

HENRY VI

Part 2

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

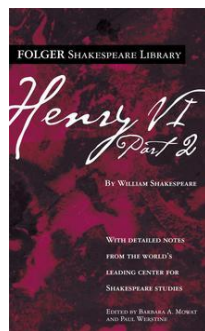
Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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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

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly 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 Shakespeare 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 Shakespeare 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.

Synopsis

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

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

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

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

Characters in the Play

KING HENRY VI

QUEEN MARGARET

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

DUCHESS of Gloucester, Dame Eleanor Cobham

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

Duke of SOMERSET

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

BUCKINGHAM

Lord CLIFFORD

YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son

Duke of YORK, Richard Plantagenet

Earl of SALISBURY

Earl of WARWICK, Salisbury's son

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

RICHARD

Jack CADE, leader of the Kentish rebellion

BEVIS

John HOLLAND

DICK the butcher

SMITH the weaver

MICHAEL

GEORGE

} *followers of Jack Cade*

Lord SCALES

Lord SAYE

Sir Humphrey STAFFORD

His BROTHER, William Stafford

} *King Henry's
supporters against Cade*

Sir John HUME, a priest

John SOUTHWELL, a priest

Margery JOURDAIN, a witch

Roger BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer

SPIRIT

Sir John STANLEY

SHERIFF

} *custodians of the Duchess of Gloucester*

Thomas HORNER, the Duke of York's armorer

Peter THUMP, Horner the armorer's man or prentice

Two or Three PETITIONERS

Three NEIGHBORS of Horner's

Three PRENTICES, friends of Thump

A MAN of Saint Albans

Sander SIMPCOX, supposed recipient of a miracle

His WIFE

MAYOR of Saint Albans

A BEADLE of Saint Albans

LIEUTENANT, captain of a ship

Ship's MASTER

Master's MATE

Walter WHITMORE, a ship's officer

Two GENTLEMEN, prisoners

MESSENGERS

SERVANTS

A HERALD

POST, or messenger

Two or Three MURDERERS of Gloucester

VAUX

CLERK of Chartham

Two or Three CITIZENS

Alexander IDEN, a gentleman of Kent

Servants, Guards, Falconers, Attendants, Townsmen of Saint Albans,
Bearers, Drummers, Commoners, Rebels, a Sawyer, Soldiers,
Officers, Matthew Gough, and Others

ACT 1

Scene 1

Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys.

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

SUFFOLK

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

KING HENRY

FTLN 0019 Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.
[Suffolk rises.]

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

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

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

ALL *kneel.*

FTLN 0040 Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness! 40
 FTLN 0041 QUEEN MARGARET We thank you all.

Flourish. [All rise.]

SUFFOLK, [to Gloucester]

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

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

FTLN 0078
FTLN 0079

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

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

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0080
FTLN 0081
FTLN 0082
FTLN 0083
FTLN 0084
FTLN 0085
FTLN 0086
FTLN 0087
FTLN 0088
FTLN 0089
FTLN 0090
FTLN 0091
FTLN 0092
FTLN 0093
FTLN 0094
FTLN 0095
FTLN 0096
FTLN 0097
FTLN 0098
FTLN 0099
FTLN 0100
FTLN 0101
FTLN 0102
FTLN 0103
FTLN 0104
FTLN 0105
FTLN 0106
FTLN 0107
FTLN 0108

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state, 80
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What, did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valor, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field, 85
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, 90
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council House, 95
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And ¹had his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labors and these honors die? 100
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory, 105
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CARDINAL

FTLN 0109

Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

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

FTLN 0141	She should have stayed in France and starved in	
FTLN 0142	France	
FTLN 0143	Before—	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 0144	My lord of Gloucester, now you grow too hot.	
FTLN 0145	It was the pleasure of my lord the King.	145
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0146	My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.	
FTLN 0147	'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,	
FTLN 0148	But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.	
FTLN 0149	Rancor will out. Proud prelate, in thy face	
FTLN 0150	I see thy fury. If I longer stay,	150
FTLN 0151	We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—	
FTLN 0152	Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,	
FTLN 0153	I prophesied France will be lost ere long.	
	<i>Gloucester exits.</i>	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 0154	So, there goes our Protector in a rage.	
FTLN 0155	'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,	155
FTLN 0156	Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,	
FTLN 0157	And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.	
FTLN 0158	Consider, lords, he is the next of blood	
FTLN 0159	And heir apparent to the English crown.	
FTLN 0160	Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,	160
FTLN 0161	And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,	
FTLN 0162	There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.	
FTLN 0163	Look to it, lords. Let not his smoothing words	
FTLN 0164	Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.	
FTLN 0165	What though the common people favor him,	165
FTLN 0166	Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of	
FTLN 0167	Gloucester,"	
FTLN 0168	Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice	
FTLN 0169	"Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!"	
FTLN 0170	With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"	170
FTLN 0171	I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,	
FTLN 0172	He will be found a dangerous Protector.	

BUCKINGHAM

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

CARDINAL

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

SOMERSET

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

SALISBURY

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

FTLN 0203	In bringing them to civil discipline,	
FTLN 0204	Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,	
FTLN 0205	When thou wert regent for our sovereign,	205
FTLN 0206	Have made thee feared and honored of the people.	
FTLN 0207	Join we together for the public good	
FTLN 0208	In what we can to bridle and suppress	
FTLN 0209	The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,	
FTLN 0210	With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;	210
FTLN 0211	And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds	
FTLN 0212	While they do tend the profit of the land.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0213	So God help Warwick, as he loves the land	
FTLN 0214	And common profit of his country!	
	YORK	
FTLN 0215	And so says York— [<i>aside</i>] for he hath greatest	215
FTLN 0216	cause.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 0217	Then let's make haste away and look unto the main.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0218	Unto the main? O father, Maine is lost!	
FTLN 0219	That Maine which by main force Warwick did win	
FTLN 0220	And would have kept so long as breath did last!	220
FTLN 0221	Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,	
FTLN 0222	Which I will win from France or else be slain.	
	<i>Warwick and Salisbury exit.</i>	
	<i>York remains.</i>	
	YORK	
FTLN 0223	Anjou and Maine are given to the French;	
FTLN 0224	Paris is lost; the state of Normandy	
FTLN 0225	Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.	225
FTLN 0226	Suffolk concluded on the articles,	
FTLN 0227	The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased	
FTLN 0228	To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.	
FTLN 0229	I cannot blame them all. What is 't to them?	
FTLN 0230	'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.	230
FTLN 0231	Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their	
FTLN 0232	pillage,	

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

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

「Scene 2」

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0329 My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure
 FTLN 0330 You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
 FTLN 0331 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk. 60

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

FTLN 0333 Yes, my good lord. I'll follow presently.
Gloucester exits, [with Messenger.]

FTLN 0334 Follow I must; I cannot go before
 FTLN 0335 While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
 FTLN 0336 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, 65
 FTLN 0337 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks
 FTLN 0338 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
 FTLN 0339 And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 FTLN 0340 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
 FTLN 0341 Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not, man. 70
 FTLN 0342 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter [Sir John] Hume.

HUME

FTLN 0343 Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!

DUCHESS

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

HUME

FTLN 0345 But by the grace of God and Hume's advice,
 FTLN 0346 Your Grace's title shall be multiplied. 75

DUCHESS

FTLN 0347 What sayst thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred
 FTLN 0348 With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
 FTLN 0349 With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 FTLN 0350 And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME

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

DUCHESS

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

[*She gives him money.*]

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

Duchess exits.

HUME

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

He exits.

[Scene 3]

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

FTLN 0382	FIRST PETITIONER	My masters, let's stand close. My	
FTLN 0383		Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and	
FTLN 0384		then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.	
FTLN 0385	SECOND PETITIONER	Marry, the Lord protect him, for	
FTLN 0386		he's a good man! Jesu bless him!	5
<i>Enter Suffolk, [wearing the red rose,] and Queen [Margaret.]</i>			
FTLN 0387	[FIRST PETITIONER]	Here he comes, methinks, and the	
FTLN 0388		Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.	
<i>[He steps forward.]</i>			
FTLN 0389	SECOND PETITIONER	Come back, fool! This is the Duke	
FTLN 0390		of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.	
FTLN 0391	SUFFOLK	How now, fellow? Wouldst anything with	10
FTLN 0392		me?	
FTLN 0393	FIRST PETITIONER	I pray, my lord, pardon me. I took	
FTLN 0394		you for my Lord Protector.	
FTLN 0395	QUEEN MARGARET	<i>[takes a petition and reads.]</i> To my	
FTLN 0396		Lord Protector: Are your supplications to his Lordship?	15
FTLN 0397		Let me see them.—What is thine?	
FTLN 0398	FIRST PETITIONER	Mine is, an 't please your Grace,	
FTLN 0399		against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man,	
FTLN 0400		for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all,	
FTLN 0401		from me.	20
FTLN 0402	SUFFOLK	Thy wife too? That's some wrong indeed.—	
FTLN 0403		What's yours? <i>[Taking a petition.]</i> What's here?	
FTLN 0404		<i>[Reads.]</i> Against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing	
FTLN 0405		the commons of Melford. How now, sir knave?	
FTLN 0406	SECOND PETITIONER	Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner	25
FTLN 0407		of our whole township.	
FTLN 0408	PETER, <i>[showing his petition]</i>	Against my master,	

FTLN 0409	Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York	
FTLN 0410	was rightful heir to the crown.	
FTLN 0411	QUEEN MARGARET What sayst thou? Did the Duke of	30
FTLN 0412	York say he was rightful heir to the crown?	
FTLN 0413	PETER That my 「master」 was? No, forsooth. My master	
FTLN 0414	said that he was and that the King was an	
FTLN 0415	usurper.	
FTLN 0416	SUFFOLK, 「calling」 Who is there?	35
	<i>Enter Servant.</i>	
FTLN 0417	Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a	
FTLN 0418	pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your	
FTLN 0419	matter before the King.	
	<i>「Peter」 exits 「with Servant.」</i>	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0420	And as for you that love to be protected	
FTLN 0421	Under the wings of our Protector's grace,	40
FTLN 0422	Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.	
	<i>Tear the supplication.</i>	
FTLN 0423	Away, base cullions.—Suffolk, let them go.	
FTLN 0424	ALL Come, let's be gone.	<i>「They」 exit.</i>
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0425	My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,	
FTLN 0426	Is this the fashions in the court of England?	45
FTLN 0427	Is this the government of Britain's isle	
FTLN 0428	And this the royalty of Albion's king?	
FTLN 0429	What, shall King Henry be a pupil still	
FTLN 0430	Under the surly Gloucester's governance?	
FTLN 0431	Am I a queen in title and in style,	50
FTLN 0432	And must be made a subject to a duke?	
FTLN 0433	I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours	
FTLN 0434	Thou rann'st atilt in honor of my love	
FTLN 0435	And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,	
FTLN 0436	I thought King Henry had resembled thee	55
FTLN 0437	In courage, courtship, and proportion.	
FTLN 0438	But all his mind is bent to holiness,	

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

FTLN 0470	Was better worth than all my father's lands	
FTLN 0471	Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.	90
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0472	Madam, myself have limed a bush for her	
FTLN 0473	And placed a choir of such enticing birds	
FTLN 0474	That she will light to listen to the lays	
FTLN 0475	And never mount to trouble you again.	
FTLN 0476	So let her rest. And, madam, list to me,	95
FTLN 0477	For I am bold to counsel you in this:	
FTLN 0478	Although we fancy not the Cardinal,	
FTLN 0479	Yet must we join with him and with the lords	
FTLN 0480	Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.	
FTLN 0481	As for the Duke of York, this late complaint	100
FTLN 0482	Will make but little for his benefit.	
FTLN 0483	So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,	
FTLN 0484	And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.	
	 <i>Sound a sennet. Enter King [Henry,] Duke Humphrey [of Gloucester,] Cardinal, [Somerset, wearing the red rose,] Buckingham, Salisbury; York and Warwick, [both wearing the white rose,] and the Duchess [of Gloucester.]</i>	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0485	For my part, noble lords, I care not which;	
FTLN 0486	Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.	105
	YORK	
FTLN 0487	If York have ill demeaned himself in France,	
FTLN 0488	Then let him be denied the regentship.	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 0489	If Somerset be unworthy of the place,	
FTLN 0490	Let York be regent; I will yield to him.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0491	Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,	110
FTLN 0492	Dispute not that. York is the worthier.	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 0493	Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.	

	WARWICK	
FTLN 0494	The Cardinal's not my better in the field.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0495	All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0496	Warwick may live to be the best of all.	115
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 0497	Peace, son.—And show some reason, Buckingham,	
FTLN 0498	Why Somerset should be preferred in this.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0499	Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0500	Madam, the King is old enough himself	
FTLN 0501	To give his censure. These are no women's matters.	120
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0502	If he be old enough, what needs your Grace	
FTLN 0503	To be Protector of his Excellence?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0504	Madam, I am Protector of the realm,	
FTLN 0505	And at his pleasure will resign my place.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0506	Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.	125
FTLN 0507	Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—	
FTLN 0508	The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,	
FTLN 0509	The Dauphin hath prevailed beyond the seas,	
FTLN 0510	And all the peers and nobles of the realm	
FTLN 0511	Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.	130
	CARDINAL, <i>['to Gloucester']</i>	
FTLN 0512	The Commons hast thou racked; the clergy's bags	
FTLN 0513	Are lank and lean with thy extortions.	
	SOMERSET, <i>['to Gloucester']</i>	
FTLN 0514	Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire	
FTLN 0515	Have cost a mass of public treasury.	
	BUCKINGHAM, <i>['to Gloucester']</i>	
FTLN 0516	Thy cruelty in execution	135
FTLN 0517	Upon offenders hath exceeded law	
FTLN 0518	And left thee to the mercy of the law.	

QUEEN MARGARET, *['to Gloucester']*

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

Gloucester exits.

['Queen Margaret drops her fan.']

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

DUCHESS

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

KING HENRY

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

DUCHESS

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

Eleanor, ['the Duchess,'] exits.

BUCKINGHAM, *['aside to Cardinal']*

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

Buckingham exits.

Enter Humphrey, ['Duke of Gloucester.']

GLOUCESTER

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

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

SUFFOLK

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

YORK

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

WARWICK

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

FTLN 0560 SUFFOLK Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WARWICK

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

Enter ¹*Horner, the* ¹*Armorer, and his Man*
*Peter, under guard.*¹

SUFFOLK

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

YORK

FTLN 0564 Doth anyone accuse York for a traitor?

KING HENRY

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

SUFFOLK

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

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

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

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

YORK, *['to Horner']*

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

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

KING HENRY

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

GLOUCESTER

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

SOMERSET

FTLN 0598 I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

HORNER

FTLN 0599 And I accept the combat willingly.

FTLN 0600 PETER Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity
FTLN 0601 my case! The spite of man prevaileth against me. O 220
FTLN 0602 Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to
FTLN 0603 fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOUCESTER

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

FTLN 0605 KING HENRY Away with them to prison; and the day of
FTLN 0606 combat shall be the last of the next month.— 225
FTLN 0607 Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. They exit.

[Scene 4]

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

FTLN 0608 HUME Come, my masters. The Duchess, I tell you,
FTLN 0609 expects performance of your promises.
FTLN 0610 BOLINGBROKE Master Hume, we are therefore provided.
FTLN 0611 Will her Ladyship behold and hear our
FTLN 0612 exorcisms? 5
FTLN 0613 HUME Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.
FTLN 0614 BOLINGBROKE I have heard her reported to be a
FTLN 0615 woman of an invincible spirit. But it shall be convenient,
FTLN 0616 Master Hume, that you be by her aloft
FTLN 0617 while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in 10
FTLN 0618 God's name, and leave us. *Hume exits.*
FTLN 0619 Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on
FTLN 0620 the earth. [*She lies face downward.*] John Southwell,
FTLN 0621 read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Eleanor, 「Duchess of Gloucester,
with Hume,」 aloft.*

FTLN 0622	DUCHESS	Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To	15
FTLN 0623		this gear, the sooner the better.	
	BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 0624		Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.	
FTLN 0625		Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,	
FTLN 0626		The time of night when Troy was set on fire,	
FTLN 0627		The time when screech owls cry and bandogs howl,	20
FTLN 0628		And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves—	
FTLN 0629		That time best fits the work we have in hand.	
FTLN 0630		Madam, sit you, and fear not. Whom we raise	
FTLN 0631		We will make fast within a hallowed verge.	
		<i>Here 「they」 do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle. Bolingbroke or Southwell reads “Conjuro te, etc.” It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.</i>	
FTLN 0632	SPIRIT	<i>Adsum.</i>	25
FTLN 0633	JOURDAIN	Asmath,	
FTLN 0634		By the eternal God, whose name and power	
FTLN 0635		Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask,	
FTLN 0636		For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.	
	SPIRIT		
FTLN 0637		Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!	30
	BOLINGBROKE,	<i>「reading from a paper, while Southwell writes」</i>	
FTLN 0638		<i>First of the King: What shall of him become?</i>	
	SPIRIT		
FTLN 0639		The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,	
FTLN 0640		But him outlive and die a violent death.	
	BOLINGBROKE,	<i>「reads」</i>	
FTLN 0641		<i>What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?</i>	
	SPIRIT		
FTLN 0642		By water shall he die and take his end.	35
	BOLINGBROKE	<i>「reads」</i>	
FTLN 0643		<i>What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?</i>	

FTLN 0644	SPIRIT	Let him shun castles.	
FTLN 0645		Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains	
FTLN 0646		Than where castles mounted stand.	
FTLN 0647		Have done, for more I hardly can endure.	40
	BOLINGBROKE		
FTLN 0648		Descend to darkness and the burning lake!	
FTLN 0649		False fiend, avoid!	
		<i>Thunder and lightning. Spirit exits, 「descending.」</i>	
		<i>Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard 「and Sir Humphrey Stafford,」 and break in.</i>	
	YORK		
FTLN 0650		Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.	
		<i>「The Guard arrest Margery Jourdain and her accomplices and seize their papers.」</i>	
FTLN 0651		<i>「To Jourdain.」</i> Beldam, I think we watched you at an	
FTLN 0652		inch.	45
FTLN 0653		<i>「To the Duchess, aloft.」</i> What, madam, are you	
FTLN 0654		there? The King and commonweal	
FTLN 0655		Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.	
FTLN 0656		My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,	
FTLN 0657		See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.	50
	DUCHESS		
FTLN 0658		Not half so bad as thine to England's king,	
FTLN 0659		Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.	
	BUCKINGHAM		
FTLN 0660		True, madam, none at all. What call you this?	
		<i>「He holds up the papers seized.」</i>	
FTLN 0661		Away with them! Let them be clapped up close	
FTLN 0662		And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—	55
FTLN 0663		Stafford, take her to thee. <i>「Stafford exits.」</i>	
FTLN 0664		We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.	
FTLN 0665		All away! <i>「Jourdain, Southwell, and Bolingbroke」 exit 「under guard, below; Duchess and Hume exit, under guard, aloft.」</i>	

YORK

FTLN 0666	Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well.	
FTLN 0667	A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!	60
FTLN 0668	Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.	
	<i>〔Buckingham hands him the papers.〕</i>	
FTLN 0669	What have we here?	
FTLN 0670	<i>〔(Reads.)〕 The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,</i>	
FTLN 0671	<i>But him outlive and die a violent death.</i>	
FTLN 0672	Why, this is just <i>Aio</i> <i>〔te,〕</i> <i>Aeacida,</i>	65
FTLN 0673	<i>Romanos vincere posse.</i> Well, to the rest:	
FTLN 0674	<i>〔(Reads.)〕 Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of</i>	
FTLN 0675	<i>Suffolk?</i>	
FTLN 0676	<i>By water shall he die and take his end.</i>	
FTLN 0677	<i>What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?</i>	70
FTLN 0678	<i>Let him shun castles;</i>	
FTLN 0679	<i>Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains</i>	
FTLN 0680	<i>Than where castles mounted stand.</i>	
FTLN 0681	Come, come, my <i>〔lord,〕</i> these oracles	
FTLN 0682	Are hardly attained and hardly understood.	75
FTLN 0683	The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans;	
FTLN 0684	With him the husband of this lovely lady.	
FTLN 0685	Thither goes these news as fast as horse can carry	
FTLN 0686	them—	
FTLN 0687	A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.	80
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 0688	Your Grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,	
FTLN 0689	To be the post, in hope of his reward.	
FTLN 0690	YORK At your pleasure, my good lord.	
	<i>〔Buckingham exits.〕</i>	
FTLN 0691	Who's within there, ho!	
	<i>Enter a Servingman.</i>	
FTLN 0692	Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick	85
FTLN 0693	To sup with me tomorrow night. Away!	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

「ACT 2」

「Scene 1」

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY, 「to Gloucester」

FTLN 0698 But what a point, my lord, your falcon made, 5
FTLN 0699 And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
FTLN 0700 To see how God in all his creatures works!
FTLN 0701 Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUFFOLK

FTLN 0702 No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
FTLN 0703 My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well; 10
FTLN 0704 They know their master loves to be aloft
FTLN 0705 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOUCESTER

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

CARDINAL

FTLN 0708 I thought as much. He would be above the clouds. 15

GLOUCESTER

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

	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0711	The treasury of everlasting joy.	
	CARDINAL, 「 <i>to Gloucester</i> 」	
FTLN 0712	Thy heaven is on Earth; thine eyes and thoughts	
FTLN 0713	Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart.	20
FTLN 0714	Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,	
FTLN 0715	That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0716	What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown	
FTLN 0717	peremptory?	
FTLN 0718	<i>Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?</i>	25
FTLN 0719	Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such malice.	
FTLN 0720	With such holiness, can you do it?	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0721	No malice, sir, no more than well becomes	
FTLN 0722	So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0723	As who, my lord?	30
FTLN 0724	SUFFOLK Why, as you, my lord,	
FTLN 0725	An 't like your lordly 「Lord」 Protectorship.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0726	Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0727	And thy ambition, Gloucester.	
FTLN 0728	KING HENRY I prithee peace,	35
FTLN 0729	Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers,	
FTLN 0730	For blessèd are the peacemakers on Earth.	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 0731	Let me be blessèd for the peace I make	
FTLN 0732	Against this proud Protector with my sword!	
	GLOUCESTER, 「 <i>aside to Cardinal</i> 」	
FTLN 0733	Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that!	40
FTLN 0734	CARDINAL, 「 <i>aside to Gloucester</i> 」 Marry, when thou	
FTLN 0735	dar'st!	
	GLOUCESTER, 「 <i>aside to Cardinal</i> 」	
FTLN 0736	Make up no factious numbers for the matter.	
FTLN 0737	In thine own person answer thy abuse.	

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

	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0788	Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,	95
FTLN 0789	Or of devotion to this holy shrine?	
	SIMPCOX	
FTLN 0790	God knows, of pure devotion, being called	
FTLN 0791	A hundred times and oftener in my sleep	
FTLN 0792	By good Saint Alban, who said "Simon, come,	
FTLN 0793	Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."	100
	WIFE	
FTLN 0794	Most true, forsooth, and many time and oft	
FTLN 0795	Myself have heard a voice to call him so.	
FTLN 0796	CARDINAL What, art thou lame?	
FTLN 0797	SIMPCOX Ay, God Almighty help me!	
FTLN 0798	SUFFOLK How cam'st thou so?	105
FTLN 0799	SIMPCOX A fall off of a tree.	
FTLN 0800	WIFE A plum tree, master.	
FTLN 0801	GLOUCESTER How long hast thou been blind?	
FTLN 0802	SIMPCOX O, born so, master.	
FTLN 0803	GLOUCESTER What, and wouldst climb a tree?	110
FTLN 0804	SIMPCOX But that in all my life, when I was a youth.	
FTLN 0805	WIFE Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.	
FTLN 0806	GLOUCESTER Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that	
FTLN 0807	wouldst venture so.	
FTLN 0808	SIMPCOX Alas, good master, my wife desired some	115
FTLN 0809	damsons, and made me climb, with danger of my	
FTLN 0810	life.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0811	A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve.—	
FTLN 0812	Let me see thine eyes. Wink now. Now open them.	
FTLN 0813	In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.	120
FTLN 0814	SIMPCOX Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and	
FTLN 0815	Saint <i>Alban.</i>	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0816	Sayst thou me so? What color is this cloak of?	
FTLN 0817	SIMPCOX Red, master, red as blood.	

	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0818	Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?	125
FTLN 0819	SIMPCOX Black, forsooth, coal-black as jet.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0820	Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 0821	And yet, I think, jet did he never see.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 0822	But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.	
	WIFE	
FTLN 0823	Never, before this day, in all his life.	130
FTLN 0824	GLOUCESTER Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?	
FTLN 0825	SIMPCOX Alas, master, I know not.	
FTLN 0826	GLOUCESTER, <i>['pointing']</i> What's his name?	
FTLN 0827	SIMPCOX I know not.	
FTLN 0828	GLOUCESTER, <i>['pointing to someone else']</i> Nor his?	135
FTLN 0829	SIMPCOX No, indeed, master.	
FTLN 0830	GLOUCESTER What's thine own name?	
FTLN 0831	SIMPCOX Sander Simpcox, an if it please you, master.	
FTLN 0832	GLOUCESTER Then, Sander, sit there, the lying'st knave	
FTLN 0833	in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,	140
FTLN 0834	thou mightst as well have known all our names as	
FTLN 0835	thus to name the several colors we do wear. Sight	
FTLN 0836	may distinguish of colors; but suddenly to nominate	
FTLN 0837	them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint	
FTLN 0838	Alban here hath done a miracle; and would you	145
FTLN 0839	not think <i>['his']</i> cunning to be great that could	
FTLN 0840	restore this cripple to his legs again?	
FTLN 0841	SIMPCOX O master, that you could!	
FTLN 0842	GLOUCESTER My masters of Saint Albans, have you not	
FTLN 0843	beadles in your town and things called whips?	150
FTLN 0844	MAYOR Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.	
FTLN 0845	GLOUCESTER Then send for one presently.	
FTLN 0846	MAYOR Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.	
	<i>['A man'] exits.</i>	

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

Enter a Beadle with whips.

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

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

KING HENRY
 FTLN 0860 O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?
 QUEEN MARGARET
 FTLN 0861 It made me laugh to see the villain run.
 GLOUCESTER, *「to the Beadle」*
 FTLN 0862 Follow the knave, and take this drab away.
 FTLN 0863 WIFE Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. 170

GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 0864 Let them be whipped through every market town
 FTLN 0865 Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
*「The Beadle, Mayor, Wife, and the others from
 Saint Albans」 exit.*

CARDINAL
 FTLN 0866 Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.
 SUFFOLK
 FTLN 0867 True, made the lame to leap and fly away.
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 0868 But you have done more miracles than I. 175
 FTLN 0869 You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

FTLN 0897 How I have loved my king and commonweal;
 FTLN 0898 And, for my wife, I know not how it stands. 205
 FTLN 0899 Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
 FTLN 0900 Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 FTLN 0901 Honor and virtue, and conversed with such
 FTLN 0902 As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 FTLN 0903 I banish her my bed and company 210
 FTLN 0904 And give her as a prey to law and shame
 FTLN 0905 That hath dishonored Gloucester's honest name.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0906 Well, for this night we will repose us here.
 FTLN 0907 Tomorrow toward London back again,
 FTLN 0908 To look into this business thoroughly, 215
 FTLN 0909 And call these foul offenders to their answers,
 FTLN 0910 And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
 FTLN 0911 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
 FTLN 0912 prevails.

Flourish. They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

YORK

FTLN 0913 Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 FTLN 0914 Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 FTLN 0915 In this close walk, to satisfy myself
 FTLN 0916 In craving your opinion of my title,
 FTLN 0917 Which is infallible, to England's crown. 5

SALISBURY

FTLN 0918 My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WARWICK

FTLN 0919 Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
 FTLN 0920 The Nevilles are thy subjects to command.

FTLN 0921 YORK Then thus:

FTLN 0922 Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10

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

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

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

SALISBURY

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

WARWICK

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

YORK

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

They exit.

「Scene 3」

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

KING HENRY

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

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

Gloucester exits.

「Henry picks up the staff.」

QUEEN MARGARET

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

SUFFOLK

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

YORK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

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

YORK

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

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

FTLN 1060	FIRST NEIGHBOR	Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you	
FTLN 1061		in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbor, you shall	
FTLN 1062		do well enough.	
FTLN 1063	SECOND NEIGHBOR	And here, neighbor, here's a cup of	
FTLN 1064		charneco.	65
FTLN 1065	THIRD NEIGHBOR	And here's a pot of good double beer,	
FTLN 1066		neighbor. Drink, and fear not your man.	
FTLN 1067	HORNER	Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all.	
FTLN 1068		And a fig for Peter! <i>〔They drink.〕</i>	
FTLN 1069	FIRST PRENTICE	Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not	70
FTLN 1070		afraid.	
FTLN 1071	SECOND PRENTICE	Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy	
FTLN 1072		master. Fight for credit of the prentices.	
FTLN 1073	PETER	I thank you all. Drink, and pray for me, I pray	
FTLN 1074		you, for I think I have taken my last draft in this	75
FTLN 1075		world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my	
FTLN 1076		apron.—And, Will, thou shalt have my hammer.—	
FTLN 1077		And here, Tom, take all the money that I have. <i>〔He</i>	
FTLN 1078		<i>distributes his possessions.〕</i> O Lord, bless me, I	
FTLN 1079		pray God, for I am never able to deal with my	80
FTLN 1080		master. He hath learnt so much fence already.	
FTLN 1081	SALISBURY	Come, leave your drinking, and fall to	
FTLN 1082		blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?	
FTLN 1083	PETER	Peter, forsooth.	
FTLN 1084	SALISBURY	Peter? What more?	85
FTLN 1085	PETER	Thump.	
FTLN 1086	SALISBURY	Thump? Then see thou thump thy master	
FTLN 1087		well.	
FTLN 1088	HORNER	Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon	
FTLN 1089		my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and	90
FTLN 1090		myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of	
FTLN 1091		York, I will take my death I never meant him any	
FTLN 1092		ill, nor the King, nor the Queen.—And therefore,	
FTLN 1093		Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!	
FTLN 1094	YORK	Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double.	95
FTLN 1095		Sound, trumpets. Alarum to the combatants!	

「Trumpet sounds.」

They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

FTLN 1096

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

「He dies.」

FTLN 1097

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

FTLN 1098

FTLN 1099

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

FTLN 1100

KING HENRY

FTLN 1101

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

FTLN 1102

For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

FTLN 1103

And God in justice hath revealed to us

FTLN 1104

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, 105

FTLN 1105

Which he had thought to have murdered

FTLN 1106

wrongfully.—

FTLN 1107

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

Sound a flourish. They exit, 「bearing Horner's body.」

「Scene 4」

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

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1108

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,

FTLN 1109

And after summer evermore succeeds

FTLN 1110

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;

FTLN 1111

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

FTLN 1112

Sirs, what's o'clock? 5

FTLN 1113

SERVANT Ten, my lord.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1114

Ten is the hour that was appointed me

FTLN 1115

To watch the coming of my punished duchess.

FTLN 1116

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

FTLN 1117

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. 10

FTLN 1118

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

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

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

SERVANT

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

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

Enter a Herald.

HERALD

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

GLOUCESTER

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

〔Herald exits.〕

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

SHERIFF

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

GLOUCESTER

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

STANLEY

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

GLOUCESTER

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

DUCHESS

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

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1194 Witness my tears. I cannot stay to speak.
Gloucester exits 〔with his Men.〕

DUCHESS

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

	STANLEY	
FTLN 1202	Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,	95
FTLN 1203	There to be used according to your state.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1204	That's bad enough, for I am but reproach.	
FTLN 1205	And shall I, then, be used reproachfully?	
	STANLEY	
FTLN 1206	Like to a duchess and Duke Humphrey's lady;	
FTLN 1207	According to that state you shall be used.	100
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1208	Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,	
FTLN 1209	Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.	
	SHERIFF	
FTLN 1210	It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1211	Ay, ay, farewell. Thy office is discharged.	
	<i>〔The Sheriff and Officers exit.〕</i>	
FTLN 1212	Come, Stanley, shall we go?	105
	STANLEY	
FTLN 1213	Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,	
FTLN 1214	And go we to attire you for our journey.	
	DUCHESS	
FTLN 1215	My shame will not be shifted with my sheet.	
FTLN 1216	No, it will hang upon my richest robes	
FTLN 1217	And show itself, attire me how I can.	110
FTLN 1218	Go, lead the way. I long to see my prison.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

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

KING HENRY

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

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

FTLN 1274	No, no, my sovereign, Gloucester is a man	
FTLN 1275	Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 1276	Did he not, contrary to form of law,	
FTLN 1277	Devise strange deaths for small offenses done?	
	YORK	
FTLN 1278	And did he not, in his protectorship,	60
FTLN 1279	Levy great sums of money through the realm	
FTLN 1280	For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it,	
FTLN 1281	By means whereof the towns each day revolted?	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 1282	Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,	
FTLN 1283	Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke	65
FTLN 1284	Humphrey.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1285	My lords, at once: the care you have of us	
FTLN 1286	To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot	
FTLN 1287	Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,	
FTLN 1288	Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent	70
FTLN 1289	From meaning treason to our royal person	
FTLN 1290	As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.	
FTLN 1291	The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given	
FTLN 1292	To dream on evil or to work my downfall.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1293	Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?	75
FTLN 1294	Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed,	
FTLN 1295	For he's disposèd as the hateful raven.	
FTLN 1296	Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,	
FTLN 1297	For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolves.	
FTLN 1298	Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?	80
FTLN 1299	Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all	
FTLN 1300	Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.	

Enter Somerset.

SOMERSET

FTLN 1301 All health unto my gracious sovereign!

	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1302	Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?	
	SOMERSET	
FTLN 1303	That all your interest in those territories	85
FTLN 1304	Is utterly bereft you. All is lost.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1305	Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.	
	YORK, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1306	Cold news for me, for I had hope of France	
FTLN 1307	As firmly as I hope for fertile England.	
FTLN 1308	Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,	90
FTLN 1309	And caterpillars eat my leaves away.	
FTLN 1310	But I will remedy this gear ere long,	
FTLN 1311	Or sell my title for a glorious grave.	
	<i>Enter Gloucester.</i>	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1312	All happiness unto my lord the King!	
FTLN 1313	Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.	95
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1314	Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,	
FTLN 1315	Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.	
FTLN 1316	I do arrest thee of high treason here.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1317	Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush	
FTLN 1318	Nor change my countenance for this arrest.	100
FTLN 1319	A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.	
FTLN 1320	The purest spring is not so free from mud	
FTLN 1321	As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.	
FTLN 1322	Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?	
	YORK	
FTLN 1323	'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France	105
FTLN 1324	And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay,	
FTLN 1325	By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 1326	Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?	

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

KING HENRY

FTLN 1358 My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope 140
 FTLN 1359 That you will clear yourself from all suspense.
 FTLN 1360 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1361 Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
 FTLN 1362 Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
 FTLN 1363 And charity chased hence by rancor's hand; 145
 FTLN 1364 Foul subornation is predominant,
 FTLN 1365 And equity exiled your Highness' land.
 FTLN 1366 I know their complot is to have my life;
 FTLN 1367 And if my death might make this island happy
 FTLN 1368 And prove the period of their tyranny, 150
 FTLN 1369 I would expend it with all willingness.
 FTLN 1370 But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 FTLN 1371 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 FTLN 1372 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 FTLN 1373 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice, 155
 FTLN 1374 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 FTLN 1375 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 FTLN 1376 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 FTLN 1377 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 FTLN 1378 Whose overweening arm I have plucked back, 160
 FTLN 1379 By false accuse doth level at my life.—
 FTLN 1380 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 FTLN 1381 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
 FTLN 1382 And with your best endeavor have stirred up
 FTLN 1383 My liefest liege to be mine enemy. 165
 FTLN 1384 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
 FTLN 1385 Myself had notice of your conventicles—
 FTLN 1386 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 FTLN 1387 I shall not want false witness to condemn me
 FTLN 1388 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt. 170
 FTLN 1389 The ancient proverb will be well effected:
 FTLN 1390 "A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."

CARDINAL

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

SUFFOLK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

GLOUCESTER

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

CARDINAL, *['to his Men']*

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

GLOUCESTER

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

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

KING HENRY

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

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1416 What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

KING HENRY

FTLN 1417 Ay, Margaret. My heart is drowned with grief,
 FTLN 1418 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes, 200
 FTLN 1419 My body round engirt with misery;
 FTLN 1420 For what's more miserable than discontent?
 FTLN 1421 Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
 FTLN 1422 The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;
 FTLN 1423 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come 205
 FTLN 1424 That e'er I proved thee false or feared thy faith.
 FTLN 1425 What luring star now envies thy estate
 FTLN 1426 That these great lords and Margaret our queen
 FTLN 1427 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 FTLN 1428 Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong. 210
 FTLN 1429 And as the butcher takes away the calf
 FTLN 1430 And binds the wretch and beats it when it strains,¹
 FTLN 1431 Bearing it to the bloody slaughterhouse,
 FTLN 1432 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
 FTLN 1433 And as the dam runs lowing up and down, 215
 FTLN 1434 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 FTLN 1435 And can do naught but wail her darling's loss,
 FTLN 1436 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
 FTLN 1437 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimmed eyes
 FTLN 1438 Look after him and cannot do him good, 220
 FTLN 1439 So mighty are his vowèd enemies.
 FTLN 1440 His fortunes I will weep and, 'twixt each groan,
 FTLN 1441 Say "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none."

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

QUEEN MARGARET, [to Cardinal, Suffolk, and York]¹

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

FTLN 1449	With shining checkered slough, doth sting a child	
FTLN 1450	That for the beauty thinks it excellent.	
FTLN 1451	Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—	
FTLN 1452	And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—	
FTLN 1453	This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,	235
FTLN 1454	To rid us from the fear we have of him.	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 1455	That he should die is worthy policy,	
FTLN 1456	But yet we want a color for his death.	
FTLN 1457	'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1458	But, in my mind, that were no policy.	240
FTLN 1459	The King will labor still to save his life,	
FTLN 1460	The Commons haply rise to save his life,	
FTLN 1461	And yet we have but trivial argument,	
FTLN 1462	More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1463	So that, by this, you would not have him die.	245
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1464	Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!	
	YORK	
FTLN 1465	'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.	
FTLN 1466	But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,	
FTLN 1467	Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:	
FTLN 1468	Were 't not all one an empty eagle were set	250
FTLN 1469	To guard the chicken from a hungry kite	
FTLN 1470	As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Protector?	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1471	So the poor chicken should be sure of death.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1472	Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness then	
FTLN 1473	To make the fox surveyor of the fold—	255
FTLN 1474	Who, being accused a crafty murderer,	
FTLN 1475	His guilt should be but idly posted over	
FTLN 1476	Because his purpose is not executed?	
FTLN 1477	No, let him die in that he is a fox,	

FTLN 1478	By nature proved an enemy to the flock,	260
FTLN 1479	Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,	
FTLN 1480	As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.	
FTLN 1481	And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him—	
FTLN 1482	Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,	
FTLN 1483	Sleeping or waking. 'Tis no matter how,	265
FTLN 1484	So he be dead; for that is good deceit	
FTLN 1485	Which mates him first that first intends deceit.	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1486	Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1487	Not resolute, except so much were done,	
FTLN 1488	For things are often spoke and seldom meant;	270
FTLN 1489	But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,	
FTLN 1490	Seeing the deed is meritorious,	
FTLN 1491	And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,	
FTLN 1492	Say but the word and I will be his priest.	
	CARDINAL	
FTLN 1493	But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,	275
FTLN 1494	Ere you can take due orders for a priest.	
FTLN 1495	Say you consent and censure well the deed,	
FTLN 1496	And I'll provide his executioner.	
FTLN 1497	I tender so the safety of my liege.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1498	Here is my hand. The deed is worthy doing.	280
FTLN 1499	QUEEN MARGARET And so say I.	
	YORK	
FTLN 1500	And I. And now we three have spoke it,	
FTLN 1501	It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.	
	<i>Enter a Post.</i>	
	POST	
FTLN 1502	Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain	
FTLN 1503	To signify that rebels there are up	285
FTLN 1504	And put the Englishmen unto the sword.	
FTLN 1505	Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,	

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

「*He exits.*」

CARDINAL

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

YORK

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

SOMERSET, 「*advancing*」

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

YORK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

YORK

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

SOMERSET

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

CARDINAL

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

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

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

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

He exits.

「Scene 2」

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

FIRST MURDERER

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

SECOND MURDERER

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

Enter Suffolk.

FTLN 1611 FIRST MURDERER Here comes my lord. 5

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

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

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1614 Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
 FTLN 1615 I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 FTLN 1616 The King and all the peers are here at hand. 10

FTLN 1617 Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
 FTLN 1618 According as I gave directions?

FTLN 1619 FIRST MURDERER 'Tis, my good lord.

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

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

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

*Noise within. Enter Warwick 「and Salisbury,」
and many Commons.*

WARWICK

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

WARWICK

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

SUFFOLK

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

WARWICK

FTLN 1770 See how the blood is settled in his face.
 FTLN 1771 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 165
 FTLN 1772 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
 FTLN 1773 Being all descended to the laboring heart,
 FTLN 1774 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 FTLN 1775 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
 FTLN 1776 Which with the heart there cools and ne'er 170
 FTLN 1777 returneth

FTLN 1778 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 FTLN 1779 But see, his face is black and full of blood;
 FTLN 1780 His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
 FTLN 1781 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man; 175
 FTLN 1782 His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with
 FTLN 1783 struggling;

FTLN 1784 His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
 FTLN 1785 And tugged for life and was by strength subdued.
 FTLN 1786 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking; 180
 FTLN 1787 His well-proportioned beard made rough and
 FTLN 1788 rugged,
 FTLN 1789 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
 FTLN 1790 It cannot be but he was murdered here.
 FTLN 1791 The least of all these signs were probable. 185

〔The bed is removed.〕

SUFFOLK

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

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

WARWICK

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

SUFFOLK

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

WARWICK

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

SUFFOLK

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

WARWICK

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

KING HENRY

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

A noise within.

FTLN 1850 QUEEN MARGARET What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

KING HENRY

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

FTLN 1852 drawn

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

FTLN 1854 Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

SUFFOLK

FTLN 1855 The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
FTLN 1856 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. 250

Enter Salisbury.

SALISBURY, *['to the offstage Commons']*

FTLN 1857 Sirs, stand apart. The King shall know your mind.—
FTLN 1858 Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
FTLN 1859 Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death
FTLN 1860 Or banishèd fair England's territories,
FTLN 1861 They will by violence tear him from your palace 255

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

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

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

FTLN 1865 And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
FTLN 1866 Free from a stubborn opposite intent, 260

FTLN 1867 As being thought to contradict your liking,

FTLN 1868 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

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

FTLN 1870 That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
FTLN 1871 And charge that no man should disturb your rest, 265

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

FTLN 1873 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

FTLN 1874 Were there a serpent seen with forkèd tongue

FTLN 1875 That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
FTLN 1876 It were but necessary you were waked, 270

FTLN 1877 Lest, being suffered in that harmful slumber,

FTLN 1878	The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.	
FTLN 1879	And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,	
FTLN 1880	That they will guard you, whe'er you will or no,	
FTLN 1881	From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,	275
FTLN 1882	With whose envenomèd and fatal sting	
FTLN 1883	Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,	
FTLN 1884	They say, is shamefully bereft of life.	
	COMMONS, <i>within</i>	
FTLN 1885	An answer from the King, my lord of Salisbury!	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1886	'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolished hinds,	280
FTLN 1887	Could send such message to their sovereign!	
FTLN 1888	「 <i>To Salisbury.</i> 」 But you, my lord, were glad to be	
FTLN 1889	employed,	
FTLN 1890	To show how quaint an orator you are.	
FTLN 1891	But all the honor Salisbury hath won	285
FTLN 1892	Is that he was the lord ambassador	
FTLN 1893	Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.	
	「COMMONS,」 <i>within</i>	
FTLN 1894	An answer from the King, or we will all break in.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1895	Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,	
FTLN 1896	I thank them for their tender loving care;	290
FTLN 1897	And, had I not been cited so by them,	
FTLN 1898	Yet did I purpose as they do entreat.	
FTLN 1899	For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy	
FTLN 1900	Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.	
FTLN 1901	And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,	295
FTLN 1902	Whose far unworthy deputy I am,	
FTLN 1903	He shall not breathe infection in this air	
FTLN 1904	But three days longer, on the pain of death.	
	「 <i>Salisbury exits.</i> 」	
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1905	O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1906	Ungentle queen to call him gentle Suffolk!	300

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

FTLN 1937	Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;	
FTLN 1938	And even now my burdened heart would break	
FTLN 1939	Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!	
FTLN 1940	Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;	
FTLN 1941	Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees;	335
FTLN 1942	Their chiefest prospect, murd'ring basilisks;	
FTLN 1943	Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!	
FTLN 1944	Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,	
FTLN 1945	And boding screech owls make the consort full!	
FTLN 1946	All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—	340
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1947	Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself,	
FTLN 1948	And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,	
FTLN 1949	Or like an over-chargèd gun, recoil	
FTLN 1950	And 'turn' the force of them upon thyself.	
	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 1951	You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?	345
FTLN 1952	Now, by the ground that I am banished from,	
FTLN 1953	Well could I curse away a winter's night,	
FTLN 1954	Though standing naked on a mountain top	
FTLN 1955	Where biting cold would never let grass grow,	
FTLN 1956	And think it but a minute spent in sport.	350
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 1957	O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,	
FTLN 1958	That I may dew it with my mournful tears;	
FTLN 1959	Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place	
FTLN 1960	To wash away my woeful monuments.	
	<i>'She kisses his hand.'</i>	
FTLN 1961	O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,	355
FTLN 1962	That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,	
FTLN 1963	Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for	
FTLN 1964	thee!	
FTLN 1965	So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;	
FTLN 1966	'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,	360
FTLN 1967	As one that surfeits thinking on a want.	
FTLN 1968	I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,	

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

[*They embrace.*]

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

SUFFOLK

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

Enter Vaux.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1986 Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee? 380
 FTLN 1987 VAUX To signify unto his Majesty,
 FTLN 1988 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
 FTLN 1989 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him
 FTLN 1990 That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
 FTLN 1991 Blaspheming God and cursing men on Earth. 385
 FTLN 1992 Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 FTLN 1993 Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King
 FTLN 1994 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 FTLN 1995 The secrets of his overchargèd soul.
 FTLN 1996 And I am sent to tell his Majesty 390
 FTLN 1997 That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1998 Go, tell this heavy message to the King. [*Vaux*] *exits.*

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

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

[Scene 3]

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

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

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

「ACT 4」

「Scene 1」

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

LIEUTENANT

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

*「Three gentlemen prisoners, including Suffolk,
are handed over.」*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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

MASTER

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

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

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

LIEUTENANT

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

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

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

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

FTLN 2090 Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN

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

WHITMORE, *['to Suffolk']*

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

FTLN 2094 And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

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

LIEUTENANT

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

SUFFOLK

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

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

WHITMORE

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

['Suffolk starts.']

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

FTLN 2101 affright?

SUFFOLK

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

FTLN 2103 A cunning man did calculate my birth 35

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

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

FTLN 2106 Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

WHITMORE

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

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

	SUFFOLK	
FTLN 2136	Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.	
	LIEUTENANT	
FTLN 2137	Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side,	
FTLN 2138	Strike off his head.	70
FTLN 2139	SUFFOLK	Thou dar'st not for thy own.
	⌈LIEUTENANT	
FTLN 2140	Yes, Pole.	
FTLN 2141	SUFFOLK	Pole! ⌋
FTLN 2142	LIEUTENANT	Pole! Sir Pole! Lord!
FTLN 2143	Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt	75
FTLN 2144	Troubles the silver spring where England drinks!	
FTLN 2145	Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth	
FTLN 2146	For swallowing the treasure of the realm.	
FTLN 2147	Thy lips that kissed the Queen shall sweep the	
FTLN 2148	ground,	80
FTLN 2149	And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's	
FTLN 2150	death	
FTLN 2151	Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,	
FTLN 2152	Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.	
FTLN 2153	And wedded be thou to the hags of hell	85
FTLN 2154	For daring to affy a mighty lord	
FTLN 2155	Unto the daughter of a worthless king,	
FTLN 2156	Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.	
FTLN 2157	By devilish policy art thou grown great,	
FTLN 2158	And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged	90
FTLN 2159	With gobbets of thy ⌈mother's⌋ bleeding heart.	
FTLN 2160	By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France.	
FTLN 2161	The false revolting Normans thorough thee	
FTLN 2162	Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy	
FTLN 2163	Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,	95
FTLN 2164	And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.	
FTLN 2165	The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,	
FTLN 2166	Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,	
FTLN 2167	As hating thee, ⌈are⌋ rising up in arms.	
FTLN 2168	And now the house of York, thrust from the crown	100

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

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

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2207 Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
 「SUFFOLK」
 FTLN 2208 Come, soldiers, show what cruelty you can, 140
 FTLN 2209 That this my death may never be forgot!
 FTLN 2210 Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
 FTLN 2211 A Roman sworder and banditto slave
 FTLN 2212 Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
 FTLN 2213 Stabbed Julius Caesar; savage islanders 145
 FTLN 2214 Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

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

LIEUTENANT

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

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

WHITMORE

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

FIRST GENTLEMAN

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

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

「Scene 2」

Enter Bevis and John Holland 「with staves.」

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

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

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

Enter a Clerk 「of Chartham, under guard.」

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

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

One exits with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

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

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with
 「a Herald,」 Drum, and Soldiers.*

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

BROTHER

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

CADE

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

STAFFORD

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

CADE

FTLN 2355 And Adam was a gardener.

FTLN 2356 BROTHER And what of that?

CADE

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

FTLN 2359 STAFFORD Ay, sir. 135

CADE

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

FTLN 2361 BROTHER That's false.

CADE

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

DICK

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

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

FTLN 2371 Therefore deny it not.

STAFFORD

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

	ALL	
FTLN 2374	Ay, marry, will we. Therefore get you gone.	150
	BROTHER	
FTLN 2375	Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.	
FTLN 2376	CADE He lies, <i>aside</i> for I invented it myself.—Go to,	
FTLN 2377	sirrah. Tell the King from me that, for his father's	
FTLN 2378	sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to	
FTLN 2379	span-counter for French crowns, I am content he	155
FTLN 2380	shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.	
FTLN 2381	DICK And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Saye's	
FTLN 2382	head for selling the dukedom of Maine.	
FTLN 2383	CADE And good reason: for thereby is England mained	
FTLN 2384	and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance	160
FTLN 2385	holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord	
FTLN 2386	Saye hath gelded the commonwealth and made it	
FTLN 2387	an eunuch; and, more than that, he can speak	
FTLN 2388	French, and therefore he is a traitor.	
	STAFFORD	
FTLN 2389	O, gross and miserable ignorance!	165
FTLN 2390	CADE Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are our	
FTLN 2391	enemies. Go to, then, I ask but this: can he that	
FTLN 2392	speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good	
FTLN 2393	counselor, or no?	
FTLN 2394	ALL No, no, and therefore we'll have his head!	170
	BROTHER, <i>to Stafford</i>	
FTLN 2395	Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,	
FTLN 2396	Assail them with the army of the King.	
	STAFFORD	
FTLN 2397	Herald, away, and throughout every town	
FTLN 2398	Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,	
FTLN 2399	That those which fly before the battle ends	175
FTLN 2400	May, even in their wives' and children's sight	
FTLN 2401	Be hanged up for example at their doors.—	
FTLN 2402	And you that be the King's friends, follow me.	
	<i>The Staffords, Soldiers, and Herald</i> exit.	

[Scene 4]

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

QUEEN MARGARET, [aside]

FTLN 2430 Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
FTLN 2431 And makes it fearful and degenerate.
FTLN 2432 Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
FTLN 2433 But who can cease to weep and look on this?
FTLN 2434 Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast, 5
FTLN 2435 But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCKINGHAM, [to King Henry]

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

KING HENRY

FTLN 2438 I'll send some holy bishop to entreat,
FTLN 2439 For God forbid so many simple souls 10
FTLN 2440 Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
FTLN 2441 Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
FTLN 2442 Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.
FTLN 2443 But stay, I'll read it over once again. [He reads.]

QUEEN MARGARET, [aside]

FTLN 2444 Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face 15
FTLN 2445 Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
FTLN 2446 And could it not enforce them to relent
FTLN 2447 That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING HENRY

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

SAYE

FTLN 2449 Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his. 20

FTLN 2450 KING HENRY How now, madam?
FTLN 2451 Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
FTLN 2452 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
FTLN 2453 Thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me.

QUEEN MARGARET

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

Enter a Messenger.

KING HENRY

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

MESSENGER

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

KING HENRY

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

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

SAYE

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

Enter another Messenger.

「SECOND」 MESSENGER

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

KING HENRY

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY, 「to Saye」

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

SAYE

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

They exit.

「Scene 5」

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

FTLN 2491 SCALES How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

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

SCALES

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

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

〔Scene 6〕

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

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

Enter a Soldier running.

FTLN 2510 SOLDIER Jack Cade, Jack Cade!
 FTLN 2511 CADE Knock him down there. *They kill him.*
 FTLN 2512 DICK If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack
 FTLN 2513 Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning. 10
*〔Takes a paper from the dead Soldier and
 reads the message.〕*

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

[Scene 7]

*Alarums. Matthew Gough is slain, and all the rest.
Then enter Jack Cade with his company.*

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

Enter George with the Lord Saye.

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

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

FTLN 2582	Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.	
FTLN 2583	I sold not Maine; I lost not Normandy;	65
FTLN 2584	Yet to recover them would lose my life.	
FTLN 2585	Justice with favor have I always done;	
FTLN 2586	Prayers and tears have moved me; gifts could never.	
FTLN 2587	When have I aught exacted at your hands	
FTLN 2588	Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and you?	70
FTLN 2589	Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,	
FTLN 2590	Because my book preferred me to the King.	
FTLN 2591	And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,	
FTLN 2592	Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,	
FTLN 2593	Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,	75
FTLN 2594	You cannot but forbear to murder me.	
FTLN 2595	This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings	
FTLN 2596	For your behoof—	
FTLN 2597	CADE Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?	
	SAYE	
FTLN 2598	Great men have reaching hands. Oft have I struck	80
FTLN 2599	Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.	
FTLN 2600	GEORGE O monstrous coward! What, to come behind	
FTLN 2601	folks?	
	SAYE	
FTLN 2602	These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.	
FTLN 2603	CADE Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em	85
FTLN 2604	red again.	
	SAYE	
FTLN 2605	Long sitting to determine poor men's causes	
FTLN 2606	Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.	
FTLN 2607	CADE You shall have a hempen ¹ caudle, then, and	
FTLN 2608	the help of hatchet.	90
FTLN 2609	DICK Why dost thou quiver, man?	
FTLN 2610	SAYE The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.	
FTLN 2611	CADE Nay, he nods at us, as who should say "I'll be	
FTLN 2612	even with you." I'll see if his head will stand steadier	
FTLN 2613	on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead	95
FTLN 2614	him.	

SAYE

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

O, let me live!

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

FTLN 2631 ALL It shall be done.

SAYE

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

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

「Some exit with Lord Saye.」

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

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

FTLN 2646 CADE Marry, presently.

FTLN 2647 ALL O, brave!

Enter one with the heads [of Lord Saye and Sir James Cromer on poles.]

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

[Scene 8]

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

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

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford [with Attendants.]

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

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

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

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

ALL

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

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

「Scene 9」

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

KING HENRY

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

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

Enter Buckingham and [old] Clifford.

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2733 Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

KING HENRY

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

Enter [below] multitudes with halters about their necks.

CLIFFORD

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

KING HENRY

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

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

FTLN 2749 ALL God save the King! God save the King!
[The multitudes exit.]

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

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

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

「Scene 10」

Enter Cade.

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

Enter Iden 「and his Men.」

IDEN

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

FTLN 2807	and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou	30
FTLN 2808	and I part. <i>「He draws his sword.」</i>	
	IDEN	
FTLN 2809	Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,	
FTLN 2810	I know thee not. Why, then, should I betray thee?	
FTLN 2811	Is 't not enough to break into my garden	
FTLN 2812	And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,	35
FTLN 2813	Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,	
FTLN 2814	But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?	
FTLN 2815	CADE Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood that ever was	
FTLN 2816	broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I	
FTLN 2817	have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou	40
FTLN 2818	and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as	
FTLN 2819	dead as a doornail, I pray God I may never eat	
FTLN 2820	grass more.	
	IDEN	
FTLN 2821	Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,	
FTLN 2822	That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,	45
FTLN 2823	Took odds to combat a poor famished man.	
FTLN 2824	Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine;	
FTLN 2825	See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.	
FTLN 2826	Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;	
FTLN 2827	Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,	50
FTLN 2828	Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon.	
FTLN 2829	My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;	
FTLN 2830	And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,	
FTLN 2831	Thy grave is digged already in the earth.	
FTLN 2832	As for words, whose greatness answers words,	55
FTLN 2833	Let this my sword report what speech forbears.	
	<i>「He draws his sword.」</i>	
FTLN 2834	CADE By my valor, the most complete champion that	
FTLN 2835	ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge or cut not	
FTLN 2836	out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere	
FTLN 2837	thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech <i>「God」</i> on my	60
FTLN 2838	knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.	
	<i>(Here they fight, 「and Cade falls.」)</i>	

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

IDEN

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

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

Dies.

IDEN

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

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

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

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

YORK

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

Enter Buckingham, 「wearing the red rose.」

FTLN 2875 「*Aside.*」 Whom have we here? Buckingham, to
FTLN 2876 disturb me?
FTLN 2877 The King hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.

BUCKINGHAM

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

YORK

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

YORK, *aside*

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

YORK

FTLN 2906 Upon thine honor, is he prisoner?

BUCKINGHAM

FTLN 2907 Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

YORK

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

FTLN 2910	Meet me tomorrow in Saint George's field;	
FTLN 2911	You shall have pay and everything you wish.	
	[Soldiers exit.]	
FTLN 2912	And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,	
FTLN 2913	Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,	50
FTLN 2914	As pledges of my fealty and love;	
FTLN 2915	I'll send them all as willing as I live.	
FTLN 2916	Lands, goods, horse, armor, anything I have	
FTLN 2917	Is his to use, so Somerset may die.	
	BUCKINGHAM	
FTLN 2918	York, I commend this kind submission.	55
FTLN 2919	We twain will go into his Highness' tent.	
	[They walk arm in arm.]	
	<i>Enter King [Henry] and Attendants.</i>	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2920	Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us	
FTLN 2921	That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?	
	YORK	
FTLN 2922	In all submission and humility	
FTLN 2923	York doth present himself unto your Highness.	60
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2924	Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?	
	YORK	
FTLN 2925	To heave the traitor Somerset from hence	
FTLN 2926	And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,	
FTLN 2927	Who since I heard to be discomfited.	
	<i>Enter Iden, with Cade's head.</i>	
	IDEN	
FTLN 2928	If one so rude and of so mean condition	65
FTLN 2929	May pass into the presence of a king,	
FTLN 2930	Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,	
FTLN 2931	The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2932	The head of Cade? Great God, how just art Thou!	

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN MARGARET
FTLN 2989 And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
CLIFFORD, *kneeling before King Henry*
FTLN 2990 Health and all happiness to my lord the King.
He rises.

YORK
FTLN 2991 I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what news with thee?
FTLN 2992 Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.
FTLN 2993 We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again. 130
FTLN 2994 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIFFORD
FTLN 2995 This is my king, York; I do not mistake,
FTLN 2996 But thou mistakes me much to think I do.—
FTLN 2997 To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

KING HENRY
FTLN 2998 Ay, Clifford, a bedlam and ambitious humor 135
FTLN 2999 Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIFFORD
FTLN 3000 He is a traitor. Let him to the Tower,
FTLN 3001 And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN MARGARET
FTLN 3002 He is arrested, but will not obey.
FTLN 3003 His sons, he says, shall give their words for him. 140
FTLN 3004 YORK Will you not, sons?

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

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

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

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

	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 3062	The first, I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 3063	You were best to go to bed and dream again,	200
FTLN 3064	To keep thee from the tempest of the field.	
	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 3065	I am resolved to bear a greater storm	
FTLN 3066	Than any thou canst conjure up today;	
FTLN 3067	And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,	
FTLN 3068	Might I but know thee by thy ¹ house's badge.	205
	WARWICK	
FTLN 3069	Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,	
FTLN 3070	The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,	
FTLN 3071	This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet—	
FTLN 3072	As on a mountaintop the cedar shows	
FTLN 3073	That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm—	210
FTLN 3074	Even to affright thee with the view thereof.	
	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 3075	And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear	
FTLN 3076	And tread it under foot with all contempt,	
FTLN 3077	Despite the bearherd that protects the bear.	
	YOUNG CLIFFORD	
FTLN 3078	And so to arms, victorious father,	215
FTLN 3079	To quell the rebels and their complices.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3080	Fie! Charity, for shame! Speak not in spite,	
FTLN 3081	For you shall sup with Jesu Christ tonight.	
	YOUNG CLIFFORD	
FTLN 3082	Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell!	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 3083	If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.	220
	<i>¹They exit separately.</i>	

[Scene 2]

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

Enter Warwick, [wearing the white rose.]

WARWICK

FTLN 3084 Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 FTLN 3085 An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 FTLN 3086 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
 FTLN 3087 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
 FTLN 3088 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me; 5
 FTLN 3089 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 FTLN 3090 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York, [wearing the white rose.]

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

YORK

FTLN 3092 The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
 FTLN 3093 But match to match I have encountered him 10
 FTLN 3094 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 FTLN 3095 Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

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

WARWICK

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

YORK

FTLN 3097 Hold, Warwick! Seek thee out some other chase,
 FTLN 3098 For I myself must hunt this deer to death. 15

WARWICK

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

Warwick exits.

CLIFFORD

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

YORK

FTLN 3103 With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
 FTLN 3104 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

FTLN 3130 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 FTLN 3131 The silver livery of advised age,
 FTLN 3132 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
 FTLN 3133 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight 50
 FTLN 3134 My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine,
 FTLN 3135 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 FTLN 3136 No more will I their babes. Tears virginal
 FTLN 3137 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 FTLN 3138 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims, 55
 FTLN 3139 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 FTLN 3140 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 FTLN 3141 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 FTLN 3142 Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 FTLN 3143 As wild Medea young Absyrtis did. 60
 FTLN 3144 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 「He takes his father's body onto his back.」
 FTLN 3145 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
 FTLN 3146 As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
 FTLN 3147 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.
 FTLN 3148 But then Aeneas bare a living load, 65
 FTLN 3149 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. *「He exits.」*

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

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

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

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

FTLN 3159 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defense

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

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

Alarum afar off.

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

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

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

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

FTLN 3166 And where this breach now in our fortunes made

FTLN 3167 May readily be stopped.

Enter 「Young」 Clifford, 「wearing the red rose.」

YOUNG CLIFFORD

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

FTLN 3169 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

FTLN 3170 But fly you must. Uncurable discomfit

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

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

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

FTLN 3174 Away, my lord, away!

They exit.

「Scene 3」

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

YORK

FTLN 3175 Of Salisbury, who can report of him,

FTLN 3176 That winter lion, who in rage forgets

FTLN 3177 Agèd contusions and all brush of time,

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

