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# HENRY VI

## *Part 2*

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
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Folger Shakespeare Library

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Textual Introduction

## By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your

right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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# Synopsis

With a weak, unworldly king on the throne, the English nobility heightens its struggle for power in *Henry VI, Part 2*, leading to the brink of civil war.

At the start of the play, Henry meets his new bride, Margaret, to whom he has been married by proxy through Suffolk, her lover. Henry's popular and powerful uncle Gloucester, the Lord Protector, soon comes under attack by Margaret, Suffolk, Cardinal Beaufort, and others.

Gloucester's wife is shamed and exiled and Gloucester himself removed from office, then murdered on Suffolk's orders. Suffolk is banished, captured by pirates, and killed. Meanwhile, the cardinal dies, raving in madness because of his part in Gloucester's death.

A Kentish rebel, Jack Cade, leads a short-lived revolt, seizing London before his supporters desert him. He dies fighting in a garden. Soon another revolt emerges: Richard, Duke of York, leads an army against King Henry, who flees back to London. As the play ends, Richard's forces also move toward London.

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# Characters in the Play

KING HENRY VI

QUEEN MARGARET

Humphrey, Duke of GLOUCESTER, the king's uncle, and Lord Protector

DUCHESS of Gloucester, Dame Eleanor Cobham

CARDINAL Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the king's great-uncle

Duke of SOMERSET

Duke of SUFFOLK, William de la Pole, earlier Marquess of Suffolk

BUCKINGHAM

Lord CLIFFORD

YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son

Duke of YORK, Richard Plantagenet

Earl of SALISBURY

Earl of WARWICK, Salisbury's son

EDWARD, Earl of March } *sons of the Duke of York*

RICHARD

Jack CADE, leader of the Kentish rebellion

BEVIS

John HOLLAND

DICK the butcher

SMITH the weaver

MICHAEL

GEORGE

} *followers of Jack Cade*

Lord SCALES

Lord SAYE

Sir Humphrey STAFFORD

His BROTHER, William Stafford

} *King Henry's  
supporters against Cade*

Sir John HUME, a priest

John SOUTHWELL, a priest

Margery JOURDAIN, a witch

Roger BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer

SPIRIT

Sir John STANLEY

SHERIFF

} *custodians of the Duchess of Gloucester*

Thomas HORNER, the Duke of York's armorer

Peter THUMP, Horner the armorer's man or prentice

Two or Three PETITIONERS

Three NEIGHBORS of Horner's

Three PRENTICES, friends of Thump

A MAN of Saint Albans

Sander SIMPCOX, supposed recipient of a miracle

His WIFE

MAYOR of Saint Albans

A BEADLE of Saint Albans

LIEUTENANT, captain of a ship

Ship's MASTER

Master's MATE

Walter WHITMORE, a ship's officer

Two GENTLEMEN, prisoners

MESSENGERS

SERVANTS

A HERALD

POST, or messenger

Two or Three MURDERERS of Gloucester

VAUX

CLERK of Chartham

Two or Three CITIZENS

Alexander IDEN, a gentleman of Kent

Servants, Guards, Falconers, Attendants, Townsmen of Saint Albans,

Bearers, Drummers, Commoners, Rebels, a Sawyer, Soldiers,

Officers, Matthew Gough, and Others

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

*Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys.*

*Enter King 'Henry,' Duke Humphrey 'of Gloucester,'  
Salisbury, Warwick, and 'Cardinal' Beaufort, on the one  
side; Queen 'Margaret,' Suffolk, York, Somerset, and  
Buckingham, on the other.*

SUFFOLK

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0001 | As by your high imperial Majesty                    |    |
| FTLN 0002 | I had in charge at my depart for France,            |    |
| FTLN 0003 | As procurator to your Excellence,                   |    |
| FTLN 0004 | To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace,          |    |
| FTLN 0005 | So, in the famous ancient city Tours,               | 5  |
| FTLN 0006 | In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,       |    |
| FTLN 0007 | The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and      |    |
| FTLN 0008 | Alanson,  |    |
| FTLN 0009 | Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend     |    |
| FTLN 0010 | bishops,  | 10 |
| FTLN 0011 | I have performed my task and was espoused;          |    |
|           | <i>'He kneels.'</i>                                 |    |
| FTLN 0012 | And humbly now upon my bended knee,                 |    |
| FTLN 0013 | In sight of England and her lordly peers,           |    |
| FTLN 0014 | Deliver up my title in the Queen                    |    |
| FTLN 0015 | To your most gracious hands, that are the substance | 15 |
| FTLN 0016 | Of that great shadow I did represent:               |    |
| FTLN 0017 | The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,          |    |
| FTLN 0018 | The fairest queen that ever king received.          |    |

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KING HENRY

FTLN 0019 Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.  
「Suffolk rises.」

FTLN 0020 I can express no kinder sign of love 20  
 FTLN 0021 Than this kind kiss. 「He kisses her.」

FTLN 0022 O Lord, that lends me life,  
 FTLN 0023 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
 FTLN 0024 For Thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
 FTLN 0025 A world of earthly blessings to my soul, 25  
 FTLN 0026 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0027 Great king of England and my gracious lord,  
 FTLN 0028 The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
 FTLN 0029 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
 FTLN 0030 In courtly company or at my beads, 30  
 FTLN 0031 With you, mine alderliest sovereign,  
 FTLN 0032 Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
 FTLN 0033 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords  
 FTLN 0034 And overjoy of heart doth minister.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0035 Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech, 35  
 FTLN 0036 Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,  
 FTLN 0037 Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,  
 FTLN 0038 Such is the fullness of my heart's content.  
 FTLN 0039 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL *kneel.*

FTLN 0040 Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness! 40

FTLN 0041 QUEEN MARGARET We thank you all.  
*Flourish. 「All rise.」*

SUFFOLK, 「to Gloucester」

FTLN 0042 My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,  
 FTLN 0043 Here are the articles of contracted peace  
 FTLN 0044 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
 FTLN 0045 For eighteen months concluded by consent. 45  
「He hands Gloucester a paper.」

---

|           |                             |   |    |
|-----------|-----------------------------|---|----|
| FTLN 0046 | GLOUCESTER ( <i>reads</i> ) | <i>Imprimis, it is agreed between the</i>                         |    |
| FTLN 0047 |                             | <i>French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess</i>       |    |
| FTLN 0048 |                             | <i>of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, King of England,</i>         |    |
| FTLN 0049 |                             | <i>that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0050 |                             | <i>Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples,</i>          | 50 |
| FTLN 0051 |                             | <i>Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England</i>     |    |
| FTLN 0052 |                             | <i>ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item,</i>               |    |
| FTLN 0053 |                             | <i>that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine</i>            |    |
| FTLN 0054 |                             | <i>shall be released and delivered to the King her</i>            |    |
| FTLN 0055 |                             | <i>father—</i> <i>He drops the paper.</i>                         | 55 |
|           | KING HENRY                  |   |    |
| FTLN 0056 |                             | Uncle, how now?   |    |
| FTLN 0057 | GLOUCESTER                  | Pardon me, gracious lord.   |    |
| FTLN 0058 |                             | Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart                     |    |
| FTLN 0059 |                             | And dimmed mine eyes, that I can read no further.                 |    |
|           | KING HENRY                  |   |    |
| FTLN 0060 |                             | Uncle of Winchester, I pray read on.                              | 60 |
| FTLN 0061 | CARDINAL                    | <i>He picks up the paper and reads</i> <i>Item, it is further</i> |    |
| FTLN 0062 |                             | <i>agreed between them that the</i> <i>duchies</i> <i>of</i>      |    |
| FTLN 0063 |                             | <i>Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to</i>         |    |
| FTLN 0064 |                             | <i>the King her father, and she sent over of the King of</i>      |    |
| FTLN 0065 |                             | <i>England's own proper cost and charges, without</i>             | 65 |
| FTLN 0066 |                             | <i>having any dowry.</i>  |    |
|           | KING HENRY                  |   |    |
| FTLN 0067 |                             | They please us well.—Lord Marquess, kneel down.                   |    |
|           |                             | <i>Suffolk kneels.</i>  |    |
| FTLN 0068 |                             | We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk                     |    |
| FTLN 0069 |                             | And girt thee with the sword. <i>Suffolk rises.</i> Cousin        |    |
| FTLN 0070 |                             | of York,  | 70 |
| FTLN 0071 |                             | We here discharge your Grace from being regent                    |    |
| FTLN 0072 |                             | I' th' parts of France till term of eighteen months               |    |
| FTLN 0073 |                             | Be full expired.—Thanks, Uncle Winchester,                        |    |
| FTLN 0074 |                             | Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,                           |    |
| FTLN 0075 |                             | Salisbury, and Warwick;   | 75 |
| FTLN 0076 |                             | We thank you all for this great favor done                        |    |
| FTLN 0077 |                             | In entertainment to my princely queen.                            |    |

FTLN 0078 Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
 FTLN 0079 To see her coronation be performed.

*King, Queen, and Suffolk exit.*  
*The rest remain.*

## GLOUCESTER

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0080 | Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  | 80  |
| FTLN 0081 | To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,    |     |
| FTLN 0082 | Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  |     |
| FTLN 0083 | What, did my brother Henry spend his youth,    |     |
| FTLN 0084 | His valor, coin, and people in the wars?       |     |
| FTLN 0085 | Did he so often lodge in open field,           | 85  |
| FTLN 0086 | In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,   |     |
| FTLN 0087 | To conquer France, his true inheritance?       |     |
| FTLN 0088 | And did my brother Bedford toil his wits       |     |
| FTLN 0089 | To keep by policy what Henry got?              |     |
| FTLN 0090 | Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,     | 90  |
| FTLN 0091 | Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick, |     |
| FTLN 0092 | Received deep scars in France and Normandy?    |     |
| FTLN 0093 | Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,        |     |
| FTLN 0094 | With all the learned council of the realm,     |     |
| FTLN 0095 | Studied so long, sat in the Council House,     | 95  |
| FTLN 0096 | Early and late, debating to and fro            |     |
| FTLN 0097 | How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, |     |
| FTLN 0098 | And 'had' his Highness in his infancy          |     |
| FTLN 0099 | Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?           |     |
| FTLN 0100 | And shall these labors and these honors die?   | 100 |
| FTLN 0101 | Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,   |     |
| FTLN 0102 | Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?    |     |
| FTLN 0103 | O peers of England, shameful is this league,   |     |
| FTLN 0104 | Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,     |     |
| FTLN 0105 | Blotting your names from books of memory,      | 105 |
| FTLN 0106 | Razing the characters of your renown,          |     |
| FTLN 0107 | Defacing monuments of conquered France,        |     |
| FTLN 0108 | Undoing all, as all had never been!            |     |

## CARDINAL

FTLN 0109 Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

---

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0110 | This peroration with such circumstance?           | 110 |
| FTLN 0111 | For France, 'tis ours, and we will keep it still. |     |
|           | GLOUCESTER  |     |
| FTLN 0112 | Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can,             |     |
| FTLN 0113 | But now it is impossible we should.               |     |
| FTLN 0114 | Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  |     |
| FTLN 0115 | Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine           | 115 |
| FTLN 0116 | Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style    |     |
| FTLN 0117 | Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.        |     |
|           | SALISBURY   |     |
| FTLN 0118 | Now, by the death of Him that died for all,       |     |
| FTLN 0119 | These counties were the keys of Normandy.         |     |
| FTLN 0120 | But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?      | 120 |
|           | WARWICK   |     |
| FTLN 0121 | For grief that they are past recovery;            |     |
| FTLN 0122 | For, were there hope to conquer them again,       |     |
| FTLN 0123 | My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no      |     |
| FTLN 0124 | tears.  |     |
| FTLN 0125 | Anjou and Maine? Myself did win them both!        | 125 |
| FTLN 0126 | Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.   |     |
| FTLN 0127 | And are the cities that I got with wounds         |     |
| FTLN 0128 | Delivered up again with peaceful words?           |     |
| FTLN 0129 | <i>Mort Dieu!</i>                                 |     |
|           | YORK  |     |
| FTLN 0130 | For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate           | 130 |
| FTLN 0131 | That dims the honor of this warlike isle!         |     |
| FTLN 0132 | France should have torn and rent my very heart    |     |
| FTLN 0133 | Before I would have yielded to this league.       |     |
| FTLN 0134 | I never read but England's kings have had         |     |
| FTLN 0135 | Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  | 135 |
| FTLN 0136 | And our King Henry gives away his own             |     |
| FTLN 0137 | To match with her that brings no vantages.        |     |
|           | GLOUCESTER  |     |
| FTLN 0138 | A proper jest, and never heard before,            |     |
| FTLN 0139 | That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth      |     |
| FTLN 0140 | For costs and charges in transporting her!        | 140 |

FTLN 0141 She should have stayed in France and starved in  
 FTLN 0142 France  
 FTLN 0143 Before—

CARDINAL

FTLN 0144 My lord of Gloucester, now you grow too hot.  
 FTLN 0145 It was the pleasure of my lord the King. 145

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0146 My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.  
 FTLN 0147 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
 FTLN 0148 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.  
 FTLN 0149 Rancor will out. Proud prelate, in thy face  
 FTLN 0150 I see thy fury. If I longer stay, 150  
 FTLN 0151 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—  
 FTLN 0152 Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
 FTLN 0153 I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

*Gloucester exits.*

CARDINAL

FTLN 0154 So, there goes our Protector in a rage.  
 FTLN 0155 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy, 155  
 FTLN 0156 Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
 FTLN 0157 And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.  
 FTLN 0158 Consider, lords, he is the next of blood  
 FTLN 0159 And heir apparent to the English crown.  
 FTLN 0160 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage, 160  
 FTLN 0161 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,  
 FTLN 0162 There's reason he should be displeased at it.  
 FTLN 0163 Look to it, lords. Let not his smoothing words  
 FTLN 0164 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
 FTLN 0165 What though the common people favor him, 165  
 FTLN 0166 Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of  
 FTLN 0167 Gloucester,"  
 FTLN 0168 Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice  
 FTLN 0169 "Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!"  
 FTLN 0170 With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!" 170  
 FTLN 0171 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
 FTLN 0172 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0173      Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
FTLN 0174      He being of age to govern of himself?—  
FTLN 0175      Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, 175  
FTLN 0176      And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
FTLN 0177      We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CARDINAL

FTLN 0178      This weighty business will not brook delay.  
FTLN 0179      I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.      *Cardinal exits.*

SOMERSET

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0180 | Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride   | 180 |
| FTLN 0181 | And greatness of his place be grief to us,      |     |
| FTLN 0182 | Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.          |     |
| FTLN 0183 | His insolence is more intolerable               |     |
| FTLN 0184 | Than all the princes' in the land besides.      |     |
| FTLN 0185 | If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be Protector. | 185 |

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0186 Or thou or I, Somerset, will be 'Protector,'  
FTLN 0187 Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal.  
*Buckingham and Somerset exit.*

SALISBURY

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0188 | Pride went before; Ambition follows him.       |     |
| FTLN 0189 | While these do labor for their own preferment, |     |
| FTLN 0190 | Behooves it us to labor for the realm.         | 190 |
| FTLN 0191 | I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,  |     |
| FTLN 0192 | Did bear him like a noble gentleman.           |     |
| FTLN 0193 | Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,          |     |
| FTLN 0194 | More like a soldier than a man o' th' Church,  |     |
| FTLN 0195 | As stout and proud as he were lord of all,     | 195 |
| FTLN 0196 | Swear like a ruffian and demean himself        |     |
| FTLN 0197 | Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—             |     |
| FTLN 0198 | Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,        |     |
| FTLN 0199 | Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping |     |
| FTLN 0200 | Hath won the greatest favor of the Commons,    | 200 |
| FTLN 0201 | Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey.—        |     |
| FTLN 0202 | And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,        |     |

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FTLN 0203 In bringing them to civil discipline,  
 FTLN 0204 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
 FTLN 0205 When thou wert regent for our sovereign, 205  
 FTLN 0206 Have made thee feared and honored of the people.  
 FTLN 0207 Join we together for the public good  
 FTLN 0208 In what we can to bridle and suppress  
 FTLN 0209 The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,  
 FTLN 0210 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; 210  
 FTLN 0211 And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds  
 FTLN 0212 While they do tend the profit of the land.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0213 So God help Warwick, as he loves the land  
 FTLN 0214 And common profit of his country!  
 YORK  
 FTLN 0215 And so says York—「*aside*」 for he hath greatest 215  
 FTLN 0216 cause.  
 SALISBURY  
 FTLN 0217 Then let's make haste away and look unto the main.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0218 Unto the main? O father, Maine is lost!  
 FTLN 0219 That Maine which by main force Warwick did win  
 FTLN 0220 And would have kept so long as breath did last! 220  
 FTLN 0221 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,  
 FTLN 0222 Which I will win from France or else be slain.  

*Warwick and Salisbury exit.*  
*York remains.*

 YORK  
 FTLN 0223 Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
 FTLN 0224 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
 FTLN 0225 Stands on a tickle point now they are gone. 225  
 FTLN 0226 Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
 FTLN 0227 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased  
 FTLN 0228 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 FTLN 0229 I cannot blame them all. What is 't to them?  
 FTLN 0230 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. 230  
 FTLN 0231 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
 FTLN 0232 pillage,



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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0233 | And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,     |     |
| FTLN 0234 | Still reveling like lords till all be gone;       |     |
| FTLN 0235 | Whileas the silly owner of the goods              | 235 |
| FTLN 0236 | Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,    |     |
| FTLN 0237 | And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  |     |
| FTLN 0238 | While all is shared and all is borne away,        |     |
| FTLN 0239 | Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.      |     |
| FTLN 0240 | So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue     | 240 |
| FTLN 0241 | While his own lands are bargained for and sold.   |     |
| FTLN 0242 | Methinks the realms of England, France, and       |     |
| FTLN 0243 | Ireland   |     |
| FTLN 0244 | Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood        |     |
| FTLN 0245 | As did the fatal brand Althaea burnt              | 245 |
| FTLN 0246 | Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.               |     |
| FTLN 0247 | Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!       |     |
| FTLN 0248 | Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,       |     |
| FTLN 0249 | Even as I have of fertile England's soil.         |     |
| FTLN 0250 | A day will come when York shall claim his own;    | 250 |
| FTLN 0251 | And therefore I will take the Nevilles' parts     |     |
| FTLN 0252 | And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,   |     |
| FTLN 0253 | And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,       |     |
| FTLN 0254 | For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.         |     |
| FTLN 0255 | Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,         | 255 |
| FTLN 0256 | Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,        |     |
| FTLN 0257 | Nor wear the diadem upon his head,                |     |
| FTLN 0258 | Whose churchlike humors fits not for a crown.     |     |
| FTLN 0259 | Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve.   |     |
| FTLN 0260 | Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,       | 260 |
| FTLN 0261 | To pry into the secrets of the state              |     |
| FTLN 0262 | Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love            |     |
| FTLN 0263 | With his new bride and England's dear-bought      |     |
| FTLN 0264 | queen,  |     |
| FTLN 0265 | And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.    | 265 |
| FTLN 0266 | Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,      |     |
| FTLN 0267 | With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed, |     |
| FTLN 0268 | And in my standard bear the arms of York,         |     |
| FTLN 0269 | To grapple with the house of Lancaster;           |     |

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FTLN 0270 And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown, 270  
 FTLN 0271 Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.  
*York exits.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter Duke Humphrey 「of Gloucester」 and his wife  
 「the Duchess」 Eleanor.*

DUCHESS

FTLN 0272 Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn  
 FTLN 0273 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 FTLN 0274 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
 FTLN 0275 As frowning at the favors of the world?  
 FTLN 0276 Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth, 5  
 FTLN 0277 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 FTLN 0278 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
 FTLN 0279 Enchased with all the honors of the world?  
 FTLN 0280 If so, gaze on and grovel on thy face  
 FTLN 0281 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10  
 FTLN 0282 Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.  
 FTLN 0283 What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
 FTLN 0284 And, having both together heaved it up,  
 FTLN 0285 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven  
 FTLN 0286 And never more abase our sight so low 15  
 FTLN 0287 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0288 O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 FTLN 0289 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!  
 FTLN 0290 And may that 「hour」 when I imagine ill  
 FTLN 0291 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20  
 FTLN 0292 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
 FTLN 0293 My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.

DUCHESS

FTLN 0294 What dreamed my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it  
 FTLN 0295 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

## GLOUCESTER

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0296 | Methought this staff, mine office badge in court, | 25 |
| FTLN 0297 | Was broke in twain—by whom I have forgot,         |    |
| FTLN 0298 | But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal—          |    |
| FTLN 0299 | And on the pieces of the broken wand              |    |
| FTLN 0300 | Were placed the heads of Edmund, Duke of          |    |
| FTLN 0301 | Somerset,   | 30 |
| FTLN 0302 | And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.    |    |
| FTLN 0303 | This was my dream. What it doth bode God knows.   |    |

## DUCHESS

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0304 | Tut, this was nothing but an argument             |    |
| FTLN 0305 | That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove |    |
| FTLN 0306 | Shall lose his head for his presumption.          | 35 |
| FTLN 0307 | But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:       |    |
| FTLN 0308 | Methought I sat in seat of majesty,               |    |
| FTLN 0309 | In the cathedral church of Westminster            |    |
| FTLN 0310 | And in that chair where kings and queens were     |    |
| FTLN 0311 | crowned,  | 40 |
| FTLN 0312 | Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneeled to me       |    |
| FTLN 0313 | And on my head did set the diadem.                |    |

## GLOUCESTER

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0314 | Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  |    |
| FTLN 0315 | Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,   |    |
| FTLN 0316 | Art thou not second woman in the realm     | 45 |
| FTLN 0317 | And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?  |    |
| FTLN 0318 | Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command, |    |
| FTLN 0319 | Above the reach or compass of thy thought? |    |
| FTLN 0320 | And wilt thou still be hammering treachery |    |
| FTLN 0321 | To tumble down thy husband and thyself     | 50 |
| FTLN 0322 | From top of honor to disgrace's feet?      |    |
| FTLN 0323 | Away from me, and let me hear no more!     |    |

## DUCHESS

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0324 | What, what, my lord? Are you so choleric  |    |
| FTLN 0325 | With Eleanor for telling but her dream?   |    |
| FTLN 0326 | Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself | 55 |
| FTLN 0327 | And not be checked.                       |    |

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0328 Nay, be not angry. I am pleased again.

*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 0329 My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure

FTLN 0330 You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,

FTLN 0331 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk. 60

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0332 I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

DUCHESS

FTLN 0333 Yes, my good lord. I'll follow presently.

*Gloucester exits, [with Messenger.]*

FTLN 0334 Follow I must; I cannot go before

FTLN 0335 While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

FTLN 0336 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, 65

FTLN 0337 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks

FTLN 0338 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;

FTLN 0339 And, being a woman, I will not be slack

FTLN 0340 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—

FTLN 0341 Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not, man. 70

FTLN 0342 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter [Sir John] Hume.*

HUME

FTLN 0343 Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!

DUCHESS

FTLN 0344 What sayst thou? "Majesty"? I am but "Grace."

HUME

FTLN 0345 But by the grace of God and Hume's advice,

FTLN 0346 Your Grace's title shall be multiplied. 75

DUCHESS

FTLN 0347 What sayst thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred

FTLN 0348 With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

FTLN 0349 With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

FTLN 0350 And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME

FTLN 0351 This they have promised: to show your Highness 80  
 FTLN 0352 A spirit raised from depth of underground  
 FTLN 0353 That shall make answer to such questions  
 FTLN 0354 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

DUCHESS

FTLN 0355 It is enough. I'll think upon the questions.  
 FTLN 0356 When from Saint Albans we do make return, 85  
 FTLN 0357 We'll see these things effected to the full.  
 FTLN 0358 Here, Hume, take this reward.

*She gives him money.*

FTLN 0359 Make merry, man,  
 FTLN 0360 With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

*Duchess exits.*

HUME

FTLN 0361 Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold. 90  
 FTLN 0362 Marry, and shall! But, how now, Sir John Hume?  
 FTLN 0363 Seal up your lips, and give no words but "mum";  
 FTLN 0364 The business asketh silent secrecy.  
 FTLN 0365 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;  
 FTLN 0366 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 95  
 FTLN 0367 Yet have I gold flies from another coast—  
 FTLN 0368 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal  
 FTLN 0369 And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,  
 FTLN 0370 Yet I do find it so. For, to be plain,  
 FTLN 0371 They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor, 100  
 FTLN 0372 Have hired me to undermine the Duchess  
 FTLN 0373 And buzz these conjurations in her brain.  
 FTLN 0374 They say a crafty knave does need no broker,  
 FTLN 0375 Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.  
 FTLN 0376 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near 105  
 FTLN 0377 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
 FTLN 0378 Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last  
 FTLN 0379 Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wrack,  
 FTLN 0380 And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.  
 FTLN 0381 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. 110

*He exits.*

## 「Scene 3」

*Enter three or four Petitioners, 「Peter,」 the  
Armorer's man, being one.*

FTLN 0382 FIRST PETITIONER My masters, let's stand close. My  
FTLN 0383 Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and  
FTLN 0384 then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.  
FTLN 0385 SECOND PETITIONER Marry, the Lord protect him, for  
FTLN 0386 he's a good man! Jesu bless him! 5

*Enter Suffolk, 「wearing the red rose,」  
and Queen 「Margaret.」*

FTLN 0387 「FIRST PETITIONER」 Here he comes, methinks, and the  
FTLN 0388 Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.  
*「He steps forward.」*

FTLN 0389 SECOND PETITIONER Come back, fool! This is the Duke  
FTLN 0390 of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.  
FTLN 0391 SUFFOLK How now, fellow? Wouldst anything with 10  
FTLN 0392 me?

FTLN 0393 FIRST PETITIONER I pray, my lord, pardon me. I took  
FTLN 0394 you for my Lord Protector.

FTLN 0395 QUEEN MARGARET 「takes a petition and reads.」 *To my*  
FTLN 0396 *Lord Protector.* Are your supplications to his lordship? 15  
FTLN 0397 Let me see them.—What is thine?

FTLN 0398 FIRST PETITIONER Mine is, an 't please your Grace,  
FTLN 0399 against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man,  
FTLN 0400 for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all,  
FTLN 0401 from me. 20

FTLN 0402 SUFFOLK Thy wife too? That's some wrong indeed.—  
FTLN 0403 What's yours? 「Taking a petition.」 What's here?  
FTLN 0404 「(Reads.)」 *Against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing*  
FTLN 0405 *the commons of Melford.* How now, sir knave?

FTLN 0406 SECOND PETITIONER Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner 25  
FTLN 0407 of our whole township.

FTLN 0408 PETER, 「showing his petition」 Against my master,

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FTLN 0409 Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York  
 FTLN 0410 was rightful heir to the crown.  
 FTLN 0411 QUEEN MARGARET What sayst thou? Did the Duke of 30  
 FTLN 0412 York say he was rightful heir to the crown?  
 FTLN 0413 PETER That my 'master' was? No, forsooth. My master  
 FTLN 0414 said that he was and that the King was an  
 FTLN 0415 usurper.  
 FTLN 0416 SUFFOLK, 'calling' Who is there? 35

*Enter Servant.*

FTLN 0417 Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a  
 FTLN 0418 pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your  
 FTLN 0419 matter before the King.  
*'Peter' exits 'with Servant.'*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0420 And as for you that love to be protected  
 FTLN 0421 Under the wings of our Protector's grace, 40  
 FTLN 0422 Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*Tear the supplication.*

FTLN 0423 Away, base cullions.—Suffolk, let them go.  
 FTLN 0424 ALL Come, let's be gone. *'They' exit.*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0425 My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
 FTLN 0426 Is this the fashions in the court of England? 45  
 FTLN 0427 Is this the government of Britain's isle  
 FTLN 0428 And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
 FTLN 0429 What, shall King Henry be a pupil still  
 FTLN 0430 Under the surly Gloucester's governance?  
 FTLN 0431 Am I a queen in title and in style, 50  
 FTLN 0432 And must be made a subject to a duke?  
 FTLN 0433 I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
 FTLN 0434 Thou rann'st atilt in honor of my love  
 FTLN 0435 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
 FTLN 0436 I thought King Henry had resembled thee 55  
 FTLN 0437 In courage, courtship, and proportion.  
 FTLN 0438 But all his mind is bent to holiness,

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|                |   |    |
|----------------|---|----|
| FTLN 0439      | To number Ave Marys on his beads;               |    |
| FTLN 0440      | His champions are the prophets and apostles,    |    |
| FTLN 0441      | His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,           | 60 |
| FTLN 0442      | His study is his tiltyard, and his loves        |    |
| FTLN 0443      | Are brazen images of canonized saints.          |    |
| FTLN 0444      | I would the College of the Cardinals            |    |
| FTLN 0445      | Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome     |    |
| FTLN 0446      | And set the triple crown upon his head!         | 65 |
| FTLN 0447      | That were a state fit for his holiness.         |    |
| SUFFOLK        |   |    |
| FTLN 0448      | Madam, be patient. As I was cause               |    |
| FTLN 0449      | Your Highness came to England, so will I        |    |
| FTLN 0450      | In England work your Grace's full content.      |    |
| QUEEN MARGARET |   |    |
| FTLN 0451      | Besides the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort | 70 |
| FTLN 0452      | The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,  |    |
| FTLN 0453      | And grumbling York; and not the least of these  |    |
| FTLN 0454      | But can do more in England than the King.       |    |
| SUFFOLK        |   |    |
| FTLN 0455      | And he of these that can do most of all         |    |
| FTLN 0456      | Cannot do more in England than the Nevilles;    | 75 |
| FTLN 0457      | Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.      |    |
| QUEEN MARGARET |   |    |
| FTLN 0458      | Not all these lords do vex me half so much      |    |
| FTLN 0459      | As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.  |    |
| FTLN 0460      | She sweeps it through the court with troops of  |    |
| FTLN 0461      | ladies,   | 80 |
| FTLN 0462      | More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife. |    |
| FTLN 0463      | Strangers in court do take her for the Queen.   |    |
| FTLN 0464      | She bears a duke's revenues on her back,        |    |
| FTLN 0465      | And in her heart she scorns our poverty.        |    |
| FTLN 0466      | Shall I not live to be avenged on her?          | 85 |
| FTLN 0467      | Contemptuous baseborn callet as she is,         |    |
| FTLN 0468      | She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day    |    |
| FTLN 0469      | The very train of her worst wearing gown        |    |



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FTLN 0470      Was better worth than all my father's lands  
 FTLN 0471      Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter. 90

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0472      Madam, myself have limed a bush for her  
 FTLN 0473      And placed a choir of such enticing birds  
 FTLN 0474      That she will light to listen to the lays  
 FTLN 0475      And never mount to trouble you again.  
 FTLN 0476      So let her rest. And, madam, list to me, 95  
 FTLN 0477      For I am bold to counsel you in this:  
 FTLN 0478      Although we fancy not the Cardinal,  
 FTLN 0479      Yet must we join with him and with the lords  
 FTLN 0480      Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
 FTLN 0481      As for the Duke of York, this late complaint 100  
 FTLN 0482      Will make but little for his benefit.  
 FTLN 0483      So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
 FTLN 0484      And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter King 'Henry,' Duke Humphrey  
 'of Gloucester,' Cardinal, 'Somerset, wearing the red  
 rose,' Buckingham, Salisbury; York and Warwick, 'both  
 wearing the white rose;' and the Duchess 'of  
 Gloucester.'*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0485      For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 FTLN 0486      Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 105

YORK

FTLN 0487      If York have ill demeaned himself in France,  
 FTLN 0488      Then let him be denied the regentship.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0489      If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 FTLN 0490      Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WARWICK

FTLN 0491      Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no, 110  
 FTLN 0492      Dispute not that. York is the worthier.

CARDINAL

FTLN 0493      Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

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WARWICK

FTLN 0494     The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0495     All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WARWICK

FTLN 0496     Warwick may live to be the best of all. 115

SALISBURY

FTLN 0497     Peace, son.—And show some reason, Buckingham,

FTLN 0498     Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0499     Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0500     Madam, the King is old enough himself

FTLN 0501     To give his censure. These are no women's matters. 120

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0502     If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

FTLN 0503     To be Protector of his Excellence?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0504     Madam, I am Protector of the realm,

FTLN 0505     And at his pleasure will resign my place.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0506     Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence. 125

FTLN 0507     Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—

FTLN 0508     The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,

FTLN 0509     The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas,

FTLN 0510     And all the peers and nobles of the realm

FTLN 0511     Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 130

CARDINAL, *['to Gloucester']*

FTLN 0512     The Commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags

FTLN 0513     Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOMERSET, *['to Gloucester']*

FTLN 0514     Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

FTLN 0515     Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCKINGHAM, *['to Gloucester']*

FTLN 0516     Thy cruelty in execution 135

FTLN 0517     Upon offenders hath exceeded law

FTLN 0518     And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN MARGARET, *['to Gloucester']*

FTLN 0519 Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
FTLN 0520 If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
FTLN 0521 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. 140

*Gloucester exits.*

*['Queen Margaret drops her fan.']*

FTLN 0522 *['To Duchess.']* Give me my fan. What, minion, can  
FTLN 0523 you not? *She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*  
FTLN 0524 I cry you mercy, madam. Was it you?

DUCHESS

FTLN 0525 Was 't I? Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.  
FTLN 0526 Could I come near your beauty with my nails, 145  
FTLN 0527 *['I'd']* set my ten commandments in your face.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0528 Sweet aunt, be quiet. 'Twas against her will.

DUCHESS

FTLN 0529 Against her will, good king? Look to 't in time.  
FTLN 0530 She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.  
FTLN 0531 Though in this place most master wear no breeches, 150  
FTLN 0532 She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

*Eleanor, ['the Duchess,'] exits.*

BUCKINGHAM, *['aside to Cardinal']*

FTLN 0533 Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor  
FTLN 0534 And listen after Humphrey how he proceeds.  
FTLN 0535 She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs;  
FTLN 0536 She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. 155

*Buckingham exits.*

*Enter Humphrey, ['Duke of Gloucester.']*

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0537 Now, lords, my choler being overblown  
FTLN 0538 With walking once about the quadrangle,  
FTLN 0539 I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
FTLN 0540 As for your spiteful false objections,  
FTLN 0541 Prove them, and I lie open to the law; 160  
FTLN 0542 But God in mercy so deal with my soul

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FTLN 0543 As I in duty love my king and country!  
 FTLN 0544 But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
 FTLN 0545 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
 FTLN 0546 To be your regent in the realm of France. 165

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0547 Before we make election, give me leave  
 FTLN 0548 To show some reason, of no little force,  
 FTLN 0549 That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK

FTLN 0550 I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:  
 FTLN 0551 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride; 170  
 FTLN 0552 Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 FTLN 0553 My lord of Somerset will keep me here  
 FTLN 0554 Without discharge, money, or furniture  
 FTLN 0555 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.  
 FTLN 0556 Last time I danced attendance on his will 175  
 FTLN 0557 Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

WARWICK

FTLN 0558 That can I witness, and a fouler fact  
 FTLN 0559 Did never traitor in the land commit.

FTLN 0560 SUFFOLK Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WARWICK

FTLN 0561 Image of pride, why should I hold my peace? 180

*Enter [Horner, the] Armorer, and his Man  
 [Peter, under guard.]*

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0562 Because here is a man accused of treason.  
 FTLN 0563 Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

YORK

FTLN 0564 Doth anyone accuse York for a traitor?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0565 What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are  
 FTLN 0566 these? 185

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SUFFOLK

FTLN 0567 Please it your Majesty, this is the man  
 FTLN 0568 That doth accuse his master of high treason.  
 FTLN 0569 His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,  
 FTLN 0570 Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
 FTLN 0571 And that your Majesty was an usurper. 190

FTLN 0572 KING HENRY Say, man, were these thy words?

FTLN 0573 HORNER An 't shall please your Majesty, I never said  
 FTLN 0574 nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I  
 FTLN 0575 am falsely accused by the villain.

FTLN 0576 PETER By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak 195  
 FTLN 0577 them to me in the garret one night as we were  
 FTLN 0578 scouring my lord of York's armor.

YORK, *['to Horner']*

FTLN 0579 Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
 FTLN 0580 I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech!—  
 FTLN 0581 I do beseech your royal Majesty, 200  
 FTLN 0582 Let him have all the rigor of the law.

FTLN 0583 HORNER Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the  
 FTLN 0584 words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did  
 FTLN 0585 correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow  
 FTLN 0586 upon his knees he would be even with me. I have 205  
 FTLN 0587 good witness of this. Therefore I beseech your  
 FTLN 0588 Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a  
 FTLN 0589 villain's accusation!

KING HENRY

FTLN 0590 Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0591 This doom, my lord, if I may judge: 210  
 FTLN 0592 Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
 FTLN 0593 Because in York this breeds suspicion;  
 FTLN 0594 And let these have a day appointed them  
 FTLN 0595 For single combat in convenient place,  
 FTLN 0596 For he hath witness of his servant's malice. 215  
 FTLN 0597 This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOMERSET

FTLN 0598 I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

HORNER

FTLN 0599 And I accept the combat willingly.

FTLN 0600 PETER Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity

FTLN 0601 my case! The spite of man prevaileth against me. O 220

FTLN 0602 Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to

FTLN 0603 fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0604 Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hanged.

FTLN 0605 KING HENRY Away with them to prison; and the day of

FTLN 0606 combat shall be the last of the next month.— 225

FTLN 0607 Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

*Flourish. They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Enter the Witch 「Margery Jourdain,」 the two Priests  
「Hume and Southwell,」 and Bolingbroke, 「a conjurer.」*

FTLN 0608 HUME Come, my masters. The Duchess, I tell you,

FTLN 0609 expects performance of your promises.

FTLN 0610 BOLINGBROKE Master Hume, we are therefore provided.

FTLN 0611 Will her Ladyship behold and hear our

FTLN 0612 exorcisms? 5

FTLN 0613 HUME Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.

FTLN 0614 BOLINGBROKE I have heard her reported to be a

FTLN 0615 woman of an invincible spirit. But it shall be convenient,

FTLN 0616 Master Hume, that you be by her aloft

FTLN 0617 while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in 10

FTLN 0618 God's name, and leave us. *Hume exits.*

FTLN 0619 Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on

FTLN 0620 the earth. 「*She lies face downward.*」 John Southwell,

FTLN 0621 read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Eleanor, [Duchess of Gloucester,  
with Hume,] aloft.*

|           |             |   |    |
|-----------|-------------|---|----|
| FTLN 0622 | DUCHESS     | Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To          | 15 |
| FTLN 0623 |             | this gear, the sooner the better.                   |    |
|           | BOLINGBROKE |   |    |
| FTLN 0624 |             | Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.      |    |
| FTLN 0625 |             | Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,    |    |
| FTLN 0626 |             | The time of night when Troy was set on fire,        |    |
| FTLN 0627 |             | The time when screech owls cry and bandogs howl,    | 20 |
| FTLN 0628 |             | And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves— |    |
| FTLN 0629 |             | That time best fits the work we have in hand.       |    |
| FTLN 0630 |             | Madam, sit you, and fear not. Whom we raise         |    |
| FTLN 0631 |             | We will make fast within a hallowed verge.          |    |

*Here [they] do the ceremonies belonging, and  
make the circle. Bolingbroke or Southwell reads  
“Conjuro te, etc.” It thunders and lightens terribly;  
then the Spirit riseth.*

|           |              |   |    |
|-----------|--------------|---|----|
| FTLN 0632 | SPIRIT       | <i>Adsum.</i>   | 25 |
| FTLN 0633 | JOURDAIN     | Asmath,   |    |
| FTLN 0634 |              | By the eternal God, whose name and power                  |    |
| FTLN 0635 |              | Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask,               |    |
| FTLN 0636 |              | For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.      |    |
|           | SPIRIT       |   |    |
| FTLN 0637 |              | Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!             | 30 |
|           | BOLINGBROKE, | <i>[reading from a paper, while Southwell<br/>writes]</i> |    |
| FTLN 0638 |              | <i>First of the King: What shall of him become?</i>       |    |
|           | SPIRIT       |   |    |
| FTLN 0639 |              | The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,               |    |
| FTLN 0640 |              | But him outlive and die a violent death.                  |    |
|           | BOLINGBROKE, | <i>[reads]</i>  |    |
| FTLN 0641 |              | <i>What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?</i>              |    |
|           | SPIRIT       |   |    |
| FTLN 0642 |              | By water shall he die and take his end.                   | 35 |
|           | BOLINGBROKE  | <i>[reads]</i>  |    |
| FTLN 0643 |              | <i>What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?</i>            |    |

---

FTLN 0644 SPIRIT Let him shun castles.  
 FTLN 0645 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
 FTLN 0646 Than where castles mounted stand.  
 FTLN 0647 Have done, for more I hardly can endure. 40

BOLINGBROKE  
 FTLN 0648 Descend to darkness and the burning lake!  
 FTLN 0649 False fiend, avoid!  
*Thunder and lightning. Spirit exits, 「descending.」*

*Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham  
 with their Guard 「and Sir Humphrey Stafford,」 and  
 break in.*

YORK  
 FTLN 0650 Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.  
*「The Guard arrest Margery Jourdain and her  
 accomplices and seize their papers.」*  
 FTLN 0651 「To Jourdain.」 Beldam, I think we watched you at an  
 FTLN 0652 inch. 45  
 FTLN 0653 「To the Duchess, aloft.」 What, madam, are you  
 FTLN 0654 there? The King and commonweal  
 FTLN 0655 Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.  
 FTLN 0656 My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,  
 FTLN 0657 See you well guerdoned for these good deserts. 50

DUCHESS  
 FTLN 0658 Not half so bad as thine to England's king,  
 FTLN 0659 Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCKINGHAM  
 FTLN 0660 True, madam, none at all. What call you this?  
*「He holds up the papers seized.」*  
 FTLN 0661 Away with them! Let them be clapped up close  
 FTLN 0662 And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.— 55  
 FTLN 0663 Stafford, take her to thee. 「Stafford exits.」  
 FTLN 0664 We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.  
 FTLN 0665 All away! 「Jourdain, Southwell, and Bolingbroke」  
*exit 「under guard, below; Duchess and Hume  
 exit, under guard, aloft.」*



YORK

FTLN 0666 Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well.  
 FTLN 0667 A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! 60  
 FTLN 0668 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.  
   *「Buckingham hands him the papers.」*  
 FTLN 0669 What have we here?  
 FTLN 0670 *「(Reads.)」 The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,*  
 FTLN 0671 *But him outlive and die a violent death.*  
 FTLN 0672 Why, this is just Aio *「te,」* Aeacida, 65  
 FTLN 0673 *Romanos vincere posse.* Well, to the rest:  
 FTLN 0674 *「(Reads.)」 Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of*  
 FTLN 0675 *Suffolk?*  
 FTLN 0676 *By water shall he die and take his end.*  
 FTLN 0677 *What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?* 70  
 FTLN 0678 *Let him shun castles;*  
 FTLN 0679 *Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains*  
 FTLN 0680 *Than where castles mounted stand.*  
 FTLN 0681 Come, come, my *「lord,」* these oracles  
 FTLN 0682 Are hardly attained and hardly understood. 75  
 FTLN 0683 The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans;  
 FTLN 0684 With him the husband of this lovely lady.  
 FTLN 0685 Thither goes these news as fast as horse can carry  
 FTLN 0686 them—  
 FTLN 0687 A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector. 80

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0688 Your Grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,  
 FTLN 0689 To be the post, in hope of his reward.

FTLN 0690 YORK At your pleasure, my good lord.

*「Buckingham exits.」*

FTLN 0691 Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Servingman.*

FTLN 0692 Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick 85  
 FTLN 0693 To sup with me tomorrow night. Away!

*They exit.*

## 「ACT 2」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter King 「Henry,」 Queen 「Margaret, Gloucester the Lord」 Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, 「and Attendants,」 with Falconers hallowing.*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0694 Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook  
FTLN 0695 I saw not better sport these seven years' day.  
FTLN 0696 Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
FTLN 0697 And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

KING HENRY, 「to Gloucester」

FTLN 0698 But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
FTLN 0699 And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
FTLN 0700 To see how God in all his creatures works!  
FTLN 0701 Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

5

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0702 No marvel, an it like your Majesty,  
FTLN 0703 My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;  
FTLN 0704 They know their master loves to be aloft  
FTLN 0705 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

10

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0706 My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
FTLN 0707 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL

FTLN 0708 I thought as much. He would be above the clouds.

15

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0709 Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?  
FTLN 0710 Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0711 The treasury of everlasting joy.

CARDINAL, *to Gloucester*

FTLN 0712 Thy heaven is on Earth; thine eyes and thoughts

FTLN 0713 Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart. 20

FTLN 0714 Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,

FTLN 0715 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0716 What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown

FTLN 0717 peremptory?

FTLN 0718 *Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?* 25

FTLN 0719 Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such malice.

FTLN 0720 With such holiness, can you do it?

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0721 No malice, sir, no more than well becomes

FTLN 0722 So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0723 As who, my lord? 30

FTLN 0724 SUFFOLK Why, as you, my lord,

FTLN 0725 An 't like your lordly *Lord* Protectorship.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0726 Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0727 And thy ambition, Gloucester.

FTLN 0728 KING HENRY I prithee peace, 35

FTLN 0729 Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers,

FTLN 0730 For blessèd are the peacemakers on Earth.

CARDINAL

FTLN 0731 Let me be blessèd for the peace I make

FTLN 0732 Against this proud Protector with my sword!

GLOUCESTER, *aside to Cardinal*

FTLN 0733 Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that! 40

FTLN 0734 CARDINAL, *aside to Gloucester* Marry, when thou  
FTLN 0735 dar'st!

GLOUCESTER, *aside to Cardinal*

FTLN 0736 Make up no factious numbers for the matter.

FTLN 0737 In thine own person answer thy abuse.

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
|           | CARDINAL, <i>「aside to Gloucester」</i>                         |    |
| FTLN 0738 | Ay, where thou dar'st not peep. An if thou dar'st,             | 45 |
| FTLN 0739 | This evening, on the east side of the grove.                   |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 0740 | How now, my lords?   |    |
| FTLN 0741 | CARDINAL Believe me, cousin Gloucester,                        |    |
| FTLN 0742 | Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,                  |    |
| FTLN 0743 | We had had more sport. <i>「(Aside to Gloucester.)」</i>         | 50 |
| FTLN 0744 | Come with thy two-hand sword.                                  |    |
|           | GLOUCESTER   |    |
| FTLN 0745 | True, uncle. <i>「(Aside to Cardinal.)」</i> Are you advised?    |    |
| FTLN 0746 | The east side of the grove.                                    |    |
|           | CARDINAL, <i>「aside to Gloucester」</i>                         |    |
| FTLN 0747 | I am with you.   |    |
| FTLN 0748 | KING HENRY Why, how now, uncle Gloucester?                     | 55 |
|           | GLOUCESTER   |    |
| FTLN 0749 | Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.                     |    |
| FTLN 0750 | <i>「(Aside to Cardinal.)」</i> Now, by God's mother, priest,    |    |
| FTLN 0751 | I'll shave your crown for this,                                |    |
| FTLN 0752 | Or all my fence shall fail.                                    |    |
| FTLN 0753 | CARDINAL, <i>「aside to Gloucester」</i> <i>Medice, teipsum;</i> | 60 |
| FTLN 0754 | Protector, see to 't well; protect yourself.                   |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 0755 | The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.               |    |
| FTLN 0756 | How irksome is this music to my heart!                         |    |
| FTLN 0757 | When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?                   |    |
| FTLN 0758 | I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.                 | 65 |
|           | <i>Enter 「a man from St. Albans」 crying "A miracle!"</i>       |    |
| FTLN 0759 | GLOUCESTER What means this noise?—                             |    |
| FTLN 0760 | Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?                       |    |
| FTLN 0761 | MAN A miracle, a miracle!                                      |    |
|           | SUFFOLK  |    |
| FTLN 0762 | Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.                   |    |
|           | MAN  |    |
| FTLN 0763 | Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine                  | 70 |

FTLN 0764      Within this half hour hath received his sight,  
FTLN 0765      A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0766 Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
FTLN 0767 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren,  
bearing the man 「Simpcox」 between two in a chair,  
「followed by Simpcox's Wife and Others.」*

CARDINAL

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0768 | Here comes the townsmen on procession  | 75 |
| FTLN 0769 | To present your Highness with the man. |    |

KING HENRY

FTLN 0770 Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
FTLN 0771 Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0772 Stand by, my masters.—Bring him near the King.  
FTLN 0773 His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him. 80  
「*The two bearers bring the chair forward.*」

KING HENRY

FTLN 0774      Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
FTLN 0775      That we for thee may glorify the Lord.  
FTLN 0776      What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

|           |         |                                      |    |
|-----------|---------|--------------------------------------|----|
| FTLN 0777 | SIMPCOX | Born blind, an 't please your Grace. |    |
| FTLN 0778 | WIFE    | Ay, indeed, was he.                  | 85 |

FTLN 0779      SUFFOLK      What woman is this?

FTLN 0780      WIFE    His wife, an 't like your Worship.

FTLN 0781      GLOUCESTER    Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst  
FTLN 0782                   have better told.

|           |            |                       |    |
|-----------|------------|-----------------------|----|
| FTLN 0783 | KING HENRY | Where wert thou born? | 90 |
|           | SIMPCOX    |                       |    |

FTLN 0784                    At Berwick in the North, an 't like your Grace.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0785 Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee.  
FTLN 0786 Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,  
FTLN 0787 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0788 Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance, 95  
FTLN 0789 Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX

FTLN 0790 God knows, of pure devotion, being called  
FTLN 0791 A hundred times and oftener in my sleep  
FTLN 0792 By good Saint Alban, who said "Simon, come,  
FTLN 0793 Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee." 100

WIFE

FTLN 0794 Most true, forsooth, and many time and oft  
FTLN 0795 Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

FTLN 0796 CARDINAL What, art thou lame?

FTLN 0797 SIMPCOX Ay, God Almighty help me!

FTLN 0798 SUFFOLK How cam'st thou so? 105

FTLN 0799 SIMPCOX A fall off of a tree.

FTLN 0800 WIFE A plum tree, master.

FTLN 0801 GLOUCESTER How long hast thou been blind?

FTLN 0802 SIMPCOX O, born so, master.

FTLN 0803 GLOUCESTER What, and wouldst climb a tree? 110

FTLN 0804 SIMPCOX But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

FTLN 0805 WIFE Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

FTLN 0806 GLOUCESTER Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that  
FTLN 0807 wouldst venture so.

FTLN 0808 SIMPCOX Alas, good master, my wife desired some 115

FTLN 0809 damsons, and made me climb, with danger of my  
FTLN 0810 life.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0811 A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve.—

FTLN 0812 Let me see thine eyes. Wink now. Now open them.

FTLN 0813 In my opinion, yet thou seest not well. 120

FTLN 0814 SIMPCOX Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and  
FTLN 0815 Saint 'Alban.'

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0816 Sayst thou me so? What color is this cloak of?

FTLN 0817 SIMPCOX Red, master, red as blood.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0818       Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of? 125

FTLN 0819       SIMPCOX   Black, forsooth, coal black as jet.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0820       Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0821       And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0822       But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE

FTLN 0823       Never, before this day, in all his life. 130

FTLN 0824       GLOUCESTER   Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

FTLN 0825       SIMPCOX   Alas, master, I know not.

FTLN 0826       GLOUCESTER, *pointing*   What's his name?

FTLN 0827       SIMPCOX   I know not.

FTLN 0828       GLOUCESTER, *pointing to someone else*   Nor his? 135

FTLN 0829       SIMPCOX   No, indeed, master.

FTLN 0830       GLOUCESTER   What's thine own name?

FTLN 0831       SIMPCOX   Sander Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

FTLN 0832       GLOUCESTER   Then, Sander, sit there, the lying'st knave  
FTLN 0833               in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, 140

FTLN 0834               thou mightst as well have known all our names as

FTLN 0835               thus to name the several colors we do wear. Sight

FTLN 0836               may distinguish of colors; but suddenly to nominate

FTLN 0837               them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint

FTLN 0838               Alban here hath done a miracle; and would you 145

FTLN 0839               not think *his* cunning to be great that could

FTLN 0840               restore this cripple to his legs again?

FTLN 0841       SIMPCOX   O master, that you could!

FTLN 0842       GLOUCESTER   My masters of Saint Albans, have you not

FTLN 0843               beadles in your town and things called whips? 150

FTLN 0844       MAYOR   Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

FTLN 0845       GLOUCESTER   Then send for one presently.

FTLN 0846       MAYOR   Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

*A man exits.*

---

FTLN 0847 GLOUCESTER Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.  
 FTLN 0848       *「One brings a stool.」* Now, sirrah, if you mean to 155  
 FTLN 0849 save yourself from whipping, leap me over this  
 FTLN 0850 stool, and run away.  
 FTLN 0851 SIMPCOX Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone.  
 FTLN 0852 You go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a Beadle with whips.*

FTLN 0853 GLOUCESTER Well, sir, we must have you find your 160  
 FTLN 0854 legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over  
 FTLN 0855 that same stool.  
 FTLN 0856 BEADLE I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah, off with  
 FTLN 0857 your doublet quickly.  
 FTLN 0858 SIMPCOX Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to 165  
 FTLN 0859 stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps  
 over the stool and runs away; and they follow  
 and cry “A miracle!”*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0860 O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0861 It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOUCESTER, *「to the Beadle」*

FTLN 0862 Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

FTLN 0863 WIFE Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. 170

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0864 Let them be whipped through every market town

FTLN 0865 Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

*「The Beadle, Mayor, Wife, and the others from  
 Saint Albans」 exit.*

CARDINAL

FTLN 0866 Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0867 True, made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0868 But you have done more miracles than I. 175

FTLN 0869 You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.



*Enter Buckingham.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0870                   What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 0871                Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

FTLN 0872                    A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,

FTLN 0873                      Under the countenance and confederacy                      180

FTLN 0874                      Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,

FTLN 0875            The ringleader and head of all this rout,

FTLN 0876 Have practiced dangerously against your state,

FTLN 0877 Dealing with witches and with conjurers,

FTLN 0878            Whom we have apprehended in the fact,            185

FTLN 0879            Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

FTLN 0880                      Demanding of King Henry's life and death

FTLN 0881            And other of your Highness' Privy Council,

FTLN 0882            As more at large your Grace shall understand.

CARDINAL

FTLN 0883                      And so, my Lord Protector, by this means                      190

FTLN 0884            Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

FTLN 0885 'Aside to Gloucester.' This news, I think, hath turned  
FTLN 0886 your weapon's edge;

FTLN 0887           'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0888            Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.            195

FTLN 0889 Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers,

FTLN 0890                    And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,

FTLN 0891 Or to the meanest groom.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0892            O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

FTLN 0893                   Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!                   200

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0894 Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,

FTLN 0895                    And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0896            Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal



---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0923 | The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales; |    |
| FTLN 0924 | The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,      |    |
| FTLN 0925 | Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom               |    |
| FTLN 0926 | Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;            |    |
| FTLN 0927 | The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;          | 15 |
| FTLN 0928 | The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of           |    |
| FTLN 0929 | Gloucester;  |    |
| FTLN 0930 | William of Windsor was the seventh and last.         |    |
| FTLN 0931 | Edward the Black Prince died before his father       |    |
| FTLN 0932 | And left behind him Richard, his only son,           | 20 |
| FTLN 0933 | Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as      |    |
| FTLN 0934 | king   |    |
| FTLN 0935 | Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,           |    |
| FTLN 0936 | The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,            |    |
| FTLN 0937 | Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,             | 25 |
| FTLN 0938 | Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,      |    |
| FTLN 0939 | Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she       |    |
| FTLN 0940 | came,  |    |
| FTLN 0941 | And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,          |    |
| FTLN 0942 | Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.          | 30 |
| FTLN 0943 | WARWICK Father, the Duke hath told the truth.        |    |
| FTLN 0944 | Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.           |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0945 | Which now they hold by force and not by right;       |    |
| FTLN 0946 | For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,       |    |
| FTLN 0947 | The issue of the next son should have reigned.       | 35 |
|           | SALISBURY  |    |
| FTLN 0948 | But William of Hatfield died without an heir.        |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0949 | The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line     |    |
| FTLN 0950 | I claim the crown, had issue, Philippa, a daughter,  |    |
| FTLN 0951 | Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.          |    |
| FTLN 0952 | Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March;              | 40 |
| FTLN 0953 | Roger had issue: Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.          |    |
|           | SALISBURY  |    |
| FTLN 0954 | This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,            |    |

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0955 | As I have read, laid claim unto the crown                    |    |
| FTLN 0956 | And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,                  |    |
| FTLN 0957 | Who kept him in captivity till he died.                      | 45 |
| FTLN 0958 | But to the rest.   |    |
| FTLN 0959 | YORK His eldest sister, Anne,                                |    |
| FTLN 0960 | My mother, being heir unto the crown,                        |    |
| FTLN 0961 | Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was 「son」            |    |
| FTLN 0962 | To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.             | 50 |
| FTLN 0963 | By her I claim the kingdom. She was heir                     |    |
| FTLN 0964 | To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son                     |    |
| FTLN 0965 | Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa,                    |    |
| FTLN 0966 | Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.                 |    |
| FTLN 0967 | So, if the issue of the elder son                            | 55 |
| FTLN 0968 | Succeed before the younger, I am king.                       |    |
|           | WARWICK  |    |
| FTLN 0969 | What plain proceedings is more plain than this?              |    |
| FTLN 0970 | Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,               |    |
| FTLN 0971 | The fourth son; York claims it from the third.               |    |
| FTLN 0972 | Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.             | 60 |
| FTLN 0973 | It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee                     |    |
| FTLN 0974 | And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.                 |    |
| FTLN 0975 | Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,                   |    |
| FTLN 0976 | And in this private plot be we the first                     |    |
| FTLN 0977 | That shall salute our rightful sovereign                     | 65 |
| FTLN 0978 | With honor of his birthright to the crown.                   |    |
|           | SALISBURY, WARWICK, 「 <i>kneeling</i> 」                      |    |
| FTLN 0979 | Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!             |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0980 | We thank you, lords. 「 <i>They rise.</i> 」 But I am not your |    |
| FTLN 0981 | king   |    |
| FTLN 0982 | Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained              | 70 |
| FTLN 0983 | With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;                  |    |
| FTLN 0984 | And that's not suddenly to be performed,                     |    |
| FTLN 0985 | But with advice and silent secrecy.                          |    |
| FTLN 0986 | Do you as I do in these dangerous days:                      |    |
| FTLN 0987 | Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,                     | 75 |

FTLN 0988 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
 FTLN 0989 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
 FTLN 0990 Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,  
 FTLN 0991 That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.  
 FTLN 0992 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that, 80  
 FTLN 0993 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SALISBURY

FTLN 0994 My lord, break we off. We know your mind at full.

WARWICK

FTLN 0995 My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick  
 FTLN 0996 Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK

FTLN 0997 And, Neville, this I do assure myself: 85  
 FTLN 0998 Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick  
 FTLN 0999 The greatest man in England but the King.

*They exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Sound trumpets. Enter King 「Henry」 and State  
 「(Queen Margaret, Gloucester, York, Salisbury, Suffolk,  
 and Others)」 with Guard, to banish the Duchess 「of  
 Gloucester, who is accompanied by Margery Jourdain,  
 Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, all guarded.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1000 Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's  
 FTLN 1001 wife.  
 FTLN 1002 In sight of God and us, your guilt is great.  
 FTLN 1003 Receive the sentence of the law for 「sins」  
 FTLN 1004 Such as by God's book are adjudged to death. 5  
 「To Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke.」  
 FTLN 1005 You four, from hence to prison back again;  
 FTLN 1006 From thence unto the place of execution:  
 FTLN 1007 The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,  
 FTLN 1008 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1009 | <i>¶To Duchess¶</i> You, madam, for you are more nobly     | 10 |
| FTLN 1010 | born,  |    |
| FTLN 1011 | Despoilèd of your honor in your life,                      |    |
| FTLN 1012 | Shall, after three days' open penance done,                |    |
| FTLN 1013 | Live in your country here in banishment                    |    |
| FTLN 1014 | With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.                  | 15 |
|           | DUCHESS  |    |
| FTLN 1015 | Welcome is banishment. Welcome were my death.              |    |
|           | GLOUCESTER   |    |
| FTLN 1016 | Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee.            |    |
| FTLN 1017 | I cannot justify whom the law condemns.                    |    |
|           | <i>¶Duchess and the other prisoners exit under guard.¶</i> |    |
| FTLN 1018 | Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.            |    |
| FTLN 1019 | Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age                   | 20 |
| FTLN 1020 | Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—            |    |
| FTLN 1021 | I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;                |    |
| FTLN 1022 | Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.              |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 1023 | Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Ere thou go,           |    |
| FTLN 1024 | Give up thy staff. Henry will to himself                   | 25 |
| FTLN 1025 | Protector be; and God shall be my hope,                    |    |
| FTLN 1026 | My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.                 |    |
| FTLN 1027 | And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved                 |    |
| FTLN 1028 | Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.                 |    |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET   |    |
| FTLN 1029 | I see no reason why a king of years                        | 30 |
| FTLN 1030 | Should be to be protected like a child.                    |    |
| FTLN 1031 | God and King Henry govern England's realm!—                |    |
| FTLN 1032 | Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.           |    |
|           | GLOUCESTER   |    |
| FTLN 1033 | My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff.                  |    |
|           | <i>¶He puts down his staff before Henry.¶</i>              |    |
| FTLN 1034 | As willingly do I the same resign                          | 35 |
| FTLN 1035 | As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;                     |    |
| FTLN 1036 | And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it               |    |
| FTLN 1037 | As others would ambitiously receive it.                    |    |

FTLN 1038 Farewell, good king. When I am dead and gone,  
 FTLN 1039 May honorable peace attend thy throne. 40

*Gloucester exits.*

*Henry picks up the staff.*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1040 Why, now is Henry king and Margaret queen,  
 FTLN 1041 And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself,  
 FTLN 1042 That bears so shrewd a maim. Two pulls at once:  
 FTLN 1043 His lady banished and a limb lopped off.  
 FTLN 1044 This staff of honor raught, there let it stand 45  
 FTLN 1045 Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1046 Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;  
 FTLN 1047 Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK

FTLN 1048 Lords, let him go.—Please it your Majesty,  
 FTLN 1049 This is the day appointed for the combat, 50  
 FTLN 1050 And ready are the appellant and defendant—  
 FTLN 1051 The armorer and his man—to enter the lists,  
 FTLN 1052 So please your Highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1053 Ay, good my lord, for purposely therefor  
 FTLN 1054 Left I the court to see this quarrel tried. 55

KING HENRY

FTLN 1055 I' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.  
 FTLN 1056 Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

YORK

FTLN 1057 I never saw a fellow worse bestead  
 FTLN 1058 Or more afraid to fight than is the appellant,  
 FTLN 1059 The servant of this armorer, my lords. 60

*Enter at one door the Armorer [Horner] and his  
 Neighbors, drinking to him so much that he is drunk;  
 and he enters with a Drum before him and his staff with  
 a sandbag fastened to it; and at the other door his man  
 [Peter,] with a Drum and sandbag, and Prentices  
 drinking to him.*

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FTLN 1060 FIRST NEIGHBOR Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you  
 FTLN 1061 in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbor, you shall  
 FTLN 1062 do well enough.

FTLN 1063 SECOND NEIGHBOR And here, neighbor, here's a cup of  
 FTLN 1064 charneco. 65

FTLN 1065 THIRD NEIGHBOR And here's a pot of good double beer,  
 FTLN 1066 neighbor. Drink, and fear not your man.

FTLN 1067 HORNER Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all.  
 FTLN 1068 And a fig for Peter! *「They drink.」*

FTLN 1069 FIRST PRENTICE Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not 70  
 FTLN 1070 afraid.

FTLN 1071 SECOND PRENTICE Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy  
 FTLN 1072 master. Fight for credit of the prentices.

FTLN 1073 PETER I thank you all. Drink, and pray for me, I pray  
 FTLN 1074 you, for I think I have taken my last draft in this 75  
 FTLN 1075 world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my  
 FTLN 1076 apron.—And, Will, thou shalt have my hammer.—  
 FTLN 1077 And here, Tom, take all the money that I have. *「He*  
 FTLN 1078 *distributes his possessions.」* O Lord, bless me, I  
 FTLN 1079 pray God, for I am never able to deal with my 80  
 FTLN 1080 master. He hath learnt so much fence already.

FTLN 1081 SALISBURY Come, leave your drinking, and fall to  
 FTLN 1082 blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

FTLN 1083 PETER Peter, forsooth.

FTLN 1084 SALISBURY Peter? What more? 85

FTLN 1085 PETER Thump.

FTLN 1086 SALISBURY Thump? Then see thou thump thy master  
 FTLN 1087 well.

FTLN 1088 HORNER Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon  
 FTLN 1089 my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and 90  
 FTLN 1090 myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of  
 FTLN 1091 York, I will take my death I never meant him any  
 FTLN 1092 ill, nor the King, nor the Queen.—And therefore,  
 FTLN 1093 Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

FTLN 1094 YORK Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double. 95  
 FTLN 1095 Sound, trumpets. Alarum to the combatants!



*「Trumpet sounds.」*

*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

FTLN 1096 HORNER Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

*「He dies.」*

FTLN 1097 YORK Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God and  
FTLN 1098 the good wine in thy master's way.

FTLN 1099 PETER O God, have I overcome mine enemies in this 100  
FTLN 1100 presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

KING HENRY

FTLN 1101 Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;  
FTLN 1102 For by his death we do perceive his guilt.  
FTLN 1103 And God in justice hath revealed to us  
FTLN 1104 The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, 105  
FTLN 1105 Which he had thought to have murdered  
FTLN 1106 wrongfully.—  
FTLN 1107 Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.  
*Sound a flourish. They exit, 「bearing Horner's body.」*

*「Scene 4」*

*Enter Duke Humphrey 「of Gloucester」 and his Men,  
in mourning cloaks.*

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1108 Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,  
FTLN 1109 And after summer evermore succeeds  
FTLN 1110 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;  
FTLN 1111 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
FTLN 1112 Sirs, what's o'clock? 5  
FTLN 1113 SERVANT Ten, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1114 Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
FTLN 1115 To watch the coming of my punished duchess.  
FTLN 1116 Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
FTLN 1117 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. 10  
FTLN 1118 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

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FTLN 1119 The abject people gazing on thy face  
 FTLN 1120 With envious looks laughing at thy shame,  
 FTLN 1121 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels  
 FTLN 1122 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. 15  
 FTLN 1123 But, soft! I think she comes, and I'll prepare  
 FTLN 1124 My tearstained eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess [of Gloucester, barefoot, and] in a  
 white sheet, [with papers pinned to her back] and a  
 taper burning in her hand, with [Sir John Stanley,  
 the Sheriff, and Officers.*

SERVANT

FTLN 1125 So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1126 No, stir not for your lives. Let her pass by.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1127 Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? 20  
 FTLN 1128 Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!  
 FTLN 1129 See how the giddy multitude do point,  
 FTLN 1130 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.  
 FTLN 1131 Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
 FTLN 1132 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, 25  
 FTLN 1133 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1134 Be patient, gentle Nell. Forget this grief.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1135 Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!  
 FTLN 1136 For whilst I think I am thy married wife  
 FTLN 1137 And thou a prince, Protector of this land, 30  
 FTLN 1138 Methinks I should not thus be led along,  
 FTLN 1139 Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,  
 FTLN 1140 And followed with a rabble that rejoice  
 FTLN 1141 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
 FTLN 1142 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet, 35  
 FTLN 1143 And when I start, the envious people laugh

---

|            |   |    |
|------------|---|----|
| FTLN 1144  | And bid me be advisèd how I tread.                |    |
| FTLN 1145  | Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?      |    |
| FTLN 1146  | Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world   |    |
| FTLN 1147  | Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?          | 40 |
| FTLN 1148  | No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.     |    |
| FTLN 1149  | To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.           |    |
| FTLN 1150  | Sometimes I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife      |    |
| FTLN 1151  | And he a prince and ruler of the land;            |    |
| FTLN 1152  | Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was          | 45 |
| FTLN 1153  | As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,     |    |
| FTLN 1154  | Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock            |    |
| FTLN 1155  | To every idle rascal follower.                    |    |
| FTLN 1156  | But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,      |    |
| FTLN 1157  | Nor stir at nothing till the ax of death          | 50 |
| FTLN 1158  | Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.        |    |
| FTLN 1159  | For Suffolk, he that can do all in all            |    |
| FTLN 1160  | With her that hateth thee and hates us all,       |    |
| FTLN 1161  | And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest, |    |
| FTLN 1162  | Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;        | 55 |
| FTLN 1163  | And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee. |    |
| FTLN 1164  | But fear not thou until thy foot be snared,       |    |
| FTLN 1165  | Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.            |    |
| GLOUCESTER |   |    |
| FTLN 1166  | Ah, Nell, forbear. Thou aimest all awry.          |    |
| FTLN 1167  | I must offend before I be attainted;              | 60 |
| FTLN 1168  | And had I twenty times so many foes,              |    |
| FTLN 1169  | And each of them had twenty times their power,    |    |
| FTLN 1170  | All these could not procure me any scathe         |    |
| FTLN 1171  | So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.       |    |
| FTLN 1172  | Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?   | 65 |
| FTLN 1173  | Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,         |    |
| FTLN 1174  | But I in danger for the breach of law.            |    |
| FTLN 1175  | Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.          |    |
| FTLN 1176  | I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;          |    |
| FTLN 1177  | These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.      | 70 |

*Enter a Herald.*

HERALD

FTLN 1178 I summon your Grace to his Majesty's Parliament  
FTLN 1179 Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1180 And my consent ne'er asked herein before?  
FTLN 1181 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*「Herald exits.」*

FTLN 1182 My Nell, I take my leave.—And, master sheriff, 75  
FTLN 1183 Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

SHERIFF

FTLN 1184 An 't please your Grace, here my commission stays,  
FTLN 1185 And Sir John Stanley is appointed now  
FTLN 1186 To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1187 Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here? 80

STANLEY

FTLN 1188 So am I given in charge, may 't please your Grace.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1189 Entreat her not the worse in that I pray  
FTLN 1190 You use her well. The world may laugh again,  
FTLN 1191 And I may live to do you kindness, if  
FTLN 1192 You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell. 85

DUCHESS

FTLN 1193 What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1194 Witness my tears. I cannot stay to speak.

*Gloucester exits 「with his Men.」*

DUCHESS

FTLN 1195 Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,  
FTLN 1196 For none abides with me. My joy is death—  
FTLN 1197 Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid, 90  
FTLN 1198 Because I wished this world's eternity.—  
FTLN 1199 Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence.  
FTLN 1200 I care not whither, for I beg no favor;  
FTLN 1201 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STANLEY

FTLN 1202      Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,      95  
FTLN 1203      There to be used according to your state.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1204      That's bad enough, for I am but reproach.  
FTLN 1205      And shall I, then, be used reproachfully?

STANLEY

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1206 | Like to a duchess and Duke Humphrey's lady; |     |
| FTLN 1207 | According to that state you shall be used.  | 100 |

DUCHESS

FTLN 1208 Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,  
FTLN 1209 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHERIFF

FTLN 1210            It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCHESS

FTLN 1211            Ay, ay, farewell. Thy office is discharged.

「*The Sheriff and Officers exit.*」

FTLN 1212                      Come, Stanley, shall we go?                      105

STANLEY

FTLN 1213 Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
FTLN 1214 And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCHESS

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1215 | My shame will not be shifted with my sheet. |     |
| FTLN 1216 | No, it will hang upon my richest robes      |     |
| FTLN 1217 | And show itself, attire me how I can.       | 110 |
| FTLN 1218 | Go, lead the way. I long to see my prison.  |     |

*They exit.*

## 「ACT 3」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Sound a sennet. Enter King 「Henry,」 Queen 「Margaret,」  
Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and  
Warwick, 「and Others」 to the Parliament.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1219 I muse my lord of Gloucester is not come.  
FTLN 1220 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
FTLN 1221 Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN MARGARET

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1222 | Can you not see, or will you not observe,       |    |
| FTLN 1223 | The strangeness of his altered countenance?     | 5  |
| FTLN 1224 | With what a majesty he bears himself,           |    |
| FTLN 1225 | How insolent of late he is become,              |    |
| FTLN 1226 | How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  |    |
| FTLN 1227 | We know the time since he was mild and affable; |    |
| FTLN 1228 | And if we did but glance a far-off look,        | 10 |
| FTLN 1229 | Immediately he was upon his knee,               |    |
| FTLN 1230 | That all the court admired him for submission.  |    |
| FTLN 1231 | But meet him now, and, be it in the morn        |    |
| FTLN 1232 | When everyone will give the time of day,        |    |
| FTLN 1233 | He knits his brow and shows an angry eye        | 15 |
| FTLN 1234 | And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,         |    |
| FTLN 1235 | Disdaining duty that to us belongs.             |    |
| FTLN 1236 | Small curs are not regarded when they grin,     |    |
| FTLN 1237 | But great men tremble when the lion roars—      |    |
| FTLN 1238 | And Humphrey is no little man in England.       | 20 |

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1239 | First, note that he is near you in descent,        |    |
| FTLN 1240 | And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.   |    |
| FTLN 1241 | Meseemeth then it is no policy,                    |    |
| FTLN 1242 | Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears          |    |
| FTLN 1243 | And his advantage following your decease,          | 25 |
| FTLN 1244 | That he should come about your royal person        |    |
| FTLN 1245 | Or be admitted to your Highness' Council.          |    |
| FTLN 1246 | By flattery hath he won the Commons' hearts;       |    |
| FTLN 1247 | And when he please to make commotion,              |    |
| FTLN 1248 | 'Tis to be feared they all will follow him.        | 30 |
| FTLN 1249 | Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; |    |
| FTLN 1250 | Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden   |    |
| FTLN 1251 | And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.         |    |
| FTLN 1252 | The reverent care I bear unto my lord              |    |
| FTLN 1253 | Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.         | 35 |
| FTLN 1254 | If it be fond, call it a woman's fear,             |    |
| FTLN 1255 | Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,        |    |
| FTLN 1256 | I will subscribe and say I wronged the Duke.       |    |
| FTLN 1257 | My 'lords' of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,       |    |
| FTLN 1258 | Reprove my allegation if you can,                  | 40 |
| FTLN 1259 | Or else conclude my words effectual.               |    |
| SUFFOLK   |  |    |
| FTLN 1260 | Well hath your Highness seen into this duke,       |    |
| FTLN 1261 | And, had I first been put to speak my mind,        |    |
| FTLN 1262 | I think I should have told your Grace's tale.      |    |
| FTLN 1263 | The Duchess by his subornation,                    | 45 |
| FTLN 1264 | Upon my life, began her devilish practices;        |    |
| FTLN 1265 | Or if he were not privy to those faults,           |    |
| FTLN 1266 | Yet, by reputed of his high descent—               |    |
| FTLN 1267 | As next the King he was successive heir,           |    |
| FTLN 1268 | And such high vaunts of his nobility—              | 50 |
| FTLN 1269 | Did instigate the bedlam brainsick duchess         |    |
| FTLN 1270 | By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.     |    |
| FTLN 1271 | Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,     |    |
| FTLN 1272 | And in his simple show he harbors treason.         |    |
| FTLN 1273 | The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.    | 55 |

FTLN 1274 No, no, my sovereign, Gloucester is a man  
 FTLN 1275 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

CARDINAL

FTLN 1276 Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 FTLN 1277 Devise strange deaths for small offenses done?

YORK

FTLN 1278 And did he not, in his protectorship, 60  
 FTLN 1279 Levy great sums of money through the realm  
 FTLN 1280 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it,  
 FTLN 1281 By means whereof the towns each day revolted?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1282 Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
 FTLN 1283 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke 65  
 FTLN 1284 Humphrey.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1285 My lords, at once: the care you have of us  
 FTLN 1286 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot  
 FTLN 1287 Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,  
 FTLN 1288 Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent 70  
 FTLN 1289 From meaning treason to our royal person  
 FTLN 1290 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.  
 FTLN 1291 The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given  
 FTLN 1292 To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1293 Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance? 75  
 FTLN 1294 Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed,  
 FTLN 1295 For he's disposèd as the hateful raven.  
 FTLN 1296 Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,  
 FTLN 1297 For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolves.  
 FTLN 1298 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit? 80  
 FTLN 1299 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
 FTLN 1300 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter Somerset.*

SOMERSET

FTLN 1301 All health unto my gracious sovereign!



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KING HENRY

FTLN 1302      Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOMERSET

FTLN 1303      That all your interest in those territories 85

FTLN 1304      Is utterly bereft you. All is lost.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1305      Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

YORK, *aside*

FTLN 1306      Cold news for me, for I had hope of France

FTLN 1307      As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

FTLN 1308      Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud, 90

FTLN 1309      And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

FTLN 1310      But I will remedy this gear ere long,

FTLN 1311      Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter Gloucester.*

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1312      All happiness unto my lord the King!

FTLN 1313      Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long. 95

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1314      Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

FTLN 1315      Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.

FTLN 1316      I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1317      Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush

FTLN 1318      Nor change my countenance for this arrest. 100

FTLN 1319      A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

FTLN 1320      The purest spring is not so free from mud

FTLN 1321      As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

FTLN 1322      Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

YORK

FTLN 1323      'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France 105

FTLN 1324      And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay,

FTLN 1325      By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1326      Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1327 | I never robbed the soldiers of their pay              |     |
| FTLN 1328 | Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.             | 110 |
| FTLN 1329 | So help me God as I have watched the night—           |     |
| FTLN 1330 | Ay, night by night—in studying good for England!      |     |
| FTLN 1331 | That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,         |     |
| FTLN 1332 | Or any groat I hoarded to my use,                     |     |
| FTLN 1333 | Be brought against me at my trial day!                | 115 |
| FTLN 1334 | No, many a pound of mine own proper store,            |     |
| FTLN 1335 | Because I would not tax the needy Commons,            |     |
| FTLN 1336 | Have I dispursed to the garrisons                     |     |
| FTLN 1337 | And never asked for restitution.                      |     |
|           | CARDINAL  |     |
| FTLN 1338 | It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.          | 120 |
|           | GLOUCESTER  |     |
| FTLN 1339 | I say no more than truth, so help me God.             |     |
|           | YORK  |     |
| FTLN 1340 | In your protectorship, you did devise                 |     |
| FTLN 1341 | Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,       |     |
| FTLN 1342 | That England was defamed by tyranny.                  |     |
|           | GLOUCESTER  |     |
| FTLN 1343 | Why, 'tis well known that whiles I was Protector,     | 125 |
| FTLN 1344 | Pity was all the fault that was in me;                |     |
| FTLN 1345 | For I should melt at an offender's tears,             |     |
| FTLN 1346 | And lowly words were ransom for their fault.          |     |
| FTLN 1347 | Unless it were a bloody murderer                      |     |
| FTLN 1348 | Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers, | 130 |
| FTLN 1349 | I never gave them condign punishment.                 |     |
| FTLN 1350 | Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured            |     |
| FTLN 1351 | Above the felon or what trespass else.                |     |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 1352 | My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered;     |     |
| FTLN 1353 | But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge         | 135 |
| FTLN 1354 | Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.             |     |
| FTLN 1355 | I do arrest you in his Highness' name,                |     |
| FTLN 1356 | And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal               |     |
| FTLN 1357 | To keep until your further time of trial.             |     |



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CARDINAL

FTLN 1391 My liege, his railing is intolerable.  
 FTLN 1392 If those that care to keep your royal person  
 FTLN 1393 From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage 175  
 FTLN 1394 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
 FTLN 1395 And the offender granted scope of speech,  
 FTLN 1396 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1397 Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
 FTLN 1398 With ignominious words, though clerkly couched, 180  
 FTLN 1399 As if she had subornèd some to swear  
 FTLN 1400 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1401 But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1402 Far truer spoke than meant. I lose, indeed;  
 FTLN 1403 Beshrew the winners, for they played me false! 185  
 FTLN 1404 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 1405 He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.  
 FTLN 1406 Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL, *['to his Men']*

FTLN 1407 Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1408 Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch 190  
 FTLN 1409 Before his legs be firm to bear his body.—  
 FTLN 1410 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
 FTLN 1411 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
 FTLN 1412 Ah, that my fear were false; ah, that it were!  
 FTLN 1413 For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. 195

*Gloucester exits, ['guarded by Cardinal's Men.']*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1414 My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best  
 FTLN 1415 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1416 What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

## KING HENRY

FTLN 1417 Ay, Margaret. My heart is drowned with grief,  
 FTLN 1418 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes, 200  
 FTLN 1419 My body round engirt with misery;  
 FTLN 1420 For what's more miserable than discontent?  
 FTLN 1421 Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see  
 FTLN 1422 The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;  
 FTLN 1423 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come 205  
 FTLN 1424 That e'er I proved thee false or feared thy faith.  
 FTLN 1425 What luring star now envies thy estate  
 FTLN 1426 That these great lords and Margaret our queen  
 FTLN 1427 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
 FTLN 1428 Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong. 210  
 FTLN 1429 And as the butcher takes away the calf  
 FTLN 1430 And binds the wretch and beats it when it 'strains,'  
 FTLN 1431 Bearing it to the bloody slaughterhouse,  
 FTLN 1432 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;  
 FTLN 1433 And as the dam runs lowing up and down, 215  
 FTLN 1434 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 FTLN 1435 And can do naught but wail her darling's loss,  
 FTLN 1436 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case  
 FTLN 1437 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimmed eyes  
 FTLN 1438 Look after him and cannot do him good, 220  
 FTLN 1439 So mighty are his vowèd enemies.  
 FTLN 1440 His fortunes I will weep and, 'twixt each groan,  
 FTLN 1441 Say "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none."

*He exits, 'with Buckingham, Salisbury, Warwick,  
 and Others. Somerset steps aside.'*

## QUEEN MARGARET, 'to Cardinal, Suffolk, and York'

FTLN 1442 Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot  
 FTLN 1443 beams. 225  
 FTLN 1444 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 FTLN 1445 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show  
 FTLN 1446 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 FTLN 1447 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
 FTLN 1448 Or as the snake, rolled in a flow'ring bank, 230

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FTLN 1449 With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child  
 FTLN 1450 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
 FTLN 1451 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—  
 FTLN 1452 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—  
 FTLN 1453 This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world, 235  
 FTLN 1454 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL

FTLN 1455 That he should die is worthy policy,  
 FTLN 1456 But yet we want a color for his death.  
 FTLN 1457 'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1458 But, in my mind, that were no policy. 240  
 FTLN 1459 The King will labor still to save his life,  
 FTLN 1460 The Commons haply rise to save his life,  
 FTLN 1461 And yet we have but trivial argument,  
 FTLN 1462 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK

FTLN 1463 So that, by this, you would not have him die. 245

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1464 Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK

FTLN 1465 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.  
 FTLN 1466 But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,  
 FTLN 1467 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:  
 FTLN 1468 Were 't not all one an empty eagle were set 250  
 FTLN 1469 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite  
 FTLN 1470 As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Protector?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1471 So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1472 Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness then  
 FTLN 1473 To make the fox surveyor of the fold— 255  
 FTLN 1474 Who, being accused a crafty murderer,  
 FTLN 1475 His guilt should be but idly posted over  
 FTLN 1476 Because his purpose is not executed?  
 FTLN 1477 No, let him die in that he is a fox,

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FTLN 1478 By nature proved an enemy to the flock, 260  
 FTLN 1479 Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,  
 FTLN 1480 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.  
 FTLN 1481 And do not stand on quillets how to slay him—  
 FTLN 1482 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
 FTLN 1483 Sleeping or waking. 'Tis no matter how, 265  
 FTLN 1484 So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
 FTLN 1485 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1486 Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1487 Not resolute, except so much were done,  
 FTLN 1488 For things are often spoke and seldom meant; 270  
 FTLN 1489 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
 FTLN 1490 Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
 FTLN 1491 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,  
 FTLN 1492 Say but the word and I will be his priest.

CARDINAL

FTLN 1493 But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk, 275  
 FTLN 1494 Ere you can take due orders for a priest.  
 FTLN 1495 Say you consent and censure well the deed,  
 FTLN 1496 And I'll provide his executioner.  
 FTLN 1497 I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1498 Here is my hand. The deed is worthy doing. 280

FTLN 1499 QUEEN MARGARET And so say I.

YORK

FTLN 1500 And I. And now we three have spoke it,  
 FTLN 1501 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Post.*

POST

FTLN 1502 Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain  
 FTLN 1503 To signify that rebels there are up 285  
 FTLN 1504 And put the Englishmen unto the sword.  
 FTLN 1505 Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,

FTLN 1506 Before the wound do grow uncurable;  
 FTLN 1507 For, being green, there is great hope of help.

*He exits.*

CARDINAL

FTLN 1508 A breach that craves a quick expedient stop! 290  
 FTLN 1509 What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK

FTLN 1510 That Somerset be sent as regent thither.  
 FTLN 1511 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employed—  
 FTLN 1512 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOMERSET, *advancing*

FTLN 1513 If York, with all his far-fet policy, 295  
 FTLN 1514 Had been the regent there instead of me,  
 FTLN 1515 He never would have stayed in France so long.

YORK

FTLN 1516 No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.  
 FTLN 1517 I rather would have lost my life betimes  
 FTLN 1518 Than bring a burden of dishonor home 300  
 FTLN 1519 By staying there so long till all were lost.  
 FTLN 1520 Show me one scar characterized on thy skin.  
 FTLN 1521 Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1522 Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire  
 FTLN 1523 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.— 305  
 FTLN 1524 No more, good York.—Sweet Somerset, be still.—  
 FTLN 1525 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
 FTLN 1526 Might happily have proved far worse than his.

YORK

FTLN 1527 What, worse than naught? Nay, then, a shame take  
 FTLN 1528 all! 310

SOMERSET

FTLN 1529 And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

CARDINAL

FTLN 1530 My lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
 FTLN 1531 Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms  
 FTLN 1532 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.



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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1533 | To Ireland will you lead a band of men,          | 315 |
| FTLN 1534 | Collected choicely, from each county some,       |     |
| FTLN 1535 | And try your hap against the Irishmen?           |     |
|           | YORK   |     |
| FTLN 1536 | I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.          |     |
|           | SUFFOLK  |     |
| FTLN 1537 | Why, our authority is his consent,               |     |
| FTLN 1538 | And what we do establish he confirms.            | 320 |
| FTLN 1539 | Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.   |     |
|           | YORK   |     |
| FTLN 1540 | I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,        |     |
| FTLN 1541 | Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.        |     |
|           | SUFFOLK  |     |
| FTLN 1542 | A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.  |     |
| FTLN 1543 | But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.    | 325 |
|           | CARDINAL   |     |
| FTLN 1544 | No more of him, for I will deal with him,        |     |
| FTLN 1545 | That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.     |     |
| FTLN 1546 | And so break off; the day is almost spent.       |     |
| FTLN 1547 | Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event. |     |
|           | YORK   |     |
| FTLN 1548 | My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days         | 330 |
| FTLN 1549 | At Bristow I expect my soldiers,                 |     |
| FTLN 1550 | For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.        |     |
|           | SUFFOLK  |     |
| FTLN 1551 | I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.         |     |
|           | <i>All but York exit.</i>                        |     |
|           | YORK   |     |
| FTLN 1552 | Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts  |     |
| FTLN 1553 | And change misdoubt to resolution.               | 335 |
| FTLN 1554 | Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art      |     |
| FTLN 1555 | Resign to death; it is not worth th' enjoying.   |     |
| FTLN 1556 | Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man  |     |
| FTLN 1557 | And find no harbor in a royal heart.             |     |
| FTLN 1558 | Faster than springtime showers comes thought on  | 340 |
| FTLN 1559 | thought,   |     |

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1560 | And not a thought but thinks on dignity.           |     |
| FTLN 1561 | My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,      |     |
| FTLN 1562 | Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.        |     |
| FTLN 1563 | Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done            | 345 |
| FTLN 1564 | To send me packing with an host of men.            |     |
| FTLN 1565 | I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,          |     |
| FTLN 1566 | Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your    |     |
| FTLN 1567 | hearts.  |     |
| FTLN 1568 | 'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me;     | 350 |
| FTLN 1569 | I take it kindly. Yet be well assured              |     |
| FTLN 1570 | You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.         |     |
| FTLN 1571 | Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,         |     |
| FTLN 1572 | I will stir up in England some black storm         |     |
| FTLN 1573 | Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;   | 355 |
| FTLN 1574 | And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage      |     |
| FTLN 1575 | Until the golden circuit on my head,               |     |
| FTLN 1576 | Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,      |     |
| FTLN 1577 | Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.            |     |
| FTLN 1578 | And for a minister of my intent,                   | 360 |
| FTLN 1579 | I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,            |     |
| FTLN 1580 | John Cade of Ashford,                              |     |
| FTLN 1581 | To make commotion, as full well he can,            |     |
| FTLN 1582 | Under the title of John Mortimer.                  |     |
| FTLN 1583 | In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade          | 365 |
| FTLN 1584 | Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,           |     |
| FTLN 1585 | And fought so long till that his thighs with darts |     |
| FTLN 1586 | Were almost like a sharp-quilled porpentine;       |     |
| FTLN 1587 | And in the end being rescued, I have seen          |     |
| FTLN 1588 | Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,             | 370 |
| FTLN 1589 | Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.          |     |
| FTLN 1590 | Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,        |     |
| FTLN 1591 | Hath he conversèd with the enemy,                  |     |
| FTLN 1592 | And undiscovered come to me again                  |     |
| FTLN 1593 | And given me notice of their villainies.           | 375 |
| FTLN 1594 | This devil here shall be my substitute;            |     |
| FTLN 1595 | For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,         |     |

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FTLN 1596 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.  
 FTLN 1597 By this, I shall perceive the Commons' mind,  
 FTLN 1598 How they affect the house and claim of York. 380  
 FTLN 1599 Say he be taken, racked, and tortured,  
 FTLN 1600 I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
 FTLN 1601 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.  
 FTLN 1602 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
 FTLN 1603 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength 385  
 FTLN 1604 And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed.  
 FTLN 1605 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 FTLN 1606 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

*He exits.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter two or three running over the stage, from the  
 murder of Duke Humphrey.*

FIRST MURDERER

FTLN 1607 Run to my lord of Suffolk. Let him know  
 FTLN 1608 We have dispatched the Duke as he commanded.

SECOND MURDERER

FTLN 1609 O, that it were to do! What have we done?  
 FTLN 1610 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter Suffolk.*

FTLN 1611 FIRST MURDERER Here comes my lord. 5

FTLN 1612 SUFFOLK Now, sirs, have you dispatched this thing?

FTLN 1613 FIRST MURDERER Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1614 Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;  
 FTLN 1615 I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
 FTLN 1616 The King and all the peers are here at hand. 10  
 FTLN 1617 Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,  
 FTLN 1618 According as I gave directions?

FTLN 1619 FIRST MURDERER 'Tis, my good lord.

FTLN 1620 SUFFOLK Away, be gone. 「The Murderers」 exit.



QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1642 Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!  
[*King Henry stirs.*]

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1643            He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1644                      O heavenly God!

FTLN 1645      QUEEN MARGARET      How fares my gracious lord?

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1646                      Comfort, my sovereign! Gracious Henry, comfort!                      40

KING HENRY

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1647 | What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?        |    |
| FTLN 1648 | Came he right now to sing a raven's note,        |    |
| FTLN 1649 | Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,        |    |
| FTLN 1650 | And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,       |    |
| FTLN 1651 | By crying comfort from a hollow breast,          | 45 |
| FTLN 1652 | Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound?        |    |
| FTLN 1653 | Hide not thy poison with such sugared words.     |    |
| FTLN 1654 | Lay not thy hands on me. Forbear, I say!         |    |
| FTLN 1655 | Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.   |    |
| FTLN 1656 | Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!         | 50 |
| FTLN 1657 | Upon thy eyeballs, murderous Tyranny             |    |
| FTLN 1658 | Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.        |    |
| FTLN 1659 | Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.   |    |
| FTLN 1660 | Yet do not go away. Come, basilisk,              |    |
| FTLN 1661 | And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;      | 55 |
| FTLN 1662 | For in the shade of death I shall find joy,      |    |
| FTLN 1663 | In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead. |    |

QUEEN MARGARET

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1664 | Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?         |    |
| FTLN 1665 | Although the Duke was enemy to him,              |    |
| FTLN 1666 | Yet he most Christian-like laments his death.    | 60 |
| FTLN 1667 | And for myself, foe as he was to me,             |    |
| FTLN 1668 | Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans     |    |
| FTLN 1669 | Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,        |    |
| FTLN 1670 | I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans, |    |

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|                |   |    |
|----------------|---|----|
| FTLN 1671      | Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  | 65 |
| FTLN 1672      | And all to have the noble duke alive.             |    |
| FTLN 1673      | What know I how the world may deem of me?         |    |
| FTLN 1674      | For it is known we were but hollow friends.       |    |
| FTLN 1675      | It may be judged I made the Duke away;            |    |
| FTLN 1676      | So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded | 70 |
| FTLN 1677      | And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.   |    |
| FTLN 1678      | This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy,          |    |
| FTLN 1679      | To be a queen and crowned with infamy!            |    |
| KING HENRY     |   |    |
| FTLN 1680      | Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!       |    |
| QUEEN MARGARET |   |    |
| FTLN 1681      | Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.          | 75 |
| FTLN 1682      | What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?      |    |
| FTLN 1683      | I am no loathsome leper. Look on me.              |    |
| FTLN 1684      | What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?       |    |
| FTLN 1685      | Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.     |    |
| FTLN 1686      | Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?     | 80 |
| FTLN 1687      | Why, then, Dame 'Margaret' was ne'er thy joy.     |    |
| FTLN 1688      | Erect his statue and worship it,                  |    |
| FTLN 1689      | And make my image but an alehouse sign.           |    |
| FTLN 1690      | Was I for this nigh-wracked upon the sea          |    |
| FTLN 1691      | And twice by awkward wind from England's bank     | 85 |
| FTLN 1692      | Drove back again unto my native clime?            |    |
| FTLN 1693      | What boded this, but well forewarning wind        |    |
| FTLN 1694      | Did seem to say "Seek not a scorpion's nest,      |    |
| FTLN 1695      | Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?         |    |
| FTLN 1696      | What did I then but cursed the gentle gusts       | 90 |
| FTLN 1697      | And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves  |    |
| FTLN 1698      | And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore |    |
| FTLN 1699      | Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?           |    |
| FTLN 1700      | Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,               |    |
| FTLN 1701      | But left that hateful office unto thee.           | 95 |
| FTLN 1702      | The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,      |    |
| FTLN 1703      | Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on      |    |
| FTLN 1704      | shore   |    |

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1705 | With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.  |     |
| FTLN 1706 | The splitting rocks cow'ed in the sinking sands     | 100 |
| FTLN 1707 | And would not dash me with their ragged sides       |     |
| FTLN 1708 | Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,      |     |
| FTLN 1709 | Might in thy palace perish 'Margaret.'              |     |
| FTLN 1710 | As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,            |     |
| FTLN 1711 | When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,       | 105 |
| FTLN 1712 | I stood upon the hatches in the storm,              |     |
| FTLN 1713 | And when the dusky sky began to rob                 |     |
| FTLN 1714 | My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,         |     |
| FTLN 1715 | I took a costly jewel from my neck—                 |     |
| FTLN 1716 | A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—             | 110 |
| FTLN 1717 | And threw it towards thy land. The sea received it, |     |
| FTLN 1718 | And so I wished thy body might my heart.            |     |
| FTLN 1719 | And even with this I lost fair England's view,      |     |
| FTLN 1720 | And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,         |     |
| FTLN 1721 | And called them blind and dusky spectacles          | 115 |
| FTLN 1722 | For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.            |     |
| FTLN 1723 | How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,          |     |
| FTLN 1724 | The agent of thy foul inconstancy,                  |     |
| FTLN 1725 | To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did                |     |
| FTLN 1726 | When he to madding Dido would unfold                | 120 |
| FTLN 1727 | His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!        |     |
| FTLN 1728 | Am I not witchèd like her, or thou not false like   |     |
| FTLN 1729 | him?  |     |
| FTLN 1730 | Ay me, I can no more. Die, 'Margaret,'              |     |
| FTLN 1731 | For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.        | 125 |

*Noise within. Enter Warwick 'and Salisbury,'  
and many Commons.*

WARWICK

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1732 | It is reported, mighty sovereign,                |     |
| FTLN 1733 | That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered |     |
| FTLN 1734 | By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.    |     |
| FTLN 1735 | The Commons, like an angry hive of bees          |     |
| FTLN 1736 | That want their leader, scatter up and down      | 130 |

FTLN 1737 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
 FTLN 1738 Myself have calmed their spleenful mutiny,  
 FTLN 1739 Until they hear the order of his death.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1740 That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;  
 FTLN 1741 But how he died God knows, not Henry. 135  
 FTLN 1742 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
 FTLN 1743 And comment then upon his sudden death.

WARWICK

FTLN 1744 That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
 FTLN 1745 With the rude multitude till I return.

「*Warwick exits through one door; Salisbury and  
 Commons exit through another.*」

KING HENRY

FTLN 1746 O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts, 140  
 FTLN 1747 My thoughts that labor to persuade my soul  
 FTLN 1748 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.  
 FTLN 1749 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
 FTLN 1750 For judgment only doth belong to Thee.  
 FTLN 1751 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips 145  
 FTLN 1752 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
 FTLN 1753 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
 FTLN 1754 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk  
 FTLN 1755 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
 FTLN 1756 But all in vain are these mean obsequies. 150  
 FTLN 1757 And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
 FTLN 1758 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Bed put forth, 「bearing Gloucester's body.  
 Enter Warwick.*」

WARWICK

FTLN 1759 Come hither, gracious sovereign. View this body.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1760 That is to see how deep my grave is made,  
 FTLN 1761 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace; 155  
 FTLN 1762 For seeing him, I see my life in death.



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 WARWICK

FTLN 1763 As surely as my soul intends to live  
 FTLN 1764 With that dread King that took our state upon Him  
 FTLN 1765 To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,  
 FTLN 1766 I do believe that violent hands were laid 160  
 FTLN 1767 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1768 A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
 FTLN 1769 What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WARWICK

FTLN 1770 See how the blood is settled in his face.  
 FTLN 1771 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 165  
 FTLN 1772 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,  
 FTLN 1773 Being all descended to the laboring heart,  
 FTLN 1774 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 FTLN 1775 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,  
 FTLN 1776 Which with the heart there cools and ne'er 170  
 FTLN 1777 returneth  
 FTLN 1778 To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
 FTLN 1779 But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
 FTLN 1780 His eyeballs further out than when he lived,  
 FTLN 1781 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man; 175  
 FTLN 1782 His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with  
 FTLN 1783 struggling;  
 FTLN 1784 His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped  
 FTLN 1785 And tugged for life and was by strength subdued.  
 FTLN 1786 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking; 180  
 FTLN 1787 His well-proportioned beard made rough and  
 FTLN 1788 rugged,  
 FTLN 1789 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.  
 FTLN 1790 It cannot be but he was murdered here.  
 FTLN 1791 The least of all these signs were probable. 185

*「The bed is removed.」*

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1792 Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1793 | Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,                   |     |
| FTLN 1794 | And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.                       |     |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1795 | But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's foes,             |     |
| FTLN 1796 | ' <i>To Cardinal.</i> ' And you, forsooth, had the good duke | 190 |
| FTLN 1797 | to keep.   |     |
| FTLN 1798 | 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,             |     |
| FTLN 1799 | And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.                        |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET   |     |
| FTLN 1800 | Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen                     |     |
| FTLN 1801 | As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.                 | 195 |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1802 | Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,                |     |
| FTLN 1803 | And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,                       |     |
| FTLN 1804 | But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?           |     |
| FTLN 1805 | Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest                |     |
| FTLN 1806 | But may imagine how the bird was dead,                       | 200 |
| FTLN 1807 | Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?                 |     |
| FTLN 1808 | Even so suspicious is this tragedy.                          |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET   |     |
| FTLN 1809 | Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?            |     |
| FTLN 1810 | Is Beaufort termed a kite? Where are his talons?             |     |
|           | SUFFOLK  |     |
| FTLN 1811 | I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,                   | 205 |
| FTLN 1812 | But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,               |     |
| FTLN 1813 | That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart                 |     |
| FTLN 1814 | That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—               |     |
| FTLN 1815 | Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,             |     |
| FTLN 1816 | That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.                   | 210 |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1817 | What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?           |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET   |     |
| FTLN 1818 | He dares not calm his contumelious spirit                    |     |
| FTLN 1819 | Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,                      |     |
| FTLN 1820 | Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.               |     |

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 WARWICK

FTLN 1821 Madam, be still—with reverence may I say— 215  
 FTLN 1822 For every word you speak in his behalf  
 FTLN 1823 Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1824 Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!  
 FTLN 1825 If ever lady wronged her lord so much,  
 FTLN 1826 Thy mother took into her blameful bed 220  
 FTLN 1827 Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock  
 FTLN 1828 Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art  
 FTLN 1829 And never of the Nevilles' noble race.

WARWICK

FTLN 1830 But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee  
 FTLN 1831 And I should rob the deathsman of his fee, 225  
 FTLN 1832 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 FTLN 1833 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
 FTLN 1834 I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee  
 FTLN 1835 Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech  
 FTLN 1836 And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st, 230  
 FTLN 1837 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
 FTLN 1838 And after all this fearful homage done,  
 FTLN 1839 Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,  
 FTLN 1840 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1841 Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood, 235  
 FTLN 1842 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WARWICK

FTLN 1843 Away even now, or I will drag thee hence!  
 FTLN 1844 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee  
 FTLN 1845 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.  
*「Warwick and Suffolk」 exit.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1846 What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted? 240  
 FTLN 1847 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
 FTLN 1848 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
 FTLN 1849 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*A noise within.*

FTLN 1850 QUEEN MARGARET What noise is this?

*Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1851 Why, how now, lords? Your wrathful weapons 245

FTLN 1852 drawn

FTLN 1853 Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?

FTLN 1854 Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1855 The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury, 250

FTLN 1856 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Enter Salisbury.*

SALISBURY, [to the offstage Commons]

FTLN 1857 Sirs, stand apart. The King shall know your mind.—

FTLN 1858 Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,

FTLN 1859 Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death

FTLN 1860 Or banishèd fair England's territories,

FTLN 1861 They will by violence tear him from your palace 255

FTLN 1862 And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

FTLN 1863 They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

FTLN 1864 They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;

FTLN 1865 And mere instinct of love and loyalty,

FTLN 1866 Free from a stubborn opposite intent, 260

FTLN 1867 As being thought to contradict your liking,

FTLN 1868 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

FTLN 1869 They say, in care of your most royal person,

FTLN 1870 That if your Highness should intend to sleep,

FTLN 1871 And charge that no man should disturb your rest, 265

FTLN 1872 In pain of your dislike or pain of death,

FTLN 1873 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

FTLN 1874 Were there a serpent seen with forkèd tongue

FTLN 1875 That slyly glided towards your Majesty,

FTLN 1876 It were but necessary you were waked, 270

FTLN 1877 Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,

FTLN 1878 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.  
 FTLN 1879 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
 FTLN 1880 That they will guard you, whe'er you will or no,  
 FTLN 1881 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is, 275  
 FTLN 1882 With whose envenomèd and fatal sting  
 FTLN 1883 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
 FTLN 1884 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS, *within*

FTLN 1885 An answer from the King, my lord of Salisbury!

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1886 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolished hinds, 280  
 FTLN 1887 Could send such message to their sovereign!  
 FTLN 1888 「*To Salisbury.*」 But you, my lord, were glad to be  
 FTLN 1889 employed,  
 FTLN 1890 To show how quaint an orator you are.  
 FTLN 1891 But all the honor Salisbury hath won 285  
 FTLN 1892 Is that he was the lord ambassador  
 FTLN 1893 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

「COMMONS,」 *within*

FTLN 1894 An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1895 Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
 FTLN 1896 I thank them for their tender loving care; 290  
 FTLN 1897 And, had I not been cited so by them,  
 FTLN 1898 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat.  
 FTLN 1899 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
 FTLN 1900 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.  
 FTLN 1901 And therefore, by His Majesty I swear, 295  
 FTLN 1902 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
 FTLN 1903 He shall not breathe infection in this air  
 FTLN 1904 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

「*Salisbury exits.*」

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1905 O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

KING HENRY

FTLN 1906 Ungentle queen to call him gentle Suffolk! 300

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1907 | No more, I say. If thou dost plead for him,                   |     |
| FTLN 1908 | Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.                     |     |
| FTLN 1909 | Had I but said, I would have kept my word;                    |     |
| FTLN 1910 | But when I swear, it is irrevocable.                          |     |
| FTLN 1911 | ‘ <i>To Suffolk.</i> ’ If, after three days’ space, thou here | 305 |
| FTLN 1912 | be’st found   |     |
| FTLN 1913 | On any ground that I am ruler of,                             |     |
| FTLN 1914 | The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—                  |     |
| FTLN 1915 | Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me.                |     |
| FTLN 1916 | I have great matters to impart to thee.                       | 310 |
|           | ‘ <i>All but the Queen and Suffolk</i> ’ exit.                |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET, ‘ <i>calling after King Henry and</i>         |     |
|           | <i>Warwick</i> ’  |     |
| FTLN 1917 | Mischance and sorrow go along with you!                       |     |
| FTLN 1918 | Heart’s discontent and sour affliction                        |     |
| FTLN 1919 | Be playfellows to keep you company!                           |     |
| FTLN 1920 | There’s two of you; the devil make a third,                   |     |
| FTLN 1921 | And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!                 | 315 |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 1922 | Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,                       |     |
| FTLN 1923 | And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.                     |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET  |     |
| FTLN 1924 | Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!                    |     |
| FTLN 1925 | Hast thou not spirit to curse thine ‘enemies’?                |     |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 1926 | A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse                  | 320 |
| FTLN 1927 | them?   |     |
| FTLN 1928 | ‘ <i>Could</i> ’ curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s groan,   |     |
| FTLN 1929 | I would invent as bitter searching terms,                     |     |
| FTLN 1930 | As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,                     |     |
| FTLN 1931 | Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,                    | 325 |
| FTLN 1932 | With full as many signs of deadly hate,                       |     |
| FTLN 1933 | As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave.                     |     |
| FTLN 1934 | My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;               |     |
| FTLN 1935 | Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;               |     |
| FTLN 1936 | Mine hair be fixed on end, as one distract;                   | 330 |

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FTLN 1937      Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;  
 FTLN 1938      And even now my burdened heart would break  
 FTLN 1939      Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
 FTLN 1940      Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;  
 FTLN 1941      Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees;      335  
 FTLN 1942      Their chiefest prospect, murd'ring basilisks;  
 FTLN 1943      Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!  
 FTLN 1944      Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
 FTLN 1945      And boding screech owls make the consort full!  
 FTLN 1946      All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—      340

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1947      Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,  
 FTLN 1948      And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
 FTLN 1949      Or like an over-chargèd gun, recoil  
 FTLN 1950      And 'turn' the force of them upon thyself.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1951      You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?      345  
 FTLN 1952      Now, by the ground that I am banished from,  
 FTLN 1953      Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 FTLN 1954      Though standing naked on a mountain top  
 FTLN 1955      Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 FTLN 1956      And think it but a minute spent in sport.      350

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1957      O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,  
 FTLN 1958      That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
 FTLN 1959      Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place  
 FTLN 1960      To wash away my woeful monuments.

'She kisses his hand.'

FTLN 1961      O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,      355  
 FTLN 1962      That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
 FTLN 1963      Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for  
 FTLN 1964      thee!  
 FTLN 1965      So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 FTLN 1966      'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,      360  
 FTLN 1967      As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 FTLN 1968      I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,

FTLN 1969 Adventure to be banishèd myself;  
 FTLN 1970 And banishèd I am, if but from thee.  
 FTLN 1971 Go, speak not to me. Even now be gone! 365  
 FTLN 1972 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemned  
 FTLN 1973 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
 FTLN 1974 Loather a hundred times to part than die.

*「They embrace.」*

FTLN 1975 Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1976 Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd, 370  
 FTLN 1977 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.  
 FTLN 1978 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence.  
 FTLN 1979 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 FTLN 1980 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;  
 FTLN 1981 For where thou art, there is the world itself, 375  
 FTLN 1982 With every several pleasure in the world;  
 FTLN 1983 And where thou art not, desolation.  
 FTLN 1984 I can no more. Live thou to joy thy life;  
 FTLN 1985 Myself no joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

*Enter Vaux.*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1986 Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee? 380

FTLN 1987 VAUX To signify unto his Majesty,

FTLN 1988 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
 FTLN 1989 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him  
 FTLN 1990 That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,  
 FTLN 1991 Blaspheming God and cursing men on Earth. 385  
 FTLN 1992 Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
 FTLN 1993 Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King  
 FTLN 1994 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
 FTLN 1995 The secrets of his overchargèd soul.  
 FTLN 1996 And I am sent to tell his Majesty 390  
 FTLN 1997 That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1998 Go, tell this heavy message to the King. *「Vaux」 exits.*



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|                |  |     |
|----------------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1999      | Ay me! What is this world? What news are these!  |     |
| FTLN 2000      | But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,   |     |
| FTLN 2001      | Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?    | 395 |
| FTLN 2002      | Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,         |     |
| FTLN 2003      | And with the southern clouds contend in tears—   |     |
| FTLN 2004      | Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my     |     |
| FTLN 2005      | sorrows'?  |     |
| FTLN 2006      | Now get thee hence. The King, thou know'st, is   | 400 |
| FTLN 2007      | coming;  |     |
| FTLN 2008      | If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.       |     |
| SUFFOLK        |  |     |
| FTLN 2009      | If I depart from thee, I cannot live;            |     |
| FTLN 2010      | And in thy sight to die, what were it else       |     |
| FTLN 2011      | But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?          | 405 |
| FTLN 2012      | Here could I breathe my soul into the air,       |     |
| FTLN 2013      | As mild and gentle as the cradle babe            |     |
| FTLN 2014      | Dying with mother's dug between its lips;        |     |
| FTLN 2015      | Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad    |     |
| FTLN 2016      | And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,      | 410 |
| FTLN 2017      | To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth.     |     |
| FTLN 2018      | So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,     |     |
| FTLN 2019      | Or I should breathe it so into thy body,         |     |
| FTLN 2020      | And then it lived in sweet Elysium.              |     |
| FTLN 2021      | To die by thee were but to die in jest;          | 415 |
| FTLN 2022      | From thee to die were torture more than death.   |     |
| FTLN 2023      | O, let me stay, befall what may befall!          |     |
| QUEEN MARGARET |  |     |
| FTLN 2024      | Away! Though parting be a fretful corrosive,     |     |
| FTLN 2025      | It is applièd to a deathful wound.               |     |
| FTLN 2026      | To France, sweet Suffolk. Let me hear from thee, | 420 |
| FTLN 2027      | For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  |     |
| FTLN 2028      | I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.      |     |
| FTLN 2029      | SUFFOLK    I go.                                 |     |
| FTLN 2030      | QUEEN MARGARET    And take my heart with thee.   |     |
| SUFFOLK        |  |     |
| FTLN 2031      | A jewel locked into the woeful'st cask           | 425 |

FTLN 2032 That ever did contain a thing of worth!  
 FTLN 2033 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we.  
 FTLN 2034 This way fall I to death.  
 FTLN 2035 QUEEN MARGARET This way for me.  
*They exit 「through different doors.」*

「Scene 3」

*Enter King 「Henry,」 Salisbury and Warwick, to the  
 Cardinal in bed, 「raving and staring.」*

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2036 | How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.   |    |
|           | CARDINAL  |    |
| FTLN 2037 | If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure, |    |
| FTLN 2038 | Enough to purchase such another island,                 |    |
| FTLN 2039 | So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.              |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2040 | Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,                     | 5  |
| FTLN 2041 | Where Death's approach is seen so terrible!             |    |
|           | WARWICK   |    |
| FTLN 2042 | Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.           |    |
|           | CARDINAL  |    |
| FTLN 2043 | Bring me unto my trial when you will.                   |    |
| FTLN 2044 | Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?            |    |
| FTLN 2045 | Can I make men live, whe'er they will or no?            | 10 |
| FTLN 2046 | O, torture me no more! I will confess.                  |    |
| FTLN 2047 | Alive again? Then show me where he is.                  |    |
| FTLN 2048 | I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.            |    |
| FTLN 2049 | He hath no eyes! The dust hath blinded them.            |    |
| FTLN 2050 | Comb down his hair. Look, look. It stands upright,      | 15 |
| FTLN 2051 | Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul.            |    |
| FTLN 2052 | Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary              |    |
| FTLN 2053 | Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.           |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2054 | O, Thou eternal mover of the heavens,                   |    |

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|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2055 | Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  | 20 |
| FTLN 2056 | O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  |    |
| FTLN 2057 | That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,   |    |
| FTLN 2058 | And from his bosom purge this black despair!  |    |
|           | WARWICK   |    |
| FTLN 2059 | See how the pangs of death do make him grin!  |    |
|           | SALISBURY   |    |
| FTLN 2060 | Disturb him not. Let him pass peaceably.  | 25 |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2061 | Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—  |    |
| FTLN 2062 | Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  |    |
| FTLN 2063 | Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope.  |    |
|           | <i>「The Cardinal dies.」</i>   |    |
| FTLN 2064 | He dies and makes no sign. O, God forgive him!  |    |
|           | WARWICK   |    |
| FTLN 2065 | So bad a death argues a monstrous life.   | 30 |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2066 | Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.   |    |
| FTLN 2067 | Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,  |    |
| FTLN 2068 | And let us all to meditation.   |    |
|           | <i>「After the curtains are closed around<br/>the bed,」 they exit. 「The bed is removed.」</i> |    |

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## 「ACT 4」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Alarum. 「Offstage」 fight at sea. Ordnance goes off.  
Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, 「captive and in disguise,」  
and Others, 「including a Master, a Master's Mate,  
Walter Whitmore, and Prisoners.」*

#### LIEUTENANT

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2069 | The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day                                     |    |
| FTLN 2070 | Is crept into the bosom of the sea,   |    |
| FTLN 2071 | And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades                                |    |
| FTLN 2072 | That drag the tragic melancholy night,                                      |    |
| FTLN 2073 | Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings                            | 5  |
| FTLN 2074 | Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws                           |    |
| FTLN 2075 | Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.                                |    |
| FTLN 2076 | Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;                            |    |
| FTLN 2077 | For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,                               |    |
| FTLN 2078 | Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,                              | 10 |
| FTLN 2079 | Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.—                           |    |
| FTLN 2080 | Master, this prisoner freely give I thee.—                                  |    |
| FTLN 2081 | And, thou that art his mate, make boot of this.—                            |    |
| FTLN 2082 | The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.                                   |    |
|           | <i>「Three gentlemen prisoners, including Suffolk,<br/>are handed over.」</i> |    |

#### FIRST GENTLEMAN

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2083 | What is my ransom, master? Let me know. | 15 |
|-----------|---|----|

MASTER

FTLN 2084 A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE, *['to the Second Gentleman']*

FTLN 2085 And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2086 What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

FTLN 2087 And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

FTLN 2088 Cut both the villains' throats—for die you shall; 20

FTLN 2089 The lives of those which we have lost in fight

FTLN 2090 Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2091 I'll give it, sir, and therefore spare my life.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2092 And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHITMORE, *['to Suffolk']*

FTLN 2093 I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard, 25

FTLN 2094 And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

FTLN 2095 And so should these, if I might have my will.

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2096 Be not so rash. Take ransom; let him live.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2097 Look on my George; I am a gentleman.

FTLN 2098 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

WHITMORE

FTLN 2099 And so am I. My name is Walter Whitmore.

*['Suffolk starts.']*

FTLN 2100 How now, why starts thou? What, doth death

FTLN 2101 affright?

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2102 Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

FTLN 2103 A cunning man did calculate my birth 35

FTLN 2104 And told me that by water I should die.

FTLN 2105 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

FTLN 2106 Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

WHITMORE

FTLN 2107 Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not.

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2108 | Never yet did base dishonor blur our name          | 40 |
| FTLN 2109 | But with our sword we wiped away the blot.         |    |
| FTLN 2110 | Therefore, when merchantlike I sell revenge,       |    |
| FTLN 2111 | Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,       |    |
| FTLN 2112 | And I proclaimed a coward through the world!       |    |
|           | SUFFOLK  |    |
| FTLN 2113 | Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince,      | 45 |
| FTLN 2114 | The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.           |    |
|           | WHITMORE   |    |
| FTLN 2115 | The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?            |    |
|           | SUFFOLK  |    |
| FTLN 2116 | Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.        |    |
| FTLN 2117 | 「Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not I?」    |    |
|           | LIEUTENANT   |    |
| FTLN 2118 | But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.        | 50 |
|           | 「SUFFOLK」  |    |
| FTLN 2119 | Obscure and lousy swain, King Henry's blood,       |    |
| FTLN 2120 | The honorable blood of Lancaster,                  |    |
| FTLN 2121 | Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.            |    |
| FTLN 2122 | Hast thou not kissed thy hand and held my stirrup? |    |
| FTLN 2123 | Bareheaded plodded by my footcloth mule,           | 55 |
| FTLN 2124 | And thought thee happy when I shook my head?       |    |
| FTLN 2125 | How often hast thou waited at my cup,              |    |
| FTLN 2126 | Fed from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,   |    |
| FTLN 2127 | When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?           |    |
| FTLN 2128 | Remember it, and let it make thee crestfall'n,     | 60 |
| FTLN 2129 | Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.             |    |
| FTLN 2130 | How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood           |    |
| FTLN 2131 | And duly waited for my coming forth?               |    |
| FTLN 2132 | This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,         |    |
| FTLN 2133 | And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.   | 65 |
|           | WHITMORE   |    |
| FTLN 2134 | Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?    |    |
|           | LIEUTENANT   |    |
| FTLN 2135 | First let my words stab him as he hath me.         |    |

SUFFOLK

FTLN 2136 Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2137 Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side,

FTLN 2138 Strike off his head. 70

FTLN 2139 SUFFOLK Thou dar'st not for thy own.

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2140 Yes, Pole.

FTLN 2141 SUFFOLK Pole! 71

FTLN 2142 LIEUTENANT Pole! Sir Pole! Lord!

FTLN 2143 Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt 75

FTLN 2144 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks!

FTLN 2145 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth

FTLN 2146 For swallowing the treasure of the realm.

FTLN 2147 Thy lips that kissed the Queen shall sweep the

FTLN 2148 ground, 80

FTLN 2149 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's

FTLN 2150 death

FTLN 2151 Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

FTLN 2152 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

FTLN 2153 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell 85

FTLN 2154 For daring to affy a mighty lord

FTLN 2155 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

FTLN 2156 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

FTLN 2157 By devilish policy art thou grown great,

FTLN 2158 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged 90

FTLN 2159 With gobbets of thy 'mother's' bleeding heart.

FTLN 2160 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France.

FTLN 2161 The false revolting Normans thorough thee

FTLN 2162 Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

FTLN 2163 Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts, 95

FTLN 2164 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

FTLN 2165 The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,

FTLN 2166 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

FTLN 2167 As hating thee, 'are' rising up in arms.

FTLN 2168 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown 100

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2169 | By shameful murder of a guiltless king              |     |
| FTLN 2170 | And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,              |     |
| FTLN 2171 | Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colors     |     |
| FTLN 2172 | Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,      |     |
| FTLN 2173 | Under the which is writ " <i>Invitis nubibus.</i> " | 105 |
| FTLN 2174 | The commons here in Kent are up in arms,            |     |
| FTLN 2175 | And, to conclude, reproach and beggary              |     |
| FTLN 2176 | Is crept into the palace of our king,               |     |
| FTLN 2177 | And all by thee.—Away! Convey him hence.            |     |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 2178 | O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder        | 110 |
| FTLN 2179 | Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!         |     |
| FTLN 2180 | Small things make base men proud. This villain      |     |
| FTLN 2181 | here,   |     |
| FTLN 2182 | Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more          |     |
| FTLN 2183 | Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.          | 115 |
| FTLN 2184 | Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.    |     |
| FTLN 2185 | It is impossible that I should die                  |     |
| FTLN 2186 | By such a lowly vassal as thyself.                  |     |
| FTLN 2187 | Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.          |     |
| FTLN 2188 | I go of message from the Queen to France.           | 120 |
| FTLN 2189 | I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.     |     |
| FTLN 2190 | LIEUTENANT "Walter."                                |     |
|           | WHITMORE  |     |
| FTLN 2191 | Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.       |     |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 2192 | <i>Paene gelidus timor occupat artus.</i>           |     |
| FTLN 2193 | It is thee I fear.                                  | 125 |
|           | WHITMORE  |     |
| FTLN 2194 | Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.  |     |
| FTLN 2195 | What, are you daunted now? Now will you stoop?      |     |
|           | FIRST GENTLEMAN                                     |     |
| FTLN 2196 | My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him fair.      |     |
|           | SUFFOLK   |     |
| FTLN 2197 | Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,       |     |
| FTLN 2198 | Used to command, untaught to plead for favor.       | 130 |



FTLN 2199 Far be it we should honor such as these  
 FTLN 2200 With humble suit. No, rather let my head  
 FTLN 2201 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any  
 FTLN 2202 Save to the God of heaven and to my king;  
 FTLN 2203 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole 135  
 FTLN 2204 Than stand uncovered to the vulgar groom.  
 FTLN 2205 True nobility is exempt from fear.—  
 FTLN 2206 More can I bear than you dare execute.

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2207 Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

「SUFFOLK」

FTLN 2208 Come, soldiers, show what cruelty you can, 140  
 FTLN 2209 That this my death may never be forgot!  
 FTLN 2210 Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
 FTLN 2211 A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
 FTLN 2212 Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
 FTLN 2213 Stabbed Julius Caesar; savage islanders 145  
 FTLN 2214 Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

*「Walter Whitmore」 exits with  
 Suffolk 「and Others.」*

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2215 And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
 FTLN 2216 It is our pleasure one of them depart.  
 FTLN 2217 「To Second Gentleman.」 Therefore come you with us,  
 FTLN 2218 and let him go. *Lieutenant and the rest exit.* 150  
*The First Gentleman remains.*

*Enter Walter 「Whitmore」 with the body  
 「and severed head of Suffolk.」*

WHITMORE

FTLN 2219 There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
 FTLN 2220 Until the Queen his mistress bury it.  
*Walter 「Whitmore」 exits.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2221 O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
 FTLN 2222 His body will I bear unto the King.

FTLN 2223 If he revenge it not, yet will his friends. 155  
 FTLN 2224 So will the Queen, that living held him dear.  
*He exits with the head and body.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter Bevis and John Holland* 「with staves.

FTLN 2225 BEVIS Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a  
 FTLN 2226 lath. They have been up these two days.  
 FTLN 2227 HOLLAND They have the more need to sleep now, then.  
 FTLN 2228 BEVIS I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress  
 FTLN 2229 the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap 5  
 FTLN 2230 upon it.  
 FTLN 2231 HOLLAND So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I  
 FTLN 2232 say, it was never merry world in England since  
 FTLN 2233 gentlemen came up.  
 FTLN 2234 BEVIS O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in 10  
 FTLN 2235 handicraftsmen.  
 FTLN 2236 HOLLAND The nobility think scorn to go in leather  
 FTLN 2237 aprons.  
 FTLN 2238 BEVIS Nay, more, the King's Council are no good  
 FTLN 2239 workmen. 15  
 FTLN 2240 HOLLAND True, and yet it is said "Labor in thy vocation,"  
 FTLN 2241 which is as much to say as "Let the magistrates  
 FTLN 2242 be laboring men." And therefore should we  
 FTLN 2243 be magistrates.  
 FTLN 2244 BEVIS Thou hast hit it, for there's no better sign of a 20  
 FTLN 2245 brave mind than a hard hand.  
 FTLN 2246 HOLLAND I see them, I see them! There's Best's son, the  
 FTLN 2247 tanner of Wingham—  
 FTLN 2248 BEVIS He shall have the skins of our enemies to make  
 FTLN 2249 dog's leather of. 25  
 FTLN 2250 HOLLAND And Dick the butcher—  
 FTLN 2251 BEVIS Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's  
 FTLN 2252 throat cut like a calf.

|   |                |  |    |
|---|----------------|--|----|
| FTLN 2253   | HOLLAND        | And Smith the weaver.                              |    |
| FTLN 2254   | BEVIS          | Argo, their thread of life is spun.                | 30 |
| FTLN 2255   | HOLLAND        | Come, come, let's fall in with them.               |    |
| <p><i>Drum. Enter Cade, Dick [the] butcher, Smith the weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers, [all with staves.]</i></p> |                |  |    |
| FTLN 2256   | CADE           | We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed           |    |
| FTLN 2257   |                | father—  |    |
| FTLN 2258   | DICK, [aside]  | Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.          |    |
| FTLN 2259   | CADE           | For our enemies shall [fall] before us, inspired   | 35 |
| FTLN 2260   |                | with the spirit of putting down kings and princes— |    |
| FTLN 2261   |                | command silence.                                   |    |
| FTLN 2262   | DICK           | Silence!   |    |
| FTLN 2263   | CADE           | My father was a Mortimer—                          |    |
| FTLN 2264   | DICK, [aside]  | He was an honest man and a good                    | 40 |
| FTLN 2265   |                | bricklayer.  |    |
| FTLN 2266   | CADE           | My mother a Plantagenet—                           |    |
| FTLN 2267   | DICK, [aside]  | I knew her well; she was a midwife.                |    |
| FTLN 2268   | CADE           | My wife descended of the Lacys.                    |    |
| FTLN 2269   | DICK, [aside]  | She was indeed a peddler's daughter, and           | 45 |
| FTLN 2270   |                | sold many laces.                                   |    |
| FTLN 2271   | SMITH, [aside] | But now of late, not able to travel with           |    |
| FTLN 2272   |                | her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.    |    |
| FTLN 2273   | CADE           | Therefore am I of an honorable house.              |    |
| FTLN 2274   | DICK, [aside]  | Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable;           | 50 |
| FTLN 2275   |                | and there was he born, under a hedge, for his      |    |
| FTLN 2276   |                | father had never a house but the cage.             |    |
| FTLN 2277   | CADE           | Valiant I am—                                      |    |
| FTLN 2278   | SMITH, [aside] | He must needs, for beggary is valiant.             |    |
| FTLN 2279   | CADE           | I am able to endure much—                          | 55 |
| FTLN 2280   | DICK, [aside]  | No question of that; for I have seen him           |    |
| FTLN 2281   |                | whipped three market-days together.                |    |
| FTLN 2282   | CADE           | I fear neither sword nor fire.                     |    |
| FTLN 2283   | SMITH, [aside] | He need not fear the sword, for his coat           |    |
| FTLN 2284   |                | is of proof.                                       | 60 |

FTLN 2285 DICK, *aside* But methinks he should stand in fear of  
 FTLN 2286 fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.  
 FTLN 2287 CADE Be brave, then, for your captain is brave and  
 FTLN 2288 vows reformation. There shall be in England seven  
 FTLN 2289 halfpenny loaves sold for a penny. The three-hooped 65  
 FTLN 2290 pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it  
 FTLN 2291 felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in  
 FTLN 2292 common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to  
 FTLN 2293 grass. And when I am king, as king I will be—  
 FTLN 2294 ALL God save your Majesty! 70  
 FTLN 2295 CADE I thank you, good people.—There shall be no  
 FTLN 2296 money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I  
 FTLN 2297 will apparel them all in one livery, that they may  
 FTLN 2298 agree like brothers and worship me their lord.  
 FTLN 2299 DICK The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. 75  
 FTLN 2300 CADE Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable  
 FTLN 2301 thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should  
 FTLN 2302 be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbled  
 FTLN 2303 o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee  
 FTLN 2304 stings, but I say, 'tis the beeswax; for I did but seal 80  
 FTLN 2305 once to a thing, and I was never mine own man  
 FTLN 2306 since. How now? Who's there?

*Enter a Clerk of Chartham, under guard.*

FTLN 2307 SMITH The clerk of Chartham. He can write and read  
 FTLN 2308 and cast account.  
 FTLN 2309 CADE O, monstrous! 85  
 FTLN 2310 SMITH We took him setting of boys' copies.  
 FTLN 2311 CADE Here's a villain!  
 FTLN 2312 SMITH H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.  
 FTLN 2313 CADE Nay, then, he is a conjurer.  
 FTLN 2314 DICK Nay, he can make obligations and write court 90  
 FTLN 2315 hand.  
 FTLN 2316 CADE I am sorry for 't. The man is a proper man, of  
 FTLN 2317 mine honor. Unless I find him guilty, he shall not

FTLN 2318        die.—Come hither, sirrah; I must examine thee.  
 FTLN 2319        What is thy name? 95  
 FTLN 2320    CLERK    Emmanuel.  
 FTLN 2321    DICK    They use to write it on the top of letters.—’Twill  
 FTLN 2322        go hard with you.  
 FTLN 2323    CADE    Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy  
 FTLN 2324        name? Or hast thou a mark to thyself, like ‘an’ 100  
 FTLN 2325        honest, plain-dealing man?  
 FTLN 2326    CLERK    Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought  
 FTLN 2327        up that I can write my name.  
 FTLN 2328    ALL    He hath confessed. Away with him! He’s a villain  
 FTLN 2329        and a traitor. 105  
 FTLN 2330    CADE    Away with him, I say! Hang him with his pen  
 FTLN 2331        and inkhorn about his neck.

*One exits with the Clerk.*

*Enter Michael.*

FTLN 2332    MICHAEL    Where’s our general?  
 FTLN 2333    CADE    Here I am, thou particular fellow.  
 FTLN 2334    MICHAEL    Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his 110  
 FTLN 2335        brother are hard by, with the King’s forces.  
 FTLN 2336    CADE    Stand, villain, stand, or I’ll fell thee down. He  
 FTLN 2337        shall be encountered with a man as good as himself.  
 FTLN 2338        He is but a knight, is he?  
 FTLN 2339    MICHAEL    No. 115  
 FTLN 2340    CADE    To equal him I will make myself a knight  
 FTLN 2341        presently. ‘*He kneels.*’ Rise up Sir John Mortimer.  
 FTLN 2342        ‘*He rises.*’ Now have at him!

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with  
 ‘a Herald,’ Drum, and Soldiers.*

STAFFORD  
 FTLN 2343        Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
 FTLN 2344        Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down! 120  
 FTLN 2345        Home to your cottages; forsake this groom.  
 FTLN 2346        The King is merciful, if you revolt.

BROTHER

FTLN 2347 But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,  
FTLN 2348 If you go forward. Therefore yield, or die.

CADE

FTLN 2349 As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not. 125  
FTLN 2350 It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
FTLN 2351 Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,  
FTLN 2352 For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAFFORD

FTLN 2353 Villain, thy father was a plasterer,  
FTLN 2354 And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not? 130

CADE

FTLN 2355 And Adam was a gardener.

FTLN 2356 BROTHER And what of that?

CADE

FTLN 2357 Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,  
FTLN 2358 Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

FTLN 2359 STAFFORD Ay, sir. 135

CADE

FTLN 2360 By her he had two children at one birth.

FTLN 2361 BROTHER That's false.

CADE

FTLN 2362 Ay, there's the question. But I say 'tis true.  
FTLN 2363 The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
FTLN 2364 Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away, 140  
FTLN 2365 And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
FTLN 2366 Became a bricklayer when he came to age.  
FTLN 2367 His son am I. Deny it if you can.

DICK

FTLN 2368 Nay, 'tis too true. Therefore he shall be king.

FTLN 2369 SMITH Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, 145  
FTLN 2370 and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

FTLN 2371 Therefore deny it not.

STAFFORD

FTLN 2372 And will you credit this base drudge's words,  
FTLN 2373 That speaks he knows not what?

ALL

FTLN 2374     Ay, marry, will we. Therefore get you gone. 150

BROTHER

FTLN 2375     Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

FTLN 2376     CADE    He lies, *aside* for I invented it myself.—Go to,

FTLN 2377     sirrah. Tell the King from me that, for his father's

FTLN 2378     sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to

FTLN 2379     span-counter for French crowns, I am content he 155

FTLN 2380     shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

FTLN 2381     DICK    And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Saye's

FTLN 2382     head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

FTLN 2383     CADE    And good reason: for thereby is England mained

FTLN 2384     and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance 160

FTLN 2385     holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord

FTLN 2386     Saye hath gelded the commonwealth and made it

FTLN 2387     an eunuch; and, more than that, he can speak

FTLN 2388     French, and therefore he is a traitor.

STAFFORD

FTLN 2389     O, gross and miserable ignorance! 165

FTLN 2390     CADE    Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are our

FTLN 2391     enemies. Go to, then, I ask but this: can he that

FTLN 2392     speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good

FTLN 2393     counselor, or no?

FTLN 2394     ALL    No, no, and therefore we'll have his head! 170

BROTHER, *to Stafford*

FTLN 2395     Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

FTLN 2396     Assail them with the army of the King.

STAFFORD

FTLN 2397     Herald, away, and throughout every town

FTLN 2398     Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,

FTLN 2399     That those which fly before the battle ends 175

FTLN 2400     May, even in their wives' and children's sight

FTLN 2401     Be hanged up for example at their doors.—

FTLN 2402     And you that be the King's friends, follow me.

*The Staffords, Soldiers, and Herald exit.*

CADE

FTLN 2403 And you that love the Commons, follow me.  
 FTLN 2404 Now show yourselves men. 'Tis for liberty! 180  
 FTLN 2405 We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;  
 FTLN 2406 Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,  
 FTLN 2407 For they are thrifty, honest men and such  
 FTLN 2408 As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.  
 FTLN 2409 DICK They are all in order and march toward us. 185  
 FTLN 2410 CADE But then are we in order when we are most out  
 FTLN 2411 of order. Come, march forward.

「They exit.」

「Scene 3」

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are  
 slain. Enter Cade and the rest.*

FTLN 2412 CADE Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?  
 FTLN 2413 DICK Here, sir.  
 FTLN 2414 CADE They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and  
 FTLN 2415 thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in  
 FTLN 2416 thine own slaughterhouse. Therefore, thus will I 5  
 FTLN 2417 reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is,  
 FTLN 2418 and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred  
 FTLN 2419 lacking one.  
 FTLN 2420 DICK I desire no more.  
 FTLN 2421 CADE And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This 10  
 FTLN 2422 monument of the victory will I bear. 「He puts on  
 Sir Humphrey Stafford's armor and helmet, or sallet.」  
 FTLN 2423 And the bodies shall be dragged at my horse  
 FTLN 2424 heels till I do come to London, where we will have  
 FTLN 2425 the Mayor's sword borne before us.  
 FTLN 2426 DICK If we mean to thrive and do good, break open 15  
 FTLN 2427 the jails and let out the prisoners.  
 FTLN 2428 CADE Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march  
 FTLN 2429 towards London.

*They exit 「with the bodies of the Staffords.」*



## 「Scene 4」

*Enter King 「Henry,」 with a supplication, and  
Queen 「Margaret」 with Suffolk's head, the Duke  
of Buckingham, and the Lord Saye.*

QUEEN MARGARET, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2430 Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind  
FTLN 2431 And makes it fearful and degenerate.  
FTLN 2432 Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.  
FTLN 2433 But who can cease to weep and look on this?  
FTLN 2434 Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast,  
FTLN 2435 But where's the body that I should embrace?

5

BUCKINGHAM, 「*to King Henry*」

FTLN 2436 What answer makes your Grace to the rebels'  
FTLN 2437 supplication?

KING HENRY

FTLN 2438 I'll send some holy bishop to entreat,  
FTLN 2439 For God forbid so many simple souls  
FTLN 2440 Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
FTLN 2441 Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
FTLN 2442 Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.  
FTLN 2443 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

「*He reads.*」

10

QUEEN MARGARET, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2444 Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face  
FTLN 2445 Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
FTLN 2446 And could it not enforce them to relent  
FTLN 2447 That were unworthy to behold the same?

15

KING HENRY

FTLN 2448 Lord Saye, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAYE

FTLN 2449 Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

20

FTLN 2450 KING HENRY How now, madam?

FTLN 2451 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
FTLN 2452 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
FTLN 2453 Thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2454 No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee. 25

*Enter a Messenger.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2455 How now, what news? Why com'st thou in such  
FTLN 2456 haste?

MESSENGER

FTLN 2457 The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!  
FTLN 2458 Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
FTLN 2459 Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house, 30  
FTLN 2460 And calls your Grace usurper, openly,  
FTLN 2461 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
FTLN 2462 His army is a ragged multitude  
FTLN 2463 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.  
FTLN 2464 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death 35  
FTLN 2465 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.  
FTLN 2466 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen  
FTLN 2467 They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2468 O, graceless men, they know not what they do!

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2469 My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth 40  
FTLN 2470 Until a power be raised to put them down.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2471 Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
FTLN 2472 These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

FTLN 2473 KING HENRY Lord Saye, the traitors hateth thee;  
FTLN 2474 Therefore away with us to Killingworth. 45

SAYE

FTLN 2475 So might your Grace's person be in danger.  
FTLN 2476 The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
FTLN 2477 And therefore in this city will I stay  
FTLN 2478 And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

「SECOND」 MESSENGER

FTLN 2479 Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge. 50  
 FTLN 2480 The citizens fly and forsake their houses.  
 FTLN 2481 The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
 FTLN 2482 Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
 FTLN 2483 To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2484 Then linger not, my lord. Away! Take horse! 55

KING HENRY

FTLN 2485 Come, Margaret. God, our hope, will succor us.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2486 My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

KING HENRY, 「to Saye」

FTLN 2487 Farewell, my lord. Trust not the Kentish rebels.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2488 Trust nobody, for fear you 「be」 betrayed.

SAYE

FTLN 2489 The trust I have is in mine innocence, 60  
 FTLN 2490 And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*They exit.*

「Scene 5」

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enters  
 two or three Citizens below.*

FTLN 2491 SCALES How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

FTLN 2492 FIRST CITIZEN No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for  
 FTLN 2493 they have won the Bridge, killing all those that  
 FTLN 2494 withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of  
 FTLN 2495 your Honor from the Tower to defend the city 5  
 FTLN 2496 from the rebels.

SCALES

FTLN 2497 Such aid as I can spare you shall command;  
 FTLN 2498 But I am troubled here with them myself:  
 FTLN 2499 The rebels have essayed to win the Tower.

FTLN 2500 But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10  
 FTLN 2501 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.  
 FTLN 2502 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives.  
 FTLN 2503 And so farewell, for I must hence again.

*They exit.*

「Scene 6」

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on  
 London Stone.*

FTLN 2504 CADE Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting  
 FTLN 2505 upon London Stone, I charge and command  
 FTLN 2506 that, of the city's cost, the Pissing Conduit run  
 FTLN 2507 nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.  
 FTLN 2508 And now henceforward it shall be treason for any 5  
 FTLN 2509 that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier running.*

FTLN 2510 SOLDIER Jack Cade, Jack Cade!  
 FTLN 2511 CADE Knock him down there. *They kill him.*  
 FTLN 2512 DICK If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack  
 FTLN 2513 Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

*「Takes a paper from the dead Soldier and  
 reads the message.」*

FTLN 2514 My lord, there's an army gathered together in  
 FTLN 2515 Smithfield.  
 FTLN 2516 CADE Come, then, let's go fight with them. But first, go  
 FTLN 2517 and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can,  
 FTLN 2518 burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. 15  
*All exit.*

## 「Scene 7」

*Alarums. Matthew Gough is slain, and all the rest.*

*Then enter Jack Cade with his company.*

|           |                           |   |    |
|-----------|---------------------------|---|----|
| FTLN 2519 | CADE                      | So, sirs. Now go some and pull down the Savoy;      |    |
| FTLN 2520 |                           | others to th' Inns of Court. Down with them all!    |    |
| FTLN 2521 | DICK                      | I have a suit unto your Lordship.                   |    |
| FTLN 2522 | CADE                      | Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word. |    |
| FTLN 2523 | DICK                      | Only that the laws of England may come out of       | 5  |
| FTLN 2524 |                           | your mouth.   |    |
| FTLN 2525 | HOLLAND, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Mass, 'twill be sore law, then, for he              |    |
| FTLN 2526 |                           | was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not  |    |
| FTLN 2527 |                           | whole yet.  |    |
| FTLN 2528 | SMITH, 「 <i>aside</i> 」   | Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for             | 10 |
| FTLN 2529 |                           | his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.       |    |
| FTLN 2530 | CADE                      | I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away!       |    |
| FTLN 2531 |                           | Burn all the records of the realm. My mouth shall   |    |
| FTLN 2532 |                           | be the Parliament of England.                       |    |
| FTLN 2533 | HOLLAND, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 | Then we are like to have biting                     | 15 |
| FTLN 2534 |                           | statutes—unless his teeth be pulled out.            |    |
| FTLN 2535 | CADE                      | And henceforward all things shall be in             |    |
| FTLN 2536 |                           | common.   |    |

*Enter a Messenger.*

|           |           |   |    |
|-----------|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2537 | MESSENGER | My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord    |    |
| FTLN 2538 |           | Saye, which sold the towns in France, he that | 20 |
| FTLN 2539 |           | made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one  |    |
| FTLN 2540 |           | shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.      |    |

*Enter George with the Lord Saye.*

|           |      |   |    |
|-----------|------|---|----|
| FTLN 2541 | CADE | Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah,  |    |
| FTLN 2542 |      | thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord, now |    |
| FTLN 2543 |      | art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction   | 25 |
| FTLN 2544 |      | regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for   |    |
| FTLN 2545 |      | giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu,     |    |
| FTLN 2546 |      | the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by   |    |

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2547 | these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer,        |    |
| FTLN 2548 | that I am the besom that must sweep the                    | 30 |
| FTLN 2549 | court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast           |    |
| FTLN 2550 | most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm         |    |
| FTLN 2551 | in erecting a grammar school; and whereas,                 |    |
| FTLN 2552 | before, our forefathers had no other books but the         |    |
| FTLN 2553 | score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be       | 35 |
| FTLN 2554 | used, and, contrary to the King his crown and dignity,     |    |
| FTLN 2555 | thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved            |    |
| FTLN 2556 | to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually     |    |
| FTLN 2557 | talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable              |    |
| FTLN 2558 | words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.              | 40 |
| FTLN 2559 | Thou hast appointed justices of peace to call poor         |    |
| FTLN 2560 | men before them about matters they were not able           |    |
| FTLN 2561 | to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison;         |    |
| FTLN 2562 | and, because they could not read, thou hast                |    |
| FTLN 2563 | hanged them, when indeed only for that cause               | 45 |
| FTLN 2564 | they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride         |    |
| FTLN 2565 | ‘on’ a footcloth, dost thou not?                           |    |
| FTLN 2566 | SAYE What of that?   |    |
| FTLN 2567 | CADE Marry, thou oughtst not to let thy horse wear a       |    |
| FTLN 2568 | cloak when honest men than thou go in their                | 50 |
| FTLN 2569 | hose and doublets.   |    |
| FTLN 2570 | DICK And work in their shirt too—as myself, for example,   |    |
| FTLN 2571 | that am a butcher.   |    |
| FTLN 2572 | SAYE You men of Kent—                                      |    |
| FTLN 2573 | DICK What say you of Kent?                                 | 55 |
| FTLN 2574 | SAYE Nothing but this: ’tis <i>bona terra, mala gens</i> . |    |
| FTLN 2575 | CADE Away with him, away with him! He speaks               |    |
| FTLN 2576 | Latin.   |    |
| FTLN 2577 | SAYE   |    |
| FTLN 2578 | Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.             |    |
| FTLN 2579 | Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,                     | 60 |
| FTLN 2580 | Is termed the civil’st place of all this isle.             |    |
| FTLN 2581 | Sweet is the country, because full of riches;              |    |
| FTLN 2581 | The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;              |    |

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2582 | Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.            |    |
| FTLN 2583 | I sold not Maine; I lost not Normandy;                   | 65 |
| FTLN 2584 | Yet to recover them would lose my life.                  |    |
| FTLN 2585 | Justice with favor have I always done;                   |    |
| FTLN 2586 | Prayers and tears have moved me; gifts could never.      |    |
| FTLN 2587 | When have I aught exacted at your hands                  |    |
| FTLN 2588 | Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and you?          | 70 |
| FTLN 2589 | Large gifts have I bestowed on learnèd clerks,           |    |
| FTLN 2590 | Because my book preferred me to the King.                |    |
| FTLN 2591 | And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,                |    |
| FTLN 2592 | Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,           |    |
| FTLN 2593 | Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,           | 75 |
| FTLN 2594 | You cannot but forbear to murder me.                     |    |
| FTLN 2595 | This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings             |    |
| FTLN 2596 | For your behoof—   |    |
| FTLN 2597 | CADE Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?     |    |
|           | SAYE   |    |
| FTLN 2598 | Great men have reaching hands. Oft have I struck         | 80 |
| FTLN 2599 | Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.            |    |
| FTLN 2600 | GEORGE O monstrous coward! What, to come behind          |    |
| FTLN 2601 | folks?   |    |
|           | SAYE   |    |
| FTLN 2602 | These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.        |    |
| FTLN 2603 | CADE Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em   | 85 |
| FTLN 2604 | red again.   |    |
|           | SAYE   |    |
| FTLN 2605 | Long sitting to determine poor men's causes              |    |
| FTLN 2606 | Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.              |    |
| FTLN 2607 | CADE You shall have a hempen 'caudle,' then, and         |    |
| FTLN 2608 | the help of hatchet.                                     | 90 |
| FTLN 2609 | DICK Why dost thou quiver, man?                          |    |
| FTLN 2610 | SAYE The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.               |    |
| FTLN 2611 | CADE Nay, he nods at us, as who should say "I'll be      |    |
| FTLN 2612 | even with you." I'll see if his head will stand steadier |    |
| FTLN 2613 | on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead              | 95 |
| FTLN 2614 | him.   |    |

SAYE

FTLN 2615 Tell me, wherein have I offended most?  
 FTLN 2616 Have I affected wealth or honor? Speak.  
 FTLN 2617 Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?  
 FTLN 2618 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? 100  
 FTLN 2619 Whom have I injured, that you seek my death?  
 FTLN 2620 These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,  
 FTLN 2621 This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.  
 FTLN 2622 O, let me live!

FTLN 2623 CADE I feel remorse in myself with his words, but I'll 105  
 FTLN 2624 bridle it. He shall die, an it be but for pleading so  
 FTLN 2625 well for his life. Away with him! He has a familiar  
 FTLN 2626 under his tongue; he speaks not i' God's name. Go,  
 FTLN 2627 take him away, I say, and strike off his head  
 FTLN 2628 presently; and then break into his son-in-law's 110  
 FTLN 2629 house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head;  
 FTLN 2630 and bring them both upon two poles hither.

FTLN 2631 ALL It shall be done.

SAYE

FTLN 2632 Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers,  
 FTLN 2633 God should be so obdurate as yourselves, 115  
 FTLN 2634 How would it fare with your departed souls?  
 FTLN 2635 And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

FTLN 2636 CADE Away with him, and do as I command you.

*Some exit with Lord Saye.*

FTLN 2637 The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a  
 FTLN 2638 head on his shoulders unless he pay me tribute. 120  
 FTLN 2639 There shall not a maid be married but she shall  
 FTLN 2640 pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men  
 FTLN 2641 shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command  
 FTLN 2642 that their wives be as free as heart can wish  
 FTLN 2643 or tongue can tell. 125

FTLN 2644 DICK My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take  
 FTLN 2645 up commodities upon our bills?

FTLN 2646 CADE Marry, presently.

FTLN 2647 ALL O, brave!



*Enter one with the heads 「of Lord Saye and Sir James  
Cromer on poles.」*

|           |      |   |     |
|-----------|------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2648 | CADE | But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another,        | 130 |
| FTLN 2649 |      | for they loved well when they were alive. 「 <i>The</i>    |     |
| FTLN 2650 |      | <i>heads are brought together.</i> 」 Now part them again, |     |
| FTLN 2651 |      | lest they consult about the giving up of some more        |     |
| FTLN 2652 |      | towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the         |     |
| FTLN 2653 |      | city until night, for, with these borne before us         | 135 |
| FTLN 2654 |      | instead of maces, will we ride through the streets        |     |
| FTLN 2655 |      | and at every corner have them kiss. Away!                 |     |
|           |      | <i>He exits 「with his company.」</i>                       |     |

「Scene 8」

*Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade and  
all his rabblement.*

|           |      |   |   |
|-----------|------|---|---|
| FTLN 2656 | CADE | Up Fish Street! Down Saint Magnus' Corner!        |   |
| FTLN 2657 |      | Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!      |   |
|           |      | <i>Sound a parley.</i>                            |   |
| FTLN 2658 |      | What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to |   |
| FTLN 2659 |      | sound retreat or parley when I command them       |   |
| FTLN 2660 |      | kill?   | 5 |

*Enter Buckingham and old Clifford 「with Attendants.」*

BUCKINGHAM

|           |  |   |    |
|-----------|--|---|----|
| FTLN 2661 |  | Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee. |    |
| FTLN 2662 |  | Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King     |    |
| FTLN 2663 |  | Unto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,          |    |
| FTLN 2664 |  | And here pronounce free pardon to them all        |    |
| FTLN 2665 |  | That will forsake thee and go home in peace.      | 10 |

CLIFFORD

|           |  |  |  |
|-----------|--|--|--|
| FTLN 2666 |  | What say you, countrymen? Will you relent    |  |
| FTLN 2667 |  | And yield to mercy whil'st 'tis offered you, |  |
| FTLN 2668 |  | Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?     |  |

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2669 | Who loves the King and will embrace his pardon,        |    |
| FTLN 2670 | Fling up his cap and say "God save his Majesty!"       | 15 |
| FTLN 2671 | Who hateth him and honors not his father,              |    |
| FTLN 2672 | Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,        |    |
| FTLN 2673 | Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.                 |    |
| FTLN 2674 | ALL God save the King! God save the King!              |    |
|           | <i>They fling their caps in the air.</i>               |    |
| FTLN 2675 | CADE What, Buckingham and Clifford, are you so         | 20 |
| FTLN 2676 | brave?—And, you base peasants, do you believe          |    |
| FTLN 2677 | him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons        |    |
| FTLN 2678 | about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke        |    |
| FTLN 2679 | through London gates, that you should leave me at      |    |
| FTLN 2680 | the White Hart in Southwark? I thought you             | 25 |
| FTLN 2681 | would never have given out these arms till you had     |    |
| FTLN 2682 | recovered your ancient freedom. But you are all        |    |
| FTLN 2683 | recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery |    |
| FTLN 2684 | to the nobility. Let them break your backs with        |    |
| FTLN 2685 | burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish      | 30 |
| FTLN 2686 | your wives and daughters before your faces. For        |    |
| FTLN 2687 | me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse      |    |
| FTLN 2688 | light upon you all!                                    |    |
| FTLN 2689 | ALL We'll follow Cade! We'll follow Cade!              |    |
| FTLN 2690 | CLIFFORD Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,           | 35 |
| FTLN 2691 | That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?           |    |
| FTLN 2692 | Will he conduct you through the heart of France        |    |
| FTLN 2693 | And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?           |    |
| FTLN 2694 | Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to,             |    |
| FTLN 2695 | Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,             | 40 |
| FTLN 2696 | Unless by robbing of your friends and us.              |    |
| FTLN 2697 | Were 't not a shame that, whilst you live at jar,      |    |
| FTLN 2698 | The fearful French, whom you late vanquishèd,          |    |
| FTLN 2699 | Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?        |    |
| FTLN 2700 | Methinks already in this civil broil                   | 45 |
| FTLN 2701 | I see them lording it in London streets,               |    |
| FTLN 2702 | Crying " <i>Villiago!</i> " unto all they meet.        |    |
| FTLN 2703 | Better ten thousand baseborn Cades miscarry            |    |

FTLN 2704 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
 FTLN 2705 To France, to France, and get what you have lost! 50  
 FTLN 2706 Spare England, for it is your native coast.  
 FTLN 2707 Henry hath money; you are strong and manly.  
 FTLN 2708 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL

FTLN 2709 À Clifford! À Clifford! We'll follow the King and  
 FTLN 2710 Clifford! 55

FTLN 2711 CADE, *aside* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and  
 FTLN 2712 fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth  
 FTLN 2713 hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes  
 FTLN 2714 them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads  
 FTLN 2715 together to surprise me. My sword make way for 60  
 FTLN 2716 me, for here is no staying!—In despite of the devils  
 FTLN 2717 and hell, have through the very midst of you!  
 FTLN 2718 And heavens and honor be witness that no want of  
 FTLN 2719 resolution in me, but only my followers' base and  
 FTLN 2720 ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my 65  
 FTLN 2721 heels. *He exits, running.*

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2722 What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him;  
 FTLN 2723 And he that brings his head unto the King  
 FTLN 2724 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.  
*Some of them exit.*  
 FTLN 2725 Follow me, soldiers. We'll devise a means 70  
 FTLN 2726 To reconcile you all unto the King.  
*All exit.*

Scene 9

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,  
 and Somerset on the terrace, aloft.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2727 Was ever king that joyed an earthly throne  
 FTLN 2728 And could command no more content than I?

FTLN 2729 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
 FTLN 2730 But I was made a king at nine months old.  
 FTLN 2731 Was never subject longed to be a king 5  
 FTLN 2732 As I do long and wish to be a subject!

*Enter Buckingham and 'old' Clifford.*

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2733 Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

KING HENRY

FTLN 2734 Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised,  
 FTLN 2735 Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter 'below' multitudes with halters about their necks.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 2736 He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield 10  
 FTLN 2737 And, humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
 FTLN 2738 Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2739 Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates  
 FTLN 2740 To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
 FTLN 2741 Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives 15  
 FTLN 2742 And showed how well you love your prince and  
 FTLN 2743 country.

FTLN 2744 Continue still in this so good a mind,  
 FTLN 2745 And Henry, though he be infortunate,  
 FTLN 2746 Assure yourselves, will never be unkind. 20  
 FTLN 2747 And so with thanks and pardon to you all,  
 FTLN 2748 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

FTLN 2749 ALL God save the King! God save the King!

*'The multitudes exit.'*

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 2750 Please it your Grace to be advertised  
 FTLN 2751 The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland 25  
 FTLN 2752 And, with a puissant and a mighty power

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2753 | Of gallowglasses and stout kerns,                  |    |
| FTLN 2754 | Is marching hitherward in proud array,             |    |
| FTLN 2755 | And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,          |    |
| FTLN 2756 | His arms are only to remove from thee              | 30 |
| FTLN 2757 | The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.     |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 2758 | Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York         |    |
| FTLN 2759 | distressed,  |    |
| FTLN 2760 | Like to a ship that, having scaped a tempest,      |    |
| FTLN 2761 | Is straightway 'calmed' and boarded with a pirate. | 35 |
| FTLN 2762 | But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,    |    |
| FTLN 2763 | And now is York in arms to second him.             |    |
| FTLN 2764 | I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,          |    |
| FTLN 2765 | And ask him what's the reason of these arms.       |    |
| FTLN 2766 | Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower.—      | 40 |
| FTLN 2767 | And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither         |    |
| FTLN 2768 | Until his army be dismissed from him.              |    |
| FTLN 2769 | SOMERSET My lord,                                  |    |
| FTLN 2770 | I'll yield myself to prison willingly,             |    |
| FTLN 2771 | Or unto death, to do my country good.              | 45 |
|           | KING HENRY, 'to Buckingham'                        |    |
| FTLN 2772 | In any case, be not too rough in terms,            |    |
| FTLN 2773 | For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.   |    |
|           | BUCKINGHAM   |    |
| FTLN 2774 | I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal          |    |
| FTLN 2775 | As all things shall redound unto your good.        |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 2776 | Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,  | 50 |
| FTLN 2777 | For yet may England curse my wretched reign.       |    |
|           | <i>Flourish. They exit.</i>                        |    |

## [Scene 10]

*Enter Cade.*

|           |      |  |    |
|-----------|------|--|----|
| FTLN 2778 | CADE | Fie on ambitions! Fie on myself, that have a             |    |
| FTLN 2779 |      | sword and yet am ready to famish! These five days        |    |
| FTLN 2780 |      | have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep          |    |
| FTLN 2781 |      | out, for all the country is laid for me. But now am      |    |
| FTLN 2782 |      | I so hungry that, if I might have a lease of my life     | 5  |
| FTLN 2783 |      | for a thousand years, I could stay no longer.            |    |
| FTLN 2784 |      | Wherefore, [o'er] a brick wall have I climbed into       |    |
| FTLN 2785 |      | this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet |    |
| FTLN 2786 |      | another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's        |    |
| FTLN 2787 |      | stomach this hot weather. And I think this word          | 10 |
| FTLN 2788 |      | sallet was born to do me good; for many a time,          |    |
| FTLN 2789 |      | but for a sallet, my brainpan had been cleft with a      |    |
| FTLN 2790 |      | brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry        |    |
| FTLN 2791 |      | and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of       |    |
| FTLN 2792 |      | a quart pot to drink in; and now the word sallet         | 15 |
| FTLN 2793 |      | must serve me to feed on.                                |    |

*Enter Iden [and his Men.]*

IDEN

|           |               |   |    |
|-----------|---------------|---|----|
| FTLN 2794 |               | Lord, who would live turmoilèd in the court         |    |
| FTLN 2795 |               | And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?            |    |
| FTLN 2796 |               | This small inheritance my father left me            |    |
| FTLN 2797 |               | Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.                | 20 |
| FTLN 2798 |               | I seek not to wax great by others' [waning,]        |    |
| FTLN 2799 |               | Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy.        |    |
| FTLN 2800 |               | Sufficeth that I have maintains my state            |    |
| FTLN 2801 |               | And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.       |    |
| FTLN 2802 | CADE, [aside] | Here's the lord of the soil come to seize           | 25 |
| FTLN 2803 |               | me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without |    |
| FTLN 2804 |               | leave.—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me and get a   |    |
| FTLN 2805 |               | thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head     |    |
| FTLN 2806 |               | to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich |    |

FTLN 2807 and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou 30  
 FTLN 2808 and I part. *「He draws his sword.」*

IDEN

FTLN 2809 Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,  
 FTLN 2810 I know thee not. Why, then, should I betray thee?  
 FTLN 2811 Is 't not enough to break into my garden  
 FTLN 2812 And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, 35  
 FTLN 2813 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
 FTLN 2814 But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?  
 FTLN 2815 CADE Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood that ever was  
 FTLN 2816 broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I  
 FTLN 2817 have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou 40  
 FTLN 2818 and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as  
 FTLN 2819 dead as a doornail, I pray God I may never eat  
 FTLN 2820 grass more.

IDEN

FTLN 2821 Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
 FTLN 2822 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, 45  
 FTLN 2823 Took odds to combat a poor famished man.  
 FTLN 2824 Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine;  
 FTLN 2825 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
 FTLN 2826 Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
 FTLN 2827 Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, 50  
 FTLN 2828 Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon.  
 FTLN 2829 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
 FTLN 2830 And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,  
 FTLN 2831 Thy grave is digged already in the earth.  
 FTLN 2832 As for words, whose greatness answers words, 55  
 FTLN 2833 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*「He draws his sword.」*

FTLN 2834 CADE By my valor, the most complete champion that  
 FTLN 2835 ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge or cut not  
 FTLN 2836 out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere  
 FTLN 2837 thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *「God」* on my 60  
 FTLN 2838 knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.

*(Here they fight, 「and Cade falls.」)*

FTLN 2839 O, I am slain! Famine, and no other, hath slain me.  
 FTLN 2840 Let ten thousand devils come against me, and give  
 FTLN 2841 me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them  
 FTLN 2842 all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying 65  
 FTLN 2843 place to all that do dwell in this house, because the  
 FTLN 2844 unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN

FTLN 2845 Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?  
 FTLN 2846 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
 FTLN 2847 And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead. 70  
 FTLN 2848 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,  
 FTLN 2849 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat  
 FTLN 2850 To emblaze the honor that thy master got.

FTLN 2851 CADE Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell  
 FTLN 2852 Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and 75  
 FTLN 2853 exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never  
 FTLN 2854 feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor.

*Dies.*

IDEN

FTLN 2855 How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge!  
 FTLN 2856 Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!  
 FTLN 2857 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, 80  
 FTLN 2858 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
 FTLN 2859 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
 FTLN 2860 Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
 FTLN 2861 And there cut off thy most ungracious head,  
 FTLN 2862 Which I will bear in triumph to the King, 85  
 FTLN 2863 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

*He exits 「with his Men, dragging Cade's body.」*



## 「ACT 5」

---

### 「Scene 1」

*Enter York, 「wearing the white rose,」 and his army of Irish, with 「Attendants,」 Drum and Colors.*

YORK

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2864 | From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right           |    |
| FTLN 2865 | And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.             |    |
| FTLN 2866 | Ring, bells, aloud! Burn, bonfires, clear and bright      |    |
| FTLN 2867 | To entertain great England's lawful king!                 |    |
| FTLN 2868 | Ah, <i>sancta maiestas</i> , who would not buy thee dear? | 5  |
| FTLN 2869 | Let them obey that knows not how to rule.                 |    |
| FTLN 2870 | This hand was made to handle naught but gold.             |    |
| FTLN 2871 | I cannot give due action to my words                      |    |
| FTLN 2872 | Except a sword or scepter balance it.                     |    |
| FTLN 2873 | A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,                   | 10 |
| FTLN 2874 | On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.           |    |

*Enter Buckingham, 「wearing the red rose.」*

|           |   |  |
|-----------|---|--|
| FTLN 2875 | 「 <i>Aside.</i> 」 Whom have we here? Buckingham, to |  |
| FTLN 2876 | disturb me?   |  |
| FTLN 2877 | The King hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.     |  |

BUCKINGHAM

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2878 | York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. | 15 |
|-----------|--|----|

YORK

|           |  |  |
|-----------|--|--|
| FTLN 2879 | Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. |  |
| FTLN 2880 | Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?     |  |

BUCKINGHAM

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2881 | A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,         |    |
| FTLN 2882 | To know the reason of these arms in peace;       |    |
| FTLN 2883 | Or why thou, being a subject as I am,            | 20 |
| FTLN 2884 | Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,      |    |
| FTLN 2885 | Should raise so great a power without his leave, |    |
| FTLN 2886 | Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.    |    |

YORK, *aside*

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2887 | Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.    |    |
| FTLN 2888 | O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, | 25 |
| FTLN 2889 | I am so angry at these abject terms!          |    |
| FTLN 2890 | And now, like Ajax Telamonius,                |    |
| FTLN 2891 | On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.       |    |
| FTLN 2892 | I am far better born than is the King,        |    |
| FTLN 2893 | More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts. | 30 |
| FTLN 2894 | But I must make fair weather yet awhile,      |    |
| FTLN 2895 | Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—   |    |
| FTLN 2896 | Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,             |    |
| FTLN 2897 | That I have given no answer all this while.   |    |
| FTLN 2898 | My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.    | 35 |
| FTLN 2899 | The cause why I have brought this army hither |    |
| FTLN 2900 | Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,    |    |
| FTLN 2901 | Seditious to his Grace and to the state.      |    |

BUCKINGHAM

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2902 | That is too much presumption on thy part. |    |
| FTLN 2903 | But if thy arms be to no other end,       | 40 |
| FTLN 2904 | The King hath yielded unto thy demand:    |    |
| FTLN 2905 | The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.     |    |

YORK

|           |                                   |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|
| FTLN 2906 | Upon thine honor, is he prisoner? |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|

BUCKINGHAM

|           |                                  |
|-----------|----------------------------------|
| FTLN 2907 | Upon mine honor, he is prisoner. |
|-----------|----------------------------------|

YORK

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2908 | Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—      | 45 |
| FTLN 2909 | Soldiers, I thank you all. Disperse yourselves. |    |

FTLN 2910 Meet me tomorrow in Saint George's field;  
 FTLN 2911 You shall have pay and everything you wish.

*「Soldiers exit.」*

FTLN 2912 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
 FTLN 2913 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, 50  
 FTLN 2914 As pledges of my fealty and love;  
 FTLN 2915 I'll send them all as willing as I live.  
 FTLN 2916 Lands, goods, horse, armor, anything I have  
 FTLN 2917 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2918 York, I commend this kind submission. 55  
 FTLN 2919 We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

*「They walk arm in arm.」*

*Enter King 「Henry」 and Attendants.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2920 Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us  
 FTLN 2921 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK

FTLN 2922 In all submission and humility  
 FTLN 2923 York doth present himself unto your Highness. 60

KING HENRY

FTLN 2924 Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

YORK

FTLN 2925 To heave the traitor Somerset from hence  
 FTLN 2926 And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,  
 FTLN 2927 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter Iden, with Cade's head.*

IDEN

FTLN 2928 If one so rude and of so mean condition 65  
 FTLN 2929 May pass into the presence of a king,  
 FTLN 2930 Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,  
 FTLN 2931 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2932 The head of Cade? Great God, how just art Thou!

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2933 | O, let me view his visage, being dead,                                     | 70 |
| FTLN 2934 | That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.                             |    |
| FTLN 2935 | Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?                        |    |
| FTLN 2936 | IDEN I was, an 't like your Majesty.                                       |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 2937 | How art thou called? And what is thy degree?                               |    |
|           | IDEN   |    |
| FTLN 2938 | Alexander Iden, that's my name,  | 75 |
| FTLN 2939 | A poor esquire of Kent that loves his king.                                |    |
|           | BUCKINGHAM   |    |
| FTLN 2940 | So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss                                |    |
| FTLN 2941 | He were created knight for his good service.                               |    |
|           | KING HENRY   |    |
| FTLN 2942 | Iden, kneel down. <i>「He kneels.」</i> Rise up a knight. <i>「He rises.」</i> |    |
| FTLN 2943 | We give thee for reward a thousand marks,                                  | 80 |
| FTLN 2944 | And will that thou henceforth attend on us.                                |    |
|           | IDEN   |    |
| FTLN 2945 | May Iden live to merit such a bounty,                                      |    |
| FTLN 2946 | And never live but true unto his liege!                                    |    |
|           | <i>Enter Queen 「Margaret」 and Somerset,<br/>「wearing the red rose.」</i>    |    |
|           | KING HENRY, <i>「aside to Buckingham」</i>                                   |    |
| FTLN 2947 | See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queen.                            |    |
| FTLN 2948 | Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.                                 | 85 |
|           | <i>「Buckingham whispers to the Queen.」</i>                                 |    |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET   |    |
| FTLN 2949 | For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,                             |    |
| FTLN 2950 | But boldly stand and front him to his face.                                |    |
|           | YORK, <i>「aside」</i>   |    |
| FTLN 2951 | How now? Is Somerset at liberty?   |    |
| FTLN 2952 | Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,                          |    |
| FTLN 2953 | And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.                                | 90 |
| FTLN 2954 | Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—                                     |    |
| FTLN 2955 | False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,                            |    |

|                                 |   |     |
|---------------------------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2956                       | Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?                 |     |
| FTLN 2957                       | “King” did I call thee? No, thou art not king,        |     |
| FTLN 2958                       | Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,                | 95  |
| FTLN 2959                       | Which dar’st not—no, nor canst not—rule a traitor.    |     |
| FTLN 2960                       | That head of thine doth not become a crown;           |     |
| FTLN 2961                       | Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer’s staff,           |     |
| FTLN 2962                       | And not to grace an awful princely scepter.           |     |
| FTLN 2963                       | That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,      | 100 |
| FTLN 2964                       | Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles’ spear,       |     |
| FTLN 2965                       | Is able with the change to kill and cure.             |     |
| FTLN 2966                       | Here is a hand to hold a scepter up                   |     |
| FTLN 2967                       | And with the same to act controlling laws.            |     |
| FTLN 2968                       | Give place. By heaven, thou shalt rule no more        | 105 |
| FTLN 2969                       | O’er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.           |     |
| SOMERSET                        |   |     |
| FTLN 2970                       | O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,             |     |
| FTLN 2971                       | Of capital treason ’gainst the King and crown.        |     |
| FTLN 2972                       | Obey, audacious traitor. Kneel for grace.             |     |
| YORK                            |   |     |
| FTLN 2973                       | Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of “these”    | 110 |
| FTLN 2974                       | If they can brook I bow a knee to man.                |     |
| FTLN 2975                       | “To an Attendant.” Sirrah, call in my “sons” to be my |     |
| FTLN 2976                       | bail. “Attendant exits.”                              |     |
| FTLN 2977                       | I know, ere they will have me go to ward,             |     |
| FTLN 2978                       | They’ll pawn their swords “for” my enfranchisement.   | 115 |
| QUEEN MARGARET, “to Buckingham” |   |     |
| FTLN 2979                       | Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,             |     |
| FTLN 2980                       | To say if that the bastard boys of York               |     |
| FTLN 2981                       | Shall be the surety for their traitor father.         |     |
|                                 | “Buckingham exits.”                                   |     |
| YORK, “to Queen Margaret”       |   |     |
| FTLN 2982                       | O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,                        |     |
| FTLN 2983                       | Outcast of Naples, England’s bloody scourge!          | 120 |
| FTLN 2984                       | The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,         |     |
| FTLN 2985                       | Shall be their father’s bail, and bane to those       |     |
| FTLN 2986                       | That for my surety will refuse the boys.              |     |

*Enter 'York's sons' Edward and Richard,  
'wearing the white rose.'*

FTLN 2987 See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it  
FTLN 2988 good. 125

*Enter 'old' Clifford 'and his Son, wearing the red rose.'*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2989 And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIFFORD, *'kneeling before King Henry'*

FTLN 2990 Health and all happiness to my lord the King.

*'He rises.'*

YORK

FTLN 2991 I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what news with thee?

FTLN 2992 Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.

FTLN 2993 We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again. 130

FTLN 2994 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 2995 This is my king, York; I do not mistake,

FTLN 2996 But thou mistakes me much to think I do.—

FTLN 2997 To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

KING HENRY

FTLN 2998 Ay, Clifford, a bedlam and ambitious humor 135

FTLN 2999 Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3000 He is a traitor. Let him to the Tower,

FTLN 3001 And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 3002 He is arrested, but will not obey.

FTLN 3003 His sons, he says, shall give their words for him. 140

FTLN 3004 YORK Will you not, sons?

EDWARD

FTLN 3005 Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICHARD

FTLN 3006 And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3007 Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

YORK

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3008 | Look in a glass, and call thy image so.                      | 145 |
| FTLN 3009 | I am thy king and thou a false-heart traitor.                |     |
| FTLN 3010 | Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,                 |     |
| FTLN 3011 | That, with the very shaking of their chains,                 |     |
| FTLN 3012 | They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.                   |     |
| FTLN 3013 | 「To an Attendant.」 Bid Salisbury and Warwick come            | 150 |
| FTLN 3014 | to me. <span style="float: right;">「Attendant exits.」</span> |     |

*Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury, 「wearing the  
white rose.」*

CLIFFORD

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| FTLN 3015 | Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy bears to death |
| FTLN 3016 | And manacle the bearherd in their chains,          |
| FTLN 3017 | If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.    |

RICHARD

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 3018 | Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur             | 155 |
| FTLN 3019 | Run back and bite because he was withheld,        |     |
| FTLN 3020 | Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,     |     |
| FTLN 3021 | Hath clapped his tail between his legs and cried; |     |
| FTLN 3022 | And such a piece of service will you do           |     |
| FTLN 3023 | If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.   | 160 |

CLIFFORD

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| FTLN 3024 | Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump, |
| FTLN 3025 | As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!     |

YORK

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| FTLN 3026 | Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon. |
|-----------|---|

CLIFFORD

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| FTLN 3027 | Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. |
|-----------|---|

KING HENRY

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3028 | Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—      | 165 |
| FTLN 3029 | Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,         |     |
| FTLN 3030 | Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!         |     |
| FTLN 3031 | What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play the ruffian |     |
| FTLN 3032 | And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?         |     |
| FTLN 3033 | O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?          | 170 |

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 3034 | If it be banished from the frosty head,           |     |
| FTLN 3035 | Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?        |     |
| FTLN 3036 | Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,         |     |
| FTLN 3037 | And shame thine honorable age with blood?         |     |
| FTLN 3038 | Why art thou old and want'st experience?          | 175 |
| FTLN 3039 | Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?      |     |
| FTLN 3040 | For shame! In duty bend thy knee to me            |     |
| FTLN 3041 | That bows unto the grave with mickle age.         |     |
|           | SALISBURY   |     |
| FTLN 3042 | My lord, I have considered with myself            |     |
| FTLN 3043 | The title of this most renownèd duke,             | 180 |
| FTLN 3044 | And in my conscience do repute his Grace          |     |
| FTLN 3045 | The rightful heir to England's royal seat.        |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 3046 | Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?           |     |
| FTLN 3047 | SALISBURY I have.                                 |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 3048 | Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath? | 185 |
|           | SALISBURY   |     |
| FTLN 3049 | It is great sin to swear unto a sin,              |     |
| FTLN 3050 | But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.            |     |
| FTLN 3051 | Who can be bound by any solemn vow                |     |
| FTLN 3052 | To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,             |     |
| FTLN 3053 | To force a spotless virgin's chastity,            | 190 |
| FTLN 3054 | To reave the orphan of his patrimony,             |     |
| FTLN 3055 | To wring the widow from her customèd right,       |     |
| FTLN 3056 | And have no other reason for this wrong           |     |
| FTLN 3057 | But that he was bound by a solemn oath?           |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET                                    |     |
| FTLN 3058 | A subtle traitor needs no sophister.              | 195 |
|           | KING HENRY, 「to an Attendant」                     |     |
| FTLN 3059 | Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.         |     |
|           | 「Attendant exits.」                                |     |
|           | YORK, 「to King Henry」                             |     |
| FTLN 3060 | Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,    |     |
| FTLN 3061 | I am resolved for death 「or」 dignity.             |     |



CLIFFORD

FTLN 3062      The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WARWICK

FTLN 3063 | You were best to go to bed and dream again, 200

FTLN 3064 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIFFORD

|           |                                       |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|
| FTLN 3065 | I am resolved to bear a greater storm |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|

FTLN 3066 Than any thou canst conjure up today;

FTLN 3067 | And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,

FTLN 3068 | Might I but know thee by thy 'house's' badge. 205

WARWICK

FTLN 3069 | Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,

FTLN 3070 | The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,

FTLN 3071 | This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet—

FTLN 3072 | As on a mountaintop the cedar shows

FTLN 3073 | That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm— 210

FTLN 3074 | Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3075 | And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear

FTLN 3076 | And tread it under foot with all contempt,

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| FTLN 3077 | Despite the bearherd that protects the bear. |
|-----------|--|

YOUNG CLIFFORD

FTLN 3078 | And so to arms, victorious father, 215

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| FTLN 3079 | To quell the rebels and their complices. |
|-----------|--|

RICHARD

FTLN 3080 Fie! Charity, for shame! Speak not in spite,

FTLN 3081 | For you shall sup with Jesu Christ tonight.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| FTLN 3082 | Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell! |
|-----------|---|

RICHARD

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3083 | If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. | 220 |
|-----------|--|-----|

「They exit separately.」

## [Scene 2]

[The sign of the Castle Inn is displayed. Alarms.]

Enter Warwick, [wearing the white rose.]

WARWICK

FTLN 3084 Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!  
 FTLN 3085 An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
 FTLN 3086 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum  
 FTLN 3087 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
 FTLN 3088 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;  
 FTLN 3089 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
 FTLN 3090 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

5

Enter York, [wearing the white rose.]

FTLN 3091 How now, my noble lord? What, all afoot?

YORK

FTLN 3092 The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,  
 FTLN 3093 But match to match I have encountered him  
 FTLN 3094 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
 FTLN 3095 Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

10

Enter [old] Clifford, [wearing the red rose.]

WARWICK

FTLN 3096 Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK

FTLN 3097 Hold, Warwick! Seek thee out some other chase,  
 FTLN 3098 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

15

WARWICK

FTLN 3099 Then, nobly, York! 'Tis for a crown thou fight'st.—  
 FTLN 3100 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive today,  
 FTLN 3101 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.

*Warwick exits.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3102 What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?

YORK

FTLN 3103 With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
 FTLN 3104 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

20

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3105 Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
FTLN 3106 But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK

FTLN 3107 So let it help me now against thy sword  
FTLN 3108 As I in justice and true right express it! 25

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3109 My soul and body on the action both!

YORK

FTLN 3110 A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.  
[They fight and Clifford falls.]

CLIFFORD

FTLN 3111 *La fin courrone les oeuvres.* [He dies.]

YORK

FTLN 3112 Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.  
FTLN 3113 Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! 30  
[He exits.]

*Enter young Clifford, [wearing the red rose.]*

YOUNG CLIFFORD

FTLN 3114 Shame and confusion! All is on the rout.  
FTLN 3115 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
FTLN 3116 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
FTLN 3117 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
FTLN 3118 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part 35  
FTLN 3119 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.  
FTLN 3120 He that is truly dedicate to war  
FTLN 3121 Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself  
FTLN 3122 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
FTLN 3123 The name of valor. [He sees his father, lying dead.] O, 40  
FTLN 3124 let the vile world end  
FTLN 3125 And the premised flames of the last day  
FTLN 3126 Knit Earth and heaven together!  
FTLN 3127 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
FTLN 3128 Particularities and petty sounds 45  
FTLN 3129 To cease! Wast thou ordained, dear father,

FTLN 3130 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
 FTLN 3131 The silver livery of advisèd age,  
 FTLN 3132 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus  
 FTLN 3133 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 50  
 FTLN 3134 My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine,  
 FTLN 3135 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
 FTLN 3136 No more will I their babes. Tears virginal  
 FTLN 3137 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
 FTLN 3138 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims, 55  
 FTLN 3139 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
 FTLN 3140 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.  
 FTLN 3141 Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
 FTLN 3142 Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
 FTLN 3143 As wild Medea young Absyrtis did. 60  
 FTLN 3144 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

*「He takes his father's body onto his back.」*

FTLN 3145 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;  
 FTLN 3146 As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,  
 FTLN 3147 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.  
 FTLN 3148 But then Aeneas bare a living load, 65  
 FTLN 3149 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *「He exits.」*

*Enter Richard, 「wearing the white rose,」 and Somerset,  
 「wearing the red rose,」 to fight.*

*「Richard kills Somerset under the sign of Castle Inn.」*

FTLN 3150 RICHARD So lie thou there.  
 FTLN 3151 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
 FTLN 3152 The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset  
 FTLN 3153 Hath made the wizard famous in his death. 70  
 FTLN 3154 Sword, hold thy temper! Heart, be wrathful still!  
 FTLN 3155 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *「He exits.」*

*Fight. Excursions. Enter King 「Henry,」 Queen  
 「Margaret, both wearing the red rose,」 and Others.*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 3156 Away, my lord! You are slow. For shame, away!

KING HENRY

FTLN 3157 Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay!

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 3158 What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly. 75

FTLN 3159 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defense

FTLN 3160 To give the enemy way, and to secure us

FTLN 3161 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

*Alarum afar off.*

FTLN 3162 If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

FTLN 3163 Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape, 80

FTLN 3164 As well we may—if not through your neglect—

FTLN 3165 We shall to London get, where you are loved

FTLN 3166 And where this breach now in our fortunes made

FTLN 3167 May readily be stopped.

*Enter 'Young' Clifford, 'wearing the red rose.'*

YOUNG CLIFFORD

FTLN 3168 But that my heart's on future mischief set, 85

FTLN 3169 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

FTLN 3170 But fly you must. Uncurable discomfit

FTLN 3171 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.

FTLN 3172 Away, for your relief! And we will live

FTLN 3173 To see their day and them our fortune give. 90

FTLN 3174 Away, my lord, away!

*They exit.*

['Scene 3']

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, 'Edward,' Richard,  
Warwick, and Soldiers, 'all wearing the white rose,'  
with Drum and Colors.*

YORK

FTLN 3175 Of Salisbury, who can report of him,

FTLN 3176 That winter lion, who in rage forgets

FTLN 3177 Agèd contusions and all brush of time,

FTLN 3178 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

---

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 3179 | Repairs him with occasion? This happy day           | 5  |
| FTLN 3180 | Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,            |    |
| FTLN 3181 | If Salisbury be lost.                               |    |
| FTLN 3182 | RICHARD                      My noble father,       |    |
| FTLN 3183 | Three times today I holp him to his horse,          |    |
| FTLN 3184 | Three times bestrid him. Thrice I led him off,      | 10 |
| FTLN 3185 | Persuaded him from any further act;                 |    |
| FTLN 3186 | But still, where danger was, still there I met him, |    |
| FTLN 3187 | And, like rich hangings in a homely house,          |    |
| FTLN 3188 | So was his will in his old feeble body.             |    |
| FTLN 3189 | But, noble as he is, look where he comes.           | 15 |

*Enter Salisbury, 「wearing the white rose.」*

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 3190 | Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought today!    |    |
|           | SALISBURY   |    |
| FTLN 3191 | By th' Mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard. |    |
| FTLN 3192 | God knows how long it is I have to live,          |    |
| FTLN 3193 | And it hath pleased Him that three times today    |    |
| FTLN 3194 | You have defended me from imminent death.         | 20 |
| FTLN 3195 | Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;  |    |
| FTLN 3196 | 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,      |    |
| FTLN 3197 | Being opposites of such repairing nature.         |    |
|           | YORK  |    |
| FTLN 3198 | I know our safety is to follow them;              |    |
| FTLN 3199 | For, as I hear, the King is fled to London        | 25 |
| FTLN 3200 | To call a present court of Parliament.            |    |
| FTLN 3201 | Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.—        |    |
| FTLN 3202 | What says Lord Warwick? Shall we after them?      |    |
|           | WARWICK   |    |
| FTLN 3203 | After them? Nay, before them, if we can.          |    |
| FTLN 3204 | Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.     | 30 |
| FTLN 3205 | Saint Albans battle won by famous York            |    |
| FTLN 3206 | Shall be eternized in all age to come.—           |    |
| FTLN 3207 | Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all;       |    |
| FTLN 3208 | And more such days as these to us befall!         |    |

*「Flourish.」 They exit.*

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