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SHAKESPEARE



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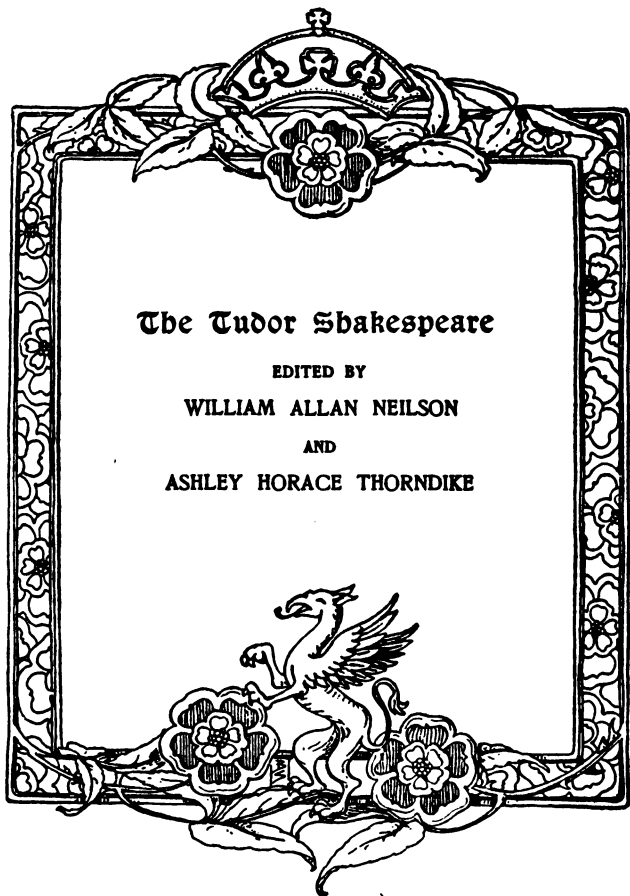


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THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

The Third Part of
Henry the Sixth

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Introduction

Text. — The three parts of *Henry VI* present much the same problems of text and authorship. In subject matter they are so interrelated that no one can be discussed wholly without reference to the others. For each the only authoritative text is contained in the Folio of 1623, and on that text, accordingly, the present is based. But in the case of Parts II and III, there exist independent Quarto versions that apparently antedate the composition of the Folio text. The play in quarto corresponding to 2 *Henry VI* was first printed in 1594, under the title, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, and is usually referred to simply as *The Contention*. The Quarto corresponding to 3 *Henry VI* was first published in 1595. It is entitled, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good king Henrie the Sixt, . . . as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his seruants*, and is usually known as *The True Tragedy*. Both quartos were reprinted in 1600. In 1619, in slightly altered form, they were again issued, bound together in one quarto, with the title, *The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke*. A number of slight errors in the Folio text have been corrected by comparison with the Quartos.

Relation between 3 Henry VI and The True Tragedy. — Though doubt on the subject is still occasionally expressed,

the consensus of scholarly opinion to-day is that *The True Tragedy* represents the older version of the play, and that *3 Henry VI*, the Folio text, shows careful revision by at least one new hand. Reasons for this opinion are that the new lines added in the Folio version usually improve the play, while Quarto lines missing from it are generally unnecessary to the sense. Many verbal differences, however, are of trivial significance, and one cannot easily account for their existence. In all "out of 2902 lines" in *3 Henry VI*, states Miss Jane Lee,¹ "there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and about 1010 old lines." This represents a slightly less thorough revision than that of *2 Henry VI* from *The Contention*. More complete revision has been done in Act IV than in any other act; scenes iv and v, and scenes vi and vii, respectively, in this act have their order reversed in the older play, and almost all the lines of scenes vi and vii are new. Another passage greatly changed from the original play is the long soliloquy of Gloucester in III. ii. In *The True Tragedy* the part of this speech corresponding to ll. 124-133 runs:

"I, Edward, will use women honourable,
 Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
 That from his loines no issue might succeed
 To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
 For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
 And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
 Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
 A cold premeditation for my purpose."

¹*New Shakspeare Society Transactions*, 1875-6, p. 266.

Further on in the same speech ll. 134-146 and ll. 165-181 are entirely new, while almost all the other lines of the speech have been revised in some way.

Problems of Authorship. — The question of authorship, both of the revised Henry VI plays and of the earlier Quarto versions, is the most difficult problem connected with Shakespeare's works. The reader will find this problem discussed in full by Professor Barnwell in his Introduction to *2 Henry VI* in this series, and only the generally accepted conclusions need be stated here. The available evidence points to Marlowe and Greene, and perhaps Peele, as joint authors of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, with the possibility that Shakespeare wrote certain minor parts of them, particularly the Jack Cade scenes of *The Contention*. The revision was probably the work of Shakespeare, assisted perhaps by Marlowe. But since Shakespeare's individualities of style are apt to be less marked in his earliest than in his later plays, the problem is beyond positive settlement. The fact that the First Folio includes these three plays, and the further fact that allusions to their subject matter occur in *Richard III* and in *Henry V*, undoubted works of Shakespeare, are the strongest arguments for Shakespeare's authorship of the revised versions.

Date of Composition. — 1592 seems now the most likely date for the composition of at least Parts I and III of *Henry VI*. External evidence for that year includes: (1) Philip Henslowe's record of a "harey the vj" play, marked as new at its first performance on March 3, 1592, and frequently acted at his theatre by Lord Strange's Com-

pany during that year. This play was probably *1 Henry VI*. (2) An allusion in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless* (licensed August 8, 1592, and published that year) to a recent representation of "brave Talbot" on the stage, referring almost certainly to scenes in *1 Henry VI*. (3) The famous sentence in Robert Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, written just before Greene's death in September, 1592, and published the same year: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie." Not only the name "Shake-scene," but the italicized phrase, which almost certainly parodies *3 Henry VI*, I. iv. 137, "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" points to Shakespeare as the author aimed at by Greene; and it is generally thought that Greene's outburst resulted from Shakespeare's borrowing for his play lines written by Greene for *The True Tragedy*. If this explanation of the sentence is correct, Shakespeare must have revised the play before September, 1592, and *3 Henry VI* must have been comparatively new at that time. (4) A public apology to Shakespeare for the offending sentence by Henry Chettle, publisher of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, in his *Kind Hartes Dreame*, printed December, 1592, after Greene's death.

Internal evidence tends to confirm these conclusions. In the years of his dramatic apprenticeship Shakespeare would be likely to work at just such a task as the line-by-line revision implies. This would naturally be followed a year or two later by such maturer "histories" as *Richard*

III and *King John*, plays which are usually dated from 1593 to 1595. The versification of the *Henry VI* plays also fits that period. If, then, we assume that *3 Henry VI*, along with the other two parts, was composed in 1592, we are not apt to miss the date far.¹

Sources. — Apparently all three parts of *Henry VI* are based on the prose chronicle of Halle² or that of Holinshed.³ Inasmuch as Holinshed for most of this period merely paraphrases Halle, it is difficult to determine which chronicler furnished the chief source for the original versions of the plays. On minor points the dramatists may have been indebted to some one or other of the numerous prose and verse histories of the time, since the Wars of the Roses furnished a favorite topic for literary treatment. From Ovid's *Heroides* one line of *3 Henry VI* is quoted in Latin, and several are based on biblical passages.

Historical facts have been handled with a large degree of freedom. For example, Henry's formal acknowledg-

¹ However, J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*, vol. I, pp. 60-67, argues for two revisions of *The True Tragedy* by Shakespeare. One of these, he thinks, was made before September 3, 1592; the other during the winter of 1593-1594, when Spenser and Jeffes of Pembroke's company may have joined Shakespeare's. See notes on I. ii. 48, and on III. i below.

² Edward Halle, *The Union of the two noble and illustre families of Lancastre and Yorke*, 1547.

³ Ralph Holinshed, *The Chronicle of England, Scotlande, and Irelande*, 1577. See W. G. Boswell-Stone, *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (new edition), 1907.

ment of York's succession to the throne is made to follow directly upon the first battle of St. Albans, despite an actual five years' lapse between the two events; and in the face of another interval of six years, the alliance between Warwick and Margaret is represented as the immediate result of King Edward's marriage.

The Chronicle History. — In order properly to interpret *3 Henry VI*, it is necessary to define the class of drama that it represents. When Shakespeare's plays were first collected in the Folio of 1623, they were divided into "comedies, histories, and tragedies," no less than ten being histories, each bearing the name of an English king. Such a division is unknown to the dramatic nomenclature of other nations and other periods; the type belongs peculiarly to Elizabethan England, more particularly to the last fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign. Professor Schelling¹ lists the titles of 220 known Elizabethan plays dealing with English history, about half of which are extant. Among other dramatists Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Dekker, Munday, Chettle, Heywood, and Ford wrote plays of this form, many of them extremely good. Every English monarch from Edward the Confessor to Queen Elizabeth is represented in this historical drama, Richard III appearing in eight of them and Henry VI in ten.

Reasons for a temporary popularity of this form of play are not far to seek. During Elizabeth's reign interest in the history of England was tremendously heightened by the outburst of patriotism resulting from the enjoyment of domestic peace, from the general success of the Queen's

¹ *The English Chronicle Play*, New York, 1902.

foreign policy, and, above all, from the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. One effect of this growth of nationalism on the non-dramatic literature of the time was the publication of numerous editions of the prose chronicles of Grafton, Holinshed, and Stowe; of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*; of such metrical histories as the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Daniel's *Civil Wars*, and Warner's *Albion's England*; and of such infinitely finer poetry as Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

But the drama would naturally respond to the national sentiment more forcibly and more quickly than any other literary form, both because it was closest in touch with English life, and because, as a means of instruction to the masses, the sight of plays filled the place now occupied by the reading of books and newspapers. Moreover, objections to stage-plays as improper forms of amusement could be met by the plea of author and actors that they were teaching play-goers the history of their native land. So great became the demand for "histories" that thrifty Robert Greene designated as such every one of his known plays, and entitled his dramatized version of one of Cinthio's *novelle*, *The Scottish History of James IV, slain at Flodden*, though none of the action is historical and Flodden is not mentioned in the plot. Popular demand also accounts for the phrasing, "true tragedy" and "true chronicle history," on so many title-pages of the day.

A large number of the chronicle histories, like Shakespeare's, deal with the entire reigns of English or British kings. Others present the biography of some famous character, as Sir John Oldcastle, Thomas Lord Cromwell, or Captain Thomas Stukeley. Others again, like Dekker's

Shoemaker's Holiday and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, are based largely or wholly on romantic legends. In them all the patriotic note is apt to degenerate into narrow insularity. So Joan of Arc suffers sharply because she is a Frenchwoman fighting the English, and Peele horribly maligns good Queen Eleanor because of her Spanish blood.

Based, as these chronicle histories appear to be, either on single chapters in the prose narratives of Holinshed, Stowe, or Foxe, or as the anonymous *King Leir*, on excerpts from Warner's and Higgins's metrical chronicles, their structure resembles the epic rather than the closely knit comedy or tragedy, because the action is apt to cover a great many years, and the incidents to be linked together on chronological, not logical, principles. Elizabethans demanded of the dramatist that he tell the whole story, including all possible episodes in his hero's life, whether or not they had essential bearing on the plot. This means that the chronicle history in its beginning was merely a dramatization of certain passages blocked out from prose or metrical histories of the reign involved. Gradually, of course, the playwright grew more independent in his handling of the material, so that Shakespeare in *Henry IV* could throw the entire emphasis on Falstaff and his companions, most of whom are creatures of his own fancy; and in *King Lear* could not only borrow his subplot from Sidney's *Arcadia*, but deliberately transform the whole story related by Holinshed to bring about a tragic ending. But in this last case the chronicle history has developed into the legitimate tragedy.

The usual chronicle history was sure to contain certain

conventional scenes.¹ Most common of these is the scene of battle, where first the opposing leaders meet and exchange ribald taunts and recriminations, to be followed by speeches of encouragement to the respective armies, then alarms, excursions, and finally a retreat of the losers. Again these histories represent numerous spectacular incidents involving the supernatural, such as the sinking of Queen Eleanor into the earth and her coming up again in a different part of London, detailed in Peele's *Edward I*; or the sight by Edward and Richard of three suns merging into one, in the present play. Other stock scenes are the sudden knighting of a young squire or yeoman by the King, and a wooing by king or crown prince. Common also are brutal murders, like the killing in this play of Rutland, of York, of Prince Edward, and of Henry himself; but often the deed is committed by hired assassins. Most of these scenes probably strike modern readers as absurdly untrue, yet the Elizabethan possibly never thought of questioning their reality any more than the modern critic of Verdi's *Otello* queries the probability of a solo by the Moor just before he murders Desdemona.

But from its very nature the chronicle history could not maintain permanent existence as a distinct form. Its structure was too ill defined to satisfy long the demands of dramatic art after Shakespeare had composed such a tragedy as *Romeo and Juliet* and such a comedy as *Much Ado*. Its claim to set forth historic truth was never quite

¹ For a more thorough analysis of such conventions, see Alice I. P. Wood, *The Stage History of Richard the Third*, New York, 1909, pp. 15-17.

justified; for the playwright, like the modern writer of historical fiction, was forced frequently to overstep the bounds of fact in order to inject interest into his narrative. Moreover, early in the seventeenth century the dramatists ceased to write plays particularly for the masses to enjoy, and composed more with an eye to the court and the higher social ranks, which had never demanded these history plays. Thus the vogue of the histories, which had begun with the Armada in 1588, practically ceased with the death of Elizabeth in 1603. Yet possibly Shakespeare's last work was done with Fletcher on *Henry VIII* about 1613, and as late as 1633 John Ford in *Perkin Warbeck* successfully revived the type.

The significance of the form in English dramatic literature lies in its realistic portrayal of actual personages, like King Henry V and Sir Thomas More, and in its sounding a sturdy blast of patriotism when both tragedy and comedy were beckoning men into classic Rome and mediæval Italy.

Structure of the Play. — As a chronicle play, in the light of these facts, *3 Henry VI* should be judged, and not as a comedy or tragedy. In structure it must be compared with *Edward II*, *Lochrine*, and *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, rather than with dramas built up carefully after classical models. The reader should also keep in mind that it is only one member of a trilogy, and that in all probability it is a collaborative work, gone over and touched up by Shakespeare at the very outset of his play-making career. Carefully reading the play, one finds in it at least a unifying purpose: to make a vivid portrayal of the suffer-

ing and cruelty brought upon England by the useless Wars of the Roses, and perhaps also to draw a picture of the terrible cost of civil war. In painting the vice and excesses of the time, the drama shows no favoritism, but balances the slaughter of Rutland by the Lancastrians against that of Prince Edward by the Yorkists, paying in the end for York's murder by the assassination of Henry. Behind all this, as in many other Shakespearean histories, we feel the presence of inexorable Fate, demanding toll for toll. The action merely brings to a culmination that represented in the first two parts of the trilogy; and its connection with *Richard III*, its immediate sequel, is almost as close.

Characterization and Style. — However impossible the task of assigning to each of three or four dramatists his own share in the composition of particular scenes and acts, the prevailing absence of human sympathy in the characterization and the utter hardness of the picture of war unrelieved by touches of romance or of genuine humor, point unerringly to Marlowe as giving the dominant tone to the play. The leading figures, especially, possess qualities distinctly Marlowesque. Impetuous Clifford, unwomanly Margaret, bold Warwick, above all, brave but crafty and ambitious Richard — these are precisely the types of people one is accustomed to meet in Marlowe's plays. All the freshness of atmosphere and simple kindliness associated with Greene's best work are entirely wanting. To fill in the outlines of the characters suggested, and to sharpen those of York, Richard, Margaret, and Henry, seem, if we are to judge from the added lines, to have been a special aim of the revision. In this direc-

tion, as recognized by his contemporaries, lay Shakespeare's special prowess.

While the style is uneven, a necessary result of collaboration and revision, singular diffuseness marks the play as a whole. The action is unconscionably slow, lengthy soliloquies abound, classical allusions are introduced for ornamental purposes, verbal quibbles are numerous, similes and metaphors are drawn out through several lines. These are but signs of the times in the drama, and all are in Shakespeare marks of early craftsmanship. Of the same effect are the absence of prose and the small proportion of "run-on" lines. Yet in many places we have suggestions of the compact phrasing that was soon to mark the true Shakespearean style. Such lines are:

"Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me."

"Make him, naked, foil a man at arms."

"And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be drunk with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief."

It is significant that each of the lines just quoted appears first in the revised play.

Stage History. — The poetic qualities of the play are more distinctive than its acting qualities, and on the stage none of the trilogy has ever been popular. From the title-page of *The True Tragedy* we learn that it was played by the "Lord Pembroke's Players," a company for which Shakespeare is not known to have written other dramas. The revised play was probably owned by the same company, and it is not improbable that *3 Henry VI* was being

acted by this company in 1595, when the Quarto was deemed worthy of printing by its publisher, Thomas Millington. Almost a century later, in 1681, John Crowne rewrote and added to 2 and 3 *Henry VI* in *Henry the Sixth the Second Part, or the Misery of Civil War*, which was played at Dorset Garden. Theophilus Cibber, in 1723, again combined the two parts in *An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, of which the last two acts are taken from the present play. Neither of these adaptations met with marked success. More frequently many passages from this drama have been used on the stage as parts of Colley Cibber's version of *Richard III*. With theatre-goers this *Richard* has been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's works, and Cibber's revision, in which much of Act I is borrowed from Act V of *3 Henry VI*,¹ has practically driven the original Shakespearean version from the stage. Thus parts of the play, particularly the murder of Henry, have been acted by Cibber, Garrick, Kemble, J. B. Booth, Macready, and the Keans. In America this *Richard* has had a notable career, beginning as early as 1750 in New York, and being played before the Revolution as far south as Charleston. In the title rôle some distinction was won more recently by the late Richard Mansfield.

¹The borrowed lines are tabulated by Furness in *The New Variorum Richard III*, Philadelphia, 1910, p. 604. On the general subject see Wood's *Stage History of Richard III*.

**The Third Part of
Henry the Sixth**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VI.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.

LEWIS XI, KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.

EDWARD, earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV,

EDMUND, earl of Rutland,

GEORGE, afterwards duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, afterwards duke of Gloucester,

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the duke of York.

SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }

HENRY, earl of Richmond, a youth.

LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*]

The Third Part of
Henry the Sixth



ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*London. The Parliament-house.*]

*Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard,
Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and soldiers.*

War. I wonder how the King escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He sily stole away and left his men ;
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, 5
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerous ;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encount'red as the battles join'd. 15

Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[*Showing the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

War. And so do I. Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king, 25

And this the regal seat. Possess it, York ;

For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords ;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

They go up.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council. 36

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best, 45
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*York takes the throne.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest [wearing
red roses].

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50
Even in the chair of state. Belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false
peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have
vow'd revenge 55

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he.

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York. 65

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
heart, 70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet. 75

I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down. He made thee Duke of
York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown 80

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne ?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself. 85

War. Be Duke of Lancaster ; let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster ;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the
field 90

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons, 95
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you we show our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ; 105
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I.

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head. 115

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

K. Hen. Peace, thou ! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120

War. Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords ;
And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ? 125

No ! First shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords ?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say ; my title's weak. —

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ? 135

York. What then ?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king ;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

Exe. No ; for he could not so resign his crown 145
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter ?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] All will revolt from me, and turn to
him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd. 'Tis not thy southern
power, 155

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence. 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ? 165

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers
show themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one word. 170
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 175

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York, 185
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd !

[*Exeunt North., Clif., and West.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 189

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. [*To York.*] I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever, 195
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace
him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward
sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes ! 205

Sennet. Here they come down.

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came. 209

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

[*Exeunt York and his sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Enter Queen Margaret [and the Prince of Wales].

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger.

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? 215

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

And disinherited thine only son. 225

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be King, why should not I succeed ?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, sweet son.

The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee ! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd ? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, 235

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais ;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas ;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm ; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe ? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes

Before I would have granted to that act. 245

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour ;
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd

Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
 And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away. 255

Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

Prince. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your Grace ; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage ! 265

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart.

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. 271

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Sandal Castle.]

*Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.**Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.*Enter the Duke of York.**York.* Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? How began it first? 5

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.*York.* About what?*Rich.* About that which concerns your Grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead. 10*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign. 15*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.I would break a thousand oaths to reign one
year.*Rich.* No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible. 21

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the place ; 25

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms ! And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is Elysium 30

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest

Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be King, or die. 35

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more

But that I seek occasion how to rise, 45

And yet the King not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter [a Messenger].

But, stay, — What news? Why com'st thou in
such post?

[*Mess.*] The Queen with all the northern earls and
lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that
we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London. 55
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not. 60
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. *Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the
field. 65

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

✓ A woman's general; what should we fear?

A march afar off.

Edw. I hear their drums. Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight. 70

York. Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success? 75

Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III

[Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.]

[Alarums.] Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford [and Soldiers].

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father, he shall die. 5

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

Exit [dragged off by soldiers].

Clif. How now, is he dead already? Or is it fear 10
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. 15
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine 25
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York 30
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore — [Lifting his hand.]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death! 35
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm ; why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son ; for his sake pity me, 40

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. 45

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*]

Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*]

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congea'l'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

Exit.

SCENE IV

[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field.

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves. 5
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them ;
But this I know, they have demean'd them-
selves

Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it
out!"

And full as oft came Edward to my side, 11
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encount'ed him.
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of
ground!" 15

And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide 20
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numb'ed that makes up my
life; 25

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth 35

A bird that will revenge upon you all ;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not ? What ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further ;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ; 41
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time ; 45
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this !

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf ; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart. 55
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize to take all vantages ;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him
now ? 65

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What ! was it you that would be England's king ?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, 71
And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy, 75

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
Look, York ! I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state. 85
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? Thou shouldst be mad ;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York ! and, lords, bow low to him ;
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. 95
[Putting a paper crown on his head.]
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ? 100
As I bethink me, you should not be King
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath? 105
 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
 France, 111

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates! 115
 But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
 shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
 Unless the adage must be verifi'd, 126
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
 The contrary doth make thee wond' red at. 131
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good
 As the Antipodes are unto us, 135
 Or as the south to the septentrion.

O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide !
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
 child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face ? 140
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bid'st thou me rage ? Why, now thou hast thy
 wish.

Wouldst have me weep ? Why, now thou hast thy
 will ;

For raging wind blows up incessant showers, 145
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so 150
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood ;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. 155

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears !
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, " Alas, it was a piteous deed !"

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse ;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee 165
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world.

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him, 170
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumber-
land ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. 174

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

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Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
Thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. 180

Flourish. Exeunt.



ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.]

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ; 5
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother ? Why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs, 15
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father.
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ? 25

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
 Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable. 30
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
 of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 35
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should notwithstanding join our lights together
 And over-shine the earth as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters ; by your leave I
 speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter [a Messenger] blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

Sc. I Henry the Sixth, Part III 31

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on 45

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,

Your princely father and my loving lord !

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, 50

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

Against the Greeks that would have ent' red

Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timber'd oak. 55

By many hands your father was subdu'd ;

But only slaught' red by the ireful arm

Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,

Laugh'd in his face ; and when with grief he
wept,

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,

They took his head, and on the gates of York 65

They set the same ; and there it doth remain,

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.

O Clifford, boist' rous Clifford ! thou hast slain 70

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison ;
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my
body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest ! 76
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy !

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart ; 80
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great bur-
den,
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would
quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief. 85
Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun ;
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords ! What fare ? What news
abroad ? 95

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain ! 100

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
And now, to add more measure to your woes, 105
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
[And very well appointed, as I thought,]
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the
Queen,

Bearing the King in my behalf along ; 115
For by my scouts I was advertised

That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought.
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ; 125
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge ; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards.
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight, 135
And we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled ; the King unto the Queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?
And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
land ?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers ;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent 145
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
 For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
 Were he as famous and as bold in war 155
 As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick ; blame me not.
 'Tis love I bear thy glories make me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done ?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
 If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords. 165

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside 175
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
 March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, Via ! to London will we march,
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry "Charge !" upon our foes,
 But never once again turn back and fly. 185

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 That cries "Retire !" if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick on thy shoulder will I lean ; 189
 And when thou fail'st — as God forbid the hour ! —
 Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forbend !

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York ;
 The next degree is England's royal throne,
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along ; 195
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up drums. God and Saint George
 for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news? 205
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
 The Queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts. Brave warriors, let's away.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Before York.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the
 Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland,
 with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
 That sought to be encompass'd with your crown.
 Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
 wreck. 5

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ? 15

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows ; 20

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father. 25

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, 31

Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !

Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault, 35
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
 My careless father fondly gave away" ?
 Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own and leave thine own with
 him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear 45
 That things ill-got had ever bad success ?
 And happy always was it for that son
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 And would my father had left me no more ! 50
 For all the rest is held at such a rate
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah, cousin York ! would thy best friends did
 know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here ! 55

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits ! Our foes are
 nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son.

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down. 60

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death. 65

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field ;
The Queen hath best success when you are
absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll
stay. 76

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry "Saint
George !" 80

March, Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry ! wilt thou kneel for grace,
 And set thy diadem upon my head ;
 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms 85
 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
 I was adopted heir by his consent ;
 Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
 You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
 Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament, 91
 To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too.
 Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? O, I cannot speak ! 95

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
 Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it
 not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
 crown ?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick ! dare
 you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine. 105

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you
stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110
The execution of my big, swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland; 115
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me
speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue.
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue. 125

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
 For York in justice puts his armour on. 190

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is
 right,

There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
 For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
 But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, 136
 Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided
 As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
 Whose father bears the title of a king, — 140
 As if a channel should be call'd the sea —
 Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
 traught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
 To make this shameless callet know herself. 145
 Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 By that false woman, as this king by thee.
 His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
 And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin
 stoop ;

And had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day ;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day, 155
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
 him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy
 pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept; 160
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root; 165
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee, 170
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou denied'st the gentle king to speak.
 Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colours wave!
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward. 175

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest a while. 5

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ! what hap ? What hope of
good ?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10
What counsel give you ? Whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;
 And in the very pangs of death he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
 "Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !"
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood !
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, 25
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
 And look upon, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine !
 — And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face, 35
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
 Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe

That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50

And call them pillars that will stand to us ;

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;

For yet is hope of life and victory. 55

Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*Another part of the field.*]

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,

And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. 5

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
brother

To execute the like upon thyself. 10

And so, have at thee !

They fight. Warwick comes ; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

[Another part of the field.]

[Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.]

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea 5
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ; 10
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered ;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory ! 15

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ? 20
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run, 25
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times : 30
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young, 35
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? 45
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates, —
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his father [dragging in the dead body].

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. 55
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the King was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man, 65
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have, by my hands, of life bereaved him.

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee ! 70
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 75
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing of his son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see : is this our foeman's face ?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye ! See, see what showers
 arise, 85
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart !
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 90
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !
 O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds !
 O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity ! 96
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses ;
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ; 101
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
 Take on with me and ne'er be satisfi'd !

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son 105
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfi'd !

K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful chances
 Misthink the King and not be satisfi'd !

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ? 110

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
 Much is your sorrow ; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Exit with the body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, 115
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go ;
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120

I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

Exit [with the body].

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the
Prince, and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are
fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull. 126

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post
again.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ; 135

Or else come after. I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the Queen intends. Forward ; away !

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

[Another part of the field.]

A loud alarm. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,
 Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
 More than my body's parting with my soul !
 My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee ; 5
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melts.
 Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud York,
 [The common people swarm like summer flies ;]
 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
 And who shines now but Henry's enemies ? 10
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth !
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did, 15
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
 Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ? 21
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds.

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity, 25
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
 [He faints.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,
 Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us
 pause 31
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
 looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust, 35
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave ;
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 41

Clifford groans [and dies].

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?
 A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
 See who it is.

- Edw.* And, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used. 45
- Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York, 51
- War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;
Instead whereof let this supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered. 55
- Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
- War.* I think his understanding is bereft. 60
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
- Rich.* O, would he did ! and so perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit, 65
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
- Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
- Rich.* Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
- Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70
- War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now ? 75

War. They mock thee, Clifford ; swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? Nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands. 86

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king ;

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen. 90

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatt' red foe that hopes to rise again ;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation ; 96

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100

And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,

And George, of Clarence. Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best. 105

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester ;

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation.

Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,

To see these honours in possession 110

Exeunt.



ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[A forest in the north of England.]

Enter [two Keepers,] with cross-bows in their hands.

[1. *Keep.*] Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves,

For through this laund anon the deer will come ;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

[2. *Keep.*] I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. 5

1. *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best ;
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2. *Keep.* Here comes a man ; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry [disguised], with a prayer-book.

K. *Hen.* From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ; 15
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou was anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee ; 20
 For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
 This is the quondam king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour Adversity,
 For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25

2. *Keep.* Why linger we ? Let us lay hands upon him.

1. *Keep.* Forbear a while ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;
 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward. If this news be true, 31
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him, 35
 For she's a woman to be pitied much.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give ;
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd ; 45

He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn !

2. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and
queens ? 55

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to.
A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

2. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ? 61

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen. My crown is called content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. 65

2. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us ; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath ?

2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England ?

2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ; 76
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me ;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1. *Keep.* No ; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? Do I not breathe a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear !
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again, 85
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin 90
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded ;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, 95
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name and the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd.

And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what He will, I humbly yield unto. 101

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror.

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny, 5
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit.

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. 10

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game; how true
he keeps the wind!

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence! 15

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.

May it please your Highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant
you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he'll take
vantages. 25

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? Tell
me.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] I think he means to beg a child
of her.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Nay, then whip me; he'll
rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] You shall have four, if you'll
be rul'd by him. 30

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, good leave have you; for
you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the
crutch. *[Glou. and Clar. retire.]* 35

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them? 44

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely
give thee. 55

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it
with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my
prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you
did. 65

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy hus-
band's lands. 71

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and
me. 75

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit.

Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;

No, if thou dost say no to my demand. 80

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she
knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks doth argue her replete with
modesty;

Her words doth show her wit incomparable; 85

All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. —

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious
lord.

I am a subject fit to jest withal, 91

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. 95

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow. I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call
you father. 100

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons. 105

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath
done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver,
'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have
had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To who, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes. 115

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. *Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower; 120
 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honour-
 ably. *Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, 125
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may
 spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 And yet, between my soul's desire and me —
 The lustful Edward's title buried —

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
 And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty,
 Like one that stands upon a promontory 135

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way.

So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140
 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
 And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too
 much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them. 145
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 What other pleasure can the world afford?
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and
 looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely 151
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe, 155
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part, 160
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, 165
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but
 hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head 170

Bé round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home ;
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the
thorns, 175

Seeking a way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown ;
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my
heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions. 185
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. 195

Exit.

SCENE III

[*France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis
doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve 5
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself, 15
And sit thee by our side. (*Seats her by him.*)
Yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to
speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a king become a banish'd man, 25

And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,

Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help.

Our people and our peers are both misled, 35

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off. 39

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow !

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend. 45

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee to France ? *He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
And then to crave a league of amity ;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant 55
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. (*To Bona.*) And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, 59

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

- Q. Mar.* King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand 66
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour; 75
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp; 79
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth, 85
Who by his prowess conquered all France.
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
 But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
 liege, 95

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? 99
 For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death?
 No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm, 106
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110
 While I use further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloof.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch
 him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen. 115

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground, 125
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine; 130
Yet I confess that often ere this day, *To War.*
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn 135
Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
 Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
 That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
 By this alliance to make void my suit.
 Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret.
 But if your title to the crown be weak, 145
 As may appear by Edward's good success,
 Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
 From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
 That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
 You have a father able to maintain you;
 And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
 peace, 156

Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
 I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; 160

Post blows a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
To War.

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague :
These from our king unto your Majesty : 165
To Lewis.

And, madam, these for you ; from whom I know
not. *To Margaret.*

They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were
nettled.

I hope all's for the best. 170

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours,
fair queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the Lady
Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his, 175

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before.

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's hon-
esty. 180

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
 No more my king, for he dishonours me,
 But most himself, if he could see his shame. 185
 Did I forget that by the house of York
 My father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right? 190
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honour;
 And to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him and return to Henry.
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass, 195
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona
 And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
 to love;
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200
 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast 205
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him;

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country. 211

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
 But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
 live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ? 215

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Mar-
 garet's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid. 220

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
 To revel it with him and his new bride. 225

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
 I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
 And I am ready to put armour on. 230

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward ; be gone. *Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
 Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle ;
 And, as occasion serves, this noble queen 236
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
 Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty, 240
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, 245
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
 And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250
He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall be
 levied,
 And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France. 255
[Exeunt all but Warwick.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe.

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again ;
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. 265

Exit.



ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return? 5

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the King.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward [attended], Lady Grey
[as Queen], Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings [and
others]. Four stand on one side, and four on the
other.*

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of War-
wick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick. I am Ed-
ward, 15

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And shall have your will, because our king.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too ?

Glou. Not I. 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together ; ay, and 'twere
pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey 25
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion : that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise ? 35

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strength'ned this our common-
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves. 45
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will and
grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

Glou. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood. 55

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your
judgement, 61

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king, 65
 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
 To raise my state to title of a queen,
 Do me but right, and you must all confess
 That I was not ignoble of descent ; 70
 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
 But as this title honours me and mine,
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns. 75
 What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
 And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ; 80
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
 From France ? 85

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,
 But such as I, without your special pardon,
 Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee ; therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them. 90

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words :

“Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.” 95

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me
Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Post. These were her words, utt’red with mild dis-
dain :

“Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.” 100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s queen ?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning weeds
are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.” 105

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incens’d against your Majesty

Than all the rest, discharg’d me with these words :

“Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere’t be long.”

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words ? 112

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd.
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret? 115

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Glou. [*Aside.*] Not I;

My thoughts aim at a further matter. I 125

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed.

Myself in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, 134

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance.
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
 If it be so, then both depart to him;
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you. 146

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*A plain in Warwickshire.*]

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
 The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
 Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
 And welcome, Somerset! I hold it cowardice
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's
 brother, 10

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
 But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall
 be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about, 15
 And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy,
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede 19

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him. 25

You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

They all cry, "Henry!"

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
 George! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Edward's camp, near Warwick.*]

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand.

The King by this is set him down to sleep.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1. *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest 5
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2. *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent? 10

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest
friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dan-
gerous. 15

3. *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. 20

2. *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent
But to defend his person from night-foes ?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent ; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters ! honour now or never !
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25

1. *Watch.* Who goes there ?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest !

Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick ! Warwick !" and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, "Arm ! arm !" Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there ?

War. Richard and Hastings. Let them go ; here is
The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke ! Why, Warwick, when
we parted, 30
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
 Then I degraded you from being king,
 And come now to create you Duke of York.
 Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom, 35
 That know not how to use ambassadors,
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ? 40

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
 Edward will always bear himself as king. 45
 Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
 king : *Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown
 And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
 My Lord of Somerset, at my request, 51
 See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fel-
 lows,
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer 55

Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

They lead him out forcibly.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Exit [guarded].

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do 60
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befallen King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person. 5

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;

And, as I further have to understand, 10

Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief ;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may. 14
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay ;
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.
This is it that makes me bridle passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear 21
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become ? 25

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest ; King Edward's friends must
down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —
For trust not him that hath once broken
faith, — 30

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly ;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. 35

Exeunt.

SCENE V

[A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.]

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my
 brother,

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands 5
 He hath good usage and great liberty;

And, often but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertis'd him by secret means
 That if about this hour he make this way 10

Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends with horse and men
 To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the hunts-
 men stand. 15

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and
 the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And, shipp'd from thence, to Flanders. 21

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my
meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we ? 'Tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? Wilt thou go
along ? 25

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell ! Shield thee from War-
wick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

[*London. The Tower.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick,
Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague,
and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ? 5

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? For well using me? 9
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure ;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty. 15

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds. 25

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars.
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace and war ; 35
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for Protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your
 hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your
 hearts,

That no dissension hinder government. 40

I make you both Protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's
 will ? 45

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent ;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be con-
 tent.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
 To Henry's body, and supply his place ; 50

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate. 55

Clar. What else ? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 60
Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, 65
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. (*Lays his
hand on his head.*) If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he 75
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend ?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news ! but how made he escape ? 80

Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester
 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
 In secret ambush on the forest side
 And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him ;
 For hunting was his daily exercise. 85

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
 A salve for any sore that may betide.

*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and
 Oxford.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's ;
 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90
 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-
 mond,
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him to his harm and ours. 95
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall
 down. 100

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

[Before York.]

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas 5
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glou. The gates made fast ! Brother, I like not this ;
For many men that stumble at the threshold 11
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now afright us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. 15

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
dom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glou. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his
nose, 25

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates ; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? The gates shall then be
opened. *They descend.*

Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded ! 30

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him ; but being ent'red,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor ; these gates must not be
shut 35

But in the night or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;
Takes his keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and Soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in
arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good' Montgomery; but we now
forget 45

Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

The drum begins to march.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone 55
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim.

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, 65
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed.

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[Giving him a paper.] Flourish.

Sold. [Reads.] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland," etc.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight. 75

Throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee,
 To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother ! 85
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
 Come on, brave soldiers ! doubt not of the day,
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
Exeunt.

SCENE VIII

[*London. The palace.*]

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague,
 Clarence, [Exeter,] and Oxford.*

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
 And many giddy people flock to him. 5

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ; 10
 Those will I muster up ; and thou, son Clarence,
 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find 15
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st ;

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20
 Or, modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.
 Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
 Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand. 26

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord! and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my truth,
 and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords! Let's meet at Coventry.

Exeunt [all but King Henry and Exeter].

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field 35
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays. 40

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, 45
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, [Gloucester,] and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
 hence;

And once again proclaim us King of England.
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
 Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry, 55
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
 Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.

Exeunt some with King Henry.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
 The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

Exeunt.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*Coventry.*]

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford ?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

[1.] *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague ?

Where is the post that came from Montague ? 5

[2.] *Mess.* By this at Daintry with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son ?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand ; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam lies.

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be ? Belike unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 15

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall !

War. O unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd
That we could hear no news of his repair ? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 25
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the King ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift. 35

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight ;
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this : 40

What is the body when the head is off ?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was slyly finger'd from the deck !

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, 45

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time ; kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off, 55

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood :

"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
more."

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours ! see where Oxford comes !

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array ; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle.
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same. 65
War. O, welcome, Oxford ! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !
[*He and his forces enter the city.*]
Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory. 70
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !
[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold. 75

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love !
Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt, if Warwick
call. 80

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?
[*Taking his red rose out of his helmet.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones to-
gether,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, War-
wick, 85

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king ?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath.
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee — 95
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad —
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ; 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust! 106

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

Exeunt [King Edward and his company]. March.

Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II

[*A field of battle near Barnet.*]

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe, 5
 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 shows

That I must yield my body to the earth
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
 wind. 15

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
 black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres; 20
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
 brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me, and of all my lands 25
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again. 30
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant
power;

Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while! 35
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, 41
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last 45
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save your-
selves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
heaven. [Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power! 50
Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.

SCENE III

[Another part of the field.]

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

- K. Edw.** Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
 And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun, 5
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen
 Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
- Clar.** A little gale will soon disperse that cloud 10
 And blow it to the source from whence it came.
 The very beams will dry those vapours up,
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.
- Glou.** The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her. 15
 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
- K. Edw.** We are advertis'd by our loving friends
 That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
 bury.
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;

And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum ! Cry, "Courage !" and away.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*Plains near Tewksbury.*]

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood? 5

Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he

Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea

And give more strength to that which hath too much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 10

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !

Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?

And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?

Our slaught' red friends the tackles ; what of these ?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor? 16

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,

But keep our course, though the rough wind say
no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 25

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!

Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink.

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off, 31

Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

If case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the broth-
ers 35

More than with ruthless waves, with sands and
rocks.

Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here ;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes, 45
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here — as God forbid ! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage, 50
And warriors faint ! Why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee. Long may'st thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope 55
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wond' red at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset ; sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less. It is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-
ness. 65

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,
Clarence, and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords !

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say

My tears gainsay ; for, every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye. 75

Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sov-
ereign

Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80

You fight in justice ; then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Exeunt.

SCENE V

[Another part of the field.]

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
[and Soldiers; with] Queen Margaret, Oxford, and
Somerset [prisoners].

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. 5

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt [Oxford and Somerset, guarded].

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

Glou. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter [Soldiers, with] Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, 15
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

- Suppose that I am now my father's mouth ;
 Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, 20
 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
- Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !
Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
 And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.
- Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night ; 25
 His currish riddles sorts not with this place.
- Glou.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
- Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
- Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
- Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
 rather. 30
- K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
 tongue.
- Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
- Prince.* I know my duty ; you are all undutiful.
 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
 And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all 35
 I am your better, traitors as ye are ;
 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
- K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
Stabs him.
- Glou.* Sprawl'st thou ? Take that, to end thy agony.
Stabs him.
- Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.
Stabs him.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too ! 41

Glou. Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold ; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words ?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon ? Use means for her recovery. 45

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother ;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What ? what ?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned ! speak to thy mother,
boy ! 51

Canst thou not speak ? O traitors ! murderers !
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it. 55

He was a man ; this, in respect, a child,
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name
it ?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak ;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60
Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !
You have no children, butchers ! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse ;

But if you ever chance to have a child, 65

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince !

K. Edw. Away with her ! Go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here ;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What, wilt thou not ? Then, Clarence, do it thou. 71

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself ; 75
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not ? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard,

Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince !
Exit [led out forcibly].

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower. 85

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence. Discharge the common
sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London
And see our gentle queen how well she fares.
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. 90

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

[*London. The Tower.*]

*Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant,
on the walls.*

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so
hard ?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord : — my lord, I should say
rather.

'Tis sin to flatter ; “good” was little better.
“Good Gloucester” and “good devil” were
alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not “good
lord.” 5

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves. We must confer.
Exit Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf ;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15

Have now the fatal object in my eye

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl !

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;

Thy father, Minos, that deni'd our course ;

The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. 25

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my
life ?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art.

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume, 35

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye — 40
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ; 45
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down
trees ;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world ;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard, 55
Thou cam'st —

Glou. I'll hear no more ; die, prophet, in thy speech.

Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! 60

Dies.

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death !

O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house ! 65
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee
thither, *Stabs him again.*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say 70

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd and the women cried,

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !" 75

And so I was ; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80

And this word "love," which greybeards call di-
vine,

Be resident in men like one another
 And not in me. I am myself alone.
 Clarence, beware ! Thou keep'st me from the light,
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ; 85
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit [with the body].

SCENE VII

[*London. The palace.*]

Flourish. King Edward, [upon the throne ;] Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse [with the young Prince,] and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride !
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd 5
 For hardy and undoubted champions ;
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberland ; two braver men

Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound ;

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague, 10

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. 15

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

Glou. [*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back.

Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely
queen ; 26

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

[*Q. Eliz.*] Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother,
thanks. 30

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master,

And cried, "All hail!" when as he meant all
harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, 35
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with Mar-
garet?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour an-
noy! 45

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

Exeunt.

Notes

Chief Events of the Play.— Following is a chronological list of the chief historical events covered by this play :

- 1455, May 22. First battle of Saint Albans between Yorkists and Lancastrians, in which York's party is victorious, and the Duke of Somerset is slain.
- 1460, October 24. Compromise adopted by Parliament acknowledges York as heir to the throne on condition that Henry VI occupy it during his lifetime. These terms Queen Margaret refuses to accept, since they disinherit her son.
- 1460, December 29. Battle of Wakefield between the York forces and those of Margaret results in defeat and death of York. After the battle York's son, Edmund Earl of Rutland, is murdered by Clifford.
- 1461, February 2. Yorkists under Edward defeat Lancastrians under Earls of Pembroke and Ormond at Mortimer's Cross near Hereford.
- 1461, February 17. Margaret defeats Yorkists in the second battle of Saint Albans, but fails to take full advantage of her victory.
- 1461, March 4. Edward enters London, and is proclaimed king.
- 1461, March 28. Battle of Towton results in the utter defeat of Margaret, who flees with Henry to Scotland.

- 1461, June 28. Edward is crowned in London.
- 1464, May. At the very time that Warwick is negotiating a marriage for Edward with a princess of France, Edward secretly weds Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John Grey.
1465. Henry VI is captured by Yorkists and lodged in the Tower.
1469. Warwick supported by Clarence raises army in opposition to Edward, surprises him, and takes him prisoner. Edward continues to be nominally king, but is really subject to Warwick.
- 1470, September. Warwick and Clarence make terms with the Lancastrian exiles, Henry is released, and again placed on the throne. Edward flees to Holland.
- 1470, November 2. Birth of a son to Edward in the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey.
- 1471, March 14. Edward with Richmond lands at Ravenspurgh. At first asserting claim only to dukedom of York, he gradually collects army of sympathizers, marches unopposed to London, seizes Henry, and is again proclaimed king.
- 1471, April 14. In battle of Barnet Warwick is defeated by Edward's forces and slain.
- 1471, May 4. Battle of Tewkesbury, between Edward's forces and Margaret's, results in the defeat and capture of Margaret. After the battle her son, Prince Edward, is stabbed to death by some of Edward's nobles.
- 1471, May 21. Under suspicious circumstances Henry dies in the Tower.

Dramatis Personæ.— Neither this list nor the division into acts and scenes is to be found in the Folio. Both have been added by modern editors.

I. i. 1. Between the first battle of Saint Albans, here alluded to, and the parliamentary acknowledgment of York's succession to the throne, five years really elapsed.

I. i. 9. This account of Clifford's death, which is historically correct, is based on *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. The different version given in *2 Henry VI*, V. ii, comes from *The Contention*.

I. i. 14. brother. Montague was brother to Warwick.

I. i. 46. proudest he. This pronoun in the sense of "man" occurs again with "proudest" in II. ii. 97, below, in *Taming of the Shrew*, III. ii. 236, and in *Henry VIII*, V. iii. 132.

I. i. 47. shake his bells. A figure from falconry. Hunters often attached little bells to their hawks in order to frighten other birds.

I. i. 105. Another slight historical slip. Richard's father was not Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and Henry himself made Richard duke, as stated in l. 77, above. What Henry means to bring out is that Richard's father was not king.

I. i. 107. Henry. Trisyllabic frequently in this play.

I. i. 182. these news. This noun is usually plural in Shakespeare, as in III. iii. 171, and IV. iv. 13, below.

I. i. 206. my castle. Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, where the next scene is laid.

I. i. 239. Falconbridge. Thomas, natural son of William Neville, Lord Falconbridge, was under orders from

Warwick to guard the passage between Dover and Calais so that no friend of the King might use it.

I. i. 270. **three lords, i.e.,** Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland; see l. 188, above.

I. i. 272. **cousin.** Exeter was third cousin to the King, being a direct descendant of John of Gaunt.

I. ii. 48, s.d. **Enter a Messenger.** Folio reads, "Enter Gabriel," evidently the name of an actor who took the part, probably Gabriel Spenser, a member of Pembroke's company. See Introduction, p. xi, and note on III. i, below.

I. ii. 50. **intend.** Such use of the plural, outlawed in modern English, was permitted to Elizabethans, who gave to *with*, l. 49, the force of "and."

I. iii. 13. **devouring paws.** Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*: "Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw Daily devours apace."

I. iii. 39. **ere I was born.** Rutland; born in 1448, was twelve years old when his father killed the older Clifford at St. Albans, and almost eighteen when he was slain. But the chroniclers, Halle and Holinshed, make him five years younger for each event.

I. iii. 40. **one son.** He is interesting to us as the hero of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*.

I. iii. 48. "The gods grant that this be the summit of thy glory;" quoted from Ovid, *Heroides*, Ep. II. l. 66.

I. iv. 2. **uncles, i.e.,** Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, who entered near the end of scene ii.

I. iv. 102. **had shook.** The form, while not universal, was permissible in Elizabethan English and is common in Shakespeare.

I. iv. 127. **horse.** The older plural form of the noun.

I. iv. 137. This line is supposed to be parodied in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, in the words, "with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*." See Introduction, p. x. Much to the same purpose is a line in *Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii. 73: "O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

II. i. Several dramatic inconsistencies have been noted in this scene. At the beginning neither of York's two sons who have fought in the battle of Wakefield knows whether their father has escaped from that battle. Yet later on Warwick states that he learned the news ten days before, and he also describes the second battle of St. Albans, which has taken place since. The scene is laid near Mortimer's Cross, and preparations seem to be making for the battle of that name, but in the play the battle is unfought.

II. i. 15-18. The elaborate figure drawn from the popular sport of bear-baiting, is not to be found in the older play.

II. i. 22. The morning bids farewell to the sun as he departs on his daily journey.

II. i. 23. Early morning is compared to a youth again in *Sonnet 7*.

II. i. 25 ff. This supernatural incident is described by Holinshed as having taken place on the morning of the battle of Mortimer's Cross.

II. i. 51. hope of Troy. Hector; cf. IV. viii. 25, below.

II. i. 53. A Latin proverb: *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*.

II. i. 79. Mark the contrast between the brothers.

II. i. 92. That the eagle could gaze at the sun without blinking, was a common belief recorded by Pliny.

II. i. 95. what fare? How goes it?

II. i. 146. your kind aunt. Duchess Isabel, daughter of King John of Portugal, really Edward's distant cousin. She did send aid to him in 1470, but not at this time.

II. ii. 48. Alluding to a familiar proverb, "Happy the child whose father went to the Devil," the pious Henry queries its truth.

II. ii. 74. "Unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises: for where his person was present, the victorie still fled from him to the contrarie part." (Holinshed.) See also II. v. 16-18, below.

II. ii. 81 ff. Such bandying of taunts between opposing forces is a well-established Elizabethan dramatic convention in battle scenes. See below, V. i. 16 ff. and Introduction, p. xv.

II. ii. 144. wisp of straw. A mark of disgrace often placed on the head of a scolding woman.

II. ii. 147. In *Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 60, Menelaus is termed, "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. iii. 37. Thou setter up and plucker down of kings. The context makes clear that the allusion is to the Deity. Cf. *Daniel* ii. 21, and *Psalms* lxxv. 7. But elsewhere in this play, III. iii. 157, and V. i. 26, similar expressions refer undoubtedly to Warwick.

II. iii. 43. in earth. We should say "on," but "The Lord's Prayer," as recorded in *Matthew* vi. 10, reads, "Thy will be done in earth."

II. iv. 12-13. Cf. 2 *Henry VI*, V. ii. 14-15:

"Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

The lines are found practically in that form at the same point in *The Contention*. In revising the two plays Shakespeare seems to have borrowed the passage twice, as there is in *The True Tragedy* nothing corresponding to it.

II. v. 5-10. "This deadly battayle and bloody conflicte continued .x. houres in doubtful victorie, the one parte some tyme flowyng, and some tyme ebbing." (Halle.)

II. v. 77-78. Let our hearts break and our eyes be blinded from self-imposed injuries, like those of civil war. References to eye and heart here and in ll. 85-87, just below, may be echoes of the conventional "debate" between these two human organs, brought out most clearly in *Sonnets* 46 and 47. The whole subject of these debates is discussed by Professor J. H. Hanford in *Modern Language Notes*, XXVI, 161-165.

II. v. 92-93. The meaning of this typical Elizabethan quibble seems to be that both the birth and the death of the son were misfortunes. Cf. Textual Variants, and *Lucrece*, v. 1801.

II. v. 103 ff. These rhetorically balanced speeches form an example of stichomythia, a device more common in *Richard III* than in this play.

II. vi. s.d. Enter Clifford wounded. In *The Contention* this direction reads, "Enter Clifford wounded, with an arrow in his neck." It is probable that Beaumont and Fletcher were burlesquing this situation when they made Ralph in the final scene of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* enter "with a forked arrow through his head."

II. vi. 19. mourning widows for our death. Modern English would demand the order, "widows mourning," but cf. l. 56, below.

II. vi. 49. **But set.** The syntax of the sentences defies rules of logic, but the meaning is clear.

II. vi. 67. **which.** *Which* and *that* are frequently substituted for the relative *as* in Elizabethan English.

II. vi. 105. **him pleaseth.** It pleaseth him, a use similar to *methinks* = it seems to me.

II. vi. 107-108. "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, which for their honours have beene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, sonne to king Edward the third, and this duke Humfreie: which three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them king Richard the third also, duke of Glocester, in civill warre slaine." (Holinshed.)

III. i. **Enter two Keepers.** The Folio reads, "*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey,*" who were probably actors taking those parts. Sinklo's name appears also in the stage directions of *Taming of the Shrew* (Induct. i. 88) and of *2 Henry IV* (V. iv. 1). Humfrey is presumably Humphrey Jeffes, a member of Pembroke's company, while Sinklo or Sinkler belonged to the same company as Shakespeare. Cf. Introduction, p. xi, n. 1, and note on I. ii. 48, above.

III. ii. 2. **Sir Richard Grey.** His actual name was Sir John Grey, as Holinshed gives it. How "Richard" crept into the text of *The True Tragedy*, and so into this play, no one knows. Furthermore, Grey fought, not on the side of York, but of Lancaster, as stated in *Richard III*, I. iii. 127-128.

III. ii. 72. Cf. *Lear*, I. i. 110: "Thy truth, then, be thy dower."

III. ii. 124 ff. Cf. the corresponding passage in *The True Tragedy*, quoted in the Introduction, p. viii.

III. ii. 161. unlick'd bear-whelp. "It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears." (Johnson.)

III. ii. 190. And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. May not this have suggested to Dryden his well-known line in "Alexander's Feast," "And, like another Helen, fired another Troy"?

III. ii. 193. Machiavel. An anachronism, for Macchiavelli was not born till 1469. But to the Elizabethan consciousness, such slips were of no moment. *The True Tragedy* here reads, "Catiline," a name which bore similar associations of corrupt nature.

III. iii. 81-82. John of Gaunt did conduct an expedition into Spain, and by right of marriage, laid claim to the Spanish throne, but he did not "subdue the greatest part." His military success there was merely nominal, and his royal pretensions were satisfied by his daughter's marriage to the heir-apparent. In the height of the feeling against Spain after the destruction of the Armada, Englishmen were frequently reminded of John of Gaunt's victories. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1589) tells us, contrary to history, that he took the King of Castile prisoner (I. v. 52). On May 14, 1594, was entered on the Stationers' Register "the famous historye of John of Gaunte . . . with his Conquest of Spaine"; and in 1601, Philip Henslowe paid Hathway and Rankins for writing a play, "The Conquest of Spain by John of Gaunt."

III. iii. 96. thirty and six years. *The True Tragedy*

reads "thirty and eight," figures that are perhaps more exact; but Mr. Boswell-Stone points out that during the last two years of the period Warwick's allegiance to the Lancastrian government must have been only formal.

III. iii. 101 ff. John Earl of Oxford and his son, Lord Aubrey de Vere, were executed for treason, according to Halle and Holinshed, in 1462. Modern historians place the events eight or ten years later.

III. iii. 157. See note on II. iii. 37, above.

III. iii. 187. As a matter of fact, Salisbury was captured in the battle of Wakefield by Lancastrians, and by them, not "by the house of York," beheaded. Here again the dramatist follows *The True Tragedy*, which contains a speech depicting Salisbury's supposed death at Ferrybridge.

III. iii. 188. the abuse done to my niece. "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie; (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his neece, the certaintie was not for both their honours openlie revealed); for, suerlie, such a thing was attempted by king Edward." (Holinshed.)

III. iii. 194. I here renounce him. While Warwick was undoubtedly offended by King Edward's marriage, no open breach between them came till 1468. In February, 1465, Warwick stood sponsor for Edward's first child, Elizabeth.

III. iii. 242. eldest daughter. Prince Edward was betrothed to Anne, Warwick's second daughter, while Clarence wedded her elder sister, Isabella. The error is repeated, IV. i. 118, below, but a correct statement is made in *Richard III*, I. i. 153.

III. iii. 252. Lord Bourbon. Louis count of Rosillon, natural son of the Duke of Bourbon.

IV. i. 40. Compare the closing lines of *King John*:

"Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

In the source of *King John*, *The Troublesome Raigne*, the lines run:

"Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
And all the world can never wrong her State."

The latter passage seems to have inspired the lines of *The True Tragedy* at this point:

"Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them."

IV. i. 48. heir of the Lord Hungerford. "It must be remembered that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estate were in the wardship of the King, who in their minority, gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards." (Johnson.)

IV. i. 53. brother of your loving bride. Lord Rivers. Her son, mentioned in l. 57, below is the Marquess of Dorset. Favours heaped upon his wife's kin cost Edward many friends.

IV. i. 70. not ignoble of descent. "Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Kt., afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jacqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to Henry V." (Malone.)

IV. ii. 19-21. Having heard the prophecy that the Greeks would never take Troy if the horses of King Rhesus of Thrace should drink of the Xanthus and eat grass on the Trojan plain, Ulysses and Diomedes stole into his camp by night, killed Rhesus, and carried off his horses.

IV. iii. 17. **dangerous honour.** Cf. Falstaff's soliloquy on the same subject, *1 Henry IV*, V. i. 128-143.

IV. iv. 22. **blood-sucking sighs.** That each sigh consumes a drop of blood was once a common belief.

IV. vi. 68-76. The incident is related by Holinshed.

IV. vii. In *The True Tragedy* this scene precedes the one just given.

IV. viii. 25. Cf. II. i. 51, above.

IV. viii. 50. s.d. **A Lancaster! A Lancaster!** The Folio reading. Some editors emend, "A York! A York!" believing the shouts to come from the invading party. If the text is correct, the voices must be those of the royal guard.

IV. viii. 58-59. In this very scene Warwick has left London for Coventry; how does Edward know that, and know that he has already reached his destination? The inconsistency, which comes from *The True Tragedy*, is probably due to dramatic compression of time. In order to obviate the difficulty, Daniel begins a new scene and a new day with l. 33.

IV. viii. 60-61. A testimony to the age of the familiar proverb about making hay.

V. i. 6. **Daintry.** Daventry, an ancient borough in Northamptonshire.

V. i. 73. **Two of thy name.** His father, Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, whom Richard in I. i, claims to

have slain at the first battle of St. Albans; and his brother Henry, beheaded on Hexham field, April 25, 1463. The Somerset here addressed was executed after the battle of Tewkesbury. Cf. V. vii. 5, below.

V. i. 91. Jephthah's. Cf. *Judges* xi. 30-40.

V. ii. 11. the cedar. Many editors compare the description of the Assyrian as a cedar of Lebanon, given in *Ezekiel* xxxi. 3-9. See also Marlowe, *Edward II*, II. ii. 16-17:

"A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch."

V. ii. 44. like a clamour in a vault. Confused by the echo.

V. v. 2. Hames Castle. In Picardy, where, Holinshed tells us, Oxford was imprisoned twelve years.

V. v. 63. You have no children. Cf. I. iii. 40, above, and *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 216.

V. v. 65-67. This prophecy is frequently recalled in *Richard III*.

V. vii. 25. His head is to work the way, and his hand will execute. The actor has no difficulty in so interpreting the line to his audience.

V. vii. 41. It is a rule in Elizabethan tragedy to have the person of highest rank close the play.



Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version. Q indicates *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*.

- I. i. 105. Thy] Q; My Ff.
268. coast] Warburton; cost Ff.
ii. 48, s.d., etc. [*a Messenger*] Q; *Gabriel* Ff.
iv. 19. budg'd] Johnson *conj.*; bodged Ff.
50. buckle] Q; buckler Ff.
150. passion] Clark and Wright; passions Ff.
- II. i. 113. Q; Ff *omit.*
181. an idle] Q; a lazy Ff.
182. march] Ff; march amain Q.
ii. 89. Since] F₂; *Cla.* Since F₁.
183. *Rich.*] Q; *War.* Ff.
v. 55, s.d. [*dragging*, etc.] Capell (*substantially*); *at one doore; and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore* Ff.
79. hast] F₂₋₄; hath F₁₋₃.
92, 93. soon . . . late] Ff; late . . . soon Q.
119. E'en] Collier MS.; Men Ff.
- vi. 8. Q; Ff *omit.*
- III. i. 1, s.d., etc. [*twoKeepers*] Q; *Sinklo and Humfrey* Ff.
24. thee, sour Adversity] Dyce *conj.*; the sower adversaries Ff.
55. that] Q; Ff. *omit.*

- ii. 18. etc. [*L. Grey*] *Wid Ff.*
123. honourably] *QF₂₋₄*; honourable *F₁.*
- iii. 124. eternal] *Q*; external *Ff.*
156. peace] *F₂₋₄*; *F₁ omits.*
- IV. iv. 2, etc. *Q. Elis.*] *Gray Ff.*
vi. 55. be] *Malone*; *F₁ omits.*
- V. ii. 44. clamour] *Q*; cannon *Ff.*
iv. 27. ragged] *Rowe*; raged *Ff.*
vi. 7. reckless] *Hanmer*; wreaklesse *Ff.*
vii. 30. [*Q. Elis.*] *Queen Q*; *Cla. F₁.*



Glossary

- abode, foreshadow, presage; V. vi. 45.**
abodement, omen; IV. vii. 13.
accomplish, gain, obtain; III. ii. 152.
adventure, enterprise, undertaking; IV. ii. 18.
advertise, inform, notify; IV. v. 9; V. iii. 18.
aim, guess; III. ii. 68: mean, intend; III. ii. 68, 69.
amain, at full speed; II. iii. 56.
an, if; frequently used with *if*; I. i. 137; III. ii. 22; etc.
answer . . . doubt, allay apprehension; III. iii. 238.
apparent, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.
appointed, equipped; II. i. 113.
argosy, large merchant-ship; II. vi. 36.
arrive, land at; V. iii. 8.
as, acting for; II. vi. 104: as if; III. iii. 169: that; I. i. 234.
assay, attempt, essay; I. iv. 118.
attend, heed; II. i. 168: await, IV. vi. 82.
Ave-Maries, prayers to the Virgin; II. i. 162.
awful, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.
- bands, bonds, fetters; I. i. 186.**
bandy, toss to and fro, a metaphor from tennis; I. iv. 49.
basilisk, cockatrice, a fabulous serpent that could kill by its looks; III. ii. 187.
battle, division of an army; I. i. 8, 15; II. i. 121.
beaver, helmet; I. i. 12.
belike, probably; I. i. 51; IV. i. 96, 118; V. i. 14.
beshrew, curse; I. iv. 150.
bewray, disclose, reveal; I. i. 211; III. iii. 97.

- bird, young one; II. i. 91.
 blunt, rude; IV. viii. 2.
 boot, avail; I. iv. 125.
 broach, tap a cask, begin; II. ii. 159.
 bruit, report, rumor; IV. vii. 64.
 budge, give way; I. iv. 19.
 buckle, join in close combat; I. iv. 50.
 buckler, defend; III. iii. 99.
 bug, bugbear, bogy; V. ii. 2.
- callet, strumpet; II. ii. 145.
 captivate, subdue, take captive; I. iv. 115.
 chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.
 challenge, claim as due; III. ii. 86; IV. vi. 6; IV. vii. 23.
 channel, street-gutter; II. ii. 141.
 charm, enchant into silence; V. v. 31.
 chase, pursuit; II. iv. 12.
 check, reprove, chide; III. ii. 166.
 cheerly, cheerily; V. iv. 2.
 chide, drive away with scolding; II. v. 17.
 close, concealed; IV. v. 17.
 coast, assail; I. i. 268.
 colour, pretence, excuse; IV. v. 11.
 convey, secretly carry away; IV. vi. 81.
 conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.
 cony, rabbit; I. iv. 62.
 coverture, covering, shelter; IV. ii. 13.
 crook-back, hunchbacked; I. iv. 75; II. ii. 96.
- darraign, set in order; II. ii. 72.
 deathsman, executioner; V. v. 67.
 deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.
 delicates, delicacies, luxuries; II. v. 51.
 depart, departure; II. i. 110; IV. i. 92; leave; II. ii. 73.

departing, parting; II. vi. 43.
 despite, spite, malice; I. i. 158; II. i. 59.
 detect, expose; II. ii. 143.
 disannul, annul, destroy; III. iii. 81.
 do him dead, put him to death; I. iv. 108.
 done, done with; IV. i. 104.
 doubt, apprehend; IV. iii. 19: suspect; V. iv. 43: fear;
 IV. viii. 37.

eager, acrid, bitter; II. vi. 68.
 ean, bring forth; II. v. 36.
 effuse, effusion, pouring out; II. vi. 28.
 embassy, mission as ambassador; IV. iii. 32.
 enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.
 envious, malicious, spiteful; III. ii. 157.
 envy, malice, ill-will; III. iii. 127.
 erroneous, criminal, II. v. 90.
 extraught, extracted, descended; II. ii. 142.

factious, rebellious; I. i. 74.
 fare, see note, II. i. 95.
 fear, frighten; III. iii. 226; V. ii. 2.
 fearful, timid, cowardly; I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; II. v. 130.
 fell, cruel, fierce; I. iv. 149; II. vi. 72.
 fence, defence; IV. i. 44: defend, protect; II. vi. 75;
 III. iii. 98.
 figure, foreshow; II. i. 32.
 foil, overcome; V. iv. 42.
 fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.
 fool, a term of pity or endearment; II. v. 36.
 for, in order that; III. i. 9; III. ii. 154.
 forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.
 forgery, deception; III. iii. 175.
 forlorn, outcast; III. iii. 26.

forslow, delay; II. iii. 56.

forspent, worn out; II. iii. 1.

forwardness, ardor, eagerness; IV. v. 23; V. iv. 65.

fretting, fiercely agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallia, Gaul, France; V. iii. 8.

get, beget; II. ii. 133.

ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.

gin, trap, snare; I. iv. 61.

gown, night-robe; IV. iii. 27, s.d.

government, self-control, discretion; I. iv. 132.

gracious, acceptable, popular; III. iii. 117.

grant, assent; I. i. 245.

grief, cause of pain or sorrow; IV. iv. 13.

halberd, "military weapon, used chiefly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point, and a spearhead mounted on a handle five to seven foot long" (Onions); IV. iii. 20.

hand, "out of h.," immediately; IV. vii. 63.

haught, haughty; II. i. 169.

have at thee, I shall attack thee; II. iv. 11.

he, man; I. i. 46; II. ii. 97.

head, liberty (from horsemanship); I. i. 233: body of troops; II. i. 141.

heir, heiress; IV. i. 48, 52, 56.

honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

Hyrcania, a country south of the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, son of Dædalus, drowned in the attempt to fly; V. vi. 21.

impale, encircle with a crown; III. ii. 171; III. iii. 189.

impeach, impeachment, accusation; I. iv. 60.

- indigested, shapeless, unformed; V. vi. 51.**
infer, adduce, bring forward; II. ii. 44; III. i. 49.
injurious, calumniating, insulting; III. iii. 78: malicious;
III. iii. 101.
inly, inward; I. iv. 171.
irk, pain; II. ii. 6.
- Jerusalem, New Jerusalem, Paradise; V. v. 8.**
- lade, drain, bale out; III. ii. 139.**
laund, glade; III. i. 2.
level, aim; II. ii. 19.
liberal, gentlemanly; I. ii. 43.
lime, cement, as with lime; V. i. 84: catch with bird-
lime; V. vi. 13, 17.
long of, owing to; IV. vii. 32.
long till, extremely desire; III. iii. 254.
look upon, act merely as spectator; II. iii. 27.
- magnanimity, courage; V. iv. 41.**
malapert, saucy; V. v. 32.
male, father; V. vi. 15.
manhood, courage; II. ii. 125; IV. ii. 20.
marches, border-country; II. i. 140.
Marry, by the Virgin Mary; V. v. 42.
meed, merit; II. i. 36; IV. viii. 38.
mess, party of four; I. iv. 73.
mind, mean, intend; IV. i. 8, 140.
misdoubt, have misgivings about; V. vi. 14.
misproud, arrogant; II. vi. 7.
misthink, think ill of; II. v. 108.
moe, more; II. i. 170.
motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.
muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79, 159; II. i. 62.

neat, cattle; II. i. 14.

Nestor, oldest and wisest of Homeric heroes; III. ii. 188.

new, recently, lately; IV. iv. 11.

nice, over-particular; IV. vii. 58.

obsequious, dutiful as to funeral ceremonies; II. v. 118.

o'er-run, review; I. iv. 45.

overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.

overpeer, tower above; V. ii. 14.

pale, encircle, enclose; I. iv. 103.

parcel, part; V. vi. 38.

parle, parley, conference; V. i. 16.

passing, surpassing, extreme; V. i. 106.

passion, sorrow, grief; I. iv. 150; IV. iv. 19.

period, end; V. v. 1.

Phaëthon, the son of the sun-god, who induced his father to allow him to drive the chariot of the sun, with disastrous results; I. iv. 33; II. vi. 12.

pie, magpie; V. vi. 48.

pinch, bite; II. i. 16.

place, "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.

pleasure, please; III. ii. 22.

policy, stratagem, cunning; II. vi. 65.

post, haste; I. ii. 48; III. iii. 222; V. v. 84.

power, army, troop; II. i. 177; IV. i. 149; etc.

prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.

prescription, "claim founded upon long use" (Onions); III. iii. 94.

present, represent; II. v. 100.

presently, immediately; I. ii. 36.

press, impress, force into military service; II. v. 64, 66.

prevent, forestall; IV. vi. 96.

prick, one of the marks surrounding the circumference of a dial; I. iv. 34.

prize, privilege; I. iv. 59; II. i. 20.

Proteus, the sea-god, who could assume various shapes; III. ii. 192.

quaintly, ingeniously, cleverly; II. v. 24.

quit, requite; III. iii. 128.

racking, driving; II. i. 27.

ramping, rearing and fierce; V. ii. 13.

raught, old form of "reached"; I. iv. 68.

remorse, pity; III. i. 40.

resolve, inform; II. i. 9; III. ii. 19: dispel (doubt), IV. i.

135: determine; I. i. 49: convince; II. ii. 124.

respect, comparison; V. v. 56.

rest, remain; I. ii. 44; IV. ii. 13; V. vii. 42.

retire, retreat; II. i. 150.

retreat, the bugle call for retreat; I. i. 5.

Rhesus, Thracian king slain by Ulysses and Diomedes when he came to assist Troy; IV. ii. 20.

rid, destroy; V. v. 67: so *rid way*, destroy distance; V. iii. 21.

rook, crouch, squat; V. vi. 47.

Roscus, famous comedian of ancient Rome, here spoken of as a tragedian; V. vi. 10.

ruinate, bring to ruin; V. i. 83.

sadness, soberness, seriousness; III. ii. 77.

scape, escape; II. i. 1, 2; II. ii. 15.

scrupulous, too conscientious; IV. vii. 61.

self-place, very place; III. i. 11.

sennet, set of notes played on the trumpet; I. i. 206, s.d.

septentrion, north; I. iv. 136.

- shame-fac'd, bashful; IV. viii. 52.
 shift, stratagem, trick; III. ii. 108.
 shoot, shot, act of shooting; III. i. 7.
 shriver, confessor; III. ii. 108.
 shrouds, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.
 Sicils, Sicily and Naples; I. iv. 122; V. vii. 39.
 silly, defenceless, helpless; I. i. 243; II. v. 43: meagre;
 III. iii. 93.
 sinew, knit, bind; II. vi. 91.
 Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to admit the
 wooden horse within their walls; III. ii. 190.
 sith, since, a contraction of its older form, *sithens*; I. i.
 110; I. iii. 41; II. i. 106.
 sleight, trickery, craft; IV. ii. 20.
 soft, weak; II. ii. 57.
 soothe, gloze over, palliate; III. iii. 175.
 sort, crowd, set; II. ii. 97; V. v. 87: manner; IV. ii.
 28: fit, suit; V. v. 26: fall out well; II. i. 209.
 spite, vexation; II. iii. 5; V. i. 18.
 spleen, eagerness; II. i. 124.
 sport, amuse; II. v. 34.
 stale, laughing-stock; III. iii. 260.
 stars, human destiny; IV. vi. 29.
 state, rank; II. ii. 152.
 stigmatic, one marked with a natural deformity; II. ii. 136.
 stout, bold; IV. ii. 19; IV. vii. 30.
 strike, lower sail, III. iii. 5; V. i. 52.
 success, sequence, result; II. ii. 46, 74; III. iii. 146.
 suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.
 suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

 taint, touch; III. i. 40.
 take on, rave, rage; II. v. 104.
 take the time, seize the opportunity; V. i. 48.

- temper, accord; IV. vi. 29.
 thence, absent; II. v. 18.
 tire, feed ravenously; I. i. 269.
 toward, bold; II. ii. 66.
 trull, strumpet, virago; I. iv. 114.
 type, distinguishing mark, title; I. iv. 121.
 unbid, unwelcome; V. i. 18.
 undoubted, fearless; V. vii. 6.
 unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.
 untutor'd, untaught; V. v. 32.
 unwares, unawares; II. v. 62.
 use, be accustom'd; V. v. 75.
 value, reckon, estimate; V. iii. 14.
 vantage, opportunity; III. ii. 25.
 venom, venomous; II. ii. 138.
 via, on, go on; II. i. 182.
 visard-like, mask-like; I. iv. 116.
 waft, convey by water; III. iii. 253.
 wean, alienate; IV. iv. 17.
 weeping-ripe, ready to weep; I. iv. 172.
 what, anything whatever; III. i. 51: who? III. i. 55.
 when? exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.
 willow, emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.
 wind, "keep the w.," keep to windward of the game; III.
 ii. 14.
 wishful, longing; III. i. 14.
 wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.
 witch, bewitch; III. ii. 150.
 withal, with; III. ii. 91: with it; III. iii. 226.
 witty, wise; I. ii. 43.
 worship, honor, dignity; IV. iii. 16.
 younker, youngling, stripling; II. i. 24.

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