	[not in]
" l. 115	best	the best	the best
" l. 123	ore	ouer	of
" l. 125	a King	King	King
p. 14, l. 190	worship	Maieftie	Maieftie
" l. 200	mafter	my Lord	my Lord
" l. 205	worship	Maieftie	Maieftie
" l. 212-13	[line out]	Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month	[not in]
p. 15, l. 217	to	for to	[ " ]
" l. 151, &c.	wert	wart	[ " ]
" l. 209	ore	ouer	in
" l. 213	right	rights	[ " ]
p. 17, l. 35	awaites	awayt	await
p. 18, l. 10	do	done	doe
" l. 11-14	(See <i>abuw</i> , No. III, p. v.)		
" l. 25-6	do't	doate	doe it
" l. 29	t'like	it like	't like
p. 19, l. 39*	thee	rhee	[not in]
" l. 51	Gods mother	Faith	by Gods Mother
" l. 64	at the	at his	[not in]
" l. 82	[prefix om.]	<i>Humphrey</i>	<i>King</i>
" l. 83	pleafe you Maiefty	fir,	an't like your Grace
p. 20, l. 95	are	are thou	art thou
" l. 97	off	off on	off of
" l. 110	Red	Why red	Red
p. 21, St. Dir.	ierke	girke	[not in]
p. 23, l. 12, to p. 24, l. 50	(See No. IV, <i>abuw</i> , p. v-vii).		
p. 24, l. 34	third	the third	[ " ]

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 24,	l. 21 in	In the	[not in]
"	l. 43 putte	done	[ " ]
"	l. 53 proceedings	plaine proceedings	plaine proceedings
p. 25,	l. 4 State	States	[not in]
"	l. 11 crime	crimes	[ " ]
p. 26,	l. 27 this my	my	[ " ]
"	l. 68 affraid	affeard	afraid
p. 27,	1 <i>St. Dir. Peter</i>	and Peter	<i>and Peter</i>
p. 28,	l. 20 doft	doeft	do'ft
p. 29,	l. 49 ore	ouer	ouer
"	l. 55 canft	can	canft
"	l. 72 — — —	sodeine	clofe dealing
"	l. 85 not me	me not	me not
p. 30,	<i>St. Dir. Buckingham,</i>	Buckingham, and	Buckingham
"	l. 9 the	that	that
"	l. 15 Yet	And	[not in]
"	l. 28 [not in]	And with long life,	[ " ]
		Jesus preferue his	
		grace,	
"	l. 36 Honouring . . . .	Honouring . . . .	[ " ]
"	l. 103 call't	call it	call it
p. 31,	l. 103 I am	am I	am I
"	l. 106 Through	By	By meanes
"	l. 110 me helpe	helpe me	helpe me
p. 32,	l. 170 be	be well	be well
p. 34,	l. 288 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go	[put after l. 291' in Q1]	[not in]
"	l. 290 good	very good	[ " ]
"	l. 318 fortunes 'gainft	fortune againft	[ " ]
"	l. 328 Ile	I wil	I
p. 35,	l. (373) (For he is like him euery kinde of way)	[not in]	[not in]
p. 36,	l. 20 'gainft	againft	'gainft
"	l. 29 of Glofters	Glofter is	Glofter is
"	l. 53 gazer	filly gazer	innocent gazer
"	l. (67) y'	you	[not in]
p. 37,	l. 125 hungry	angrie	angry
"	l. 184 tis	twas	[not in]
"	l. (186) ye	you	[ " ]
p. 38,	l. 196 his	your	his
"	l. 198 Yet	But	But
"	l. 198 eafe	cafe	cafe
"	l. 223 meantft :	meants,	meant'ft
p. 39,	l. 225 thee downe	thy foule	thy Soule
"	l. 241	i	
"	l. 241-3 <i>St. Dir. Salisburie</i>	Salbury	<i>Salisburie</i>
"	l. 244 That	The	[not in]
"	l. 280 kinde	louing	louing
p. 40,	l. 327 scritch-oules	scrike-oules	Screech-Owles
p. 42,	l. 17 poyfon	frong poifon	strong poyfon
"	l. 27 <i>Car.</i>	The Cardinall	[not in]
p. 43,	l. 10 ranfome	ranfomes	ranfome
"	l. 37 Walter	Water	[not in]
p. 45,	l. 15 elfe	more	[ " ]

	Q3	Q1	FI
p. 45, l. 31	be al	all be	[not in]
p. 46, l. 42	<i>Dicke</i>	Nicke	<i>But</i>
" l. 44	Lacies	Brases	Lacies
" l. 48	<i>Nicke</i>	VVill	<i>But.</i>
" l. 54	the	for the	the
" l. 56	because	for	for
" l. 56	no other	no	neuer a
" l. 76	if	and if	and when
" IV. ii. 7	come	comes	may come
p. 47, l. 99	Zounds	Sonnes <sup>1</sup>	Nay then
" l. 106	ye	you	[not in]
" l. 108	I . . ye	I can . . you	[ " ]
" l. 107	ore the	oth	on the
" l. 109	What	And what	[not in]
" l. 109	ye	you	thou
" l. 112	truly	true	[not in]
" l. 116	he has . . pen and inkehorne	hes . . . penny-inck- horne	He hath . . . Pen and Inke-Horne
" l. 131-3	<i>Cade</i> Then kneele downe Dicke But- cher. <i>He knights</i> <i>him</i> Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. Now sound vp the drum <sup>2</sup>	He knights <i>Dicke</i> <i>Butcher.</i> <i>Cade.</i> Then kneele downe Dicke But- cher Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. [As <i>St. Dir.</i> ] Now sound vp the Drumme	[not in]
" l. 140	a	but a	a
p. 48, l. 155	was	twas	'tis
" l. 158	testifye it	testifie	testifie it
" l. 173	crutch	crouch	staffe
p. 49, <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>I where . . are</i> <i>both . . . enters</i>	and . . . is . . . enter	<i>wherein both . . . are</i> <i>Enter</i>
" l. 8	, and thou	. Thou	and thou
p. 50, <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Sord . . . walking</i>	Lord . . walking. Enter three or foure Citizens below.	<i>Lord . . . walking.</i> <i>Then enters two or</i> <i>three Citizens below.</i>
" l. 11	will I	I will	I will
p. 51, l. 1	go	go some	go some
" l. 2-3	Court	the Court	Court
" IV. ii. 87	parchment should be made	should parchment be made	should be made Parchment
" l. 137*	take	go with me, and take	[not in]
p. 52, l. 45	this	that	[ " ]
" l. 46	the Peace	Peace	Peace
" l. 70	nor loft I	I loft not	I loft not
" l. 99	at vs, as who wouldft	, as who,	as who should
p. 53, l. 137	quenck	sqenck	[not in]
" l. 146	Your	You	[ " ]
" l. 148-9	he is . . on's	hees . . of his	[ " ]
" l. 150	and cut	cut	[ " ]

<sup>1</sup> There are several instances of this form, tho' I give only one.

<sup>2</sup> The Stage Direction of Q1 is turnd into part of Cade's speech.

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 53, l. 12	these	this	[not in]
p. 54, l. 22	straight way	straightwaies	[ „ ]
„ l. 36	speake	speak a word	[ „ ]
„ l. 65	wants	want	want
„ <i>St. Dir.</i> 2.	and flies	and then flies	[ „ ]
p. 55, l. 6	be	be it	[ „ ]
„ l. 13	these	that	[ „ ]
p. 56, l. 42	if	and I	if I
„ l. 45	shall neuer	neuer shall	shall nere
„ l. 45	stands	doth stand	stands
„ l. 52	with thee	thee	[not in]
„ l. 61	Would thou mightst	befeech God thou	befeech Ioue on my
		maist	knees thou maist
„ l. 71	was this	was it	If't
„ l. 89	to the King	. . . .	to the King
p. 57, l. 39	then fo	but fo	[alterd]
p. 58, l. 65*	King <i>Henry</i>	Henry	[not in]
„ l. 78	Alexander	sir Alexander	[ „ ]
p. 59, l. 111	<i>King.</i>	Yorke.	<i>York</i>
p. 60, <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>other doore,</i>	other	[not in]
p. 61, l. 66	tumble in thy blood	breathe thy laft	[ „ ]
„ <i>St. Dir.</i> 2	Alarmes	Alarمه	[ „ ]
p. 62, l. 41*	I may	may I	[ „ ]
p. 63, l. 76*	fummon vp	fommon	[ „ ]
„ <i>St. Dir.</i> 3	<i>Yorke, Edward and</i>	<i>Yorke and</i>	<i>Yorke</i>
„ l. 12*	spirited	sprited	[not in]
p. 64, l. 31	eterniz'd	eterneft	eterniz'd

§ 5. Now of all these changes, can any be set down to Shakspeare? None, at first hand, I think. True that in I, p. iv, as in other cases, part of the changes made by the Q3 Revizer of Q1 are found in F1, but they are changes such as may have been made by a Revizer who heard the Folio Play (*2 Hen. VI.*) with a copy of Q1 or Q2 in his hand, or who had the chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-playhouse copy, and then made further independent corrections at home. Shakspeare was no doubt the revizer of Act I, scene ii, and Act II, scene ii, of *2 Hen. VI.* from *The Con'ention* Q1, comprising all the main changes, I, II, III, IV, abuv.<sup>1</sup> He may of course have revized the ground-play twice; but if he did, his changes would surely have appeared in Q2, 1600, and not been kept back till 1619. The text of *2 Hen. VI.* as it stands is so little like Shakspeare's work after 1600, that I think we may safely conclude he had nothing to do directly with the Quarto of 1619.

§ 6. It will be useful to students to give here the statement which will be printed also in Q1, of Miss Jane Lee's assignment of the several parts of *The Contention*, 1594, to Marlowe and Greene,

<sup>1</sup> See Miss Jane Lee's Analysis of the play in *New. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1875-6, p. 293-4.

*New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6, p. 304-5. The two writers' work is broadly discernible by Marlowe's fuller and more sustained line, and Greene's more choppy verse.

- p. 3-6. 2 *Hen. VI*, I. i. (*Cont. sc. i.*), beginning "As by your high imperiall Maiesties command<sup>1</sup>," Marlowe and Greene together.
- p. 6. 2 *Hen. VI*, I. ii. (*Cont. sc. ii.*), from "Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne," Greene.
- p. 9-14. 2 *Hen. VI*, I. iii. (*Cont. sc. iii.*): "Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while," Greene, ll. 1-40; then Marlowe writes to l. 111; then Greene to end of scene.
- p. 14-22. 2 *Hen. VI*, I. iv. to II. i. (*Cont. sc. iv., v.*): "Here Sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here," Greene. "My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight," Greene.
- p. 22-3. 2 *Hen. VI*, II. ii.-iv. (*Cont. sc. vi.*): "My Lords our simple supper ended, thus," Marlowe; but Warwick's part is perhaps written by Greene.
- p. 23-5. 2 *Hen. VI*, II. iii., iv. (*Cont. sc. vii., viii.*): "Stand fourth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster," Greene.
- p. 27-31. 2 *Hen. VI*, III. i. (*Cont. sc. ix.*): "I wonder our vncler Gloster staies so long," Marlowe to l. 169, "Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp," when Greene takes it up and writes on to the end of the scene. Also, Greene may have written, or aided in writing, Humphrey's part in the previous lines.
- p. 32-9. 2 *Hen. VI*, III. ii. (*Cont. sc. x.*): "How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?" Marlowe; though some of the wrens, ravens, basilisks, lambs, scorpions, partridges, puttocks, kites, lizards, serpents, screech-owls, were, I imagine, suggestions of Greene's.
- p. 39. 2 *Hen. VI*, III. iii. (*Cont. sc. xi.*): "Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare," Marlowe.
- p. 43-7. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV. i., ii. (*Cont. sc. xii., xiii.*): "Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld," Greene.
- p. 49. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV. iii. (*Cont. sc. xiv.*): "Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to-day most valiantly," Greene.
- p. 49-50. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV. iv. (*Cont. sc. xv.*): "Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine," ? Greene—certainly not Marlowe.
- p. 50-56. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV. v.-x. (*Cont. sc. xvi.-xx.*): "How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?" Greene.
- p. 57-59. 2 *Hen. VI*, V. i. 1-115 (*Cont. sc. xxi., xxii.*): "In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine," ? Greene—certainly not Marlowe.
- p. 59-60, 2 *Hen. VI*, V. i. 124-216. "Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King," Marlowe.
- p. 61-4. 2 *Hen. VI*, V. ii., iii. (*Cont. sc. xxiii.*): "So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last" [Q1, and tumble in thy blood Q3], ll. 1-8, Greene; then Marlowe writes on to the end, except that Greene writes ll. 20-39.

§ 7. The transfer of the negatives to stone, and the printing of the text, have been done by a firm in Hamburg, in a way which contrasts delightfully with Messrs Unwin's disastrous failure with Quarto 1 of *Henry V*. But the original of *The Whole Contention* is in better condition than that of the Museum copy of *Henry V*, Q1.

<sup>1</sup> For the style and run of the lines in Henry's and Margaret's speeches to each other, cf. the passage beginning: "These gracious words most royal Carolus."—Faustus, IV. i.—JANE LEE.

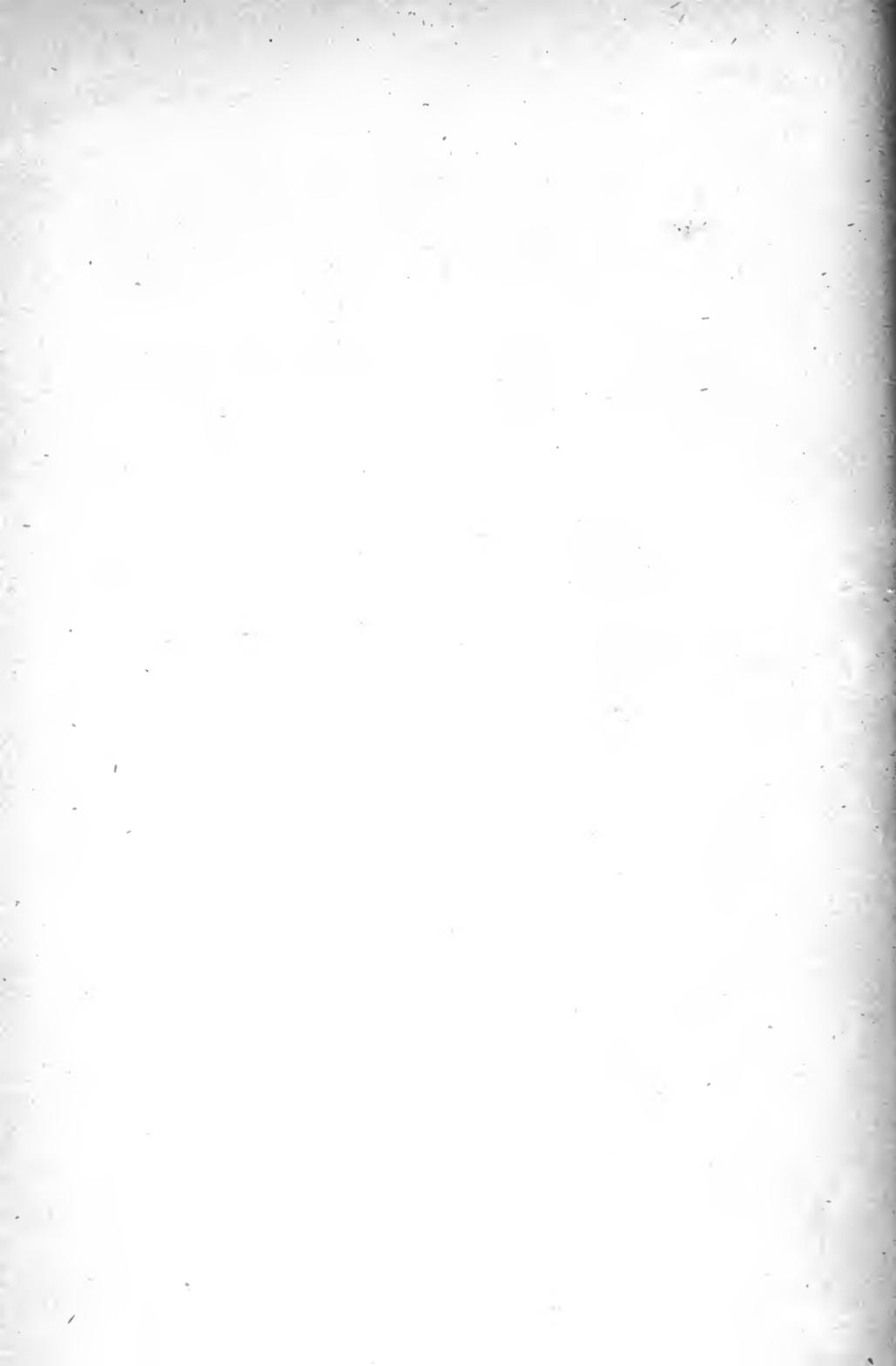
THE  
Whole Contention  
betweene the two Famous  
Houles, LANCASTER and  
YORKE.

*With the Tragical 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 Shake-  
speare, Gent.*



Printed at LONDON, for T. P.





The first part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humfrey.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Bewford, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marques of Suffolke, and Queen Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwick.

Suffolke.

**A**S by your high Imperiall Maiesties command,  
 I had in charge at my depart for France,  
 As Procurator for your Excellence,  
 To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;  
 So in the ancient famous City Towers,  
 In presence of the Kings of France and Cysile,  
 The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Britaine, and Alonson.  
 Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and twenty reuerend Bishops,  
 I did performe my taske, and was espoufd,  
 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 substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent:  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses*

*King. Suffolke arise.*

Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,  
 The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse: O gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnessse,  
 For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd  
 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 bebecomes a woman:  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
 And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,  
 Vnlesse the frowne of mighty *Englands* king.

*King.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce  
 Louely *Queene Margaret* sit downe by my side:  
 And Vnkle *Gloster*, and you Lordly Peeres,  
 With one voyce welcome my beloved *Queene*.

*All.* Long liue *Queene Margaret*, *Englands* happinesse.

*Queene.* VVe thanke you all.

*Sound trumpets*

*Suffolke.* My Lord *Protector*, so it please your Grace,  
 Heere are the *Articles* confirmd, of peace  
 Betweene our *Soueraigne* and the *French* king *Charles*,  
 Till terme of eighteene months be full expir'd.

*Hum. Inprimis*, It is agreed betweene the *French* king *Charles*  
 and *William de La Pole* *Marquesse* of *Suffolke*, *Embassador* for  
*Henry* king of *England*, that the saide *Henry* shal wed & espouse  
 the *Lady Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyffels*,  
 and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her *Queene* of *England*, ere the thir-  
 ty day of the next month.

*Item*, It is further agreed betweene them, that the *Dutchesse*  
 of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall be releas'd and deliuered ouer to  
 the King her sa—

*Duke Humfrey* lets it fall.

*King.* How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so so-  
 dainly.

*Hum.* Pardon my Lord, a sodaine qualme came ore my heart,  
 which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

My

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

My Lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on.

*Yorke.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall bee releas'd and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and she sent ouer of the king of Englands owne proper cost and charges, without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe: we heere create thee first Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the sword. Cofin of Yorke, wee heere discharge your Grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thanks vnckle *Winchester, Gloster, Torke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwicke.*

We thanke you for all this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,  
Come let vs in, and with all speede prouide  
To see her Coronation be performd.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, & Duke Humphrey  
flayes all the rest.*

*Hum.* Braue Peeres of England, pillars of the State,  
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his greefe,  
What did my brother *Henry* toile himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquer *France*?  
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time,  
To keepe in awe that stoutr vnruely Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* heere,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent quite in vaine?  
For Suffolke he, thonew made Duke that rules the roaft,  
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,  
The Dutchesse of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage, cancelling our states,  
Reuerfing monuments of conquered *France*,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.

*Card.* Why how now cofin 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,

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† 142

Li.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

*Hum.* Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,  
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:  
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

*Exit Duke Humfrey.*

*Card.* 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 you well see, if he but walke the streets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preferue the good Duke *Humfrey*,  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke *Humfrey*.  
But I will after him, and if I can,  
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

*Exit Cardinall.*

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,  
Cofin of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Somer.* Thankes cofin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,  
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his seate.

*Buck.* Content, come then let vs about it straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

*Exit Buckingham and Somerset.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition followes after.  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
My Lords let vs seeke for our Conuntries good:  
Oft haue I seene this haughty Cardinall  
Sweare, and forswear himselse, and braue it out,  
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Cofine

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Cosin *Torke*, the victories thou hast wonne,  
 In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, 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 won thee credit amongst the common sort,  
 The reuerence 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 *Humfrey* may his state possesse,  
 But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

*War.* For greefe that all is lost that *Warwicke* won,  
*Sonnes. Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,  
 Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we woune  
 with our swords, be giuen away with words.

*Torke.* As I haue read, our Kings of England were wont to haue  
 large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-  
 way his owne.

*Sals.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,  
 Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from France,  
*Maine* chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,  
 Which I vwill vvin from France, or else bee slaine.

*Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Torke.* *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,  
 Cold neeves for me, for I had hope of *France*,  
 Euen as I haue of fertile England.

A day will come when *Torke* shall claime his owne,  
 And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,  
 And make a shew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:  
 And when I spy aduantage, claime 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 diadem vpon his head,  
 Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:  
 Then *Torke* be still a while till time doe serue,

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Ii.

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I. i.*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state,  
 248 Till *Henry* surfetting in ioyes of loue,  
 With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,  
 And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres,  
 Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
 252 With whose sweet smell the ayre shall be perfumde,  
 And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,  
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster* :  
 And force perforce, ile make him yelde the Crowne,  
 256 Whose bookeish rule hath Puld faire England downe.

*Exit Yorke.*I. ii.

*Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Ellanor,  
Cobham his wife.*

1 *Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,  
 Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,  
 + 37 What seest thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?  
 + 41,12 Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too short,  
 + 12 Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince ?  
 \* Vnckle to the King? and his Protector ?  
 \* Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde ?  
 + 17 *Hum.* My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,  
 + 20 To thinke of treasons gainst my Soueraigne Lord,  
 + 22 But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
 \* And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

+ 23 *Elnor.* What dreamt my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,  
 + 1 And ile interpret it : and when thats done,  
 + 24 Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

\* *Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
 + 25 That this my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,  
 + 1 Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:  
 + 1 But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes  
 + 28 God knowes ; and on the ends were plac'd  
 30 The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,  
 And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Elnor. Tust*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this.  
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
Shall for the offence make forset of his head.  
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamt,  
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete  
*Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,  
Stood ready to set it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fic *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protector's wife? belou'd of him?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*  
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue  
Ile keep it to my selfe, 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.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your Gracc, the King and Queen to mor-  
row morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones, & craues your  
company along with them.

*Hum.* With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.  
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

*Exit Humfrey.*

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:  
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,  
I'de reach 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 crosse me thus:  
Who is within there?

*Enter for John Hum.*

What Sir *John Hum*, what newes with you?

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*Sir John.*

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## I. ii.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Sir John.* Iesus preferue your Maiesty.  
*Elnor.* My Maiesty : why man, I am but Grace.  
*Sir John.* I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,  
 Your Graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

*Elnor.* What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the rest? and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir John.* I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your Grace all questions you demand.

*Elnor.* Thankes good sir *John*.  
 Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,  
 Then see that they be heere :  
 For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,  
 And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.  
 When they be gone, then safely may they come,  
 And on the backe side of my Orchard heere,  
 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
 And so resolute vs of the thing we wish ;  
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

*Exit Elnor.*

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+ 99

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*Sir John.* Now sir *John Hum*, No words but mum.  
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be :  
 These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,  
 The Dutchesse 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 mighty Duke of Suffolke.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my meanes must worke the Dutchesse fall,  
 Who now by Coniurations thinkes to rise.  
 But whist sir *John*, no more of that I tro,  
 For feare you lose your head before you go.

*Exit*

## I. iii.

+ 1

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.*  
 1. *Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,

Vntill

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
That we may shew his Grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God saue the Good Duke *Humphries* life,  
For but for him a many were vndone,  
That cannot get 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  
him their writings.*

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke,  
*Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors  
Grace.

*Qu.* Are your suites to his Grace? Let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A Complaint against the Cardinals man.  
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suff.* Hath he stole thy wife? that's some iniury indeede.  
But what say you?

*Peter Thumpe.* Marry sir I come to tell you, that my Mayster  
saide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and  
that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth, an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day  
when wee were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our  
Garret.

*Suf.* I marry, this is something like,  
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him close,

B 2

And

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† 193

194

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† 36

† 37

## I. iii.

+ 37

+ 38-9

*The contention of the two famous Howses,*  
And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,  
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

*Exit with the Armorer's man.*

+ 23

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me see it,  
What's heere?

+ 24

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the  
commons of long Melford.

+

25

How now sir knaue,

+

+ 27

*I. Petit.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Mes-  
senger for the whole towne-ship.

*He teares the Papers.*

+ 42

*Suffolke.* So now shew your petitions to Duke *Humphrey.*

\*

Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,

\*

Dare these pesants write against me thus?

*Exit Petitioners.*

+ 45

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke you may see by this,

\*

The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,

+ 49

That seekes to him more then to King *Henry* :

\*

Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,

\*

And nere regards the honor of his name,

+ II. iii. 29

But still must be protected like a childe,

\*

And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,

\*

That scarce will mooue his cap to speake to vs,

+ 79

And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,

+ 80

That ruffles it with such a troope of Ladies,

+ 82

As strangers in the Court take her for *Queene* :

+ 83

She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.

+ 87

The other day she wanted to her maides,

+

That the very traine of her worst gowne,

+ 89

Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.

\*

Can any greefe of minde belike to this?

+ 53

I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at Tilt,

+ 55

And stolst away our Ladies hearts in France,

+ 56

I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,

\*

Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

+ 68

*Suff.* Madam, content your selfe a little while,

+ 69

As I was cause of your comming into England,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

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 entangle them,  
 As that your Grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
 But stay Madame, heere comes the King.

† 69-70

\* † 91

\*

\*

*Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Sommer-  
 set on both sides of the King, whispering with him : Then entereth  
 Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the  
 Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of  
 Winchester.*

*King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke*  
 or *Somerset*, all's one to me.

† 104

*Torke.* My Lord, if *Torke* haue ill demean'd himselfe,  
 Ler *Somerset* enioy his place, and go to *Fraunce*.

†

†

†

*Som.* Then whom your grace thinks worthy, let him goe,  
 And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

†

† 109

*Warwicke.* Whomsoeuer you account worthy,  
*Torke* is the worthiest.

† 110

†

*Card.* Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speake.

† 112

*War.* The Cardnal's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

†

*War.* And *Warwicke* may liue to be best of all.

† 115

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset*  
 were Regent ouer *France*.

† 117

*Hum.* Madame, our King is olde enough himselfe,  
 To giue his answer without your consent.

\* 119

*Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace  
 To be Protector ouer him so long.

† 120

*Hum.* Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,  
 And when it please his Grace, I will resigne my charge.

† 122

†

*Suffolke.* Religne it then, for since thou wast a King  
 (As who is King but thee:) the common itate

† 124

†

Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
 And Millions of treasure hath beene spent.

† 127

† 107

And as for the Regentship of *France*,

†

## I. iiii.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

I say *Somerset* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

*Yorke*, Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,  
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

*Suf.* Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suf.* Because heere is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your Grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master  
of high Treason, and his wordes 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 punnishment  
the Law will affoord for his villany.

*King.* Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Arm.* An't shall please your worship, I neuer sayde any such  
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villen  
heere.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

*Armorer.* Alas master, hang me if euer I spake the words. My  
accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault  
the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen  
with mee: I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech  
your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villaines ac-  
cusation.

*King.* Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum.* The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,  
That a day of combate be appointed,

And there to try each others right or wrong,

With *Eben* staues and Sandbags, combatting

In *Smithfield*, before your royall Maiesty

*Exit Humfrey.*

*Armour.* And I accept the combate willingly.

*Peter*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able for to fight.

*Suf.* You must either fight sirra, or else be hang'd :

Go take them hence againe to prison.

*Exit with them.*

*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duschesse of  
Gloster, a boxe on the eare.*

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?  
*Shee strikes her.*

I cry you mercy Madam, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor.* Did you not proud French-woman ?

Could I come neere your dainty visage with my nayles,  
I'de set my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Be patient gentle Aunt,  
It was against her will.

*Elnor.* Against her will. Good King shee'll dandte thee,  
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,  
But let it rest : as sure as I do liue,  
She shall not strike Dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd.

*Exit Elnor.*

*King.* Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame :  
I would not for a thousand pounds of Gold,  
My Noble Vnckle had bene heere in place.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

But see where he comes : I am glad he met her not.  
Vnkle Gloster, what answer makes your Grace,  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
Whom thinke you Grace is meetest for to send.

*Hum.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breede suspition on the part of Yorke,  
Let Somersset be Regent ore the French,  
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*King.* Then be it so, my Lord of Somersset,  
We make your Grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our right 'gainst forraine foes,

And

† 217

† 222

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I.iii

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And so do good vnto the Realme of France,  
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.

215

*Somer.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,  
And take my leau to poste with speed to France,

*Exit Somerset.*

*King.* Come Vnkle Gloster, now let's haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint *Albones* presently.  
Madam your Hawke they say is swift of flight,  
And we will try how she will flye to day.

*Exit omnes.*

I.ii

*Enter Eleanor with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,  
and Margery Iourdain a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Heere sir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
And I will stand vpon this Tower heere,  
And heare the spirit what it sayes to you:  
And to my questions, write the answers 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.

† 12

† 13

† 14

*Witch.* Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taske,  
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,  
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
Do talke and whisper with the Diuels below,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

\*

*Shee lyes downe vpon her face.*

*Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.*

† 19

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† 21

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*Bullen.* Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* Lake,  
The spirit *Ascalon* to come to mee,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,

*Ascalon*

*Yorke and Lancaster.**Ascalon, Assenda, assenda.**It Thunders and Lightens, and then the spirite  
riseth vp.**Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me doe? † 31*Bullen.* First of the King, what shall become of him? †*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose,  
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death. 34*Bullen.* What fate awaites the Duke of Suffolke. †*Spirit.* By water shall he die, and take his end. 36*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset? †*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandy  
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand: † 40

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe. †

*He sinkes downe againe.**Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole, \*

Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits, \*

Riding amidst the sūdgd and parched smoakes, \*

The rode of *Dytac* by the Riuer Stix: \*

There howle and burne for euer in those flames, \*

Rise *Iordaine* rise, and stay thy charming Spels. \*

Zounds, we are betraide. \*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Bucking-  
ham, and others.**Yorke.* Come sirs, lay hands on them, and binde them sure. † 44

This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there. † 45-6

This will be great credit for your husband, \*

That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers, \*

The King shall haue notice of this thing. † 46

*Exit Elmor aboue.**Buck.* See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ. † 60*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile shew it to the King. \*

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison. † 53

*Exit with them.**Bucking.* My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,  
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes. † 76*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about it straight. \*

C

*Bucke*

3 Hen.VI.

I. iv.

\*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Buck. Farewell my Lord.*

*Exit Buckingham.*

82

*Torke. Whose within there ?**Enter one.*

\*

*One. My Lord.*

83

*Torke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to  
 sup with me to night.*

*Exit Torke.*

84

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*One. I will my Lord.**Exit.*II. i.

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†31

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke  
 Humfrey 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.*

*King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,  
 Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
 Vnkle Gloster, how hyc your hawke did fore,  
 And on a sodaine souc'd the Partridge downe.*

*Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,  
 My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well.  
 They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.*

*Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,  
 That sores no higher then a bird can fore.*

*Card. I thought your Grace would be aboute the clouds.*

*Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
 Your grace could fly to heauen.*

*Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate  
 on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it  
 thus with King and Gommonwealth.*

*Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church  
 men so hot? Good vnckle can you do't.*

*Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause ?*

*Hum. As how, my Lord ?*

*Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Prote-  
 ctorsthip.*

*Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.*

*Queene*

*Yorke and Lancaſter.**Queene.* And thy ambition Gloſter,*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whette not on theſe furious Lords to wrath, for bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth,*Card.* Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,  
Againſt this proud Protector with my ſword.*Hum.* Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.*Card.* Euen when thou dar'ſt.*Hum.* Dare: I tel thee Prieſt, Plantagenets could neuer brook the dare.*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and ſonne to Iohn of Gaunt.*Hum.* In baſtardy.*Card.* I ſcorne thy words,*Hum.* Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne perſon meeete me at the Eaſt end of the groue.*Card.* Here's my hand, I will.*King.* Why how now Lords?*Card.* Faith Coſin Gloſter, had not your man caſt off ſo ſoone, we had had more ſport to day, Come with thy ſword and Buckler.*Hum.* Gods mother Prieſt Ile ſhaue your crowne.*Card.* Protector, proteſt thy ſelfe well.*King.* The winde growes high, ſo dothy our choller Lords.*Enter one trying a miracle, a miracle.*

How now? Now ſirra, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it pleaſe your Grace, there is a man that came blind to S. Albones, and hath receiued his ſight at the ſhrine.*King.* Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with him.*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Muſicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire**King.* Thou happy man, giue God eternall praiſe,  
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:

Where waſt thou borne?

*Poore man.* At Barwicke pleaſe your Maieſty in the North.

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## Ii.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
 That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe,

*Hum.* What are lame too?

*P. man.* I indeede sir, God helpe me.

*Hum.* How canst thou lame?

*P. man.* With falling off a plum tree,

*Hum.* Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?

*P. man.* Neuer but once sir in-all my life,  
 My wife did long for plummcs.

*Hum.* But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

*P. man.* I truly sir,

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

*Hum.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Hum.* Hadst thou beene his mother,  
 Thou couldst haue better tolde.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

*P. man.* Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

*Hum.* Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

*P. man.* Red master, as red as blood.

*Hum.* And his cloake?

*P. man.* Why that's greene.

*Hum.* And what colour's his hose?

*P. man.* Yellow master, yellow as gold.

*Hum.* And what colour's my Gowne?

*P. man.* Blacke sir, as blacke as Iet.

*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.

*Suf.* And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.

*Hum.* But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.  
 But tell me sirra, what's my name?

*P. man.* Alas master I know not.

*Hum.* What's his name?

*P. man.* I know not.

*Hum.* Nor his?

*P. man.* No truly sir.

*Hum.* Nor his name?

*of Torke and Lancaster.**P. man.* No indeede master.*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?*P. man.* Sander, and it please you maister.*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst aswel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we do weare. Sight may distinguishe of colours, but sodainly to nominate them all, it is impossible. + My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.*P. man.* Oh master I would you could.*Hum.* My Masters of S. Albones, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And things call'd whippes?*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your Grace.*Hum.* Then send for one presently.*Mayor.* Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. *Exit one.**Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by. Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping, Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.*Enter a Beadle.**P. man.* Alas master I am not able to stand alone, You go about to torture me in vaine.*Hum.* VVell sir, we must haue you finde your legges, Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your Doublet quickly.*Poore man.* Alas master what shall I do, I am not able to stand.*After the Beadle hath bit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the stoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.**Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord.*Exit Mayor.**Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,

122

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128

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148-9

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## II.i.

†162

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to goe.

†163-4

*Humph.* I, but you did greater wonders, whē you made whole  
Dukedomes flye in a day.

\*

Witnesse France.

\*

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me heare no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*

†165

What newes brings Duke *Humphrey* of *Buckingham*?

\*

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,

†169

That proud dame *Elnor* our Protector's Wife,

†177

Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,

†172

By witchcrafts, forceries, and coniurings,

†174

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 surpriz'de,

†I. iv. 60 \*

And heeres the answere the diuell did make to them.

\*I. iv. 32

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

\*I. iv. 33

*Reads.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose,

\*34

Yet him out-liue, and die a violent death.

\*

Gods will be done in all.

\*I. iv. 35

What fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolke*?

\*I. iv. 36

By water shall he die and take his end.

\*

*Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of *Suffolke* die?

\*

It must be so, or else the diuell doth lie.

\*I. iv. 37-8

*King.* Let *Somerſet* shun Castles,

\*I. iv. 39

For safer shall he be vpon the sandy plaines,

\*I. iv. 40

Then where Castles mounted stand.

†178

*Card.* Heeres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector,

†180

This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,

†

I am in doubt youle scarsely keepe your promise.

†182-3

*Humph.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my greefe,

\*

And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,

\*

For heere I sweare vnto your Maieſty,

\*

That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes

†192

Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,

\*

And for she would betray her soueraigne Lord,

†197

I heere renounce her from my bed and boord,

And

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

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 minde doth tell me thou art innocent.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury  
and Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* My Lords, our simple supper ended thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke  
To England's Crowne by lineall descent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords,  
*Edward* the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was *Edward* the blacke Prince,  
Prince of *Wales*.

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 fift 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*

II. i.

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† III. i. 141

II. ii.

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## II.ii.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlster: 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 Richards reigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claim'd the Crowne, deposd the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomfret Castle harmeless Richard was shamefully murdered, 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 reigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owen Glendour had bene King.

*Yorke.* True: but so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell Glendour, the noble Duke of Yorke was putte to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the Kingdome.

*Warwicke.* VVhat proceedings can be more plain, he claimes it from Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lionels issue failes, his should not reigne. It sayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee and in thy sonnes, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, & in this priuate place, be we the first to honour him with birth-right to the Crowne.

*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 guard it, will I rowse the Beare,  
 Environ'd with ten thousand Ragged stauces,  
 To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,

Mauger

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Mauger the proudest Lord of *Henries* blood,  
That dares deny the right and claime of *Yorke*,  
For why, my minde presafegeth 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 see the greatest man in England,  
but the King. Come lets goe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King Henry and the Queene, Duke Humfrey, the Duke of Suffolk, 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 Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*King*. Stand forth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Dutches of *Gloster*, and  
heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons,  
that thou hast committed against Vs, our State and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crime, thou shalt two dayes in London  
do penance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about  
thy body, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done,  
thou shalt be banished for euer into the Isle of Man, there to end  
thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irreuocable. Away  
with her.

*Elnor*. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

*Exit some with Elnor.*

*King*. 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.

*Humph*. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue a while,  
To leaue your Grace, and to depart away,  
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,  
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,  
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King*. With all my hart good vnckle, whē you please  
Yet ere thou goest, *Humfrey* resigne thy staffe,  
For *Henry* will be no more protected,  
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

D

*Humph.*

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## II. iii.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hum.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,  
My staffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,  
As ere thy Noble father made it mine :  
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.

*King.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse belou'd of vs, then when  
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloster.*

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for heere 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 ready when your Grace doth please.

*King.* Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him  
so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him,  
and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore  
his man with a drum and sandbag, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1 Neighbor. Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup  
of Sacke ; and feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 Neigh. Here's 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 affraid.

2 Pren. Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

3 Pren. And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,  
And feare not thy master, fight for credit of the Prentises.

*Peter.* I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:  
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will thou shalt haue my aperne: and heere Tom,

Take

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Take all the money that I haue.

O Lord blesse me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

*Sais.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirra, what's thy name?

*Pet.* Peter forsooth.

*Sais.* Peter: what more?

*Pet.* Thumpe.

*Sais.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

*Arm.* Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue: and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon Ascapart.

*Pet.* Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

*Alarmes,* Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

*Arm.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. *He dies.*

*Pet.* O God I giue thee praise. *He kysels downe*

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our fight,

For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,

And God in iustice hath reueal'd to vs

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.

Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Hum.* Sirra, what's a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Hum.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,

That my poore Lady should come by this way,

In shamefull penance wandering in the streets.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke

The abiect people gazing on thy face,

With eniuous lookes laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelcs,

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+91-2\*

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+100

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a wake Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe & pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with Bills and Holbards.*

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*Serving.* My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

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*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?

Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,  
See how the giddy 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 study rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme grieffe,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

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*Elnor.* Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame, 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 fore-lorne Dutchesse  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I should incur the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,  
As shortly sure it will. 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 *Torke*, and *Bewford* that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bulhes to betray thy wings,  
And fye thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parliament,  
holden at *S. Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the next Momh.

*Hum.* A Parliament, and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before. This is —————  
Well, we will be there.

*Exit Herald.*

Master Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my  
Lady, then the course of law extends.

*Sher.* Please it your Grace, my office here doth end,  
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Standly*.  
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.

*Humfrey.* Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?

*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreed,  
And I am so commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her nere the worse,  
In that I intreate you to vse her well.

The world may smile againe, and I may liue  
To do you fauour, if you do it her,  
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell

*Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake

*Exit Humfrey and his men.*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble *Gloster* gone,  
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forsake me too?  
Then let me haste from our faire Englands bounds,  
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away.

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## II. iv.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Standly.* Madam let's go vnto some house heereby,  
 Where you may shift your selfe before we go.  
*Elnor* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,  
 Nor put away with casting off my sheete:  
 But come let vs go, master Sheriffe farewell,  
 Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

*Exit omnes*

Enter to the Parliament.

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

## III. i.

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*King.* I wonder our Vnkle Gloster staves so long.  
*Queene.* Can you not see? or will you not perceiue,  
 How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
 The time hath beene, but now the time is past,  
 That none so humble as Duke Humfrey was:  
 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
 When euery one will giue the time of day,  
 Yet he will neither moue nor speake to vs.  
 See you not how the Commons follow him  
 In troopes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humfrey,  
 Honouring him as if he were their King?  
 Gloster is no little man in England,  
 And if he list to stirre commotions,  
 Tis likely that the people will follow him.  
 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
 Then let it passe, and call't a Womans feare.  
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
 Disproue my allegations if you can,  
 And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,  
 I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.  
*Suf.* Well hath your Grace foresene into that Duke,  
 And if I had beene licenc'd first to speake,  
 I thinke I should haue told your Graces tale.  
 Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhich whereas the streame is deepest.

No,

*Yorke and Lancaſter.*

No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloſter is a man  
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

*Enter the Duke of Somerſet.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.  
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territories  
Is ouercome my Lord; all is loſt.

*King.* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerſet,  
but Gods will bee done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my Liege, that I haue ſtaide 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 heere.

*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,  
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt  
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accuſers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord your grace took bribes from France,  
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their pay,  
Through which his Maieſty hath loſt all France.

*Hum.* Is it but thought ſo? And who are they that thinke ſo?  
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,  
Euer intending good for England ſtill,  
That peny that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer rob'd the ſoldiers of their pay,  
Many a pound of mine owne proper 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 defam'd by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis well knowne, that whilſt I was Protector.  
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:  
A murderer or foule felonious Theefe,

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## III.i.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

That robs and murders silly passengers,  
I torturd aboute the rate of common law.

*Suff.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason heere,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

*King.* Good vnekle 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 dayes are dangerous  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King *Henries* sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me.

That dreads not yet their liues destruction.  
*Suffolkes* hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
*Bewfords* fiery eyes shewes his enuious minde,  
*Buckingshams* proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged *Torke* that leuels at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.

All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:  
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne Mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnessses enough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,

A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.  
*Suff.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignominious wrong,

Had suborn'd or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Qu.* But I can give the loser leaue to speake.

*Hum.* Far truer spoke then meant, I lose indeed,  
Bethrew the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Buck.* Heele wrest the sence, and keepe vs here al day  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

And

*Torke and Lancaſter.*

And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.

*Hum.* Oh, thus King *Henry* caſts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull ſhepherd from his ſide,  
Whiſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhall bite him firſt,  
Farwell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy  
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.

*Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.*

*King.* My Lords, what to your wiſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt  
Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were heere.

*Qu.* What, wil your highneſſe leauē the Parliament?

*King.* I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with grieſe,  
Where I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.

*Exit King, Salisbury and Warwick.*

*Qu.* Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,  
*Suffolke, Buckingham, Torke and Somerſet.*

Let vs conſult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For ſafety of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suf.* And ſo thinke I Madam, for as you know,  
If our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with death,  
Duke *Humfrey* 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 barks not when he would ſteale the Lamb,  
But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.

*Torke* No, let him die, in that he is a Foxe,  
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.

*Torke.* Then do it ſodainly my Lords.

*Suff.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Qu.* How now ſirra, what newes?

E

*Meſſen.*

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## III. i.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Messen.* Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland,*

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,  
 With troupes of Irish Kernes, that vncontrold  
 Doth plant themselues within the English pale.  
 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go.

*Qu.* What redresse shall we haue for this, My Lords?*Yorke.* 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somerſet*

That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,  
 To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Irishmen,  
 He did ſo much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht  
 Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.*Yorke.* I, for *Yorke* would haue loſt his life, before  
 That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.*Somer.* I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue govern'd worſe then I*Yorke.* What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.*Somer.* Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.*Queen.* *Somerſet* forbear, good *Yorke* be patient,

And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,  
 With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride  
 Of thoſe ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,  
 Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,  
 And *Yorke* ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.*Queen.* *Yorke* thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham,*  
 Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers  
 As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.*Buck.* Madame I will, and leuie ſuch a band.  
 As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Irish Rebels.  
 But *Yorke*, where ſhall thoſe Soldiours ſtay for thee?*Yorke.* At  *Briſtow*, I'le expect them ten daies hence.*Buck.* Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.*Exit Buck.**Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of *Buckingham.**Queen.* *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do,  
 And you Lord *Cardinall*, concerning Duke *Hunſfrey.*  
 'Twere good that you did ſee to it in time,

*Torke and Lancaſter.*

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.

*Exit omnes, Manet Torke.*

*Torke.* Now Yorke bethinke thy ſelfe, and rouze thee vp,

Take time whiſt it is offered thee ſo faire,

Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,

T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,

And now whiſt I am buſie in Ireland,

I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,

*Iohn Cade* of *Aſbford*,

Vnder the title of *Iohn Mortimer*,

(For he is like him euery kinde of way)

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 reap the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,

Now if he ſhould be taken and condemn'd,

Hee'l 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 troopes of country ſwaines,

To helpe him to performe this enterprize.

And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,

None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,

But Yorke can tame, and headlong pull them downe.

*Exit Torke.*

*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humfrey is diſcovered in his bed and two men lying on his breaſt, and ſmothering him in his bed.*

*And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*

*Suff.* How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?

*One* I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.

*Suff.* Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmoother about him ſtill,

That when the King comes, he may perceiue

No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

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+ 331

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+ 345

+ 348

356

357

= 359

\* (373)

+ 358

+ 374

+ 375

\* (379)

+ 380

+ 381

+ 376

+ 378

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+ 382

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+ 6

+ 7

+ 11

+ 10

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## III. ii.

† 11

† 14

† 9

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

*Suf.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,  
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

*Exit murderers.*

*Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke  
of Somerset, and the Cardinall.*

† 15

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† 19-20

† 21

† III. i. 71

† III. i. 69-70

*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloster,  
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

*Suffolke.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*K.* And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle,  
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.*

† 28

† 29

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle ?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord of Glosters dead.

*The King falls in a sound.*

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† 38

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† 40

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† 44

48

† 49

† 52

† 53

56

† 57

† 66

\* (67)

† 72

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75

† 82

*Queene.* Aye me, the King is dead : helpe, helpe, my Lords.

*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort ?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,

Can satisfie my greefes, or ease my heart ?

Thou balefull messenger out of my fight,

For euen in thine eye-balls murder fits :

Yet do not goe. Come *Bafiliske*

And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,

As if that he had caus'd Duke *Humfries* death ?

The Duke and I too you know were enemies,

And y' had best say that I did murder him.

*King.* Ah woe is me for wretched Glosters death.

*Qu.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was :

What dost thou turne away and hide thy face ?

I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frō Englāds bounds?  
 What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
 Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbury.*

*War.* My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hiue of Bees,  
 Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,  
 For good Duke *Humphries* death, whom they report  
 To be murdered by *Suffolke* and the Cardinall heere.

*King.* That he is dead good *Warwicke*, is too true,  
 But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

*War.* Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view the body.  
 Good father stay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

*Salisb.* I will sonne.

*Exit Salisbury*

*Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and shewes Duke Humphrey in his bed.*

*King.* Ah Vnkle *Gloster*, heauen receiue 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 laide  
 Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.

*Suf.* A dreadfull oath, sworne with a solemne tongue,  
 What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I scene a timely parted Ghost,  
 Of ahy semblance, pale and bloodlesse;  
 But loe the blood is setled in his face,  
 More better coloured then when he liu'd.  
 His well proportion'd beard made rough and sterne,  
 His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,  
 Yet was by strength surpris'd, the least of these are probable,  
 It cannot choose but he was murdered.

*Qu.* *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall had him in charge,  
 And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

*War.* I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,  
 And tis well scene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue ye no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a heysfer dead and bleeding fresh,

† 83

† 85

† 86

† 125

† 126-7

† 123

† 124

† 130

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† 132

† 134-5

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† 153-4

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† 156

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† 159

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† 175

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† 173

† 177

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† 181

† 184

† 185

\* (186)

† 188

*The contention of the two famous Houses.*

And sees hard by a butcher with an Axe,  
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?  
 Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes nest,  
 But will imagine how the bird came there,  
 Although the Kyte sore with vnbloody beake?  
 Euen so suspitious is this Tragedy.

*Qu.* Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?  
 Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suffolke.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
 Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,  
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
 That slanders me with murders Crimson badge,  
 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,  
 That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

*Exit Cardinas*

*War.* What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

*Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
 Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times,

*War.* Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,  
 That euery word you speake in bis defence,  
 Is slander to your royall Maiesty.

*Suf.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
 If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,  
 Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
 Some sterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble stocke  
 Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,  
 And neuer of the *Neuels* noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
 And I should rob the deathsmans of bis fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;  
 And that my soueraignes prefence makes mee mute,  
 I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,  
 Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say it was thy mother that thou meantst:  
 That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,  
 And after all this fearefull homage done,

*of Yorke and Lancaſter.*

Giue thee thy hire, and ſend thee downe to hell,  
Pernitiouſ blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou ſhouldſt be waking whiſt I ſhed thy blood,  
If from this preſence thou dare go with mee.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

*Warwicke pulſ him out.*

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries,  
downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe,  
the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords ?

*Suff.* The traiteroſ *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,  
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with  
Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle  
of Salisburie.*

*Salib.* My Lord, the Commons ſends you word by me,  
That vnleſſe falſe Suffolke here be done to death,  
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,  
That they will erre from your highneſſe perſon :  
They ſay by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,  
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 forth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht hindes  
Would ſend ſuch meſſage to their Soueraigne :

But you my Lord were glad to be employ'd,  
To try how quaint an Orator you were:

But all the honour Salſbury haſt got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,  
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

*The Commons cries,  
an anſwere from the King my Lord of Salſbury.*

*King.* Good Salſbury go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,  
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,  
My ſelfe had done it. Therefore heere I ſwear,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place

Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salſbury*

*Qu.*

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\* (253)

† 271

† 274

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† 283. 22

† 287

† 288

## III. ii.

† 289

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Qu.* Oh Henry, reverse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

290

† 291

† 293-4

† 298

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*King.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,  
 Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
 If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuoicable.  
 Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,  
 For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.*

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† 307-8

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*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,  
 There's two of you, the diuell make the third,  
 Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?  
*Suff.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes grones,  
 I would inuent as many bitter termes,  
 Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With twice so many signes of deadly hate,  
 As leane fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
 My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,  
 And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
 And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,  
 Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste,  
 Their sweetest shade a groue of Cypresse trees,  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings.  
 Their musicke frightfull, like the serpens hisse.  
 And boding scritch-owles make the consort full.  
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Qu.* Enough sweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy selfe.

*Suff.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?  
 Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
 Well could I curse away a winters night,  
 And standing naked on a Mountaine top,  
 Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport,

*Queene*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Queene.* No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,  
 Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,  
 Ile haue an Irish that shalt finde thee out,  
 And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,  
 Or venter to be banished my selfe.  
 Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
 That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.  
 Away I say, that I may feele my grieffe,  
 For it is nothing whilst thou standest heere.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,  
 Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

*Enter Vawse.*

*Queene.* How now, whicher goes *Vawse* so fast?

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiesty,  
 That *Cardinall Bewford* is at point of death,  
 Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,  
 Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Humfries* Ghost,  
 And whispers to his Pillow as to him,  
 And sometimes he cals to speake vnto the King,  
 And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,  
 That euen now he cald aloud for him.

*Queene.* Go then good *Vawse* and certifie the King.

*Exit Vawse.*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
 And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.  
 But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art heere?  
 Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,  
 For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,  
 VVhat were it else, but like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
 Heere could I breathe my soule into the ayre,  
 as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
 That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,  
 VVhere from my fight 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 body,

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and

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† 386-7

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† 389-90

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† 398

III. ii.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,  
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A ieuell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
That euer yet containd a thing of worth.  
Thus like a splitted Barke, so sunder we,  
This way fall I to death.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

*Exit Queene.*

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the  
Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauiug and staring as if he were  
mad.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,  
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Island.

*King.* Oh, seemy Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

*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?

*Sirra,* go fetch me the poyson which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh, see where Duke *Humphries* ghost doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,  
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

*Car. dies.*

Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgieue his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King*

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III. iii.

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*Torke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.  
Go take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmer within, and the Chambers bee discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship, and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,  
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,  
Here Master, this prisoner I giue to you.  
This other, the Masters mate shall haue,  
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them pay their ransome ere they passe.

*Suffolke.* *Water!*

*He starteth.*

*Water.* How now, what dost feare me?  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, nor thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,  
That by *Water* I should dye:  
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.

*Walter.* *Gualter* or *Water*, al's one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suff.* I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

*Walter.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I Merchant-like sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*2. Prison.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece eyther pay that or dye.

*2. Prison.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome I wil haue.

*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,

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† 32

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IV. i.

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† 14

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† 36

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† 41

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† 15

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† 23

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† 44

IV. i.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
**The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole.**  
*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.  
*Suff.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
*Ioue* sometime went disguisde, and why not I?  
*Cap.* I, but *Ioue* was neuer slaine as thou shalt be  
*Suff.* Base lady groome, King *Henries* blood,  
 The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,  
 Cannot be shed 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.  
*Suff.* Thou dar'st not for thine owne.  
*Cap.* Yes *Pole*.  
*Suffolke.* *Pole*.  
*Cap.* I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
 Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
 Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
 Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
 Smild'st at good Duke *Humfries* death,  
 Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.  
*Suffolke.* This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,  
 Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,  
 The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,  
 Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.  
*Cap.* I but my deeds shall stay thy fury soone.  
*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
 When we haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?  
 Hast not thou kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?  
 and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,  
 and thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?  
 This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
 Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.  
*Cap.* Away with him *Water*, I say, and off with his head.  
*i. Prison.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.  
*Suff.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
 Before this knee do bow to any,

## IV. i.

126

†121

\*(52)

†131

\*(26)

†135

†138

†142-3

\*(139-40)

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†141

## IV. ii.

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†13-14

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*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King :  
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake ?  
I long to haue his head for ransome of mine eye.

*Suff.* A Swordar and Bandetto slaue  
Murthered sweete Tully.

Brutus bastard hand stabd Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the seas.

*Exit Suffolke and Water.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomlesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.

Come lets go.

*Exit omnes.**Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nicke, and put a long staffe in thy pike, &  
prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two  
dayes.

*Nicke.* Then they had more neede to go to bed now,  
But firra George, what's the matter ?

*George.* Why firra, Iack Cade the Dier of Ashford heere,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on't.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne thired-bare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these Gentlemen came  
vp.

*George.* I warrant thee thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a lea-  
ther apron now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But firra, who comes else beside Iacke Cade ?

*George.* Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler,  
and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry  
and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, & a great  
fort more is come from Rochester, and from Maidstone & Can-  
terbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we must be al Lords  
or Squires, as soone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,*

*Harry, and the rest with long staves.*

## IV. ii.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

†39

**Cade.** Proclaime silence.

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**All.** Silence.

†34

**Cade.** I Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancy.

†35-6

**Dicke.** Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats,

41

**Cade.** My father, was a Mortimer.

42

**Dicke.** He was an honest man, and a good bricke-layer.

†44

**Cade.** My mother came of the Lacies.

†48-9

**Nicke.** She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & sold many laces,

†50-1

**Robin.** And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,

†51-2

She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

†

**Cade.** Therefore I am honourably borne.

†

**Harry.** I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

†56

**Cade.** I am able to endure much.

60

†

**George.** That's true, I know he can endure any thing, For I haue seene him whipt two market dayes together.

†61-2

**Cadr.** I feare neither sword nor fire.

64-5

**Will.** He neede not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

†

**Dicke.** But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

67-8

†

**Cade.** Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen halfepeny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes, and it shalbe felony to drinke small beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

†

**All.** God saue your Maiesty.

†72

**Cade.** I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the score and the Tally, and there shall be no lawes but such as come from my mouth.

†75-6

**Dicke.** Wee shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

†77-9

**Geo.** I and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so, that one cannot abide it.

†80

(IV. vii. 38)\*

†IV. vii. 7

†IV. vii. 9-10

†

†IV. vii. 12-13

\*

*Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.*

\*

**Will.** Oh Captaine, a prize.

†91

**Cade.** Who's that *Will*?

92-3

**Will.** The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

account, I tooke him setting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.  
Now sir, what's your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please ye.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you I tell ye,  
For they vse to write that ore the top of Letters,

*Cade.* What do ye vse to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay truly sir, I praise God I haue bene so wel brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh he has confest, go hang him with his pen and inke-horne about his necke.

*Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine, Newes, newes, sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, he's but a Knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, Ile make my selfe Knight.  
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother.

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

*He knights him.*

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. Now sound vp the drum.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pin,  
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 a brick-layer.

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then?  
But I come of the Mortemers.

*Staf.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade*

+ 95. 97  
98  
+ 99  
+ 104-5  
+ 106  
+ 108  
+ 107  
+ 102  
+ IV. vii. 3  
+ 112  
+ 113  
+ 116  
117  
+ 120  
+ 121-2  
+ 125  
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+ 127  
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+ 128-9  
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+ 136  
+ 137  
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+ 140. 153.  
+ 142  
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+ 162

## IV. ii.

+ 163

+ 144

+ 145

\*(146)

+ 147

+ 149

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+ 150-1

+ 154

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+ 155

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+ 157-8

+ 164

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+ 167-8

\*(178)

+ 169-70

+ 170

+ 170

+ 172

+ 173

+ 176-7

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+

+ 179-80

+ 180-1

+ 182

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+ 186

+ 187

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cade.* The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* That's 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, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know was true;  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke are alieue at this day to testifie it.

*Cade.* But doest thou heare *Stafford*, tell the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boyes playde at span-counter with  
French Crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues: marry alwaies provided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicity.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayer* head, and the  
Duke of *Somersets*, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Anley*  
and *Mayne*, and selling the Townes in France: by which means  
England hath bene maim'd euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crutch, but that my puiffance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are Traitors,

*Staf.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a  
good subiect? Answere me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mer-  
cy, and he wil pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebelli-  
ous 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

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Shall haue free pardon from his Maiesty.

*Exit Stafford and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, S. George for vs and Kent. *Exit omnes.*

*Alarmes to the battell, where sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine. Then enters Iacke Cade againe, and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter-house, and thus I will reward thee : The Lent shall bee as long againe as it was, and thou shalt haue license to kil for fourscore and one a weeke. Drum strike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to sit in the Kings seat at Westminster. *Exit omnes*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say, with others.*

*King.* Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother is slaine, And the Rebels march amaine to London. Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me, Ile come and parley with their Generall.

Yet stay, Ile reade the Letter once againe ; Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death ? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou woldst not haue mourn'd so much for me.

*Qu.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke, And haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your Grace an vsurper :

And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne To crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flye my Lord, and post to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

G

Come

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IV. iii.

† 1

† 6

† 7

† 8

† 20

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IV. iv.

† 34

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† 13

† 14

† 19

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† 23

24

25

† 27

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† 30

† 28

† 31

† 39

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2 Hen. VI.

IV. iv.

† 44

† 43

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† 59

† 47. 60

\*

† 55

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.

Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,

For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me,  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say :

Come Madam. let vs go.

*Exit omnes*IV. v.

1

*Enter the Sord Skayles vpon the Tower  
walles walking.**L. Skayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine ?*i. Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,

For they haue womme the bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them.

† 4-5

The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the City from the Rebels.

8

†

*Lord Ska.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,

But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,

The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,

But get you to Smithfield and gather head,

And thither will I send you Mathew Goffe :

12

Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,

13

And so farewell, for I must hence againe,

*Exit omnes.*IV. vi.

1

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon  
London stone.*

† 2

†

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,

And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,

4

That the first yeare of our reigne,

The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.

†

And now henceforward, it shall bee treason

7

For any that calles me anv otherwise then

Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a souldier.*

8

*Soul.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

† 9

*Cade.* Zounds knocke him downe.

13

*Dicke.* My Lord,*They kil him**Ther's*

51.  
2 Hen.  
IV. vi.  
†13-14  
15  
†  
17  
18

*Torke and Lancaſter.*

Ther's an Army gathered together into Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them,  
But firſt go on and ſet London-bridge a fire,  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.  
Come let's away.

*Exit omnes*

*Alarmes, and then Maſhew Goffe is ſlaine, and all the reſt  
with him. Then enter Lacke Cade a-  
gaine and his company.*

*Cade.* So firſ, now go and pull downe the Sauoy,  
Others to the Innes of Court, 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 may go burne all the Records,  
And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vſed but the ſcore and Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforward all things ſhall  
be in common,  
And in Cheapſide ſhall my palphrey go to graſſe.

Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the ſkin of an innocent  
Lambe parchment ſhould be made, & then with a little 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 ſeal'd to any thing but once, and I was neuer  
mine owne man ſince.

*Nick.* But when ſhall we take vp thoſe commodities  
Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall take vp theſe  
commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and  
a ſmocke.

*Enter George.*

*Geor.* 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, What answer canſt thou make vnto my mightineſſe, for  
deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounſier bus mine cue,  
the Dolphin of France?

G 2

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IV. vii.  
†1-2  
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†16  
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†38  
†21  
IV. ii. 7  
†IV. ii. 8  
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† " 8  
† " 8  
† " 90  
91  
† 134-5  
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† 22  
† 23  
† 27  
† 30  
† 31  
† 31

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a Grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou hast built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee saide to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.

And besides all this, thou hast appointed certaine Iustices of the Peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steal 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 foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*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 & doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

*Cade.* *Bonum-terrum*, zounds what's that?

*Dicke.* He speakes French,

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis Outalian, I know it well erough.

*Say.* Kent (in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote)

Term'd it the ciuillst place of all this Land:

Then Noble Country-men heare me but speake,

I sold not France, nor lost I Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the palfie, and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say,

Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getst away:

But ile make thee sure enough now I haue thee.

Go take him to the standard in Cheape-side, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to sir James Cromer his son in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

*Exit one or two with the Lord Say.*

**There**



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
 To rise against your Soueraigne Lord and King,  
 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
 If you forsake this monstrous Rebell heere?  
 If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,  
 Then hast to France that our fore-fathers won,  
 And win 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, wil you forsake your general,  
 And ancient freedome which you haue possess?  
 To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
 Who if you stir, will straight way 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 run to Cade againe.*

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends, heare me but speake,  
 Refuse not good whilst it is offered you:  
 The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,  
 And I my selfe 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 wants no valiancy 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 then flies away.*

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
 That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
 Come march away.

*Exit om.*

*Enter*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.*

**King.** Lord Sommerfet, what newes heare you of the Rebell Cade ?

**Som.** This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to death, and the City is almost sackt.

**King.** Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, so must it be: And be as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

**Qu.** Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aline, The Rebell Cade had bene suppressed 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 neckes.*

**Cliff.** Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King: Loe heere my Lord, these Rebels are subdude, And offer their liues before your highnesse secte.

**King.** But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

**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 may it please your Maiesty to pardon these their faults, that by these traitors means were thus missed.

**King.** 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.

**King.** Come let vs hast to London now with speede, That solemnne processions may be sung, In laud and honor of the God of heauen, And triumphs of this happy victorie.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of hearbes and eating the m.*

**Eyden.** Good Lord how pleasant is this country lite, This little land my father left me heere, With my contented minde, serues me as well, As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,

**Nor**

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†IV. iv

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†21

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Zounds, heere's the Lord of the soyle : Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand Crownes for my head : but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee ? Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, 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 meat this fiue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it shall neuer be said whilst the world stands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famisht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge : then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightst fall into some Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

*They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

*Cade.* Oh Villaine, thou hast slaine the flower of Kent for chivalry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must dye. *He dyes.*

*Eyden.* Iacke Cade: And was this that monstrous rebel which I haue slaine ?

Oh sword, ile honour thee for this, 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 to the King.

*Exit.*  
*Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaster.**Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Yorke.* In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
 Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
 To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
 Ah *Sancta Maieſta*, who would not buy thee deare ?

† 1  
 † 3  
 † 4  
 † 5

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham,*

But ſoft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him ?

† 12

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee ſo.

† 14

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſwear :  
 What, comes thou in loue, or as a Meſſenger ?

†

† 16

*Buck.* I come as a Meſſenger frō our dread Lord & ſoueraigne,  
 Henry. To know the reaſon of theſe armes in peace ?

†

†

Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,  
 Shouldſt thus approach ſo neare with colours ſpread,  
 Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe ?

† 19

† 22

*Yorke.* A ſubiect as he is !

\*

Oh how I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect rearmes,  
 But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meeete thy ſonnes,  
 Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,  
 And not farre hence I know they cannot be.

† 25

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*Humphrey Duke of Buckingham,* pardon me,  
 That I answer'd not at firſt, my minde was troubled,  
 I came to remoue that monſtrous rebell *Cade*,  
 And heaue proud Somerſet from out the Court,  
 That baſely yeilded vp the Townes in France.

\*

† 32

† 33-4

† 62

† 61, 36

*Buck.* Why that was preſumption on thy behalfe,  
 But if it be no otherwiſe then ſo,

\*

† 38

The King doth pardon thee, and graunt to thy requeſt,  
 And Somerſet is ſent vnto the Tower.

†

† 40

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it ſo ?

†

†

*Buck.* *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

†

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I heere diſmiſſe my troopes,  
 Sirs, meeete me to morrow in *Saint Georges* fields,  
 And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

† 44

† 46

† 47

*Exit Soldiours.*

*Buck.* Come *Yorke*, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,  
 But ſee, his grace is comming to meeete with vs.

† 54

† 55

H

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter King Henry.*

+ 56 *King.* How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,  
+ 57 That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee ?

\* *Buck.* He is my Lord, and hath discharg'd his troopes,  
\* Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,  
+ 61 To heave the Duke of Somersset from hence,  
+ 62 And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

\* *King.* Then welcome cousin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,  
\* And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
\* Against those traiterous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter Master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

\* *Eyden.* Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,  
+ 66 Loc heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,  
+ 67 I heere present the traiterous head of *Cade*,  
+ 67 That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

\* *King.* Firft thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,  
\* That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.  
+ 69 Oh let me see that head that in his life  
+ 70 Did worke me and my land such cruell spight.  
\* A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,  
\* Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
\* Presageth warlike humors in bis life.  
\* Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward  
+ 71 Shalt be immediately created Knight.

+ 71-72 *Knee*le downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name ?

+ 74 *Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your Grace,  
75 A poore Esquire of Kent.

+ 78 *King.* Then rise vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,  
+ 79 And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
+ 79 A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,  
+ 79 Beside the firme reward that was proclaim'd,  
\* For those that could performe this worthy acte,  
+ 80 And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

\* *Eyden.* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
\* Then I proue iust and loyall to my King,

*Exit.*  
*Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaster.**Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.**King.* O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.*Queen.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of *Yorke*,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.*Yorke.* Who's that, proud Somerset at liberty?Base fearefull *Henry* that thus dishonor'ft 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 Throne.

*Somer.* Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false *Yorke*,

For heere I swear thou shalt vnto the Tower,

For these proud words which thou hast giuen the King.

*King.* Thou art deceiu'd, my sonnes shall be my baile,

And send thee there in despight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call *Clifford* hither presently.*Enter the Duke of Yorke's sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore. with Drum and Soldiours: & at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with Drumme and Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speakes.**Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.*Yorke.* We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.

What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus

To leuie armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

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136

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Queen.* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
 His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

†

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not ?

†

*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

† 140

*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

† 144

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough Beares.

192

*King.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himselfe.

193

*Yorke.* Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,  
 Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

\*

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke; with Drums and Souldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Souldiours.*

† 148

*Cliff.* Are these thy Beares ? wee'l baite them soone,  
 Despight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

\*

† 196

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,

† 197

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,

200

And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.

†

*War.* Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils crest,

The rampant Beare chaine to the ragged staffe,

204

This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,

As on a Mountaine top the Cedar shewes,

That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,

Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

† 208

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,

And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,

Despight the beare-ward that protects him so.

†

*Yong Clif.* And so renowned Soueraigne to armes,

† 212

To quell these Traitors and their complices.

†

*Richard.* Fie, Charity for shame, speake it not in spight,

†

For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

†

*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

† 216

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmer*

*Torke and Lancaſter.*

*Alar mes so the battails, and then enter the Duke of Somers et and Richard fighting, and Richard kills him under the signe of the Castle in S. Albones.*

*Rich.* So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,  
 What's heere, the signe of the Castle?  
 Then the Propheſie is come to paſſe,  
 For Somers et was fore-warnd of Castles,  
 The which he alwayes did obserue.  
 And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-houſe ſigne,  
 The Castle in S. *Albones*,  
 Somers et hath made the Wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

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*Alar mes againe, and enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.*

*Warwicke.* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke cals,  
 And if thou doſt not hide thee from the beare,  
 Now whilst the angry Trumpers ſound alar mes,  
 And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire :  
 Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,  
 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland.  
 Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

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7

*Clifford ſpeakes within.*

*Clif.* Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and view the way that Clifford  
 hewes with his murthering Curtelax, throug the fainting troops  
 to finde thee out.  
 Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and ſtir not till I come.

\*

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*Enter Torke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
 Who kild your horſe?

† 8

\*

*Torke.* 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 bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.

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† 12

H 3

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter Clifford, and Warwick offers to fight with him.*

+ 14 Hold *Warwicke*, and seeke thee out some other chafe,  
 + My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

+ 16 *War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
 + Clifford farwell, as I intend to prosper well to day,  
 18 It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassailde.

*Exit Warwick.*

\* *Torke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled heere 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*.

\* *Clifford.* And heere I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,  
 \* Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
 \* For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
 \* Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of *Torke*.

*Alarmes, and they fight, and Torke kills Clifford.*

\* *Torke.* Now *Lancaster* sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,  
 \* Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,  
 \* Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Torke*.

*Exit Torke.**Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.*

\* *Yong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,  
 \* Where I may seeke my aged Father forth?  
 \* Oh dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
 \* All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
 \* Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true house,  
 + 45 Sweete father, to thy mured ghost I sweare  
 + 57 Immortall hate vnto the house of *Torke*,  
 \* Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
 \* Till I haue furiously reuendge thy death,  
 \* And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him vp on his backe.*

+ 62 And thus as old *Ankyses* sonne did beare  
 + 63 His aged father on his manly backe,  
 \* And fought with him against the bloody Greekes,  
 + 63 Euen so will I. But stay, heer's one of them,  
 \* To whom my soule hath sworne immortall bate.

*Enter*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my fight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)  
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exit yong 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 flye to London straight.  
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them:  
Come, stand not so expostulate, let's go.

*King.* Come then faire *Queene*, to London let vs hast,  
And summon vp a Parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*Exit King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of Torke, Edward, and Richard.*

*Torke.* 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 Salisbury, since we  
With bloody minds 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 thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter*

† 72

† 1. 7

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† 11

2 Hen. VI.

V. iii.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Edward.* See noble Father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of *Torke*.

+15 *Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of *Torke's* encreasing house,  
\* The small remainder of my weary life,  
\* I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
\* Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

+18  
+24 *Torke.* VVhat say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
+25 There as I heere to hold a Parliament.

+27 VVhat saies Lord *Warwicke*, shall we after them?

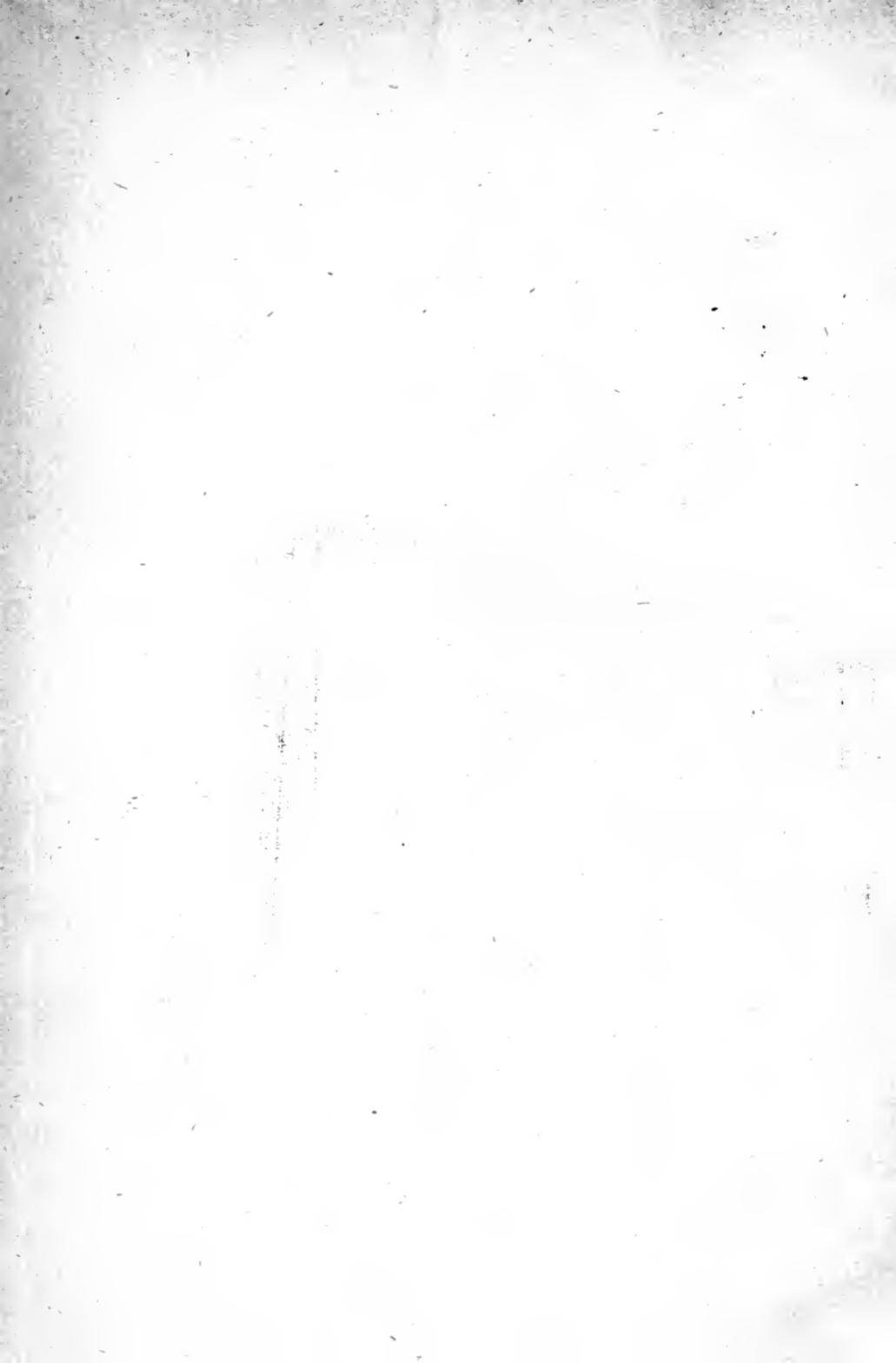
*War.* After them, nay before them if we can:

30 Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,  
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Torke*,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,  
33 And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

*Exit omnes.*

*FINIS.*





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