

# HENRY VI

## *Part 3*

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Contents

|                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| Front<br>Matter | From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare<br>Library |
|                 | Textual Introduction                                   |
|                 | Synopsis   |
|                 | Characters in the Play                                 |
|                 |  |
| ACT 1           | Scene 1  |
|                 | Scene 2  |
|                 | Scene 3  |
|                 | Scene 4  |
| ACT 2           | Scene 1  |
|                 | Scene 2  |
|                 | Scene 3  |
|                 | Scene 4  |
|                 | Scene 5  |
|                 | Scene 6  |
| ACT 3           | Scene 1  |
|                 | Scene 2  |
|                 | Scene 3  |
| ACT 4           | Scene 1  |
|                 | Scene 2  |
|                 | Scene 3  |
|                 | Scene 4  |
|                 | Scene 5  |
|                 | Scene 6  |
|                 | Scene 7  |
|                 | Scene 8  |
| ACT 5           | Scene 1  |
|                 | Scene 2  |
|                 | Scene 3  |
|                 | Scene 4  |
|                 | Scene 5  |

Scene 6  
Scene 7

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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 exists 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

The English crown changes hands often in *Henry VI, Part 3*. At first, Richard, Duke of York, is allied with Warwick. York invades the throne-room of Henry VI with Warwick's army, but allows Henry to remain king if he makes York his heir—thus disinheriting Henry's son, Prince Edward.

Infuriated, Henry's queen, Margaret, raises an army. York breaks his oath to Henry and fights for the crown. After Margaret and her supporters kill York, Warwick proclaims that York's son Edward is king. Edward, now Edward IV, captures Henry.

Warwick breaks with King Edward and joins with Margaret to raise a French army. King Edward's brother Clarence joins with Warwick to capture Edward and free King Henry.

Richard, now Duke of Gloucester, rescues his brother, King Edward, who returns, captures King Henry, and leads an army against Warwick. When Clarence abandons Warwick, Warwick is defeated and killed. King Edward captures Margaret and helps to kill her son, Prince Edward. Richard murders King Henry and begins to plot his way to the crown.

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# Characters in the Play

KING HENRY VI

QUEEN MARGARET

PRINCE EDWARD

Lord CLIFFORD

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND

Earl of WESTMORLAND

Duke of EXETER

Earl of OXFORD

Sir John SOMERVILLE

*Lancastrian supporters*

Earl of WARWICK

Marquess of MONTAGUE

Duke of SOMERSET

*Supporters first of York,  
then of Lancaster*

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of YORK

EDWARD, Earl of March, later KING EDWARD IV

GEORGE, later Duke of CLARENCE

RICHARD, later Duke of GLOUCESTER

RUTLAND

*Sons of Richard,  
Duke of York*

SIR JOHN Mortimer, York's uncle

LADY GREY, later QUEEN ELIZABETH

Earl RIVERS, brother to the queen

Duke of NORFOLK

Earl of PEMBROKE

Lord STAFFORD

Lord HASTINGS

Sir William STANLEY

Sir John MONTGOMERY

*Yorkist supporters*

KING LEWIS of France

LADY BONA, his sister-in-law

Rutland's TUTOR

A SON that has killed his father

A FATHER that has killed his son

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

A NOBLEMAN

POST

FIRST WATCH

SECOND WATCH

SECOND WATCH

THIRD WATCH

HUNTSMAN

LIEUTENANT at the Tower of London

FIRST MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER

Other MESSENGERS

MAYOR of York

SOLDIER

Soldiers, Servants, Attendants, Drummers, Trumpeters, Sir Hugh  
Mortimer, Henry, Earl of Richmond, Aldermen of York, Mayor of  
Coventry, Nurse, the infant prince, and Others

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

*Alarum. Enter* 「Richard」 Plantagenet, 「Duke of York」;  
*Edward; Richard; Norfolk; Montague; Warwick; and*  
*Soldiers, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 0001 I wonder how the King escaped our hands.

YORK

FTLN 0002 While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

FTLN 0003 He slyly stole away and left his men;

FTLN 0004 Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

FTLN 0005 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, 5

FTLN 0006 Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,

FTLN 0007 Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

FTLN 0008 Charged our main battle's front and, breaking in,

FTLN 0009 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD

FTLN 0010 Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10

FTLN 0011 Is either slain or wounded dangerous.

FTLN 0012 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.

FTLN 0013 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*「He shows his bloody sword.」*

MONTAGUE, 「to York, showing his sword」

FTLN 0014 And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

FTLN 0015 Whom I encountered as the battles joined. 15

RICHARD, 「holding up a severed head」

FTLN 0016 Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

YORK

FTLN 0017 Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.  
 FTLN 0018 But is your Grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

NORFOLK

FTLN 0019 Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICHARD

FTLN 0020 Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

WARWICK

FTLN 0021 And so do I, victorious prince of York.  
 FTLN 0022 Before I see thee seated in that throne  
 FTLN 0023 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
 FTLN 0024 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
 FTLN 0025 This is the palace of the fearful king, 25  
 FTLN 0026 And this the regal seat. Possess it, York,  
 FTLN 0027 For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK

FTLN 0028 Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will,  
 FTLN 0029 For hither we have broken in by force.

NORFOLK

FTLN 0030 We'll all assist you. He that flies shall die. 30

YORK

FTLN 0031 Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords.—  
 FTLN 0032 And soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.  
*They go up [onto a dais or platform.]*

WARWICK

FTLN 0033 And when the King comes, offer him no violence  
 FTLN 0034 Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.  
*[Soldiers exit or retire out of sight.]*

YORK

FTLN 0035 The Queen this day here holds her parliament, 35  
 FTLN 0036 But little thinks we shall be of her council.  
 FTLN 0037 By words or blows, here let us win our right.

RICHARD

FTLN 0038 Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

WARWICK

FTLN 0039 "The Bloody Parliament" shall this be called

FTLN 0040 Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king 40  
 FTLN 0041 And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
 FTLN 0042 Hath made us bywords to our enemies.

YORK

FTLN 0043 Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute.  
 FTLN 0044 I mean to take possession of my right.

WARWICK

FTLN 0045 Neither the King nor he that loves him best, 45  
 FTLN 0046 The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
 FTLN 0047 Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.  
 FTLN 0048 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.  
 FTLN 0049 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*¶ York sits in the chair of state. ¶*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,  
 Westmorland, Exeter, and the rest, ¶ all wearing  
 the red rose. ¶*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0050 My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50  
 FTLN 0051 Even in the chair of state! Belike he means,  
 FTLN 0052 Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
 FTLN 0053 To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
 FTLN 0054 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
 FTLN 0055 And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have vowed 55  
 FTLN 0056 revenge  
 FTLN 0057 On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0058 If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0059 The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0060 What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down. 60  
 FTLN 0061 My heart for anger burns. I cannot brook it.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0062 Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland.

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CLIFFORD

FTLN 0063     Patience is for poltroons such as he.  
 FTLN 0064     He durst not sit there had your father lived.  
 FTLN 0065     My gracious lord, here in the Parliament                     65  
 FTLN 0066     Let us assail the family of York.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0067     Well hast thou spoken, cousin. Be it so.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0068     Ah, know you not the city favors them,  
 FTLN 0069     And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

「EXETER」

FTLN 0070     But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.                     70

KING HENRY

FTLN 0071     Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
 FTLN 0072     To make a shambles of the Parliament House!  
 FTLN 0073     Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats  
 FTLN 0074     Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—  
 FTLN 0075     Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne                     75  
 FTLN 0076     And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.  
 FTLN 0077     I am thy sovereign.

FTLN 0078    YORK    I am thine.

EXETER

FTLN 0079     For shame, come down. He made thee Duke of  
 FTLN 0080     York.   80

YORK

FTLN 0081     It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXETER

FTLN 0082     Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WARWICK

FTLN 0083     Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
 FTLN 0084     In following this usurping Henry.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0085     Whom should he follow but his natural king?                     85

WARWICK

FTLN 0086     True, Clifford, that's Richard, Duke of York.

KING HENRY, *['to York']*

FTLN 0087     And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YORK

FTLN 0088     It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

WARWICK, *['to King Henry']*

FTLN 0089     Be Duke of Lancaster. Let him be king.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0090     He is both king and Duke of Lancaster,                     90

FTLN 0091     And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.

WARWICK

FTLN 0092     And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget

FTLN 0093     That we are those which chased you from the field

FTLN 0094     And slew your fathers and, with colors spread,

FTLN 0095     Marched through the city to the palace gates.                     95

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0096     Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

FTLN 0097     And by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0098     Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,

FTLN 0099     Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives

FTLN 0100     Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.                     100

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0101     Urge it no more, lest that, instead of words,

FTLN 0102     I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

FTLN 0103     As shall revenge his death before I stir.

WARWICK

FTLN 0104     Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK

FTLN 0105     Will you we show our title to the crown?                     105

FTLN 0106     If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0107     What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

FTLN 0108     *['Thy']* father was as thou art, Duke of York;

FTLN 0109     Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

FTLN 0110     I am the son of Henry the Fifth,                                     110

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0111 | Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop      |     |
| FTLN 0112 | And seized upon their towns and provinces.        |     |
|           | WARWICK   |     |
| FTLN 0113 | Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.   |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0114 | The Lord Protector lost it and not I.             |     |
| FTLN 0115 | When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.    | 115 |
|           | RICHARD   |     |
| FTLN 0116 | You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you    |     |
| FTLN 0117 | lose.—  |     |
| FTLN 0118 | Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.   |     |
|           | EDWARD  |     |
| FTLN 0119 | Sweet father, do so. Set it on your head.         |     |
|           | MONTAGUE, [ <i>to York</i> ]                      |     |
| FTLN 0120 | Good brother, as thou lov'st and honorest arms,   | 120 |
| FTLN 0121 | Let's fight it out and not stand caviling thus.   |     |
|           | RICHARD   |     |
| FTLN 0122 | Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.  |     |
| FTLN 0123 | YORK Sons, peace!                                 |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0124 | Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak!   |     |
|           | WARWICK   |     |
| FTLN 0125 | Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords,   | 125 |
| FTLN 0126 | And be you silent and attentive too,              |     |
| FTLN 0127 | For he that interrupts him shall not live.        |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0128 | Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne, |     |
| FTLN 0129 | Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?           |     |
| FTLN 0130 | No. First shall war unpeople this my realm;       | 130 |
| FTLN 0131 | Ay, and their colors, often borne in France,      |     |
| FTLN 0132 | And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,   |     |
| FTLN 0133 | Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  |     |
| FTLN 0134 | My title's good, and better far than his.         |     |
|           | WARWICK   |     |
| FTLN 0135 | Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.          | 135 |

KING HENRY

FTLN 0136 Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK

FTLN 0137 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

KING HENRY, *「aside」*

FTLN 0138 I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

FTLN 0139 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

FTLN 0140 YORK What then? 140

KING HENRY

FTLN 0141 An if he may, then am I lawful king;

FTLN 0142 For Richard, in the view of many lords,

FTLN 0143 Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,

FTLN 0144 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YORK

FTLN 0145 He rose against him, being his sovereign, 145

FTLN 0146 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WARWICK

FTLN 0147 Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,

FTLN 0148 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

EXETER

FTLN 0149 No, for he could not so resign his crown

FTLN 0150 But that the next heir should succeed and reign. 150

KING HENRY

FTLN 0151 Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXETER

FTLN 0152 His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK

FTLN 0153 Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXETER

FTLN 0154 My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

KING HENRY, *「aside」*

FTLN 0155 All will revolt from me and turn to him. 155

NORTHUMBERLAND, *「to York」*

FTLN 0156 Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

FTLN 0157 Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.



WARWICK

FTLN 0181     What good is this to England and himself!

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0182     Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0183     How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0184     I cannot stay to hear these articles.

FTLN 0185     NORTHUMBERLAND   Nor I. 185

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0186     Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0187     Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

FTLN 0188     In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0189     Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

FTLN 0190     And die in bands for this unmanly deed. 190

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0191     In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,

FTLN 0192     Or live in peace abandoned and despised!

*¶ Westmorland, Northumberland, Clifford,  
and their Soldiers exit. ¶*

WARWICK

FTLN 0193     Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXETER

FTLN 0194     They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0195     Ah, Exeter! 195

FTLN 0196     WARWICK           Why should you sigh, my lord?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0197     Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

FTLN 0198     Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

FTLN 0199     But be it as it may. (*¶ To York. ¶*) I here entail

FTLN 0200     The crown to thee and to thine heirs forever, 200

FTLN 0201     Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

FTLN 0202     To cease this civil war and, whilst I live,

FTLN 0203 To honor me as thy king and sovereign,  
 FTLN 0204 And neither by treason nor hostility  
 FTLN 0205 To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 205

YORK

FTLN 0206 This oath I willingly take and will perform.

WARWICK

FTLN 0207 Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.  
*「York stands, and King Henry ascends the dais.」*

KING HENRY, *「to York」*

FTLN 0208 And long live thou and these thy forward sons!  
*「They embrace.」*

YORK

FTLN 0209 Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

EXETER

FTLN 0210 Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes. 210  
*Sennet. Here they come down.*

YORK, *「to King Henry」*

FTLN 0211 Farewell, my gracious lord. I'll to my castle.

WARWICK

FTLN 0212 And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NORFOLK

FTLN 0213 And I to Norfolk with my followers.

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0214 And I unto the sea, from whence I came.  
*「York, Edward, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk,  
 Montague, and their Soldiers exit.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0215 And I with grief and sorrow to the court. 215

*Enter Queen 「Margaret, with Prince Edward.」*

EXETER

FTLN 0216 Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her

FTLN 0217 anger.

FTLN 0218 I'll steal away.

FTLN 0219 KING HENRY Exeter, so will I.

*「They begin to exit.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0220 Nay, go not from me. I will follow thee. 220

KING HENRY

FTLN 0221 Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0222 Who can be patient in such extremes?

FTLN 0223 Ah, wretched man, would I had died a maid

FTLN 0224 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

FTLN 0225 Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father. 225

FTLN 0226 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?

FTLN 0227 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,

FTLN 0228 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

FTLN 0229 Or nourished him as I did with my blood,

FTLN 0230 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood 230

FTLN 0231 there,

FTLN 0232 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

FTLN 0233 And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0234 Father, you cannot disinherit me.

FTLN 0235 If you be king, why should not I succeed? 235

KING HENRY

FTLN 0236 Pardon me, Margaret.—Pardon me, sweet son.

FTLN 0237 The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforced me.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0238 Enforced thee? Art thou king and wilt be forced?

FTLN 0239 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch,

FTLN 0240 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me, 240

FTLN 0241 And giv'n unto the house of York such head

FTLN 0242 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance!

FTLN 0243 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

FTLN 0244 What is it but to make thy sepulcher

FTLN 0245 And creep into it far before thy time? 245

FTLN 0246 Warwick is Chancellor and the lord of Callice;

FTLN 0247 Stern Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas;

FTLN 0248 The Duke is made Protector of the realm;

FTLN 0249 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0250 | The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.         | 250 |
| FTLN 0251 | Had I been there, which am a silly woman,         |     |
| FTLN 0252 | The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes |     |
| FTLN 0253 | Before I would have granted to that act.          |     |
| FTLN 0254 | But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor.  |     |
| FTLN 0255 | And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself       | 255 |
| FTLN 0256 | Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,          |     |
| FTLN 0257 | Until that act of Parliament be repealed          |     |
| FTLN 0258 | Whereby my son is disinherited.                   |     |
| FTLN 0259 | The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors  |     |
| FTLN 0260 | Will follow mine if once they see them spread;    | 260 |
| FTLN 0261 | And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace    |     |
| FTLN 0262 | And utter ruin of the house of York.              |     |
| FTLN 0263 | Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away.      |     |
| FTLN 0264 | Our army is ready. Come, we'll after them.        |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0265 | Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.         | 265 |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET                                    |     |
| FTLN 0266 | Thou hast spoke too much already. Get thee gone.  |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0267 | Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay 「with」 me?      |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET                                    |     |
| FTLN 0268 | Ay, to be murdered by his enemies!                |     |
|           | PRINCE EDWARD                                     |     |
| FTLN 0269 | When I return with victory 「from」 the field,      |     |
| FTLN 0270 | I'll see your Grace. Till then, I'll follow her.  | 270 |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET                                    |     |
| FTLN 0271 | Come, son, away. We may not linger thus.          |     |
|           | 「Queen Margaret and Prince Edward exit.」          |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 0272 | Poor queen! How love to me and to her son         |     |
| FTLN 0273 | Hath made her break out into terms of rage!       |     |
| FTLN 0274 | Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,         |     |
| FTLN 0275 | Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,         | 275 |
| FTLN 0276 | Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle       |     |
| FTLN 0277 | Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.            |     |

FTLN 0278 The loss of those three lords torments my heart.  
 FTLN 0279 I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
 FTLN 0280 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger. 280  
 EXETER  
 FTLN 0281 And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  
*Flourish. [They] exit.*

[Scene 2]  
*Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague,  
 [all wearing the white rose.]*

RICHARD  
 FTLN 0282 Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.  
 EDWARD  
 FTLN 0283 No, I can better play the orator.  
 MONTAGUE  
 FTLN 0284 But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

YORK  
 FTLN 0285 Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?  
 FTLN 0286 What is your quarrel? How began it first? 5  
 EDWARD  
 FTLN 0287 No quarrel, but a slight contention.  
 FTLN 0288 YORK About what?  
 RICHARD  
 FTLN 0289 About that which concerns your Grace and us:  
 FTLN 0290 The crown of England, father, which is yours.  
 YORK  
 FTLN 0291 Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead. 10  
 RICHARD  
 FTLN 0292 Your right depends not on his life or death.  
 EDWARD  
 FTLN 0293 Now you are heir; therefore enjoy it now.

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0294 | By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, |    |
| FTLN 0295 | It will outrun you, father, in the end.            |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0296 | I took an oath that he should quietly reign.       | 15 |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 0297 | But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.          |    |
| FTLN 0298 | I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.  |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 0299 | No, God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.      |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0300 | I shall be, if I claim by open war.                |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 0301 | I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.  | 20 |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0302 | Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.             |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 0303 | An oath is of no moment, being not took            |    |
| FTLN 0304 | Before a true and lawful magistrate                |    |
| FTLN 0305 | That hath authority over him that swears.          |    |
| FTLN 0306 | Henry had none, but did usurp the place.           | 25 |
| FTLN 0307 | Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,     |    |
| FTLN 0308 | Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.         |    |
| FTLN 0309 | Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think      |    |
| FTLN 0310 | How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,           |    |
| FTLN 0311 | Within whose circuit is Elysium                    | 30 |
| FTLN 0312 | And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.         |    |
| FTLN 0313 | Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest               |    |
| FTLN 0314 | Until the white rose that I wear be dyed           |    |
| FTLN 0315 | Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.       |    |
|           | YORK   |    |
| FTLN 0316 | Richard, enough. I will be king or die.—           | 35 |
| FTLN 0317 | Brother, thou shalt to London presently,           |    |
| FTLN 0318 | And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—           |    |
| FTLN 0319 | Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk        |    |
| FTLN 0320 | And tell him privily of our intent.—               |    |
| FTLN 0321 | You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,            | 40 |

FTLN 0322 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise;  
 FTLN 0323 In them I trust, for they are soldiers  
 FTLN 0324 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
 FTLN 0325 While you are thus employed, what resteth more  
 FTLN 0326 But that I seek occasion how to rise, 45  
 FTLN 0327 And yet the King not privy to my drift,  
 FTLN 0328 Nor any of the house of Lancaster.

*Enter* 「a Messenger.」

FTLN 0329 But stay, what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0330 The Queen with all the northern earls and lords  
 FTLN 0331 Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50  
 FTLN 0332 She is hard by with twenty thousand men.  
 FTLN 0333 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord. 「*He exits.*」

YORK

FTLN 0334 Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear  
 FTLN 0335 them?—  
 FTLN 0336 Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; 55  
 FTLN 0337 My brother Montague shall post to London.  
 FTLN 0338 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 FTLN 0339 Whom we have left Protectors of the King,  
 FTLN 0340 With powerful policy strengthen themselves  
 FTLN 0341 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths. 60

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0342 Brother, I go. I'll win them, fear it not.  
 FTLN 0343 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

*Montague exits.*

*Enter* 「Sir John」 Mortimer, and his brother,  
 「Sir Hugh Mortimer.」

YORK

FTLN 0344 Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
 FTLN 0345 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.  
 FTLN 0346 The army of the Queen mean to besiege us. 65

SIR JOHN

FTLN 0347 She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

FTLN 0348 YORK What, with five thousand men?

RICHARD

FTLN 0349 Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

FTLN 0350 A woman's general; what should we fear?

*A march afar off.*

EDWARD

FTLN 0351 I hear their drums. Let's set our men in order,

70

FTLN 0352 And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

YORK

FTLN 0353 Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,

FTLN 0354 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

FTLN 0355 Many a battle have I won in France

FTLN 0356 Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one.

75

FTLN 0357 Why should I not now have the like success?

*Alarum. [They] exit.*

[Scene 3]

*Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

RUTLAND

FTLN 0358 Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?

*Enter Clifford [with Soldiers, all wearing the red rose.]*

FTLN 0359 Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0360 Chaplain, away. Thy priesthood saves thy life.

FTLN 0361 As for the brat of this accursèd duke,

FTLN 0362 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

5

TUTOR

FTLN 0363 And I, my lord, will bear him company.

FTLN 0364 CLIFFORD Soldiers, away with him.

TUTOR

FTLN 0365 Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
FTLN 0366 Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

*He exits, 「dragged off by Soldiers.」*

CLIFFORD, 「*approaching Rutland*」

FTLN 0367 How now? Is he dead already? Or is it fear 10  
FTLN 0368 That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0369 So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
FTLN 0370 That trembles under his devouring paws;  
FTLN 0371 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;  
FTLN 0372 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder. 15  
FTLN 0373 Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword  
FTLN 0374 And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.  
FTLN 0375 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.  
FTLN 0376 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.  
FTLN 0377 Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0378 In vain thou speak'st, poor boy. My father's blood  
FTLN 0379 Hath stopped the passage where thy words should  
FTLN 0380 enter.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0381 Then let my father's blood open it again;  
FTLN 0382 He is a man and, Clifford, cope with him. 25

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0383 Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
FTLN 0384 Were not revenge sufficient for me.  
FTLN 0385 No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves  
FTLN 0386 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
FTLN 0387 It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart. 30  
FTLN 0388 The sight of any of the house of York  
FTLN 0389 Is as a fury to torment my soul,  
FTLN 0390 And till I root out their accursèd line  
FTLN 0391 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
FTLN 0392 Therefore— *「He raises his rapier.」* 35

RUTLAND

FTLN 0393 O, let me pray before I take my death!  
 FTLN 0394 To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0395 Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0396 I never did thee harm. Why wilt thou slay me?

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0397 Thy father hath. 40

FTLN 0398 RUTLAND But 'twas ere I was born.

FTLN 0399 Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,  
 FTLN 0400 Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
 FTLN 0401 He be as miserably slain as I.

FTLN 0402 Ah, let me live in prison all my days, 45

FTLN 0403 And when I give occasion of offense  
 FTLN 0404 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0405 No cause? Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

*「He stabs Rutland.」*

RUTLAND

FTLN 0406 *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!* *「He dies.」*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0407 Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet! 50

FTLN 0408 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

FTLN 0409 Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,

FTLN 0410 Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

*He exits, 「with Soldiers carrying off Rutland's body.」*

*「Scene 4」*

*Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York, 「wearing the  
 white rose.」*

YORK

FTLN 0411 The army of the Queen hath got the field.

FTLN 0412 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

FTLN 0413 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 FTLN 0414 Turn back and fly like ships before the wind,  
 FTLN 0415 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves. 5  
 FTLN 0416 My sons, God knows what hath bechancèd them;  
 FTLN 0417 But this I know: they have demeaned themselves  
 FTLN 0418 Like men borne to renown by life or death.  
 FTLN 0419 Three times did Richard make a lane to me  
 FTLN 0420 And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it out!" 10  
 FTLN 0421 And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
 FTLN 0422 With purple falchion painted to the hilt  
 FTLN 0423 In blood of those that had encountered him;  
 FTLN 0424 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 FTLN 0425 Richard cried "Charge, and give no foot of ground!" 15  
 FTLN 0426 And cried "A crown or else a glorious tomb;  
 FTLN 0427 A scepter or an earthly sepulcher!"  
 FTLN 0428 With this we charged again; but, out alas,  
 FTLN 0429 We 'budded' again, as I have seen a swan  
 FTLN 0430 With bootless labor swim against the tide 20  
 FTLN 0431 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

*A short alarum within.*

FTLN 0432 Ah, hark, the fatal followers do pursue,  
 FTLN 0433 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
 FTLN 0434 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.  
 FTLN 0435 The sands are numbered that makes up my life. 25  
 FTLN 0436 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen 'Margaret,' Clifford, Northumberland,  
 the young Prince 'Edward,' and Soldiers,  
 'all wearing the red rose.'*

FTLN 0437 Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 FTLN 0438 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
 FTLN 0439 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND  
 FTLN 0440 Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30  
 CLIFFORD  
 FTLN 0441 Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm

---

FTLN 0442 With downright payment showed unto my father.  
 FTLN 0443 Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car  
 FTLN 0444 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK

FTLN 0445 My ashes, as the Phoenix', may bring forth 35  
 FTLN 0446 A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
 FTLN 0447 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
 FTLN 0448 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
 FTLN 0449 Why come you not? What, multitudes, and fear?

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0450 So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40  
 FTLN 0451 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
 FTLN 0452 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
 FTLN 0453 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK

FTLN 0454 O Clifford, but bethink thee once again  
 FTLN 0455 And in thy thought o'errun my former time; 45  
 FTLN 0456 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face  
 FTLN 0457 And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice  
 FTLN 0458 Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0459 I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
 FTLN 0460 But buckler with thee blows twice two for one. 50

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0461 Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes  
 FTLN 0462 I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—  
 FTLN 0463 Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0464 Hold, Clifford, do not honor him so much  
 FTLN 0465 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart. 55  
 FTLN 0466 What valor were it when a cur doth grin  
 FTLN 0467 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
 FTLN 0468 When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
 FTLN 0469 It is war's prize to take all vantages,  
 FTLN 0470 And ten to one is no impeach of valor. 60

「*They attack York.*」

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0471 Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0472 So doth the coney struggle in the net.

YORK

FTLN 0473 So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;

FTLN 0474 So true men yield with robbers, so o'ermatched.

*「York is overcome.」*

NORTHUMBERLAND, *「to Queen Margaret」*

FTLN 0475 What would your Grace have done unto him now? 65

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0476 Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

FTLN 0477 Come, make him stand upon this molehill here

FTLN 0478 That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,

FTLN 0479 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

*「They place York on a small prominence.」*

FTLN 0480 What, was it you that would be England's king? 70

FTLN 0481 Was 't you that reveled in our parliament

FTLN 0482 And made a preachment of your high descent?

FTLN 0483 Where are your mess of sons to back you now,

FTLN 0484 The wanton Edward and the lusty George?

FTLN 0485 And where's that valiant crookback prodigy, 75

FTLN 0486 Dickie, your boy, that with his grumbling voice

FTLN 0487 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

FTLN 0488 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

FTLN 0489 Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood

FTLN 0490 That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point 80

FTLN 0491 Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

FTLN 0492 And if thine eyes can water for his death,

FTLN 0493 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

*「She gives him a bloody cloth.」*

FTLN 0494 Alas, poor York, but that I hate thee deadly

FTLN 0495 I should lament thy miserable state. 85

FTLN 0496 I prithee grieve to make me merry, York.

FTLN 0497 What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails

FTLN 0498 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?



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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0531 | To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,  |     |
| FTLN 0532 | Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not     |     |
| FTLN 0533 | shameless.   |     |
| FTLN 0534 | Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,       |     |
| FTLN 0535 | Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,                 | 125 |
| FTLN 0536 | Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.           |     |
| FTLN 0537 | Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?      |     |
| FTLN 0538 | It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  |     |
| FTLN 0539 | Unless the adage must be verified                  |     |
| FTLN 0540 | That beggars mounted run their horse to death.     | 130 |
| FTLN 0541 | 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,        |     |
| FTLN 0542 | But God He knows thy share thereof is small.       |     |
| FTLN 0543 | 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;      |     |
| FTLN 0544 | The contrary doth make thee wondered at.           |     |
| FTLN 0545 | 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;       | 135 |
| FTLN 0546 | The want thereof makes thee abominable.            |     |
| FTLN 0547 | Thou art as opposite to every good                 |     |
| FTLN 0548 | As the Antipodes are unto us                       |     |
| FTLN 0549 | Or as the south to the Septentrion.                |     |
| FTLN 0550 | O, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide,        | 140 |
| FTLN 0551 | How couldst thou drain the lifeblood of the child  |     |
| FTLN 0552 | To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,            |     |
| FTLN 0553 | And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?            |     |
| FTLN 0554 | Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;       |     |
| FTLN 0555 | Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. | 145 |
| FTLN 0556 | Bidd'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish. |     |
| FTLN 0557 | Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will; |     |
| FTLN 0558 | For raging wind blows up incessant showers,        |     |
| FTLN 0559 | And when the rage allays, the rain begins.         |     |
| FTLN 0560 | These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,      | 150 |
| FTLN 0561 | And every drop cries vengeance for his death       |     |
| FTLN 0562 | 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false       |     |
| FTLN 0563 | Frenchwoman!                                       |     |
|           | NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>「aside」</i>                     |     |
| FTLN 0564 | Beshrew me, but his passions moves me so           |     |
| FTLN 0565 | That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.        | 155 |

YORK

FTLN 0566 That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 FTLN 0567 Would not have touched, would not have stained  
 FTLN 0568 with blood;  
 FTLN 0569 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 FTLN 0570 O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania. 160  
 FTLN 0571 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears.  
 FTLN 0572 This cloth thou dipped'st in blood of my sweet boy,  
 FTLN 0573 And I with tears do wash the blood away.

*〔He hands her the cloth.〕*

FTLN 0574 Keep thou the napkin and go boast of this;  
 FTLN 0575 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 165  
 FTLN 0576 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.  
 FTLN 0577 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears  
 FTLN 0578 And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed."

*〔He hands her the paper crown.〕*

FTLN 0579 There, take the crown and, with the crown, my  
 FTLN 0580 curse, 170  
 FTLN 0581 And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
 FTLN 0582 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.—  
 FTLN 0583 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,  
 FTLN 0584 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0585 Had he been slaughterman to all my kin, 175  
 FTLN 0586 I should not for my life but weep with him  
 FTLN 0587 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0588 What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?  
 FTLN 0589 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
 FTLN 0590 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. 180

CLIFFORD, *〔stabbing York twice〕*

FTLN 0591 Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death!

QUEEN MARGARET, *〔stabbing York〕*

FTLN 0592 And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

YORK

FTLN 0593 Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God.

FTLN 0594

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.

*「He dies.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0595

Off with his head, and set it on York gates,

185

FTLN 0596

So York may overlook the town of York.

*Flourish. 「They」 exit, 「Soldiers carrying York's body.」*

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「Scene 1」

*A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power,  
「all wearing the white rose.」*

EDWARD

FTLN 0597 I wonder how our princely father scaped,  
FTLN 0598 Or whether he be scaped away or no  
FTLN 0599 From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.  
FTLN 0600 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
FTLN 0601 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news; 5  
FTLN 0602 Or had he scaped, methinks we should have heard  
FTLN 0603 The happy tidings of his good escape.  
FTLN 0604 How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

RICHARD

FTLN 0605 I cannot joy until I be resolved  
FTLN 0606 Where our right valiant father is become. 10  
FTLN 0607 I saw him in the battle range about  
FTLN 0608 And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.  
FTLN 0609 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
FTLN 0610 As doth a lion in a herd of neat,  
FTLN 0611 Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs, 15  
FTLN 0612 Who having pinched a few and made them cry,  
FTLN 0613 The rest stand all aloof and bark at him;  
FTLN 0614 So fared our father with his enemies;  
FTLN 0615 So fled his enemies my warlike father.  
FTLN 0616 Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20  
FTLN 0617 See how the morning opes her golden gates

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 0618 | And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.          |    |
| FTLN 0619 | How well resembles it the prime of youth,            |    |
| FTLN 0620 | Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!        |    |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 0621 | Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?            | 25 |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 0622 | Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,         |    |
| FTLN 0623 | Not separated with the racking clouds                |    |
| FTLN 0624 | But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.             |    |
| FTLN 0625 | See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,      |    |
| FTLN 0626 | As if they vowed some league inviolable.             | 30 |
| FTLN 0627 | Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun;       |    |
| FTLN 0628 | In this, the heaven figures some event.              |    |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 0629 | 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  |    |
| FTLN 0630 | I think it cites us, brother, to the field,          |    |
| FTLN 0631 | That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,              | 35 |
| FTLN 0632 | Each one already blazing by our meeds,               |    |
| FTLN 0633 | Should notwithstanding join our lights together      |    |
| FTLN 0634 | And overshine the earth, as this the world.          |    |
| FTLN 0635 | Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear          |    |
| FTLN 0636 | Upon my target three fair shining suns.              | 40 |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 0637 | Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it, |    |
| FTLN 0638 | You love the breeder better than the male.           |    |
|           | <i>Enter [a Messenger,] blowing.</i>                 |    |
| FTLN 0639 | But what art thou whose heavy looks foretell         |    |
| FTLN 0640 | Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?           |    |
|           | MESSENGER  |    |
| FTLN 0641 | Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on                  | 45 |
| FTLN 0642 | Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,             |    |
| FTLN 0643 | Your princely father and my loving lord.             |    |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 0644 | O, speak no more, for I have heard too much!         |    |

RICHARD

FTLN 0645 Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0646 Environèd he was with many foes, 50  
 FTLN 0647 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
 FTLN 0648 Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.  
 FTLN 0649 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
 FTLN 0650 And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
 FTLN 0651 Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered oak. 55  
 FTLN 0652 By many hands your father was subdued,  
 FTLN 0653 But only slaughtered by the ireful arm  
 FTLN 0654 Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,  
 FTLN 0655 Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite,  
 FTLN 0656 Laughed in his face; and when with grief he wept, 60  
 FTLN 0657 The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks  
 FTLN 0658 A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood  
 FTLN 0659 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.  
 FTLN 0660 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 FTLN 0661 They took his head and on the gates of York 65  
 FTLN 0662 They set the same, and there it doth remain,  
 FTLN 0663 The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed. *〔He exits.〕*

EDWARD

FTLN 0664 Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
 FTLN 0665 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
 FTLN 0666 O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain 70  
 FTLN 0667 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
 FTLN 0668 And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,  
 FTLN 0669 For hand to hand he would have vanquished thee.  
 FTLN 0670 Now my soul's palace is become a prison;  
 FTLN 0671 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body 75  
 FTLN 0672 Might in the ground be closèd up in rest,  
 FTLN 0673 For never henceforth shall I joy again.  
 FTLN 0674 Never, O never, shall I see more joy! *〔He weeps.〕*

RICHARD

FTLN 0675 I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
 FTLN 0676 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart; 80

FTLN 0677 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,  
 FTLN 0678 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
 FTLN 0679 Is kindling coals that fires all my breast  
 FTLN 0680 And burns me up with flames that tears would  
 FTLN 0681 quench. 85  
 FTLN 0682 To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
 FTLN 0683 Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me.  
 FTLN 0684 Richard, I bear thy name. I'll venge thy death  
 FTLN 0685 Or die renownèd by attempting it.

EDWARD

FTLN 0686 His name that valiant duke hath left with thee; 90  
 FTLN 0687 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICHARD

FTLN 0688 Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 FTLN 0689 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;  
 FTLN 0690 For "chair" and "dukedom," "throne" and  
 FTLN 0691 "kingdom" say; 95  
 FTLN 0692 Either that is thine or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Montague, and their  
 army, [all wearing the white rose.]*

WARWICK

FTLN 0693 How now, fair lords? What fare, what news abroad?

RICHARD

FTLN 0694 Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
 FTLN 0695 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
 FTLN 0696 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told, 100  
 FTLN 0697 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
 FTLN 0698 O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain.

EDWARD

FTLN 0699 O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet  
 FTLN 0700 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption  
 FTLN 0701 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death. 105

WARWICK

FTLN 0702 Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears.  
 FTLN 0703 And now to add more measure to your woes,

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FTLN 0704 I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
 FTLN 0705 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
 FTLN 0706 Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp, 110  
 FTLN 0707 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
 FTLN 0708 Were brought me of your loss and his depart.  
 FTLN 0709 I, then in London, keeper of the King,  
 FTLN 0710 Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,  
 FTLN 0711 Marched toward Saint Albans to intercept the 115  
 FTLN 0712 Queen,  
 FTLN 0713 Bearing the King in my behalf along;  
 FTLN 0714 For by my scouts I was advertised  
 FTLN 0715 That she was coming with a full intent  
 FTLN 0716 To dash our late decree in Parliament 120  
 FTLN 0717 Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
 FTLN 0718 Short tale to make, we at Saint Albans met,  
 FTLN 0719 Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought.  
 FTLN 0720 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,  
 FTLN 0721 Who looked full gently on his warlike queen, 125  
 FTLN 0722 That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,  
 FTLN 0723 Or whether 'twas report of her success  
 FTLN 0724 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,  
 FTLN 0725 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
 FTLN 0726 I cannot judge; but to conclude with truth, 130  
 FTLN 0727 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
 FTLN 0728 Our soldiers', like the night owl's lazy flight  
 FTLN 0729 Or like 'an idle' thresher with a flail,  
 FTLN 0730 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
 FTLN 0731 I cheered them up with justice of our cause, 135  
 FTLN 0732 With promise of high pay and great rewards,  
 FTLN 0733 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
 FTLN 0734 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,  
 FTLN 0735 So that we fled: the King unto the Queen;  
 FTLN 0736 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself 140  
 FTLN 0737 In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you;  
 FTLN 0738 For in the Marches here we heard you were,  
 FTLN 0739 Making another head to fight again.

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EDWARD

FTLN 0740     Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
 FTLN 0741     And when came George from Burgundy to England?                   145

WARWICK

FTLN 0742     Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers,  
 FTLN 0743     And, for your brother, he was lately sent  
 FTLN 0744     From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
 FTLN 0745     With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICHARD

FTLN 0746     'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.                         150  
 FTLN 0747     Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 FTLN 0748     But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

WARWICK

FTLN 0749     Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear?  
 FTLN 0750     For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
 FTLN 0751     Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head                         155  
 FTLN 0752     And wring the awful scepter from his fist,  
 FTLN 0753     Were he as famous and as bold in war  
 FTLN 0754     As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICHARD

FTLN 0755     I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not.  
 FTLN 0756     'Tis love I bear thy glories make me speak.                         160  
 FTLN 0757     But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
 FTLN 0758     Shall we go throw away our coats of steel  
 FTLN 0759     And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 FTLN 0760     Numb'ring our Ave Marys with our beads?  
 FTLN 0761     Or shall we on the helmets of our foes                                 165  
 FTLN 0762     Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 FTLN 0763     If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

WARWICK

FTLN 0764     Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 FTLN 0765     And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 FTLN 0766     Attend me, lords: the proud insulting queen,                         170  
 FTLN 0767     With Clifford and the haught Northumberland  
 FTLN 0768     And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 FTLN 0769     Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0770 | He swore consent to your succession,                 |     |
| FTLN 0771 | His oath enrolled in the Parliament.                 | 175 |
| FTLN 0772 | And now to London all the crew are gone              |     |
| FTLN 0773 | To frustrate both his oath and what beside           |     |
| FTLN 0774 | May make against the house of Lancaster.             |     |
| FTLN 0775 | Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.     |     |
| FTLN 0776 | Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,              | 180 |
| FTLN 0777 | With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March, |     |
| FTLN 0778 | Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,           |     |
| FTLN 0779 | Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,         |     |
| FTLN 0780 | Why, <i>via</i> , to London will we march,           |     |
| FTLN 0781 | And once again bestride our foaming steeds,          | 185 |
| FTLN 0782 | And once again cry “Charge!” upon our foes,          |     |
| FTLN 0783 | But never once again turn back and fly.              |     |
|           | RICHARD  |     |
| FTLN 0784 | Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.         |     |
| FTLN 0785 | Ne’er may he live to see a sunshine day              |     |
| FTLN 0786 | That cries “Retire!” if Warwick bid him stay.        | 190 |
|           | EDWARD   |     |
| FTLN 0787 | Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,           |     |
| FTLN 0788 | And when thou fail’st—as God forbid the hour!—       |     |
| FTLN 0789 | Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend.        |     |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 0790 | No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;           |     |
| FTLN 0791 | The next degree is England’s royal throne:           | 195 |
| FTLN 0792 | For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed         |     |
| FTLN 0793 | In every borough as we pass along,                   |     |
| FTLN 0794 | And he that throws not up his cap for joy            |     |
| FTLN 0795 | Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.        |     |
| FTLN 0796 | King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,              | 200 |
| FTLN 0797 | Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,                |     |
| FTLN 0798 | But sound the trumpets and about our task.           |     |
|           | RICHARD  |     |
| FTLN 0799 | Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,     |     |
| FTLN 0800 | As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,           |     |
| FTLN 0801 | I come to pierce it or to give thee mine.            | 205 |

EDWARD

FTLN 0802 Then strike up drums! God and Saint George for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

FTLN 0803 WARWICK How now, what news?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0804 The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
FTLN 0805 The Queen is coming with a puissant host,  
FTLN 0806 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

210

WARWICK

FTLN 0807 Why, then it sorts. Brave warriors, let's away!

*They all exit.*

「Scene 2」

*Flourish. Enter King 「Henry,」 Queen 「Margaret,」  
Clifford, Northumberland, and young Prince 「Edward,  
all wearing the red rose」 with Drum and Trumpets,  
「the head of York fixed above them.」*

QUEEN MARGARET, 「to King Henry」

FTLN 0808 Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
FTLN 0809 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
FTLN 0810 That sought to be encompassed with your crown.  
FTLN 0811 Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0812 Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack! 5  
FTLN 0813 To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
FTLN 0814 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,  
FTLN 0815 Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0816 My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
FTLN 0817 And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10  
FTLN 0818 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
FTLN 0819 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
FTLN 0820 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

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FTLN 0821 Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
 FTLN 0822 Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting? 15  
 FTLN 0823 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
 FTLN 0824 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,  
 FTLN 0825 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
 FTLN 0826 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
 FTLN 0827 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows. 20  
 FTLN 0828 He, but a duke, would have his son a king  
 FTLN 0829 And raise his issue like a loving sire;  
 FTLN 0830 Thou being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
 FTLN 0831 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 FTLN 0832 Which argued thee a most unloving father. 25  
 FTLN 0833 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 FTLN 0834 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 FTLN 0835 Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
 FTLN 0836 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 FTLN 0837 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight, 30  
 FTLN 0838 Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,  
 FTLN 0839 Offering their own lives in their young's defense?  
 FTLN 0840 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent.  
 FTLN 0841 Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
 FTLN 0842 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault, 35  
 FTLN 0843 And long hereafter say unto his child  
 FTLN 0844 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,  
 FTLN 0845 My careless father fondly gave away"?  
 FTLN 0846 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy,  
 FTLN 0847 And let his manly face, which promiseth 40  
 FTLN 0848 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 FTLN 0849 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0850 Full well hath Clifford played the orator,  
 FTLN 0851 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
 FTLN 0852 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear 45  
 FTLN 0853 That things ill got had ever bad success?  
 FTLN 0854 And happy always was it for that son  
 FTLN 0855 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

FTLN 0856 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,  
 FTLN 0857 And would my father had left me no more; 50  
 FTLN 0858 For all the rest is held at such a rate  
 FTLN 0859 As brings a thousandfold more care to keep  
 FTLN 0860 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
 FTLN 0861 Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know  
 FTLN 0862 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here. 55

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0863 My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,  
 FTLN 0864 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
 FTLN 0865 You promised knighthood to our forward son.  
 FTLN 0866 Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently.—  
 FTLN 0867 Edward, kneel down. *〔He kneels.〕* 60

KING HENRY, *〔dubbing him knight〕*

FTLN 0868 Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,  
 FTLN 0869 And learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE EDWARD, *〔rising〕*

FTLN 0870 My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
 FTLN 0871 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown  
 FTLN 0872 And in that quarrel use it to the death. 65

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0873 Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 0874 Royal commanders, be in readiness,  
 FTLN 0875 For with a band of thirty thousand men  
 FTLN 0876 Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of York,  
 FTLN 0877 And in the towns as they do march along 70  
 FTLN 0878 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
 FTLN 0879 Deraign your battle, for they are at hand. *〔He exits.〕*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0880 I would your Highness would depart the field.  
 FTLN 0881 The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0882 Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. 75

KING HENRY

FTLN 0883 Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0884 Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0885 My royal father, cheer these noble lords

FTLN 0886 And hearten those that fight in your defense.

FTLN 0887 Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry "Saint

80

FTLN 0888 George!"

*March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,  
[George,] Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers,  
[all wearing the white rose.]*

EDWARD

FTLN 0889 Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace

FTLN 0890 And set thy diadem upon my head,

FTLN 0891 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0892 Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.

85

FTLN 0893 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

FTLN 0894 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDWARD

FTLN 0895 I am his king, and he should bow his knee.

FTLN 0896 I was adopted heir by his consent.

FTLN 0897 Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

90

FTLN 0898 You that are king, though he do wear the crown,

FTLN 0899 Have caused him, by new act of Parliament,

FTLN 0900 To blot out me and put his own son in.

FTLN 0901 CLIFFORD And reason too:

FTLN 0902 Who should succeed the father but the son?

95

RICHARD

FTLN 0903 Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0904 Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,

FTLN 0905 Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

RICHARD

FTLN 0906 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0907 Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied. 100

RICHARD

FTLN 0908 For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight!

WARWICK

FTLN 0909 What sayst thou, Henry? Wilt thou yield the crown?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0910 Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick, dare you  
FTLN 0911 speak?

FTLN 0912 When you and I met at Saint Albans last, 105

FTLN 0913 Your legs did better service than your hands.

WARWICK

FTLN 0914 Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0915 You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WARWICK

FTLN 0916 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0917 No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay. 110

RICHARD

FTLN 0918 Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—

FTLN 0919 Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain

FTLN 0920 The execution of my big-swoll'n heart

FTLN 0921 Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0922 I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child? 115

RICHARD

FTLN 0923 Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

FTLN 0924 As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.

FTLN 0925 But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0926 Have done with words, my lords, and hear me

FTLN 0927 speak. 120

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0928 Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0929 I prithee, give no limits to my tongue.

FTLN 0930 I am a king and privileged to speak.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0931 My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

FTLN 0932 Cannot be cured by words; therefore, be still. 125

RICHARD

FTLN 0933 Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.

FTLN 0934 By Him that made us all, I am resolved

FTLN 0935 That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDWARD

FTLN 0936 Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?

FTLN 0937 A thousand men have broke their fasts today 130

FTLN 0938 That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WARWICK

FTLN 0939 If thou deny, their blood upon thy head,

FTLN 0940 For York in justice puts his armor on.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0941 If that be right which Warwick says is right,

FTLN 0942 There is no wrong, but everything is right. 135

「RICHARD」

FTLN 0943 Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,

FTLN 0944 For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0945 But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

FTLN 0946 But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

FTLN 0947 Marked by the Destinies to be avoided, 140

FTLN 0948 As venom toads or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICHARD

FTLN 0949 Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,

FTLN 0950 Whose father bears the title of a king,

FTLN 0951 As if a channel should be called the sea,

---

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 0952 | Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art         | 145 |
| FTLN 0953 | extraught,  |     |
| FTLN 0954 | To let thy tongue detect thy baseborn heart?      |     |
| EDWARD    |   |     |
| FTLN 0955 | A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns      |     |
| FTLN 0956 | To make this shameless callet know herself.—      |     |
| FTLN 0957 | Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,         | 150 |
| FTLN 0958 | Although thy husband may be Menelaus;             |     |
| FTLN 0959 | And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged         |     |
| FTLN 0960 | By that false woman as this king by thee.         |     |
| FTLN 0961 | His father reveled in the heart of France,        |     |
| FTLN 0962 | And tamed the King, and made the Dauphin stoop;   | 155 |
| FTLN 0963 | And had he matched according to his state,        |     |
| FTLN 0964 | He might have kept that glory to this day.        |     |
| FTLN 0965 | But when he took a beggar to his bed              |     |
| FTLN 0966 | And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,     |     |
| FTLN 0967 | Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him   | 160 |
| FTLN 0968 | That washed his father's fortunes forth of France |     |
| FTLN 0969 | And heaped sedition on his crown at home.         |     |
| FTLN 0970 | For what hath broached this tumult but thy pride? |     |
| FTLN 0971 | Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,  |     |
| FTLN 0972 | And we, in pity of the gentle king,               | 165 |
| FTLN 0973 | Had slipped our claim until another age.          |     |
| GEORGE    |   |     |
| FTLN 0974 | But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,     |     |
| FTLN 0975 | And that thy summer bred us no increase,          |     |
| FTLN 0976 | We set the axe to thy usurping root;              |     |
| FTLN 0977 | And though the edge hath something hit ourselves, | 170 |
| FTLN 0978 | Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,     |     |
| FTLN 0979 | We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down     |     |
| FTLN 0980 | Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.     |     |
| EDWARD    |   |     |
| FTLN 0981 | And in this resolution, I defy thee,              |     |
| FTLN 0982 | Not willing any longer conference,                | 175 |
| FTLN 0983 | Since thou denied'st the gentle king to speak.—   |     |



*Enter Richard, [wearing the white rose.]*

RICHARD

FTLN 1002 Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
 FTLN 1003 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, 15  
 FTLN 1004 Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance,  
 FTLN 1005 And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
 FTLN 1006 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
 FTLN 1007 "Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!"  
 FTLN 1008 So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20  
 FTLN 1009 That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
 FTLN 1010 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WARWICK

FTLN 1011 Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!  
 FTLN 1012 I'll kill my horse because I will not fly.  
 FTLN 1013 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, 25  
 FTLN 1014 Wailing our losses whiles the foe doth rage,  
 FTLN 1015 And look upon, as if the tragedy  
 FTLN 1016 Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?

*[He kneels.]*

FTLN 1017 Here on my knee I vow to God above  
 FTLN 1018 I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
 FTLN 1019 Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine  
 FTLN 1020 Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDWARD

FTLN 1021 O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,  
 FTLN 1022 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine  
*[He kneels.]*

FTLN 1023 And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face, 35  
 FTLN 1024 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,  
 FTLN 1025 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
 FTLN 1026 Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands  
 FTLN 1027 That to my foes this body must be prey,  
 FTLN 1028 Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope 40  
 FTLN 1029 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.

*[Edward and Warwick stand.]*

FTLN 1030 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
FTLN 1031 Where'er it be, in heaven or in Earth.

RICHARD

FTLN 1032 Brother, give me thy hand.—And, gentle Warwick,  
FTLN 1033 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45  
FTLN 1034 I that did never weep now melt with woe  
FTLN 1035 That winter should cut off our springtime so.

WARWICK

FTLN 1036 Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEORGE

FTLN 1037 Yet let us all together to our troops  
FTLN 1038 And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50  
FTLN 1039 And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
FTLN 1040 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
FTLN 1041 As victors wear at the Olympian Games.  
FTLN 1042 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
FTLN 1043 For yet is hope of life and victory. 55  
FTLN 1044 Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

*They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Excursions. Enter, 「at separate doors,」 Richard 「wearing  
the white rose,」 and Clifford, 「wearing the red rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1045 Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
FTLN 1046 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
FTLN 1047 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,  
FTLN 1048 Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 1049 Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. 5  
FTLN 1050 This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,  
FTLN 1051 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
FTLN 1052 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
FTLN 1053 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

FTLN 1054 To execute the like upon thyself. 10  
 FTLN 1055 And so, have at thee!

*They fight; Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

RICHARD

FTLN 1056 Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase,  
 FTLN 1057 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

*They exit.*

「Scene 5」

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone, 「wearing the red rose.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1058 This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
 FTLN 1059 When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
 FTLN 1060 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
 FTLN 1061 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
 FTLN 1062 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea 5  
 FTLN 1063 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
 FTLN 1064 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
 FTLN 1065 Forced to retire by fury of the wind.  
 FTLN 1066 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
 FTLN 1067 Now one the better, then another best, 10  
 FTLN 1068 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
 FTLN 1069 Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd.  
 FTLN 1070 So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
 FTLN 1071 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

*「He sits on a small prominence.」*

FTLN 1072 To whom God will, there be the victory; 15  
 FTLN 1073 For Margaret my queen and Clifford too  
 FTLN 1074 Have chid me from the battle, swearing both  
 FTLN 1075 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
 FTLN 1076 Would I were dead, if God's good will were so,  
 FTLN 1077 For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20  
 FTLN 1078 O God! Methinks it were a happy life

---

FTLN 1079 To be no better than a homely swain,  
 FTLN 1080 To sit upon a hill as I do now,  
 FTLN 1081 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 FTLN 1082 Thereby to see the minutes how they run: 25  
 FTLN 1083 How many makes the hour full complete,  
 FTLN 1084 How many hours brings about the day,  
 FTLN 1085 How many days will finish up the year,  
 FTLN 1086 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 FTLN 1087 When this is known, then to divide the times: 30  
 FTLN 1088 So many hours must I tend my flock,  
 FTLN 1089 So many hours must I take my rest,  
 FTLN 1090 So many hours must I contemplate,  
 FTLN 1091 So many hours must I sport myself,  
 FTLN 1092 So many days my ewes have been with young, 35  
 FTLN 1093 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,  
 FTLN 1094 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;  
 FTLN 1095 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 FTLN 1096 Passed over to the end they were created,  
 FTLN 1097 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40  
 FTLN 1098 Ah, what a life were this! How sweet, how lovely!  
 FTLN 1099 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 FTLN 1100 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep  
 FTLN 1101 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
 FTLN 1102 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? 45  
 FTLN 1103 O yes, it doth, a thousandfold it doth.  
 FTLN 1104 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 FTLN 1105 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 FTLN 1106 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 FTLN 1107 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50  
 FTLN 1108 Is far beyond a prince's delicates—  
 FTLN 1109 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 FTLN 1110 His body couchèd in a curious bed—  
 FTLN 1111 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter at one door a Son that hath killed his  
 Father, 「carrying the body.」*

SON

FTLN 1112 Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. 55  
 FTLN 1113 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 FTLN 1114 May be possessèd with some store of crowns,  
 FTLN 1115 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 FTLN 1116 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 FTLN 1117 To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
 FTLN 1118 Who's this? O God! It is my father's face,  
 FTLN 1119 Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.  
 FTLN 1120 O heavy times, begetting such events!  
 FTLN 1121 From London by the King was I pressed forth.  
 FTLN 1122 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man, 65  
 FTLN 1123 Came on the part of York, pressed by his master.  
 FTLN 1124 And I, who at his hands received my life,  
 FTLN 1125 Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.  
 FTLN 1126 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;  
 FTLN 1127 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. 70  
 FTLN 1128 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,  
 FTLN 1129 And no more words till they have flowed their fill.  
[He weeps.]

KING HENRY

FTLN 1130 O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
 FTLN 1131 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 FTLN 1132 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 75  
 FTLN 1133 Weep, wretched man. I'll aid thee tear for tear,  
 FTLN 1134 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 FTLN 1135 Be blind with tears and break, o'ercharged with grief.

*Enter at another door a Father that hath killed his Son,  
 bearing of his [Son's body.]*

FATHER

FTLN 1136 Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
 FTLN 1137 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80  
 FTLN 1138 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 FTLN 1139 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
 FTLN 1140 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!

---

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1141 | Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,             |     |
| FTLN 1142 | Throw up thine eye! See, see, what showers arise, | 85  |
| FTLN 1143 | Blown with the windy tempest of my heart          |     |
| FTLN 1144 | Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart!   |     |
| FTLN 1145 | O, pity God this miserable age!                   |     |
| FTLN 1146 | What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,         |     |
| FTLN 1147 | Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural                | 90  |
| FTLN 1148 | This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!             |     |
| FTLN 1149 | O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,       |     |
| FTLN 1150 | And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!        |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 1151 | Woe above woe, grief more than common grief!      |     |
| FTLN 1152 | O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!  | 95  |
| FTLN 1153 | O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!                |     |
| FTLN 1154 | The red rose and the white are on his face,       |     |
| FTLN 1155 | The fatal colors of our striving houses;          |     |
| FTLN 1156 | The one his purple blood right well resembles,    |     |
| FTLN 1157 | The other his pale cheeks methinks presenteth.    | 100 |
| FTLN 1158 | Wither one rose and let the other flourish;       |     |
| FTLN 1159 | If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.     |     |
|           | SON   |     |
| FTLN 1160 | How will my mother for a father's death           |     |
| FTLN 1161 | Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!           |     |
|           | FATHER  |     |
| FTLN 1162 | How will my wife for slaughter of my son          | 105 |
| FTLN 1163 | Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!        |     |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 1164 | How will the country for these woeful chances     |     |
| FTLN 1165 | Misthink the King and not be satisfied!           |     |
|           | SON   |     |
| FTLN 1166 | Was ever son so rued a father's death?            |     |
|           | FATHER  |     |
| FTLN 1167 | Was ever father so bemoaned his son?              | 110 |
|           | KING HENRY  |     |
| FTLN 1168 | Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?       |     |
| FTLN 1169 | Much is your sorrow, mine ten times so much.      |     |

SON

FTLN 1170 I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
*「He exits, bearing the body.」*

FATHER

FTLN 1171 These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
 FTLN 1172 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher, 115  
 FTLN 1173 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.  
 FTLN 1174 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 FTLN 1175 And so obsequious will thy father be  
 FTLN 1176 「E'en」 for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 FTLN 1177 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
 FTLN 1178 I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
 FTLN 1179 For I have murdered where I should not kill.  
*He exits, 「bearing the body.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1180 Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
 FTLN 1181 Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen 「Margaret,」 Prince  
 「Edward,」 and Exeter, 「all wearing the red rose.」*

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 1182 Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled, 125  
 FTLN 1183 And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull.  
 FTLN 1184 Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1185 Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain.  
 FTLN 1186 Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
 FTLN 1187 Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
 FTLN 1188 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath  
 FTLN 1189 And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,  
 FTLN 1190 Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.

EXETER

FTLN 1191 Away, for Vengeance comes along with them.  
 FTLN 1192 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed; 135  
 FTLN 1193 Or else come after; I'll away before.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1194 Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;  
 FTLN 1195 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
 FTLN 1196 Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away!

*They exit.*

「Scene 6」

*A loud alarum. Enter Clifford,  
 「wearing the red rose,」 wounded.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 1197 Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
 FTLN 1198 Which whiles it lasted gave King Henry light.  
 FTLN 1199 O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
 FTLN 1200 More than my body's parting with my soul!  
 FTLN 1201 My love and fear glued many friends to thee; 5  
 FTLN 1202 And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melts,  
 FTLN 1203 Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud York;  
 FTLN 1204 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
 FTLN 1205 And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
 FTLN 1206 O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent 10  
 FTLN 1207 That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,  
 FTLN 1208 Thy burning car never had scorched the Earth!  
 FTLN 1209 And Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,  
 FTLN 1210 Or as thy father and his father did,  
 FTLN 1211 Giving no ground unto the house of York, 15  
 FTLN 1212 They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
 FTLN 1213 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
 FTLN 1214 Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
 FTLN 1215 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 FTLN 1216 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? 20  
 FTLN 1217 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
 FTLN 1218 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
 FTLN 1219 No way to fly, no strength to hold out flight.  
 FTLN 1220 The foe is merciless and will not pity,

FTLN 1221 For at their hands I have deserved no pity. 25  
 FTLN 1222 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 FTLN 1223 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
 FTLN 1224 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.  
 FTLN 1225 I stabbed your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.  
「He faints.」

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick,  
 Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, and 「George,」  
 「all wearing the white rose.」*

EDWARD

FTLN 1226 Now breathe we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause 30  
 FTLN 1227 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
 FTLN 1228 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen  
 FTLN 1229 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 FTLN 1230 As doth a sail filled with a fretting gust  
 FTLN 1231 Command an argosy to stem the waves. 35  
 FTLN 1232 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WARWICK

FTLN 1233 No, 'tis impossible he should escape,  
 FTLN 1234 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 FTLN 1235 Your brother Richard marked him for the grave,  
 FTLN 1236 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 40  
*Clifford groans, 「and dies.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1237 Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?  
 FTLN 1238 A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

「EDWARD」

FTLN 1239 See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,  
 FTLN 1240 If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICHARD

FTLN 1241 Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford, 45  
 FTLN 1242 Who not contented that he lopped the branch  
 FTLN 1243 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
 FTLN 1244 But set his murd'ring knife unto the root

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 1245 | From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  |    |
| FTLN 1246 | I mean our princely father, Duke of York.          | 50 |
|           | WARWICK  |    |
| FTLN 1247 | From off the gates of York fetch down the head,    |    |
| FTLN 1248 | Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;   |    |
| FTLN 1249 | Instead whereof let this supply the room.          |    |
| FTLN 1250 | Measure for measure must be answerèd.              |    |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1251 | Bring forth that fatal screech owl to our house    | 55 |
| FTLN 1252 | That nothing sung but death to us and ours;        |    |
| FTLN 1253 | Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound, |    |
| FTLN 1254 | And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.     |    |
|           | WARWICK  |    |
| FTLN 1255 | I think <sup>his</sup> understanding is bereft.—   |    |
| FTLN 1256 | Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to      | 60 |
| FTLN 1257 | thee?—   |    |
| FTLN 1258 | Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,    |    |
| FTLN 1259 | And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.          |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 1260 | O, would he did—and so, perhaps, he doth!          |    |
| FTLN 1261 | 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,                | 65 |
| FTLN 1262 | Because he would avoid such bitter taunts          |    |
| FTLN 1263 | Which in the time of death he gave our father.     |    |
|           | GEORGE   |    |
| FTLN 1264 | If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.     |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 1265 | Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.           |    |
|           | EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1266 | Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.            | 70 |
|           | WARWICK  |    |
| FTLN 1267 | Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.           |    |
|           | GEORGE   |    |
| FTLN 1268 | While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.      |    |
|           | RICHARD  |    |
| FTLN 1269 | Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.        |    |



FTLN 1300 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
FTLN 1301 And George, of Clarence. Warwick as ourself 105  
FTLN 1302 Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

RICHARD

FTLN 1303 Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester,  
FTLN 1304 For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

WARWICK

FTLN 1305 Tut, that's a foolish observation.  
FTLN 1306 Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London, 110  
FTLN 1307 To see these honors in possession.

*They exit, [with Clifford's body.]*

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# 「ACT 3」

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## 「Scene 1」

*Enter 「two Gamekeepers,」  
with crossbows in their hands.*

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1308 Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,  
FTLN 1309 For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
FTLN 1310 And in this covert will we make our stand,  
FTLN 1311 Culling the principal of all the deer.

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1312 I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. 5

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1313 That cannot be. The noise of thy crossbow  
FTLN 1314 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
FTLN 1315 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.  
FTLN 1316 And for the time shall not seem tedious,  
FTLN 1317 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10  
FTLN 1318 In this self place where now we mean to stand.

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1319 Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King 「Henry, in disguise,」 with a prayer book.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1320 From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
FTLN 1321 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
FTLN 1322 No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine! 15  
FTLN 1323 Thy place is filled, thy scepter wrung from thee,

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FTLN 1324 Thy balm washed off wherewith thou 「wast」 anointed.  
 FTLN 1325 No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,  
 FTLN 1326 No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
 FTLN 1327 No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20  
 FTLN 1328 For how can I help them an not myself?  
 FIRST GAMEKEEPER, 「*aside to Second Gamekeeper*」  
 FTLN 1329 Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.  
 FTLN 1330 This is the quondam king. Let's seize upon him.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 1331 Let me embrace the sour adversaries,  
 FTLN 1332 For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25  
 SECOND GAMEKEEPER, 「*aside to First Gamekeeper*」  
 FTLN 1333 Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.  
 FIRST GAMEKEEPER, 「*aside to Second Gamekeeper*」  
 FTLN 1334 Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 1335 My queen and son are gone to France for aid,  
 FTLN 1336 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
 FTLN 1337 Is thither gone to crave the French king's sister 30  
 FTLN 1338 To wife for Edward. If this news be true,  
 FTLN 1339 Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost,  
 FTLN 1340 For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
 FTLN 1341 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 FTLN 1342 By this account, then, Margaret may win him, 35  
 FTLN 1343 For she's a woman to be pitied much.  
 FTLN 1344 Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast,  
 FTLN 1345 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart.  
 FTLN 1346 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,  
 FTLN 1347 And Nero will be tainted with remorse 40  
 FTLN 1348 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
 FTLN 1349 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;  
 FTLN 1350 She on his left side craving aid for Henry;  
 FTLN 1351 He on his right asking a wife for Edward.  
 FTLN 1352 She weeps and says her Henry is deposed; 45  
 FTLN 1353 He smiles and says his Edward is installed;  
 FTLN 1354 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,

---

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1355 | Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,            |    |
| FTLN 1356 | Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,                       |    |
| FTLN 1357 | And in conclusion wins the King from her                      | 50 |
| FTLN 1358 | With promise of his sister and what else                      |    |
| FTLN 1359 | To strengthen and support King Edward's place.                |    |
| FTLN 1360 | O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,              |    |
| FTLN 1361 | Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.                   |    |
|           | SECOND GAMEKEEPER   |    |
| FTLN 1362 | Say, what art thou <i>「that」</i> talk'st of kings and queens? | 55 |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 1363 | More than I seem, and less than I was born to:                |    |
| FTLN 1364 | A man at least, for less I should not be;                     |    |
| FTLN 1365 | And men may talk of kings, and why not I?                     |    |
|           | SECOND GAMEKEEPER   |    |
| FTLN 1366 | Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.                  |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 1367 | Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.                      | 60 |
|           | SECOND GAMEKEEPER   |    |
| FTLN 1368 | But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?                    |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 1369 | My crown is in my heart, not on my head;                      |    |
| FTLN 1370 | Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,                   |    |
| FTLN 1371 | Nor to be seen. My crown is called content;                   |    |
| FTLN 1372 | A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.                        | 65 |
|           | SECOND GAMEKEEPER   |    |
| FTLN 1373 | Well, if you be a king crowned with content,                  |    |
| FTLN 1374 | Your crown content and you must be contented                  |    |
| FTLN 1375 | To go along with us. For, as we think,                        |    |
| FTLN 1376 | You are the king King Edward hath deposed;                    |    |
| FTLN 1377 | And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance                   | 70 |
| FTLN 1378 | Will apprehend you as his enemy.                              |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 1379 | But did you never swear and break an oath?                    |    |
|           | SECOND GAMEKEEPER   |    |
| FTLN 1380 | No, never such an oath, nor will not now.                     |    |

KING HENRY

FTLN 1381 Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1382 Here in this country, where we now remain. 75

KING HENRY

FTLN 1383 I was anointed king at nine months old.

FTLN 1384 My father and my grandfather were kings,

FTLN 1385 And you were sworn true subjects unto me.

FTLN 1386 And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1387 No, for we were subjects but while you were king. 80

KING HENRY

FTLN 1388 Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?

FTLN 1389 Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

FTLN 1390 Look as I blow this feather from my face

FTLN 1391 And as the air blows it to me again,

FTLN 1392 Obeying with my wind when I do blow 85

FTLN 1393 And yielding to another when it blows,

FTLN 1394 Commanded always by the greater gust,

FTLN 1395 Such is the lightness of you common men.

FTLN 1396 But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

FTLN 1397 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. 90

FTLN 1398 Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,

FTLN 1399 And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1400 We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1401 So would you be again to Henry

FTLN 1402 If he were seated as King Edward is. 95

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1403 We charge you in God's name and the King's

FTLN 1404 To go with us unto the officers.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1405 In God's name, lead. Your king's name be obeyed,

FTLN 1406 And what God will, that let your king perform.

FTLN 1407 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. 100

*They exit.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter King Edward, [Richard, Duke of] Gloucester,  
[George, Duke of] Clarence, Lady Grey,  
[and Attendants.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1408 Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans field  
FTLN 1409 This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
FTLN 1410 His land then seized on by the conqueror.  
FTLN 1411 Her suit is now to repossess those lands,  
FTLN 1412 Which we in justice cannot well deny, 5  
FTLN 1413 Because in quarrel of the house of York  
FTLN 1414 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

RICHARD

FTLN 1415 Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
FTLN 1416 It were dishonor to deny it her.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1417 It were no less, but yet I'll make a pause. 10

FTLN 1418 RICHARD, [*aside to Clarence*] Yea, is it so?

FTLN 1419 I see the lady hath a thing to grant

FTLN 1420 Before the King will grant her humble suit.

CLARENCE, [*formerly GEORGE, aside to Richard*]

FTLN 1421 He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!

FTLN 1422 RICHARD, [*aside to Clarence*] Silence! 15

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1423 Widow, we will consider of your suit,

FTLN 1424 And come some other time to know our mind.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1425 Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.

FTLN 1426 May it please your Highness to resolve me now,

FTLN 1427 And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

RICHARD, [*aside to Clarence*]

FTLN 1428 Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant you all your lands,

FTLN 1429 An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

FTLN 1430 Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLARENCE, *['aside to Richard']*

FTLN 1431 I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

RICHARD, *['aside to Clarence']*

FTLN 1432 God forbid that, for he'll take vantages. 25

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1433 How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.

CLARENCE, *['aside to Richard']*

FTLN 1434 I think he means to beg a child of her.

RICHARD, *['aside to Clarence']*

FTLN 1435 Nay, then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.

FTLN 1436 LADY GREY Three, my most gracious lord.

RICHARD, *['aside to Clarence']*

FTLN 1437 You shall have four if you'll be ruled by him. 30

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1438 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1439 Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1440 Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit.

*['Richard and Clarence stand aside.']*

RICHARD, *['aside to Clarence']*

FTLN 1441 Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave

FTLN 1442 Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. 35

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1443 Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1444 Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1445 And would you not do much to do them good?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1446 To do them good I would sustain some harm.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1447 Then get your husband's lands to do them good. 40

LADY GREY

FTLN 1448 Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1449 I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1450 So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1451 What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1452 What you command that rests in me to do. 45

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1453 But you will take exceptions to my boon.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1454 No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1455 Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1456 Why, then, I will do what your Grace commands.

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1457 He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble. 50

CLARENCE, *「aside to Richard」*

FTLN 1458 As red as fire! Nay, then, her wax must melt.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1459 Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1460 An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1461 That's soon performed because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1462 Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee. 55

LADY GREY

FTLN 1463 I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*「She curtsies and begins to exit.」*

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1464 The match is made; she seals it with a cursy.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1465 But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1466     The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1467     Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

FTLN 1468     What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1469     My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,

FTLN 1470     That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1471     No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1472     Why, then, you mean not as I thought you did. 65

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1473     But now you partly may perceive my mind.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1474     My mind will never grant what I perceive

FTLN 1475     Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1476     To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1477     To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1478     Why, then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1479     Why, then, mine honesty shall be my dower,

FTLN 1480     For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1481     Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1482     Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me. 75

FTLN 1483     But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

FTLN 1484     Accords not with the sadness of my suit.

FTLN 1485     Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1486     Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;

FTLN 1487     No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80

LADY GREY

FTLN 1488 Then no, my lord; my suit is at an end.

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1489 The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

CLARENCE, *「aside to Richard」*

FTLN 1490 He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

KING EDWARD, *「aside」*

FTLN 1491 Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;

FTLN 1492 Her words doth show her wit incomparable; 85

FTLN 1493 All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

FTLN 1494 One way or other, she is for a king,

FTLN 1495 And she shall be my love or else my queen.—

FTLN 1496 Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1497 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord. 90

FTLN 1498 I am a subject fit to jest withal,

FTLN 1499 But far unfit to be a sovereign.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1500 Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

FTLN 1501 I speak no more than what my soul intends,

FTLN 1502 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. 95

LADY GREY

FTLN 1503 And that is more than I will yield unto.

FTLN 1504 I know I am too mean to be your queen

FTLN 1505 And yet too good to be your concubine.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1506 You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1507 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you 100

FTLN 1508 father.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1509 No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

FTLN 1510 Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,

FTLN 1511 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

FTLN 1512 Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing 105

FTLN 1513 To be the father unto many sons.

FTLN 1514 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

RICHARD, *['aside to Clarence']*

FTLN 1515 The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

CLARENCE, *['aside to Richard']*

FTLN 1516 When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1517 Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had. 110

RICHARD

FTLN 1518 The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1519 You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1520 To who, my lord?

FTLN 1521 KING EDWARD Why, Clarence, to myself.

RICHARD

FTLN 1522 That would be ten days' wonder at the least. 115

CLARENCE

FTLN 1523 That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

RICHARD

FTLN 1524 By so much is the wonder in extremes.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1525 Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both

FTLN 1526 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

NOBLEMAN

FTLN 1527 My gracious lord, Henry, your foe, is taken 120

FTLN 1528 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1529 See that he be conveyed unto the Tower.

*['Nobleman exits.']*

FTLN 1530 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

FTLN 1531 To question of his apprehension.—

FTLN 1532 Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her *['honorably.']* 125

*They exit.*

*Richard remains.*

RICHARD

FTLN 1533 Ay, Edward will use women honorably!  
 FTLN 1534 Would he were wasted—marrow, bones, and all—  
 FTLN 1535 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring  
 FTLN 1536 To cross me from the golden time I look for.  
 FTLN 1537 And yet, between my soul's desire and me, 130  
 FTLN 1538 The lustful Edward's title buried,  
 FTLN 1539 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,  
 FTLN 1540 And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies  
 FTLN 1541 To take their rooms ere I can place myself.  
 FTLN 1542 A cold premeditation for my purpose. 135  
 FTLN 1543 Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty  
 FTLN 1544 Like one that stands upon a promontory  
 FTLN 1545 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
 FTLN 1546 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
 FTLN 1547 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence, 140  
 FTLN 1548 Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.  
 FTLN 1549 So do I wish the crown, being so far off,  
 FTLN 1550 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,  
 FTLN 1551 And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
 FTLN 1552 Flattering me with impossibilities. 145  
 FTLN 1553 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
 FTLN 1554 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
 FTLN 1555 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,  
 FTLN 1556 What other pleasure can the world afford?  
 FTLN 1557 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap 150  
 FTLN 1558 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 FTLN 1559 And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
 FTLN 1560 O miserable thought, and more unlikely  
 FTLN 1561 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
 FTLN 1562 Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb, 155  
 FTLN 1563 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
 FTLN 1564 She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe  
 FTLN 1565 To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;  
 FTLN 1566 To make an envious mountain on my back,



FTLN 1602 And set the murderous Machiavel to school. 195  
 FTLN 1603 Can I do this and cannot get a crown?  
 FTLN 1604 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

*He exits.*

「Scene 3」

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, his sister  
 「the Lady」 Bona, his Admiral called Bourbon,  
 Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford,  
 「the last three wearing the red rose.」*

*Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1605 Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 FTLN 1606 Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state  
 FTLN 1607 And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis  
 FTLN 1608 doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1609 No, mighty King of France. Now Margaret 5  
 FTLN 1610 Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
 FTLN 1611 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 FTLN 1612 Great Albion's queen in former golden days,  
 FTLN 1613 But now mischance hath trod my title down  
 FTLN 1614 And with dishonor laid me on the ground, 10  
 FTLN 1615 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune  
 FTLN 1616 And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1617 Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep  
 FTLN 1618 despair?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1619 From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears 15  
 FTLN 1620 And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

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KING LEWIS

FTLN 1621     Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
 FTLN 1622     And sit thee by our side.                     *Seats her by him.*  
 FTLN 1623                             Yield not thy neck  
 FTLN 1624     To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind             20  
 FTLN 1625     Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 FTLN 1626     Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief.  
 FTLN 1627     It shall be eased if France can yield relief.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1628     Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts  
 FTLN 1629     And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.             25  
 FTLN 1630     Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis  
 FTLN 1631     That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
 FTLN 1632     Is, of a king, become a banished man  
 FTLN 1633     And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
 FTLN 1634     While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,             30  
 FTLN 1635     Usurps the regal title and the seat  
 FTLN 1636     Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
 FTLN 1637     This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
 FTLN 1638     With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
 FTLN 1639     Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;                     35  
 FTLN 1640     And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.  
 FTLN 1641     Scotland hath will to help but cannot help;  
 FTLN 1642     Our people and our peers are both misled,  
 FTLN 1643     Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
 FTLN 1644     And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.             40

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1645     Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm  
 FTLN 1646     While we bethink a means to break it off.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1647     The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1648     The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1649     O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.             45

*Enter Warwick, [wearing the white rose.]*

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1650 | And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.           |    |
|           | KING LEWIS  |    |
| FTLN 1651 | What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?           |    |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET  |    |
| FTLN 1652 | Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.          |    |
|           | KING LEWIS, [ <i>standing</i> ]                         |    |
| FTLN 1653 | Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?     |    |
|           | <i>He descends. She ariseth.</i>                        |    |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET, [ <i>aside</i> ]                        |    |
| FTLN 1654 | Ay, now begins a second storm to rise,                  | 50 |
| FTLN 1655 | For this is he that moves both wind and tide.           |    |
|           | WARWICK   |    |
| FTLN 1656 | From worthy Edward, King of Albion,                     |    |
| FTLN 1657 | My lord and sovereign and thy vowèd friend,             |    |
| FTLN 1658 | I come in kindness and unfeignèd love,                  |    |
| FTLN 1659 | First, to do greetings to thy royal person,             | 55 |
| FTLN 1660 | And then to crave a league of amity,                    |    |
| FTLN 1661 | And, lastly, to confirm that amity                      |    |
| FTLN 1662 | With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant           |    |
| FTLN 1663 | That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,               |    |
| FTLN 1664 | To England's king in lawful marriage.                   | 60 |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET, [ <i>aside</i> ]                        |    |
| FTLN 1665 | If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.               |    |
|           | WARWICK, <i>speaking to</i> [ <i>Lady</i> ] <i>Bona</i> |    |
| FTLN 1666 | And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,              |    |
| FTLN 1667 | I am commanded, with your leave and favor,              |    |
| FTLN 1668 | Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue            |    |
| FTLN 1669 | To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,            | 65 |
| FTLN 1670 | Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,          |    |
| FTLN 1671 | Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.          |    |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET  |    |
| FTLN 1672 | King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak                 |    |
| FTLN 1673 | Before you answer Warwick. His demand                   |    |
| FTLN 1674 | Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,       | 70 |

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1675 | But from deceit, bred by necessity;                  |     |
| FTLN 1676 | For how can tyrants safely govern home               |     |
| FTLN 1677 | Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?          |     |
| FTLN 1678 | To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice:        |     |
| FTLN 1679 | That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,           | 75  |
| FTLN 1680 | Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.     |     |
| FTLN 1681 | Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and      |     |
| FTLN 1682 | marriage   |     |
| FTLN 1683 | Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;            |     |
| FTLN 1684 | For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,            | 80  |
| FTLN 1685 | Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.   |     |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1686 | Injurious Margaret!                                  |     |
| FTLN 1687 | PRINCE EDWARD           And why not "Queen"?         |     |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1688 | Because thy father Henry did usurp,                  |     |
| FTLN 1689 | And thou no more art prince than she is queen.       | 85  |
|           | OXFORD   |     |
| FTLN 1690 | Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,          |     |
| FTLN 1691 | Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;         |     |
| FTLN 1692 | And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,           |     |
| FTLN 1693 | Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;             |     |
| FTLN 1694 | And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,         | 90  |
| FTLN 1695 | Who by his prowess conquerèd all France.             |     |
| FTLN 1696 | From these our Henry lineally descends.              |     |
|           | WARWICK  |     |
| FTLN 1697 | Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse         |     |
| FTLN 1698 | You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost           |     |
| FTLN 1699 | All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten.           | 95  |
| FTLN 1700 | Methinks these peers of France should smile at that. |     |
| FTLN 1701 | But, for the rest: you tell a pedigree               |     |
| FTLN 1702 | Of threescore and two years, a silly time            |     |
| FTLN 1703 | To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.          |     |
|           | OXFORD   |     |
| FTLN 1704 | Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,    | 100 |
| FTLN 1705 | Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,            |     |
| FTLN 1706 | And not bewray thy treason with a blush?             |     |

WARWICK

FTLN 1707 Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
 FTLN 1708 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
 FTLN 1709 For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king. 105

OXFORD

FTLN 1710 Call him my king, by whose injurious doom  
 FTLN 1711 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
 FTLN 1712 Was done to death? And more than so, my father,  
 FTLN 1713 Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,  
 FTLN 1714 When nature brought him to the door of death? 110  
 FTLN 1715 No, Warwick, no. While life upholds this arm,  
 FTLN 1716 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.  
 FTLN 1717 WARWICK And I the house of York.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1718 Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,  
 FTLN 1719 Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside 115  
 FTLN 1720 While I use further conference with Warwick.

*They stand aloof.*

QUEEN MARGARET, [aside]

FTLN 1721 Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him  
 FTLN 1722 not.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1723 Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
 FTLN 1724 Is Edward your true king? For I were loath 120  
 FTLN 1725 To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WARWICK

FTLN 1726 Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1727 But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WARWICK

FTLN 1728 The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1729 Then further, all dissembling set aside, 125  
 FTLN 1730 Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
 FTLN 1731 Unto our sister Bona.

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|           |                |  |     |
|-----------|----------------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1732 | WARWICK        | Such it seems  |     |
| FTLN 1733 |                | As may beseem a monarch like himself.                              |     |
| FTLN 1734 |                | Myself have often heard him say and swear                          | 130 |
| FTLN 1735 |                | That this his love was an <sup>1</sup> eternal <sup>1</sup> plant, |     |
| FTLN 1736 |                | Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,                     |     |
| FTLN 1737 |                | The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,                 |     |
| FTLN 1738 |                | Exempt from envy but not from disdain,                             |     |
| FTLN 1739 |                | Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.                                | 135 |
|           | KING LEWIS     |  |     |
| FTLN 1740 |                | Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.                        |     |
|           | LADY BONA      |  |     |
| FTLN 1741 |                | Your grant or your denial shall be mine.                           |     |
| FTLN 1742 |                | <i>(Speaks to Warwick.)</i> Yet I confess that often ere this      |     |
| FTLN 1743 |                | day,   |     |
| FTLN 1744 |                | When I have heard your king's desert recounted,                    | 140 |
| FTLN 1745 |                | Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.                          |     |
|           | KING LEWIS     |  |     |
| FTLN 1746 |                | Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.                 |     |
| FTLN 1747 |                | And now forthwith shall articles be drawn                          |     |
| FTLN 1748 |                | Touching the jointure that your king must make,                    |     |
| FTLN 1749 |                | Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—                      | 145 |
| FTLN 1750 |                | Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness                        |     |
| FTLN 1751 |                | That Bona shall be wife to the English king.                       |     |
|           | PRINCE EDWARD  |  |     |
| FTLN 1752 |                | To Edward, but not to the English king.                            |     |
|           | QUEEN MARGARET |  |     |
| FTLN 1753 |                | Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device                               |     |
| FTLN 1754 |                | By this alliance to make void my suit.                             | 150 |
| FTLN 1755 |                | Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.                       |     |
|           | KING LEWIS     |  |     |
| FTLN 1756 |                | And still is friend to him and Margaret.                           |     |
| FTLN 1757 |                | But if your title to the crown be weak,                            |     |
| FTLN 1758 |                | As may appear by Edward's good success,                            |     |
| FTLN 1759 |                | Then 'tis but reason that I be released                            | 155 |
| FTLN 1760 |                | From giving aid which late I promisèd.                             |     |

FTLN 1761 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 FTLN 1762 That your estate requires and mine can yield.

WARWICK

FTLN 1763 Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
 FTLN 1764 Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.— 160  
 FTLN 1765 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
 FTLN 1766 You have a father able to maintain you,  
 FTLN 1767 And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1768 Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,  
 FTLN 1769 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings! 165  
 FTLN 1770 I will not hence till with my talk and tears,  
 FTLN 1771 Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
 FTLN 1772 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love,  
 FTLN 1773 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

*Post blowing a horn within.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1774 Warwick, this is some post to us or thee. 170

*Enter the Post.*

POST *speaks to Warwick.*

FTLN 1775 My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
 FTLN 1776 Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.  
 FTLN 1777 (*To Lewis.*) These from our king unto your Majesty.  
 FTLN 1778 (*To Margaret.*) And, madam, these for you—from  
 FTLN 1779 whom, I know not. *They all read their letters.* 175

OXFORD, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1780 I like it well that our fair queen and mistress  
 FTLN 1781 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE EDWARD, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1782 Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.  
 FTLN 1783 I hope all's for the best.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1784 Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair queen? 180

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1785 Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

WARWICK

FTLN 1786 Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1787 What, has your king married the Lady Grey,

FTLN 1788 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

FTLN 1789 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 185

FTLN 1790 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?

FTLN 1791 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1792 I told your Majesty as much before.

FTLN 1793 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WARWICK

FTLN 1794 King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven 190

FTLN 1795 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

FTLN 1796 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's—

FTLN 1797 No more my king, for he dishonors me,

FTLN 1798 But most himself, if he could see his shame.

FTLN 1799 Did I forget that by the house of York 195

FTLN 1800 My father came untimely to his death?

FTLN 1801 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?

FTLN 1802 Did I impale him with the regal crown?

FTLN 1803 Did I put Henry from his native right?

FTLN 1804 And am I guerdoned at the last with shame? 200

FTLN 1805 Shame on himself, for my desert is honor!

FTLN 1806 And to repair my honor lost for him,

FTLN 1807 I here renounce him and return to Henry.

*〔He removes the white rose.〕*

FTLN 1808 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

FTLN 1809 And henceforth I am thy true servitor. 205

FTLN 1810 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona

FTLN 1811 And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1812 Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love,

FTLN 1813 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

FTLN 1814 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend. 210



QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1842 Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside  
FTLN 1843 And I am ready to put armor on.

WARWICK

FTLN 1844 Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 240  
FTLN 1845 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.  
FTLN 1846 There's thy reward. *['Gives money.]*  
FTLN 1847 Be gone. *Post exits.*

KING LEWIS

But, Warwick,

FTLN 1849 Thou and Oxford with five thousand men 245  
FTLN 1850 Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle;  
FTLN 1851 And as occasion serves, this noble queen  
FTLN 1852 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
FTLN 1853 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
FTLN 1854 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 250

WARWICK

FTLN 1855 This shall assure my constant loyalty:  
FTLN 1856 That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
FTLN 1857 I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
FTLN 1858 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1859 Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion. 255  
FTLN 1860 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous.  
FTLN 1861 Therefore, delay not; give thy hand to Warwick,  
FTLN 1862 And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
FTLN 1863 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 1864 Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it, 260  
FTLN 1865 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1866 Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
FTLN 1867 And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,  
FTLN 1868 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.  
FTLN 1869 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance 265  
FTLN 1870 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*All but Warwick exit.*

WARWICK

FTLN 1871 I came from Edward as ambassador,  
FTLN 1872 But I return his sworn and mortal foe.  
FTLN 1873 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
FTLN 1874 But dreadful war shall answer his demand. 270  
FTLN 1875 Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
FTLN 1876 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
FTLN 1877 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
FTLN 1878 And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
FTLN 1879 Not that I pity Henry's misery, 275  
FTLN 1880 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*He exits.*

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「Scene 1」

*Enter Richard 「of Gloucester,」 Clarence, Somerset,  
and Montague, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1881 Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
FTLN 1882 Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
FTLN 1883 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLARENCE

FTLN 1884 Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France.  
FTLN 1885 How could he stay till Warwick made return?

5

*Flourish.*

SOMERSET

FTLN 1886 My lords, forbear this talk. Here comes the King.

FTLN 1887 RICHARD And his well-chosen bride.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1888 I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Enter King Edward, 「with Attendants,」  
Lady Grey, 「now Queen Elizabeth,」 Pembroke, Stafford,  
Hastings, 「and others, all wearing the white rose.」  
Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1889 Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,  
FTLN 1890 That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

10

CLARENCE

FTLN 1891 As well as Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick,

---

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 1892 | Which are so weak of courage and in judgment        |    |
| FTLN 1893 | That they'll take no offense at our abuse.          |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1894 | Suppose they take offense without a cause,          |    |
| FTLN 1895 | They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,        | 15 |
| FTLN 1896 | Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.     |    |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 1897 | And shall have your will because our king.          |    |
| FTLN 1898 | Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.             |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1899 | Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?         |    |
| FTLN 1900 | RICHARD Not I.                                      | 20 |
| FTLN 1901 | No, God forbid that I should wish them severed      |    |
| FTLN 1902 | Whom God hath joined together. Ay, and 'twere pity  |    |
| FTLN 1903 | To sunder them that yoke so well together.          |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1904 | Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,         |    |
| FTLN 1905 | Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey               | 25 |
| FTLN 1906 | Should not become my wife and England's queen?      |    |
| FTLN 1907 | And you too, Somerset and Montague,                 |    |
| FTLN 1908 | Speak freely what you think.                        |    |
|           | CLARENCE  |    |
| FTLN 1909 | Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis          |    |
| FTLN 1910 | Becomes your enemy for mocking him                  | 30 |
| FTLN 1911 | About the marriage of the Lady Bona.                |    |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 1912 | And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,         |    |
| FTLN 1913 | Is now dishonorèd by this new marriage.             |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 1914 | What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased          |    |
| FTLN 1915 | By such invention as I can devise?                  | 35 |
|           | MONTAGUE  |    |
| FTLN 1916 | Yet to have joined with France in such alliance     |    |
| FTLN 1917 | Would more have strengthened this our               |    |
| FTLN 1918 | commonwealth  |    |
| FTLN 1919 | 'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage. |    |



KING EDWARD

FTLN 1946 Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king  
FTLN 1947 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1948 My lords, before it pleased his Majesty  
FTLN 1949 To raise my state to title of a queen,  
FTLN 1950 Do me but right and you must all confess 70  
FTLN 1951 That I was not ignoble of descent,  
FTLN 1952 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
FTLN 1953 But as this title honors me and mine,  
FTLN 1954 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
FTLN 1955 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow. 75

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1956 My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.  
FTLN 1957 What danger or what sorrow can befall thee  
FTLN 1958 So long as Edward is thy constant friend  
FTLN 1959 And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
FTLN 1960 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too, 80  
FTLN 1961 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;  
FTLN 1962 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
FTLN 1963 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

RICHARD, [*aside*]

FTLN 1964 I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

*Enter a Post.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1965 Now, messenger, what letters or what news from 85  
FTLN 1966 France?

POST

FTLN 1967 My sovereign liege, no letters and few words  
FTLN 1968 But such as I without your special pardon  
FTLN 1969 Dare not relate.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1970 Go to, we pardon thee. Therefore, in brief, 90  
FTLN 1971 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
FTLN 1972 What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

---

 POST

FTLN 1973 At my depart, these were his very words:  
 FTLN 1974 "Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,  
 FTLN 1975 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers 95  
 FTLN 1976 To revel it with him and his new bride."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1977 Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.  
 FTLN 1978 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST

FTLN 1979 These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:  
 FTLN 1980 "Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, 100  
 FTLN 1981 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1982 I blame not her; she could say little less;  
 FTLN 1983 She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
 FTLN 1984 For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST

FTLN 1985 "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are 105  
 FTLN 1986 done,  
 FTLN 1987 And I am ready to put armor on."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1988 Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
 FTLN 1989 But what said Warwick to these injuries?

POST

FTLN 1990 He, more incensed against your Majesty 110  
 FTLN 1991 Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
 FTLN 1992 "Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
 FTLN 1993 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1994 Ha! Durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
 FTLN 1995 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned. 115  
 FTLN 1996 They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
 FTLN 1997 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

POST

FTLN 1998 Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so linked in  
 FTLN 1999 friendship

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2000 | That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's         | 120 |
| FTLN 2001 | daughter.  |     |
|           | CLARENCE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」                         |     |
| FTLN 2002 | Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.— |     |
| FTLN 2003 | Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,     |     |
| FTLN 2004 | For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,      |     |
| FTLN 2005 | That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage     | 125 |
| FTLN 2006 | I may not prove inferior to yourself.              |     |
| FTLN 2007 | You that love me and Warwick, follow me.           |     |
|           | <i>Clarence exits, and Somerset follows.</i>       |     |
|           | RICHARD, 「 <i>aside</i> 」                          |     |
| FTLN 2008 | Not I. My thoughts aim at a further matter:        |     |
| FTLN 2009 | I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.  |     |
|           | KING EDWARD  |     |
| FTLN 2010 | Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?        | 130 |
| FTLN 2011 | Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,       |     |
| FTLN 2012 | And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.       |     |
| FTLN 2013 | Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf           |     |
| FTLN 2014 | Go levy men and make prepare for war.              |     |
| FTLN 2015 | They are already, or quickly will be, landed.      | 135 |
| FTLN 2016 | Myself in person will straight follow you.         |     |
|           | <i>Pembroke and Stafford exit.</i>                 |     |
| FTLN 2017 | But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,               |     |
| FTLN 2018 | Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,      |     |
| FTLN 2019 | Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance.      |     |
| FTLN 2020 | Tell me if you love Warwick more than me.          | 140 |
| FTLN 2021 | If it be so, then both depart to him.              |     |
| FTLN 2022 | I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.        |     |
| FTLN 2023 | But if you mind to hold your true obedience,       |     |
| FTLN 2024 | Give me assurance with some friendly vow,          |     |
| FTLN 2025 | That I may never have you in suspect.              | 145 |
|           | MONTAGUE   |     |
| FTLN 2026 | So God help Montague as he proves true!            |     |
|           | HASTINGS   |     |
| FTLN 2027 | And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!          |     |

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2028 Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

RICHARD

FTLN 2029 Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2030 Why, so. Then am I sure of victory. 150

FTLN 2031 Now therefore let us hence and lose no hour

FTLN 2032 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

*They exit.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,*

*「wearing the red rose,」 with French Soldiers.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2033 Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well.

FTLN 2034 The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

FTLN 2035 But see where Somerset and Clarence comes.—

FTLN 2036 Speak suddenly, my lords: are we all friends?

FTLN 2037 CLARENCE Fear not that, my lord. 5

WARWICK

FTLN 2038 Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,

FTLN 2039 And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice

FTLN 2040 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

FTLN 2041 Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;

FTLN 2042 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10

FTLN 2043 Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings.

FTLN 2044 But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be  
FTLN 2045 thine.

FTLN 2046 And now, what rests but, in night's coverture

FTLN 2047 Thy brother being carelessly encamped, 15

FTLN 2048 His soldiers lurking in the town about,

FTLN 2049 And but attended by a simple guard,



## FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2073 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

## THIRD WATCH

FTLN 2074 O, is it so? But why commands the King  
 FTLN 2075 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
 FTLN 2076 While he himself keeps in the cold field?

## SECOND WATCH

FTLN 2077 'Tis the more honor, because more dangerous. 15

## THIRD WATCH

FTLN 2078 Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
 FTLN 2079 I like it better than a dangerous honor.  
 FTLN 2080 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
 FTLN 2081 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

## FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2082 Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. 20

## SECOND WATCH

FTLN 2083 Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent  
 FTLN 2084 But to defend his person from night foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, [all wearing  
 the red rose,] and French Soldiers, silent all.*

## WARWICK

FTLN 2085 This is his tent, and see where stand his guard.  
 FTLN 2086 Courage, my masters. Honor, now or never!  
 FTLN 2087 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25

FTLN 2088 FIRST WATCH Who goes there?

FTLN 2089 SECOND WATCH Stay, or thou diest!

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

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding,  
 enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing  
 King [Edward] out in his gown, sitting in a chair.  
 Richard and Hastings flies over the stage.*

SOMERSET

|           |  |                              |
|-----------|--|------------------------------|
| FTLN 2090 | What are they that fly there?                        |                              |
| FTLN 2091 | WARWICK  | Richard and Hastings.        |
| FTLN 2092 | Let them go. Here is the Duke.                       | 30                           |
| FTLN 2093 | KING EDWARD  | The Duke?                    |
| FTLN 2094 | Why, Warwick, when we parted, thou call'dst me king. |                              |
| FTLN 2095 | WARWICK  | Ay, but the case is altered. |
| FTLN 2096 | When you disgraced me in my embassy,                 |                              |
| FTLN 2097 | Then I degraded you from being king                  | 35                           |
| FTLN 2098 | And come now to create you Duke of York.             |                              |
| FTLN 2099 | Alas, how should you govern any kingdom              |                              |
| FTLN 2100 | That know not how to use ambassadors,                |                              |
| FTLN 2101 | Nor how to be contented with one wife,               |                              |
| FTLN 2102 | Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,              | 40                           |
| FTLN 2103 | Nor how to study for the people's welfare,           |                              |
| FTLN 2104 | Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?             |                              |
|           | KING EDWARD  |                              |
| FTLN 2105 | Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?         |                              |
| FTLN 2106 | Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.        |                              |
| FTLN 2107 | Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,           | 45                           |
| FTLN 2108 | Of thee thyself and all thy complices,               |                              |
| FTLN 2109 | Edward will always bear himself as king.             |                              |
| FTLN 2110 | Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,          |                              |
| FTLN 2111 | My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.            |                              |
|           | WARWICK  |                              |
| FTLN 2112 | Then for his mind be Edward England's king,          | 50                           |
|           |  | <i>Takes off his crown.</i>  |
| FTLN 2113 | But Henry now shall wear the English crown           |                              |
| FTLN 2114 | And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.—       |                              |
| FTLN 2115 | My lord of Somerset, at my request,                  |                              |
| FTLN 2116 | See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed           |                              |
| FTLN 2117 | Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.                 | 55                           |
| FTLN 2118 | When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,    |                              |
| FTLN 2119 | I'll follow you and tell what answer                 |                              |
| FTLN 2120 | Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.—                |                              |
| FTLN 2121 | Now for awhile farewell, good Duke of York.          |                              |

*They* *begin to* *lead him out forcibly.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2122     What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;                     60  
FTLN 2123     It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Somerset and Soldiers* *exit, guarding King Edward.*

OXFORD

FTLN 2124     What now remains, my lords, for us to do  
FTLN 2125     But march to London with our soldiers?

WARWICK

FTLN 2126     Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,  
FTLN 2127     To free King Henry from imprisonment                     65  
FTLN 2128     And see him seated in the regal throne.

*They* *exit.*

*Scene 4*

*Enter Rivers and Queen Elizabeth,*  
*wearing the white rose.*

RIVERS

FTLN 2129     Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2130     Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
FTLN 2131     What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

RIVERS

FTLN 2132     What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2133     No, but the loss of his own royal person.                     5

FTLN 2134     RIVERS     Then is my sovereign slain?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2135     Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,  
FTLN 2136     Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard  
FTLN 2137     Or by his foe surprised at unawares;  
FTLN 2138     And, as I further have to understand,                     10  
FTLN 2139     Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
FTLN 2140     Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.



## [Scene 5]

*Enter Richard [of Gloucester,] Lord Hastings,  
and Sir William Stanley, [with Soldiers,  
all wearing the white rose.]*

RICHARD

FTLN 2165 Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,  
FTLN 2166 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither  
FTLN 2167 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
FTLN 2168 Thus [stands] the case: you know our king, my brother,  
FTLN 2169 Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands 5  
FTLN 2170 He hath good usage and great liberty,  
FTLN 2171 And, often but attended with weak guard,  
FTLN 2172 [Comes] hunting this way to disport himself.  
FTLN 2173 I have advertised him by secret means  
FTLN 2174 That, if about this hour he make this way 10  
FTLN 2175 Under the color of his usual game,  
FTLN 2176 He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
FTLN 2177 To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King Edward, [wearing the white rose,]  
and a Huntsman with him.*

HUNTSMAN

FTLN 2178 This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2179 Nay, this way, man. See where the huntsmen stand.— 15  
FTLN 2180 Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the  
FTLN 2181 rest,  
FTLN 2182 Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

RICHARD

FTLN 2183 Brother, the time and case requireth haste.  
FTLN 2184 Your horse stands ready at the park corner. 20

FTLN 2185 KING EDWARD But whither shall we then?

HASTINGS

FTLN 2186 To Lynn, my lord, and shipped from thence  
FTLN 2187 to Flanders.

RICHARD

FTLN 2188 Well guessed, believe me, for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2189 Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness. 25

RICHARD

FTLN 2190 But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2191 Huntsman, what sayst thou? Wilt thou go along?

HUNTSMAN

FTLN 2192 Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

RICHARD

FTLN 2193 Come then, away! Let's ha' no more ado.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2194 Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown, 30

FTLN 2195 And pray that I may repossess the crown.

*They exit.*

「Scene 6」

*Flourish. Enter King Henry the Sixth, Clarence,  
Warwick, Somerset, young Henry 「Earl of Richmond,」  
Oxford, Montague, 「all wearing the red rose,」  
and Lieutenant 「of the Tower.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2196 Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

FTLN 2197 Have shaken Edward from the regal seat

FTLN 2198 And turned my captive state to liberty,

FTLN 2199 My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

FTLN 2200 At our enlargement what are thy due fees? 5

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2201 Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov' reigns,

FTLN 2202 But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

FTLN 2203 I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2204 For what, lieutenant? For well using me?



[*He joins their hands.*]

FTLN 2237 I make you both Protectors of this land,  
 FTLN 2238 While I myself will lead a private life  
 FTLN 2239 And in devotion spend my latter days,  
 FTLN 2240 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise. 45

WARWICK

FTLN 2241 What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLARENCE

FTLN 2242 That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,  
 FTLN 2243 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WARWICK

FTLN 2244 Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.  
 FTLN 2245 We'll yoke together like a double shadow 50  
 FTLN 2246 To Henry's body, and supply his place—  
 FTLN 2247 I mean, in bearing weight of government—  
 FTLN 2248 While he enjoys the honor and his ease.

FTLN 2249 And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
 FTLN 2250 Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor 55  
 FTLN 2251 And all his lands and goods [be] confiscate.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2252 What else? And that succession be determinèd.

WARWICK

FTLN 2253 Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2254 But with the first of all your chief affairs  
 FTLN 2255 Let me entreat—for I command no more— 60  
 FTLN 2256 That Margaret your queen and my son Edward  
 FTLN 2257 Be sent for, to return from France with speed,  
 FTLN 2258 For till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
 FTLN 2259 My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2260 It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed. 65

KING HENRY

FTLN 2261 My lord of Somerset, what youth is that  
 FTLN 2262 Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOMERSET

FTLN 2263 My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.  
 KING HENRY, 「to Richmond」  
 FTLN 2264 Come hither, England's hope.  
   *Lays his hand on 「Richmond's」 head.*  
 FTLN 2265 If secret powers 70  
 FTLN 2266 Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
 FTLN 2267 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
 FTLN 2268 His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
 FTLN 2269 His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
 FTLN 2270 His hand to wield a scepter, and himself 75  
 FTLN 2271 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
 FTLN 2272 Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
 FTLN 2273 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

FTLN 2274 WARWICK What news, my friend?  
 POST  
 FTLN 2275 That Edward is escapèd from your brother 80  
 FTLN 2276 And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 2277 Unsavory news! But how made he escape?  
 POST  
 FTLN 2278 He was conveyed by Richard, Duke of Gloucester,  
 FTLN 2279 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
 FTLN 2280 In secret ambush on the forest side 85  
 FTLN 2281 And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescued him,  
 FTLN 2282 For hunting was his daily exercise.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 2283 My brother was too careless of his charge.  
 FTLN 2284 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
 FTLN 2285 A salve for any sore that may betide. 90

*All but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford exit.*

SOMERSET, 「to Oxford」

FTLN 2286 My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,  
 FTLN 2287 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

---

FTLN 2288 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.  
 FTLN 2289 As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
 FTLN 2290 Did glad my heart with hope of this young 95  
 FTLN 2291 Richmond,  
 FTLN 2292 So doth my heart misgive me in these conflicts  
 FTLN 2293 What may befall him, to his harm and ours.  
 FTLN 2294 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 FTLN 2295 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany 100  
 FTLN 2296 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXFORD

FTLN 2297 Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 FTLN 2298 'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall down.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2299 It shall be so. He shall to Brittany.  
 FTLN 2300 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. 105

*They exit.*

「Scene 7」

*Flourish. Enter 「King」 Edward, Richard, Hastings,  
 and Soldiers, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2301 Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest:  
 FTLN 2302 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,  
 FTLN 2303 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 FTLN 2304 My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.  
 FTLN 2305 Well have we passed, and now re-passed, the seas, 5  
 FTLN 2306 And brought desired help from Burgundy.  
 FTLN 2307 What then remains, we being thus arrived  
 FTLN 2308 From Ravenspurgh Haven before the gates of York,  
 FTLN 2309 But that we enter as into our dukedom?

*「Hastings knocks at the gate.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 2310 The gates made fast? Brother, I like not this. 10

---

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2311 | For many men that stumble at the threshold                                      |    |
| FTLN 2312 | Are well foretold that danger lurks within.                                     |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 2313 | Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us.                                 |    |
| FTLN 2314 | By fair or foul means we must enter in,   |    |
| FTLN 2315 | For hither will our friends repair to us.                                       | 15 |
|           | HASTINGS  |    |
| FTLN 2316 | My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.                                  |    |
|           | <i>He knocks.</i>   |    |
|           | <i>Enter on the walls the Mayor of York and his brethren,<br/>the Aldermen.</i> |    |
|           | MAYOR   |    |
| FTLN 2317 | My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,                                    |    |
| FTLN 2318 | And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,                                     |    |
| FTLN 2319 | For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.   |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 2320 | But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,                                       | 20 |
| FTLN 2321 | Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.                                      |    |
|           | MAYOR   |    |
| FTLN 2322 | True, my good lord, I know you for no less.                                     |    |
|           | KING EDWARD   |    |
| FTLN 2323 | Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,                                    |    |
| FTLN 2324 | As being well content with that alone.  |    |
|           | RICHARD, <i>aside</i>   |    |
| FTLN 2325 | But when the fox hath once got in his nose,                                     | 25 |
| FTLN 2326 | He'll soon find means to make the body follow.                                  |    |
|           | HASTINGS  |    |
| FTLN 2327 | Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?                                    |    |
| FTLN 2328 | Open the gates. We are King Henry's friends.                                    |    |
|           | MAYOR   |    |
| FTLN 2329 | Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be opened.                                 |    |
|           | <i>He descends with the Aldermen.</i>   |    |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 2330 | A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.                                       | 30 |

HASTINGS

FTLN 2331 The good old man would fain that all were well,  
 FTLN 2332 So 'twere not long of him; but being entered,  
 FTLN 2333 I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
 FTLN 2334 Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2335 So, master mayor, these gates must not be shut 35  
 FTLN 2336 But in the night or in the time of war.  
 FTLN 2337 What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys.

*Takes his keys.*

FTLN 2338 For Edward will defend the town and thee  
 FTLN 2339 And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2340 Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40  
 FTLN 2341 Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2342 Welcome, Sir John. But why come you in arms?

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2343 To help King Edward in his time of storm,  
 FTLN 2344 As every loyal subject ought to do.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2345 Thanks, good Montgomery. But we now forget 45  
 FTLN 2346 Our title to the crown, and only claim  
 FTLN 2347 Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2348 Then fare you well, for I will hence again.  
 FTLN 2349 I came to serve a king and not a duke.—  
 FTLN 2350 Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

*The Drum begins to march.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2351 Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate  
 FTLN 2352 By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2353     What talk you of debating? In few words,  
 FTLN 2354     If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
 FTLN 2355     I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone                         55  
 FTLN 2356     To keep them back that come to succor you.  
 FTLN 2357     Why shall we fight if you pretend no title?

RICHARD

FTLN 2358     Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2359     When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim.  
 FTLN 2360     Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.                         60

HASTINGS

FTLN 2361     Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

RICHARD

FTLN 2362     And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
 FTLN 2363     Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
 FTLN 2364     The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2365     Then be it as you will, for 'tis my right,                         65  
 FTLN 2366     And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2367     Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,  
 FTLN 2368     And now will I be Edward's champion.

HASTINGS

FTLN 2369     Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.—  
 FTLN 2370     Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.                         70

*Flourish. Sound.*

FTLN 2371     SOLDIER <sup>reads</sup> *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of*  
 FTLN 2372             *God, King of England and France, and Lord of*  
 FTLN 2373             *Ireland, &c.*

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2374     And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,  
 FTLN 2375     By this I challenge him to single fight.                         75

*Throws down his gauntlet.*

FTLN 2376     ALL    Long live Edward the Fourth!

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2377 Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.  
 FTLN 2378 If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
 FTLN 2379 Now, for this night let's harbor here in York,  
 FTLN 2380 And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80  
 FTLN 2381 Above the border of this horizon,  
 FTLN 2382 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;  
 FTLN 2383 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.  
 FTLN 2384 Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee  
 FTLN 2385 To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother! 85  
 FTLN 2386 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.  
 FTLN 2387 Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;  
 FTLN 2388 And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

*They exit.*

「Scene 8」

*Flourish. Enter King 「Henry,」 Warwick, Montague,  
 Clarence, Oxford, and 「Exeter, all wearing the red rose.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2389 What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
 FTLN 2390 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
 FTLN 2391 Hath passed in safety through the Narrow Seas,  
 FTLN 2392 And with his troops doth march amain to London,  
 FTLN 2393 And many giddy people flock to him. 5

KING HENRY

FTLN 2394 Let's levy men and beat him back again.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2395 A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 FTLN 2396 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

WARWICK

FTLN 2397 In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
 FTLN 2398 Not mutinous in peace yet bold in war. 10  
 FTLN 2399 Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,  
 FTLN 2400 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent

---

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2401 | The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—    |    |
| FTLN 2402 | Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,           |    |
| FTLN 2403 | Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find    | 15 |
| FTLN 2404 | Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st.— |    |
| FTLN 2405 | And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,   |    |
| FTLN 2406 | In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—     |    |
| FTLN 2407 | My sovereign, with the loving citizens,          |    |
| FTLN 2408 | Like to his island girt in with the ocean,       | 20 |
| FTLN 2409 | Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,          |    |
| FTLN 2410 | Shall rest in London till we come to him.        |    |
| FTLN 2411 | Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.— |    |
| FTLN 2412 | Farewell, my sovereign.                          |    |
|           | KING HENRY                                       |    |
| FTLN 2413 | Farewell, my Hector and my Troy's true hope.     | 25 |
|           | CLARENCE   |    |
| FTLN 2414 | In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.    |    |
|           | KING HENRY                                       |    |
| FTLN 2415 | Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.         |    |
|           | MONTAGUE   |    |
| FTLN 2416 | Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.        |    |
|           | OXFORD   |    |
| FTLN 2417 | And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.         |    |
|           | <i>〔He kisses Henry's hand.〕</i>                 |    |
|           | KING HENRY                                       |    |
| FTLN 2418 | Sweet Oxford and my loving Montague              | 30 |
| FTLN 2419 | And all at once, once more a happy farewell.     |    |
|           | WARWICK  |    |
| FTLN 2420 | Farewell, sweet lords. Let's meet at Coventry.   |    |
|           | <i>〔All but King Henry and Exeter〕 exit.</i>     |    |
|           | KING HENRY                                       |    |
| FTLN 2421 | Here at the palace will I rest awhile.           |    |
| FTLN 2422 | Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?     |    |
| FTLN 2423 | Methinks the power that Edward hath in field     | 35 |
| FTLN 2424 | Should not be able to encounter mine.            |    |
|           | EXETER   |    |
| FTLN 2425 | The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.       |    |

KING HENRY

FTLN 2426 That's not my fear. My meed hath got me fame.  
 FTLN 2427 I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,  
 FTLN 2428 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays. 40  
 FTLN 2429 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 FTLN 2430 My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,  
 FTLN 2431 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.  
 FTLN 2432 I have not been desirous of their wealth  
 FTLN 2433 Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies, 45  
 FTLN 2434 Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.  
 FTLN 2435 Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 FTLN 2436 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;  
 FTLN 2437 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 FTLN 2438 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

*Shout within "À York! À York!"*

EXETER

FTLN 2439 Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

*Enter King Edward and Richard and Soldiers,  
 all wearing the white rose.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2440 Seize on the shamefaced Henry, bear him hence,  
 FTLN 2441 And once again proclaim us King of England.—  
 FTLN 2442 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow.  
 FTLN 2443 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry 55  
 FTLN 2444 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—  
 FTLN 2445 Hence with him to the Tower. Let him not speak.

*Soldiers exit with King Henry and Exeter.*

FTLN 2446 And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 FTLN 2447 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.  
 FTLN 2448 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay, 60  
 FTLN 2449 Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

RICHARD

FTLN 2450 Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 FTLN 2451 And take the great-grown traitor unawares.  
 FTLN 2452 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*They exit.*



「Scene 1」

*Enter Warwick, 「wearing the red rose,」 the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2453     Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—

FTLN 2454     How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

FIRST MESSENGER

FTLN 2455     By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*「He exits.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2456     How far off is our brother Montague?

FTLN 2457     Where is the post that came from Montague?     5

SECOND MESSENGER

FTLN 2458     By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*「He exits.」*

*Enter, 「upon the walls,」 Somerville  
「wearing the red rose.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2459     Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

FTLN 2460     And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2461     At Southam I did leave him with his forces

FTLN 2462     And do expect him here some two hours hence.     10

*「Drum offstage.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2463     Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2464 It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.  
 FTLN 2465 The drum your Honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

WARWICK

FTLN 2466 Who should that be? Belike unlooked-for friends.

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2467 They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 15

*March. Flourish. Enter [below, King] Edward,  
 Richard, and Soldiers, [including a Trumpeter,  
 all wearing the white rose.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2468 Go, Trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

RICHARD

FTLN 2469 See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WARWICK

FTLN 2470 O unbid spite, is sportful Edward come?  
 FTLN 2471 Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
 FTLN 2472 That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2473 Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,  
 FTLN 2474 Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?  
 FTLN 2475 Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,  
 FTLN 2476 And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WARWICK

FTLN 2477 Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 25  
 FTLN 2478 Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,  
 FTLN 2479 Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,  
 FTLN 2480 And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

RICHARD

FTLN 2481 I thought at least he would have said “the King.”  
 FTLN 2482 Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

WARWICK

FTLN 2483 Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

RICHARD

FTLN 2484 Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

FTLN 2485 I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WARWICK

FTLN 2486 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2487 Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift. 35

WARWICK

FTLN 2488 Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;

FTLN 2489 And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,

FTLN 2490 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2491 But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

FTLN 2492 And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40

FTLN 2493 What is the body when the head is off?

RICHARD

FTLN 2494 Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

FTLN 2495 But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

FTLN 2496 The King was slyly fingered from the deck.

FTLN 2497 You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, 45

FTLN 2498 And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2499 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

RICHARD

FTLN 2500 Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel

FTLN 2501 down.

FTLN 2502 Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools. 50

WARWICK

FTLN 2503 I had rather chop this hand off at a blow

FTLN 2504 And with the other fling it at thy face

FTLN 2505 Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2506 Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

FTLN 2507 This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, 55

FTLN 2508 Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

FTLN 2509 Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

FTLN 2510 "Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

*Enter Oxford, [below, wearing the red rose,]  
with [Soldiers,] Drum and Colors.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2511 O, cheerful colors, see where Oxford comes!

FTLN 2512 OXFORD Oxford, Oxford for Lancaster! 60

*[Oxford and his troops exit as through a city gate.]*

RICHARD

FTLN 2513 The gates are open; let us enter too.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2514 So other foes may set upon our backs.

FTLN 2515 Stand we in good array, for they no doubt

FTLN 2516 Will issue out again and bid us battle.

FTLN 2517 If not, the city being but of small defense, 65

FTLN 2518 We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*[Oxford enters aloft.]*

WARWICK

FTLN 2519 O welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

*Enter Montague, [below, wearing the red rose,]  
with [Soldiers,] Drum and Colors.*

FTLN 2520 MONTAGUE Montague, Montague for Lancaster!

RICHARD

FTLN 2521 Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

FTLN 2522 Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear! 70

*[Montague and his troops exit as through a city gate.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2523 The harder matched, the greater victory.

FTLN 2524 My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, [below, wearing the red rose,]  
with [Soldiers,] Drum and Colors.*

FTLN 2525 SOMERSET Somerset, Somerset for Lancaster!

RICHARD

FTLN 2526 Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,  
 FTLN 2527 Have sold their lives unto the house of York, 75  
 FTLN 2528 And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*「Somerset and his troops exit as through a city gate.」*

*Enter Clarence, 「below, wearing the red rose,」  
 with 「Soldiers,」 Drum and Colors.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2529 And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,  
 FTLN 2530 Of force enough to bid his brother battle,  
 FTLN 2531 With whom 「an」 upright zeal to right prevails  
 FTLN 2532 More than the nature of a brother's love.— 80  
 FTLN 2533 Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2534 Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
*「He removes the red rose.」*

FTLN 2535 Look, here I throw my infamy at thee.  
*「He throws the rose at Warwick.」*

FTLN 2536 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
 FTLN 2537 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together 85  
 FTLN 2538 And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,  
 FTLN 2539 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
 FTLN 2540 To bend the fatal instruments of war  
 FTLN 2541 Against his brother and his lawful king?  
 FTLN 2542 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath. 90

FTLN 2543 To keep that oath were more impiety  
 FTLN 2544 Than Jephthah when he sacrificed his daughter.

FTLN 2545 I am so sorry for my trespass made  
 FTLN 2546 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 FTLN 2547 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe, 95

FTLN 2548 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—  
 FTLN 2549 As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad—  
 FTLN 2550 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

FTLN 2551 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee  
 FTLN 2552 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.— 100

FTLN 2553 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends.—  
 FTLN 2554 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
 FTLN 2555 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2556 Now, welcome more, and ten times more beloved,  
 FTLN 2557 Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate. 105

RICHARD

FTLN 2558 Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WARWICK

FTLN 2559 O, passing traitor, perjured and unjust.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2560 What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?  
 FTLN 2561 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WARWICK

FTLN 2562 Alas, I am not cooped here for defense. 110

FTLN 2563 I will away towards Barnet presently  
 FTLN 2564 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2565 Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—  
                                   *Warwick exits from the walls and descends.*

FTLN 2566 Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!  
                                   *They exit. March. Warwick and his company follows.*

「Scene 2」

*Alarum and excursions. Enter 「King」 Edward,  
 「wearing the white rose,」 bringing forth Warwick,  
 「wearing the red rose,」 wounded.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2567 So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear,  
 FTLN 2568 For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.  
 FTLN 2569 Now, Montague, sit fast. I seek for thee,  
 FTLN 2570 That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

*He exits.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2571 Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe, 5  
 FTLN 2572 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
 FTLN 2573 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,  
 FTLN 2574 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows  
 FTLN 2575 That I must yield my body to the earth  
 FTLN 2576 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10  
 FTLN 2577 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
 FTLN 2578 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
 FTLN 2579 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
 FTLN 2580 Whose top branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree  
 FTLN 2581 And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind. 15  
 FTLN 2582 These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black  
 FTLN 2583 veil,  
 FTLN 2584 Have been as piercing as the midday sun  
 FTLN 2585 To search the secret treasons of the world.  
 FTLN 2586 The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood, 20  
 FTLN 2587 Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers,  
 FTLN 2588 For who lived king but I could dig his grave?  
 FTLN 2589 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
 FTLN 2590 Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!  
 FTLN 2591 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had 25  
 FTLN 2592 Even now forsake me; and of all my lands  
 FTLN 2593 Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
 FTLN 2594 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
 FTLN 2595 And live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset, [both wearing the red rose.]*

SOMERSET

FTLN 2596 Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are, 30  
 FTLN 2597 We might recover all our loss again.  
 FTLN 2598 The Queen from France hath brought a puissant  
 FTLN 2599 power;  
 FTLN 2600 Even now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly—

WARWICK

FTLN 2601 Why, then, I would not fly. Ah, Montague, 35

FTLN 2602 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand  
 FTLN 2603 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
 FTLN 2604 Thou lov'st me not, for, brother, if thou didst,  
 FTLN 2605 Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood  
 FTLN 2606 That glues my lips and will not let me speak. 40  
 FTLN 2607 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2608 Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last,  
 FTLN 2609 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
 FTLN 2610 And said "Commend me to my valiant brother."  
 FTLN 2611 And more he would have said, and more he spoke, 45  
 FTLN 2612 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
 FTLN 2613 That mought not be distinguished, but at last  
 FTLN 2614 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
 FTLN 2615 "O, farewell, Warwick."

WARWICK

FTLN 2616 Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves, 50  
 FTLN 2617 For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.  
「He dies.」

OXFORD

FTLN 2618 Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power!  
*Here they bear away his body. They exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard,  
 Clarence, and the rest, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2619 Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
 FTLN 2620 And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
 FTLN 2621 But in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
 FTLN 2622 I spy a black suspicious threat'ning cloud  
 FTLN 2623 That will encounter with our glorious sun 5  
 FTLN 2624 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.  
 FTLN 2625 I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen

FTLN 2626 Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast  
 FTLN 2627 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2628 A little gale will soon disperse that cloud 10  
 FTLN 2629 And blow it to the source from whence it came;  
 FTLN 2630 Thy very beams will dry those vapors up,  
 FTLN 2631 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

RICHARD

FTLN 2632 The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
 FTLN 2633 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her. 15  
 FTLN 2634 If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
 FTLN 2635 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2636 We are advertised by our loving friends  
 FTLN 2637 That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury.  
 FTLN 2638 We having now the best at Barnet Field 20  
 FTLN 2639 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way,  
 FTLN 2640 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
 FTLN 2641 In every county as we go along.  
 FTLN 2642 Strike up the drum, cry "Courage!" and away.

*They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Flourish. March. Enter Queen 「Margaret,」  
 young 「Prince」 Edward, Somerset, Oxford,  
 and Soldiers, 「all wearing the red rose.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2643 Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss  
 FTLN 2644 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
 FTLN 2645 What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
 FTLN 2646 The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
 FTLN 2647 And half our sailors swallowed in the flood? 5  
 FTLN 2648 Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he  
 FTLN 2649 Should leave the helm and, like a fearful lad,

FTLN 2650 With tearful eyes add water to the sea  
 FTLN 2651 And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
 FTLN 2652 Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock, 10  
 FTLN 2653 Which industry and courage might have saved?  
 FTLN 2654 Ah, what a shame, ah, what a fault were this!  
 FTLN 2655 Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
 FTLN 2656 And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
 FTLN 2657 Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these? 15  
 FTLN 2658 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
 FTLN 2659 And Somerset another goodly mast?  
 FTLN 2660 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
 FTLN 2661 And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I  
 FTLN 2662 For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge? 20  
 FTLN 2663 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
 FTLN 2664 But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
 FTLN 2665 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.  
 FTLN 2666 As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
 FTLN 2667 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 25  
 FTLN 2668 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
 FTLN 2669 And Richard but a ragged fatal rock—  
 FTLN 2670 All these the enemies to our poor bark?  
 FTLN 2671 Say you can swim: alas, 'tis but awhile;  
 FTLN 2672 Tread on the sand: why, there you quickly sink; 30  
 FTLN 2673 Bestride the rock: the tide will wash you off  
 FTLN 2674 Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
 FTLN 2675 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
 FTLN 2676 If case some one of you would fly from us,  
 FTLN 2677 That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers 35  
 FTLN 2678 More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.  
 FTLN 2679 Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided  
 FTLN 2680 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2681 Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
 FTLN 2682 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40  
 FTLN 2683 Infuse his breast with magnanimity  
 FTLN 2684 And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.

FTLN 2685 I speak not this as doubting any here,  
 FTLN 2686 For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 FTLN 2687 He should have leave to go away betimes, 45  
 FTLN 2688 Lest in our need he might infect another  
 FTLN 2689 And make him of like spirit to himself.  
 FTLN 2690 If any such be here, as God forbid,  
 FTLN 2691 Let him depart before we need his help.

OXFORD

FTLN 2692 Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
 FTLN 2693 And warriors faint? Why, 'twere perpetual shame!  
 FTLN 2694 O, brave young prince, thy famous grandfather  
 FTLN 2695 Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou live  
 FTLN 2696 To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOMERSET

FTLN 2697 And he that will not fight for such a hope, 55  
 FTLN 2698 Go home to bed and, like the owl by day,  
 FTLN 2699 If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2700 Thanks, gentle Somerset.—Sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2701 And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 2702 Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60  
 FTLN 2703 Ready to fight. Therefore be resolute. *〔He exits.〕*

OXFORD

FTLN 2704 I thought no less. It is his policy  
 FTLN 2705 To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2706 But he's deceived. We are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2707 This cheers my heart to see your forwardness. 65

OXFORD

FTLN 2708 Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish, and march. Enter [King] Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Soldiers, [all wearing the white rose.]*

KING EDWARD, [to his army]

FTLN 2709 Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood  
 FTLN 2710 Which by the heavens' assistance and your strength  
 FTLN 2711 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 FTLN 2712 I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
 FTLN 2713 For, well I wot, you blaze to burn them out.  
 FTLN 2714 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

QUEEN MARGARET, [to her army]

FTLN 2715 Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say  
 FTLN 2716 My tears gainsay, for every word I speak  
 FTLN 2717 You see I drink the water of my eye. 75  
 FTLN 2718 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
 FTLN 2719 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurped,  
 FTLN 2720 His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
 FTLN 2721 His statutes cancelled and his treasure spent,  
 FTLN 2722 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80  
 FTLN 2723 You fight in justice. Then, in God's name, lords,  
 FTLN 2724 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight!

*Alarum, retreat, excursions. They exit.*

[Scene 5]

*Flourish. Enter [King] Edward, Richard, [and] Clarence, [all wearing the white rose, with Soldiers guarding] Queen [Margaret,] Oxford, [and] Somerset, [all wearing the red rose, prisoners.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2725 Now here a period of tumultuous broils.  
 FTLN 2726 Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.  
 FTLN 2727 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
 FTLN 2728 Go bear them hence. I will not hear them speak.

OXFORD

FTLN 2729 For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. 5

SOMERSET

FTLN 2730 Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2731 So part we sadly in this troublous world

FTLN 2732 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*「Oxford and Somerset」 exit, 「under guard.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2733 Is proclamation made that who finds Edward

FTLN 2734 Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

RICHARD

FTLN 2735 It is, and lo where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Prince 「Edward, wearing the red rose,  
under guard.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2736 Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.

FTLN 2737 What, can so young a thorn begin to prick?—

FTLN 2738 Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

FTLN 2739 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, 15

FTLN 2740 And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2741 Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

FTLN 2742 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:

FTLN 2743 Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,

FTLN 2744 Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee 20

FTLN 2745 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2746 Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

RICHARD

FTLN 2747 That you might still have worn the petticoat

FTLN 2748 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2749 Let Aesop fable in a winter's night; 25

FTLN 2750 His currish riddles sorts not with this place.

RICHARD

FTLN 2751 By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2752 Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

RICHARD

FTLN 2753 For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2754 Nay, take away this scolding crookback, rather. 30

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2755 Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLARENCE, 「to Prince Edward」

FTLN 2756 Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2757 I know my duty. You are all undutiful.

FTLN 2758 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,

FTLN 2759 And thou misshapen Dick, I tell you all 35

FTLN 2760 I am your better, traitors as you are,

FTLN 2761 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2762 Take that, the likeness of this railer here! *Stabs him.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2763 Sprawl'st thou? Take that to end thy agony!  
*Richard stabs him.*

CLARENCE

FTLN 2764 And there's for twitting me with perjury. 40  
*Clarence stabs him.*

FTLN 2765 QUEEN MARGARET O, kill me too!

FTLN 2766 RICHARD Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2767 Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

RICHARD

FTLN 2768 Why should she live to fill the world with words?  
*Queen Margaret faints.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2769 What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery. 45  
*They attempt to revive her.*

RICHARD, *「taking Clarence aside」*

FTLN 2770 Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother.

FTLN 2771 I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

FTLN 2772 Ere you come there, be sure to hear some news.

FTLN 2773 CLARENCE What? What?

FTLN 2774 RICHARD *「The」* Tower, the Tower! *He exits.* 50

QUEEN MARGARET, *「rising from her swoon」*

FTLN 2775 O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy.

FTLN 2776 Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

FTLN 2777 They that stabbed Caesar shed no blood at all,

FTLN 2778 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

FTLN 2779 If this foul deed were by to equal it. 55

FTLN 2780 He was a man; this, in respect, a child,

FTLN 2781 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

FTLN 2782 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

FTLN 2783 No, no, my heart will burst an if I speak,

FTLN 2784 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

FTLN 2785 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,

FTLN 2786 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!

FTLN 2787 You have no children, butchers. If you had,

FTLN 2788 The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.

FTLN 2789 But if you ever chance to have a child, 65

FTLN 2790 Look in his youth to have him so cut off

FTLN 2791 As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2792 Away with her. Go bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2793 Nay, never bear me hence! Dispatch me here.

FTLN 2794 Here sheathe thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death. 70

FTLN 2795 What, wilt thou not?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2796 By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2797 Good Clarence, do! Sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2798 Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?



KING HENRY

FTLN 2818 Ay, my good lord—"my lord," I should say rather.  
 FTLN 2819 'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:  
 FTLN 2820 "Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,  
 FTLN 2821 And both preposterous: therefore, not "good lord." 5

RICHARD, 「to Lieutenant」

FTLN 2822 Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.  
「Lieutenant exits.」

KING HENRY

FTLN 2823 So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
 FTLN 2824 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece  
 FTLN 2825 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 FTLN 2826 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

RICHARD

FTLN 2827 Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 FTLN 2828 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2829 The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 FTLN 2830 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 FTLN 2831 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15  
 FTLN 2832 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 FTLN 2833 Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and  
 FTLN 2834 killed.

RICHARD

FTLN 2835 Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete  
 FTLN 2836 That taught his son the office of a fowl! 20  
 FTLN 2837 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2838 I Daedalus, my poor boy Icarus,  
 FTLN 2839 Thy father Minos, that denied our course;  
 FTLN 2840 The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy  
 FTLN 2841 Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea 25  
 FTLN 2842 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 FTLN 2843 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 FTLN 2844 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

---

|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 2845 | Than can my ears that tragic history.                 |    |
| FTLN 2846 | But wherefore dost thou come? Is 't for my life?      | 30 |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 2847 | Think'st thou I am an executioner?                    |    |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2848 | A persecutor I am sure thou art.                      |    |
| FTLN 2849 | If murdering innocents be executing,                  |    |
| FTLN 2850 | Why, then, thou art an executioner.                   |    |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 2851 | Thy son I killed for his presumption.                 | 35 |
|           | KING HENRY  |    |
| FTLN 2852 | Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume, |    |
| FTLN 2853 | Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.           |    |
| FTLN 2854 | And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand             |    |
| FTLN 2855 | Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,              |    |
| FTLN 2856 | And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's        | 40 |
| FTLN 2857 | And many an orphan's water-standing eye,              |    |
| FTLN 2858 | Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,         |    |
| FTLN 2859 | Orphans for their parents' timeless death,            |    |
| FTLN 2860 | Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.          |    |
| FTLN 2861 | The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;          | 45 |
| FTLN 2862 | The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;          |    |
| FTLN 2863 | Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;    |    |
| FTLN 2864 | The raven rooked her on the chimney's top;            |    |
| FTLN 2865 | And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sung;          |    |
| FTLN 2866 | Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,            | 50 |
| FTLN 2867 | And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:      |    |
| FTLN 2868 | To wit, an indigested and deformèd lump,              |    |
| FTLN 2869 | Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.             |    |
| FTLN 2870 | Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born      |    |
| FTLN 2871 | To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.             | 55 |
| FTLN 2872 | And if the rest be true which I have heard,           |    |
| FTLN 2873 | Thou cam'st—  |    |
|           | RICHARD   |    |
| FTLN 2874 | I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;       |    |

*Stabs him.*

|           |  |              |
|-----------|--|--------------|
| FTLN 2875 | For this amongst the rest was I ordained.            |              |
|           | KING HENRY   |              |
| FTLN 2876 | Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.          | 60           |
| FTLN 2877 | O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee.             | <i>Dies.</i> |
|           | RICHARD  |              |
| FTLN 2878 | What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster           |              |
| FTLN 2879 | Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. |              |
| FTLN 2880 | See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.    |              |
| FTLN 2881 | O, may such purple tears be always shed              | 65           |
| FTLN 2882 | From those that wish the downfall of our house.      |              |
| FTLN 2883 | If any spark of life be yet remaining,               |              |
| FTLN 2884 | Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—     |              |
|           | <i>Stabs him again.</i>                              |              |
| FTLN 2885 | I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.            |              |
| FTLN 2886 | Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,             | 70           |
| FTLN 2887 | For I have often heard my mother say                 |              |
| FTLN 2888 | I came into the world with my legs forward.          |              |
| FTLN 2889 | Had I not reason, think you, to make haste           |              |
| FTLN 2890 | And seek their ruin that usurped our right?          |              |
| FTLN 2891 | The midwife wondered, and the women cried            | 75           |
| FTLN 2892 | “O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”           |              |
| FTLN 2893 | And so I was, which plainly signified                |              |
| FTLN 2894 | That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.     |              |
| FTLN 2895 | Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,      |              |
| FTLN 2896 | Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.          | 80           |
| FTLN 2897 | I have no brother, I am like no brother;             |              |
| FTLN 2898 | And this word “love,” which graybeards call divine,  |              |
| FTLN 2899 | Be resident in men like one another                  |              |
| FTLN 2900 | And not in me. I am myself alone.                    |              |
| FTLN 2901 | Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,    | 85           |
| FTLN 2902 | But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;               |              |
| FTLN 2903 | For I will buzz abroad such prophecies               |              |
| FTLN 2904 | That Edward shall be fearful of his life;            |              |
| FTLN 2905 | And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.       |              |
| FTLN 2906 | King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.          | 90           |

FTLN 2907 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
 FTLN 2908 Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
 FTLN 2909 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 FTLN 2910 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

*He exits, 「carrying out the body.」*

「Scene 7」

*Flourish. Enter King 「Edward,」 Queen 「Elizabeth,」  
 Clarence, Richard 「of Gloucester,」 Hastings, Nurse,  
 「carrying infant Prince Edward,」 and Attendants.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2911 Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 FTLN 2912 Repurchased with the blood of enemies.  
 FTLN 2913 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
 FTLN 2914 Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!  
 FTLN 2915 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold 「renowned」 5  
 FTLN 2916 For hardy and undoubted champions;  
 FTLN 2917 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
 FTLN 2918 And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
 FTLN 2919 Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound.  
 FTLN 2920 With them the two brave bears, Warwick and 10  
 FTLN 2921 Montague,  
 FTLN 2922 That in their chains fettered the kingly lion  
 FTLN 2923 And made the forest tremble when they roared.  
 FTLN 2924 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
 FTLN 2925 And made our footstool of security.— 15  
 FTLN 2926 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—  
 FTLN 2927 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
 FTLN 2928 Have in our armors watched the winter's night,  
 FTLN 2929 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
 FTLN 2930 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace, 20  
 FTLN 2931 And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

RICHARD, *「aside」*

FTLN 2932 I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
 FTLN 2933 For yet I am not looked on in the world.  
 FTLN 2934 This shoulder was ordained so thick to heave,  
 FTLN 2935 And heave it shall some weight or break my back. 25  
 FTLN 2936 Work thou the way and that shalt execute.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2937 Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen,  
 FTLN 2938 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2939 The duty that I owe unto your Majesty  
 FTLN 2940 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 30

*「He kisses the infant.」*

*「*KING EDWARD

FTLN 2941 Thanks,<sup>」</sup> noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

RICHARD

FTLN 2942 And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
 FTLN 2943 Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.  
*「He kisses the infant.」*

FTLN 2944 *「Aside.」* To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master  
 FTLN 2945 And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm. 35

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2946 Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
 FTLN 2947 Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2948 What will your Grace have done with Margaret?  
 FTLN 2949 Reignier, her father, to the King of France  
 FTLN 2950 Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem, 40  
 FTLN 2951 And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2952 Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
 FTLN 2953 And now what rests but that we spend the time  
 FTLN 2954 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
 FTLN 2955 Such as befits the pleasure of the court? 45  
 FTLN 2956 Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell, sour annoy,  
 FTLN 2957 For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

*「Flourish.」 They all exit.*

