

XXII.

K I N G H E N R Y V I.

P A R T II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Sixth.
 HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
 Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great
 Uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
 Duke of SOMERSET,
 Duke of SUFFOLK,
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
 Lord CLIFFORD,
 Young CLIFFORD, his Son, } of the King's Party.
 Earl of SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.
 Earl of WARWICK, }
 Lord SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
 Lord SAY.
 Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.
 Sir JOHN STANLEY.
 A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
 WALTER WHITMORE.
 TWO Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.
 A Herald.
 VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.
 BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror.
 A Spirit raised by him.
 THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.
 PETER, his Man.
 Clerk of Chatham.
 Mayor of Saint Alban's.
 SIMPCOX, an Impostor.
 Two Murderers.
 JACK CADE, a Rebel:
 GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver, MICHAEL,
 &c. his Followers.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.
 MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
 ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.
 Wife to SIMPCOX.
 Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen,
 a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens,
 Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Mes-
 sengers, &c.

SCENE — dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room of State in the
 Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on
 one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALIS-
 BURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the
 other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK,
 SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.*

Suffolk.

As by your high ¹⁾ imperial majesty,
 I had in charge at my depart for France,
 As procurator to your excellence,
 To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours, —
 In the presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
 Alençon,
 'Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bi-
 shops, —
 'I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
 'And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

'K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen Margaret:
 'I can express no kinder sign of love,
 'Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me life,
 'Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
 'For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 'If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
 'Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious
 lord;
 'The mutual conference ²⁾ that my mind hath had —
 'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
 'In courtly company, or at my beads, —
 'With you mine alder-liest sovereign, ³⁾
 'Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
 'And over-joy of heart doth minister.
 'K. Hen. Her sight doth ravish: but her grace in
 speech,
 'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 'Makes me from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
 'Such is the fulness of my heart's content. —
 'Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.
 All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!
 Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]
 Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,
 Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
 'For eighteen months concluded by consent.
 Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, It is agreed between the

French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father —
P. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord; Some sudden quail hath struck me at the heart, And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Win. Item, — *It is further agreed between them — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper costs and charges, without having dowry.*
K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the sword. —
 Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace From being regent in the parts of France, Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd. —
 Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in; and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 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 valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
 Did he so often lodge in open field,
 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,
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd 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,
 Early and late, debating to and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
 And hath his highness in his infancy
 Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our council, die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame:
 Blotting your names from books of memory:
 Razing the characters of your renown;
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
 Undoing all, as all had never been!
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

*This peroration with such circumstance? *)
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should:
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

**Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,
 These counties were the keys of Normandy: —
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
 And are the cities, ⁵) that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
 Mort Dieu!

**York.* For Suffolk's duke — may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
 And our king Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
 For costs and charges in transporting her!
 She should have staid in France, and starv'd in
 France,

Before —
Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
 'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you,
 Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury: If I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
 Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesied — France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
 Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
 Consider, lords, — he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the English crown;
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him — *Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
 With — *God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.
Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself? —
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together — with the duke of Suffolk, —
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
 pride,
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside;
 If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
 Despight duke Humphrey, or the Cardinal.
 [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

'I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —
 More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —
 Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey. —
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline;
 Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people: —
 Join we together, for the public good;
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest
 cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto
 the main.
War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
 Suffolk concluded on the articles;
 The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends, and give to courtzans,
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away:
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-
 land,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. *)
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's
 House.

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold: —
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
 requite it

With the sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in
 court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
 This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke;
 Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
 Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.
Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor! *)
 Art thou not second woman in the realm;
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
 With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
 'You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
 'Whereas⁸⁾ the king and queen do mean to hawk.
 Glo. I go. — Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
 *Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.
 [Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]
 *Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 *While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
 *Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 *I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 *And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
 *And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 *To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 *Where are you there? sir John!⁹⁾ nay, fear not, man,
 *We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
 *Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.
 Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
 advice,
 *Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
 *Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
 conferr'd
 *With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
 *And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 *And will they undertake to do me good?
 *Hume. This they have promised, — to show your
 highness
 *A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
 *That shall make answer to such questions,
 *As by your grace shall be propounded him.
 *Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
 *When from St. Alban's we do make return,
 *We'll see these things effected to the full.
 *Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
 *With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit DUCHESS.]

*Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess'
 gold;
 *Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
 *Seal up your lips, and give no words but — mum!
 *The business asketh silent secrecy.
 *Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
 *Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 *Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
 *I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 *And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 *Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 *They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 *Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 *And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 *They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;¹⁰⁾
 *Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 *Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 *To call them both — a pair of crafty knaves.
 *Well, so it stands; And thus, I fear, at last,
 *Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
 *And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
 *Sort how it will,¹¹⁾ I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and others, with Petitions.

*1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord pro-
 tector will come this way by and by, and then we
 'may deliver our supplications in the quill.¹²⁾
 *2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a
 'good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

*1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
 *with him: I'll be the first, sure.
 *2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suf-
 folk, and not my lord protector.
 *Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?
 *1 Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me! I took ye for
 'my lord protector.
 *Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To my lord
 'protector! are your supplications to his lordship?
 *let me see them: what is thine?
 *1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against
 'John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping
 'my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.
 *Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. —
 *What's yours? — What's here? [Reads.] Against
 'the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons
 'of Melford. — How now, sir knave?
 *2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our
 whole township.
 *Peter. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master,
 'Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York
 'was rightful heir to the crown.
 *Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York
 'say, he was rightful heir to the crown?
 *Peter. That my master was?¹³⁾ No, forsooth:
 'my master said, That he was; and that the king
 'was an usurper.
 *Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.] — Take this
 'fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant
 'presently: — we'll hear more of your matter before
 'the king. [Exeunt Servants, with PETER.]
 *Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
 'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 *Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
 [Tears the petition.]
 *Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.
 *All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt Petitioners.]
 *Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
 'Is this the fashion in the court of England?
 'Is this the government of Britain's isle,
 'And this the royalty of Albion's king?
 *What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
 'Under the surly Gloster's governance?
 *Am I a queen in title and in style,
 'And must be made a subject to a duke?
 *I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
 'Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
 *I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
 'In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 *But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 *To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
 *His champions are — the prophets and apostles;
 *His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ:
 *His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 *Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 *I would, the college of cardinals
 *Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 *And set the triple crown upon his head;
 *That were a state fit for his holiness.
 *Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
 'Your highness came to England, so will I
 'In England work your grace's full content.
 *Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we
 Beaufort,
 *The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 *And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
 *But can do more in England than the king.
 *Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 *Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
 *Salisbury and Warwick, are no simple peers.

XXII.

*Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 *As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 *She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 *More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
 *She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 *And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
 *Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 *Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
 *She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 *Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
 *Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
 *And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 *That she will light to listen to the lays,
 *And never mount to trouble you again.
 *So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
 *For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 *Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 *Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 *Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 *As for the duke of York, — this late complaint¹⁴⁾
 *Will make but little for his benefit:
 *So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 *And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

*K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 *Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
 *York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 *Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
 *Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 *Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
 *War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
 *Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
 *Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
 *War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
 *Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, War-
 wick.
 *War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
 *Sal. Peace, son; — and show some reason, Buck-
 ingham,
 *Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
 *Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
 *Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
 *To give his censure;¹⁵⁾ these are no women's mat-
 ters.
 *Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
 *To be protector of his excellence?
 *Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
 *And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
 *Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
 *Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou?)
 *The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
 *The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
 *And all the peers and nobles of the realm
 *Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
 *Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
 bags
 *Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
 *Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
 attire,
 *Have cost a mass of public treasury.
 *Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
 *Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
 *And left thee to the mercy of the law.
 *Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France, —
 *If they were known, as the suspect is great, —

*Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
 [Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.]
 *Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
 [Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.]
 *I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
 *Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
 woman:
 *Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
 *K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
 *Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in
 time;
 *She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
 *Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
 She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
 [Exit DUCHESS.]
 *Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
 *And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
 *She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,¹⁶⁾
 *She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
 [Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

*Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
 *With walking once about the quadrangle,
 *I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
 *As for your spiteful false objections,
 *Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
 *But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
 *As I in duty love my king and country!
 *But, to the matter that we have in hand: —
 *I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
 *To be your regent in the realm of France.
 *Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
 *To show some reason, of no little force,
 *That York is most unmeet of any man.
 *York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
 *First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
 *Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 *My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
 *Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 *Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 *Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
 *Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
 *War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
 *Did never traitor in the land commit.
 *Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
 *War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

*Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
 Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
 *York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
 *K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me:
 What are these?
 *Suf. Please it, your majesty, this is the man
 *That doth accuse his master of high treason:
 *His words were these; — that Richard, duke of York,
 *Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
 *And that your majesty was an usurper.
 *K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
 *Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
 nor thought any such matter: God is my witness,
 I am falsely accused by the villain.
 *Pet. By these ten bones,¹⁷⁾ my lords, [holding up
 'his hands,] he did speak them to me in the garret,
 'one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's
 armour.
 *York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
 *I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech: —
 *I do beseech your royal majesty,
 *Let him have all the rigour of the law.

XXIII.

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Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, ⁽⁶⁾ the lying'st knave
 In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, Thou might'st as well have known our names, ⁽⁷⁾ as thus
 To name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly To nominate them all, 's impossible. — ⁽⁸⁾
 My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; And would ye not think that cunning to be great, That could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beades in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[Exit an Attendant.]
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. *[A stool brought out.]* Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; You go about to torture me in vain.
Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.
Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry, A miracle!]
K. Hen. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?
Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.
[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
 'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.
Enter BUCKINGHAM.
K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
 'A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, — ⁽⁹⁾
 'Under the countenance and confederacy
 'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
 'The ringleader and head of all this rout, —

XXII.

'Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
 'Dealing with witches, and with conjurors:
 'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
 'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
 'And other of your highness' privy council,
 'As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
 'Your lady is forthcoming ⁽¹⁰⁾ yet at London.
 'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[Aside to GLOSTER.]
 'Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
 'Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
 'And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 'Or to the meanest groom.
K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
 'Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest:
 'And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 'How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
 'And for my wife, I know not how it stands;
 'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
 'Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 'Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
 'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 'I banish her my bed, and company;
 'And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
 'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
 'To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 'To look into this business thoroughly,
 'And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 'And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-
 vails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.**Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-
 wick,
 'Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 'In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 'In craving your opinion of my title,
 'Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
 'Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons;
 'The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
 'The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 'Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
 'Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
 'The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
 'The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
 Gloster;
 'William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
 'Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
 'And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 'Who, after Edward the third's death, reigned as
 king;
 'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 'The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 'Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
 'Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
 'Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
 came,

'And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 'Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
 'Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not
 by right;
 'For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
 'The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from
 whose line
 'I claim the crown,) had issue — Philippe, a daughter,
 'Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
 'Edmund had issue — Roger, earl of March:
 'Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 'As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 'And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
 'Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
 'But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
 'My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
 'To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
 'By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 'To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
 'Of Edmond ⁽¹¹⁾ Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
 'So, if the issue of the elder son
 'Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceedings are more plain than
 this?
 'Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 'The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 'It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
 'And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —
 'Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together:
 'And, in this private plot, ⁽¹²⁾ be we the first,
 'That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 'With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
 king!
 'York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
 'With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
 'And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
 'But with advice, and silent secrecy.
 'Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
 'Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 'At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 'At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 'That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 'Shall find their deaths, if York can prophecy.
Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind
 at full.
War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
 'Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
 'York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, —
 'Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
 'The greatest man in England, but the king. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under Guard.
K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glos-
 ter's wife:

'In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
 'Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
 'Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —
 'You four, from hence to prison back again;
[To JOURD. &c.]
 'From thence, unto the place of execution:
 'The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 'And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 'You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 'Despoil'd of your honour in your life,
 'Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 'Live in your country here, in banishment,
 'With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my
 death.
Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee;
 'I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
[Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners, guarded.]
 'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 'Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 'Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —
 'I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
 'Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease. ⁽¹³⁾
K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster: ere
 thou go,
 'Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
 'Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
 'My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
 'And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
 'Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
 'Should be to be protected like a child. —
 'God and king Henry govern England's helm:
 'Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glo. My staff! — here, noble Henry, is my staff:
 'As willingly do I the same resign,
 'As ere thy father Henry made it mine:
 'And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 'As others would ambitiously receive it.
 'Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
 'May honourable peace attend thy throne! *[Exit.]*
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
 queen;
 'And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
 'That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once, —
 'His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
 'This staff of honour rought: — ⁽¹⁴⁾ There let it stand,
 'Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
 sprays;
 'Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go, — Please it your majesty,
 'This is the day appointed for the combat;
 'And ready are the appellants and defendant,
 'The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 'So please your highness to behold the fight.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
 'Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
 'Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested, ⁽¹⁵⁾
 'Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellants,
 'The servant of this armourer, my lords.
Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; ⁽¹⁶⁾ a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.
 '1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
 in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall
 do well enough.

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*Oppose himself against a troop of kernes; ²³)
 *And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 *Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine:
 *And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 *Caper upright like a wild Mórisco, ²⁴)
 *Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 *Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
 *Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 *And undiscover'd come to me again,
 *And given me notice of their villainies.
 *This devil here shall be my substitute;
 *For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 *In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 *By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 *How they affect the house and claim of York.
 *Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd;
 *I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 *Will make him say — I mov'd him to those arms.
 *Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
 *Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 *And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 *For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 *And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

¹Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 *We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
²Mur. O, that it were to do! — What have we
 done?
 *Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

¹Mur. Here comes my lord.
 *Suf. Now, sirs, have you
 *Despatch'd this thing?
¹Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
 *Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
 house;
 *I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 *The king and all the peers are here at hand: —
 *Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 *According as I gave directions?
¹Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
 *Suf. Away, be gone! [Exit Murderers.]

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.*

*K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
 *Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 *If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
 *Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.]
 *K. Hen. Lords, take your places; — And, I pray
 you all,
 *Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 *Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 *He be approv'd in practice culpable.
 *Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 *That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 *Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
 *K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words con-
 tent me much. —

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

*How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest
 thou?
 *Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
 *Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
 *Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

*Car. God's secret judgment: — I did dream to-
night,

*The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

*Q. Mar. How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the
king is dead. [The King swoons.]

*Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

*Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry, ope
thine eyes!

*Suf. He doth revive again; — Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

*Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
fort!K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now ²⁵) to sing a raven's note,

*Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

*By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

*Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

*Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

*Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

*Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

*Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

*Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

*Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding: —

*Yet do not go away; — Come, basilisk,

*And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

*For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

*In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

*Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,

*Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:

*And for myself — foe as he was to me,

*Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

*Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

*I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

*Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

*And all to have the noble duke alive.

*What know I how the world may deem of me?
*For it is known, we were but hollow friends;*It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
*So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

*And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

*This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!

*To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

*Q. Mar. Be woe for me, ²⁶) more wretched than he is.What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.*What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
*Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.*Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
*Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:*Erect his statue then, and worship it,
*And make my image but an alehouse sign.Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
*And twice by awkward wind from England's bank*Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning windDid seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
*Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?*What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
*And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;*And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
*Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?*Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
*But left that hateful office unto thee:*The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
*Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on
shore,

*With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:

*The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands, ²⁷)

*And would not dash me with their ragged sides;

*Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
*Might in thy palace perish Margaret. ²⁸)

*As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

*When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
*I stood upon the hatches in the storm:*And when the dusky sky began to rob
*My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
*I took a costly jewel from my neck, —

*A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —

*And threw it towards thy land; — the sea receiv'd it;

*And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:

*And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
*And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;*And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
*For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.*How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
*(The agent of thy foul inconstancy.)
*To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
*When he to madding Dido, would unfold
*His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy? ²⁹)*Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
him?
*Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!

*For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.**The Commons press to the door.**War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
*That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
*By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.*The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
*That want their leader, scatter up and down,
*And care not who they sting in his revenge.*Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
*Until they hear the order of his death.*K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:*Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
*And comment then upon his sudden death.*War. That I shall do, my liege: — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and
SALISBURY retires.]*K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts;*My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
*Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

*If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;

*For judgment only doth belong to thee!

*Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
*With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
*Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;*To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
*And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:*But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
*And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
*What were it but to make my sorrow greater?*The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown
open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed:**WARWICK and others standing by it.**War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this
body.*K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
*For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace:*For seeing him, I see my life in death. ³⁰)*War. As surely as my soul intends to live
*With that dread King, that took our state upon him
*To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
*I do believe that violent hands were laid
*Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.*Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
*What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
*War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
*Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, ³¹)
*Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
*Being all descended to the labouring heart;
*Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
*Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
*Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
*To blush and beautify the cheek again.
*But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
*His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
*Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
*His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
gling;
*His hands abroad display'd, ³²) as one that grasp'd,
*And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
*Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
*His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
*Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
*It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
*The least of all these signs were probable.
*Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to
death?
*Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
*And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
*War. But both of you were vow'd duke Hum-
phrey's foes;
*And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
*'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
*And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.
*Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
*As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
*War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
*And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
*But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
*Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
*But may imagine how the bird was dead,
*Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
*Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
*Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's
your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
*Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
*But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
*That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
*That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
*Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
*That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[Exit CARDINAL, SOM. and others.]
*War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk
dare him?
*Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
*Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
*Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
*War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
*For every word, you speak in his behalf,
*Is slander to your royal dignity.
*Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
*If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
*Thy mother took into her blameful bed
*Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
*Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
*And never of the Nevils' noble race.
*War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
*And I should rob the deathman of his fee,
*Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
*And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
*I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
*Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
*And say — It was thy mother that thou mean'st,
*That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
*And, after all this fearful homage done,

Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 'Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 *And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
 [Exit SUFFOLK and WARWICK.
 **K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart
 untainted?
 *Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
 *And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 *Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q. Mar. What noise is this? [*A Noise within.*]

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
 Weapons drawn.*

**K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful
 weapons drawn
 *Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —
 *Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Croud within. Re-enter SALISBURY.
 **Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your
 mind. — [*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,
 *They will by violence tear him from your palace,
 *And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
 They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
 *They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
 *And mere instinct of love, and loyalty, —
 *Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
 *As being thought to contradict your liking, —
 *Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 *They say, in care of your most royal person,
 *That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 *And charge — that no man should disturb your rest,
 *In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
 *Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 *Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 *That slily glided towards your majesty,
 *It were but necessary you were wak'd;
 *Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 *The mortal worm³³ might make the sleep eternal:
 *And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 *That they will guard you, wher' you will or no,
 *From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
 *With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 *Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 *They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my
 lord of Salisbury.

**Suf.* 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hands,
 Could send such message to their sovereign:
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator³⁴ you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is — that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort³⁵ of tinkers to the king.
Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or
 we'll all break in.

**K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 *I thank them for their tender loving care:
 *And had I not been cited so by them,
 *Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 *For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 *Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 *And therefore, — by His majesty I swear,

'Whose far unworthy deputy I am, —
 *He shall not breathe infection in this air³⁶
 *But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*
 **Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!
 **K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
 *No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
 *Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 *Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
 *But, when I swear, it is irrevocable: —
 *If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
 *On any ground that I am ruler of,
 *The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
 *Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
 *I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Execunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*
 **Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
 *Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 *Be playfellows to keep you company!
 *There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 *And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 **Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 *And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
 **Q. Mar.* Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted
 wretch!

*Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
 curse them?
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,³⁷
 *I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 *As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 *With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint:
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!³⁸
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
 thyself;
 *And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst glass,
 *Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil,
 *And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?³⁹
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

**Q. Mar.* O, let me intreat thee, cease! Give me
 thy hand,
 *That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 *Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 *To wash away my woeful monuments.
 *O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
 [*Kisses his hand.*
 *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
 *Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for
 thee!⁴⁰
 *So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 *'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
 *As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
 *I will repeat thee, or be well assured,
 *Adventure to be banished myself:

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others.
The CARDINAL in Bed; Attendants with him.

**K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to
 thy sovereign.
 **Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
 treasure,
 *Enough to purchase such another island,
 *So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
 **K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 *When death's approach is seen so terrible!
 **War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
 **Car.* Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
 *Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 *Can I make men live, wher' they will or no? —
 *O! torture me no more, I will confess. —
 *Alive again? then show me where he is;
 *I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. —
 *He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —
 *Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 *Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul! —
 *Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 *Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
 **K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
 *Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 *O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
 *That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 *And from his bosom purge this black despair!
 **War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him
 grin.

**Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
 **K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
 sure be!
 *Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 *Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
 *He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
 **War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
 **K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
 *Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
 *And let us all to meditation. [*Execunt.*]⁴⁴

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a
 Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER
 WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK,
 and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

**Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful¹) day
 *Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 *And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 *That drag the tragic melancholy night;
 *Who with their dravies, slow, and flagging wings
 *Clip dead men's gowns,²) and from their misty jaws
 *Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
 *Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 *For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 *Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 *Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore. —
 *Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
 *And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
 *The other [*pointing to SUFFOLK*] Walter Whitmore,
 is thy share.
 **Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.
 **Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your
 head.
 **Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes
 yours.

*And banished I am, if but from thee.
 *Go, speak not to me; even now be gone. —
 *O, go not yet! — Even thus two friends condemn'd
 *Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 *Loather a hundred times to part than die.
 *Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 *'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
 *A wilderness is populous enough,
 *So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
 *For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 *With every several pleasure in the world;
 *And where thou art not desolation.
 *I can no more: — Live thou to joy thy life;
 *Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

**Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news,
 I prythee?

**Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
 *For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 *That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 *Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 *Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
 *Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 *The secrets of his overcharged soul:
 *And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 *That even now he cries aloud for him.

**Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
 [*Exit VAUX.*
 *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
 *But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 *Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 *Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 *And with the southern clouds contend in tears:
 *Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sor-
 rows?
 *Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is
 coming:

*If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
 **Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
 *And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 *As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
 Where,⁴¹) from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 *And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 *To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 *So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
 *Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death:
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.
 **Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful cor-
 rosive,⁴²)
 *It is applied to a deathful wound.
 *To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 *For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris⁴³) that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
 This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
 [*Execunt severally.*]

*Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

*And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —

*Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall;

*The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

*Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

*1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

*2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

**Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

*And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[*To SUFFOLK.*]

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

**Cap.* Be not so rash: take ransome, let him live.

**Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

*Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

**Whit.* And so am I; my name is — Walter Whit-

more.

*How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death

affright?

**Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

*A cunning man did calculate my birth,

*And told me — that by *Water* I should die;

*Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;

*Thy name is — *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

**Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

*Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

*But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

*Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

*Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

*And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

**Suf.* Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

**Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

**Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;

Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

**Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

**Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

*Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.³⁾

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

*Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

*And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

*How often hast thou waited at my cup,

*Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

*When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

*Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

*Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:⁴⁾

*How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

*And duly waited for my coming forth?

*This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

*And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

**Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

**Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

**Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art

thou.

**Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

**Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

**Cap.* Yes, *Poole*.

**Suf.* *Poole*?

**Cap.* *Poole*? sir *Poole*? lord?

*Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

*Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

*Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

*For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

*Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the

ground:

*And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's

death,

*Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

*Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:

*And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

*For daring to affy⁵⁾ a mighty lord

*Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

*Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

*By devilish policy art thou grown great,

*And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

*With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

*By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:

*The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,

*Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy

*Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,

*And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

*The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all, —

*Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain, —

*As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

*And now the house of York — thrust from the

crowns,

*By shameful murder of a guiltless king,

*And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, —

*Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

*Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

*Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus*.

*The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

*And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

*Is crept into the palace of our king,

*And all by thee: — Away! convey him hence.

**Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

*Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

*Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,

*Being captain of a pinnace,⁶⁾ threatens more

*Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.

*Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.

*It is impossible that I should die

*By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

*Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

*I go of message from the queen to France;

*I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

**Cap.* *Walter*, — —

**Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

**Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus; —*⁷⁾ 'tis thee

I fear.

**Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I

leave thee.

*What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

*1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him

fair.

**Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

*Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

*Far be it, we should honour such as these

*With humble suit: no, rather let my head

*Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

*Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

*And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

*Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

*True nobility is exempt from fear: —

*More can I bear, than you dare execute.

**Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

**Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

*That this my death may never be forgot! —

*Great men oft die by vile bezonians:⁸⁾

*A Roman sword⁹⁾ and banditto slave,

*Murder'd sweet *Tully*; Brutus' bastard hand

*Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar*; savage islanders,

**Pompey* the great:¹⁰⁾ and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf. with Whit. and others.*]

**Cap.* And as for these whose ransome we have set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart: —

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S Body.

**Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,

*Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

*1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

*His body will I bear unto the king:

*If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

*So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

**Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
'a lath; they have been up these two days.

**John.* They have the more need to sleep now than.

**Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to

'dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new

'nap upon it.

**John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,

I say, it was never merry world in England, since

gentlemen came up.¹¹⁾

**Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in

'handycrafts-men.

**John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather

'aprons.

**Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good

'workmen.

**John.* True; And yet it is said, — Labour in thy

'vocation: which is as much to say, as, — let the

'magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should

'we be magistrates.

**Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign

'of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

**John.* I see them! I see them! There's *Best's* son,

*the tanner of *Wingham*: — —

**Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to

'make dog's leather of.

**John.* And *Dick* the butcher, — —

**Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and

'iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

**John.* And *Smith* the weaver.

**Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

**John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the
Weaver, and others in great number.

**Cade.* We *John Cade*, so termed of our supposed

'father, — —

**Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.¹²⁾

[*Aside.*]

**Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us,¹³⁾

'inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and

'princes, — Command silence.

**Dick.* Silence!

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

**Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good brick-

layer. [*Aside.*]

**Cade.* My mother a *Plantagenet*, —

**Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*]

**Cade.* My wife descended of the *Lacies*, —

**Dick.* She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and

sold many laces. [*Aside.*]

**Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with

'her furred pack,¹⁴⁾ she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*]

**Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

**Dick.* Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;¹⁵⁾

and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father

had never a house, but the cage.¹⁶⁾ [*Aside.*]

**Cade.* Valiant I am.

**Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*]

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

**Dick.* No question of that; for I have seen him

whipped three market-days together. [*Aside.*]

**Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

**Smith.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat

is of proof.¹⁷⁾ [*Aside.*]

**Dick.* But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire,

being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*]

**Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave,

and vows reformation. There shall be, in England,

seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-

hooped pot shall have ten hoops;¹⁸⁾ and I will

make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm

shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my

palffy go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king

I will be) — —

**All.* God save your majesty!

**Cade.* I thank you, good people: — there shall

'be no money;¹⁹⁾ all shall eat and drink on my

'score; and I will apparel them all in one livery,

'that they may agree like brothers, and worship me

'their lord.

**Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the

'lawyers.

**Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lam-

'mentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb

should be made parchment? that parchment, being

scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the

bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did

but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine

own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

**Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and

read, and cast account.

**Cade.* O monstrous!

**Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

**Cade.* Here's a villain!

**Smith.* H'as a book in his pocket, with red let-

ters in't.

**Cade.* Nay, then he is a conjurer.

**Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations,²⁰⁾ and write

court-hand.

**Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man,

'on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall

'not die, — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine

'thee: What is thy name?

**Clerk.* Immanuel.

**Dick.* They use to write it on the top of let-

ters; —²¹⁾ 'Twill go hard with you.

**Cade.* Let me alone: — Dost thou use to write

'thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an

'honest plain-dealing man?

**Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well

brought up, that I can write my name.

**All.* He hath confessed: away with him; he's a

'villain, and a traitor.

**Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his

'pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

**Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
**Mark'd* for the gallows, — lay your weapons down,
**Home* to your cottages, forsake this groom; —
**The king* is merciful, if you revolt.

**W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
**If you go forward:* Therefore yield, or die.

**Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass
not; ²²⁾

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
**O'er whom,* in time to come, I hope to reign;
**For I am* rightful heir unto the crown.

**Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
**And thou thyself,* a sheerman, Art thou not?

**Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.
**W. Staf.* And what of that?

**Cade.* Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, earl of
March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; — Did
he not?

**Staf.* Ay, sir.

**Cade.* By her, he had two children at one birth.

**W. Staf.* That's false.

**Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
**The elder* of them, being put to nurse,

**Was by* a beggar-woman stol'n away;

**And,* ignorant of his birth and parentage,

**Became* a bricklayer, when he came to age:

**His son* am I; deny it, if you can.

**Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

**Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify
it; therefore, deny it not.

**Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
**That speaks* he knows not what?

**All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

**W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught
you this.

**Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. *[Aside.]* —
Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that — for
his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time
boys went to span-counter for French crowns, —
I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector
over him.

**Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

**Cade.* And good reason, for thereby is England
maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my
puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you,
that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,
and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he
can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

**Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

**Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can
he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a
good counsellor, or no?

**All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

**W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
**Assail* them with the army of the king.

**Staf.* Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
**Proclaim* them traitors that are up with Cade;

**That those,* which fly before the battle ends,
**May,* even in their wives' and children's sight,
**Be hang'd* up for example at their doors: —
**And you,* that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.]

**Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow
me. —

**Now show yourselves men,* 'tis for liberty.
**We will not* leave one lord, one gentleman:

**Spare none,* but such as go in clouted shoon;

**For they* are thrifty honest men, and such

**As would* (but that they dare not) take our parts.

**Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

**Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most
**out of order.* Come, march forward. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums. *The two Parties enter, and fight, and
both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

**Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

**Dick.* Here, sir.

**Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
**and thou* behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been
**'in thine own slaughter-house: therefore* thus will
**'I reward thee, — The Lent shall* be as long again
**'as it is; and thou shalt* have a license to kill for
**'a hundred lacking one. ²³⁾*

**Dick.* I desire no more.

**Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
**This monument* of the victory will I bear; and the
**'bodies shall* be dragged at my horse' heels, till I
**'do come* to London, where we will have the mayor's
**'sword borne* before us.

**Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break
**'open* the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

**Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
**'march* toward London. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him: at
a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over
SUFFOLK's Head.*

**Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard — that grief softens
the mind,

**And makes* it fearful and degenerate;

**Think* therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

**But who* can cease to weep, and look on this?

**'Here* may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

**'But where's* the body that I should embrace?

**Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels'
**'supplication?*

**K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:

**'For God* forbid, so many simple souls

**'Should* perish by the sword! And I myself,

**'Rather* than bloody war shall cut them short,

**'Will* parley with Jack Cade their general. —

**'But stay,* I'll read it over once again.

**Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely
face

**'Rul'd,* like a wandering planet, ²⁴⁾ over me:

**And could* it not enforce them to relent,

**'That were* unworthy to behold the same?

**K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

**Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

**K. Hen.* How now, madam? Still

Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

**Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

**K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou
in such haste?

**Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

**Jack Cade* proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

**'Descended* from the duke of Clarence' house;

**'And calls* your grace usurper, openly,

**'And vows* to crown himself in Westminster.

**'His army* is a ragged multitude

**'Of hinds* and peasants, rude and merciless:

**'Sir Humphrey* Stafford and his brother's death

**'Hath given* them heart and courage to proceed;

**'All scholars,* lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

**'They call* — false caterpillars, and intend their death.

**K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what
they do.

**Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,

**Until* a power be rais'd to put them down.

**Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,

**'These* Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

**K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

**'Therefore* away with us to Kenelworth.

**Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;

**'The sight* of me is odious in their eyes;

**'And therefore* in this city will I stay,

**'And live* alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

**2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;

the citizens

**'Fly* and forsake their houses:

**'The rascal* people, thirsting after prey,

**'Join* with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

**'To spoil* the city, and your royal court.

**Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

**K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will
succour us.

**Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

**K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord; [to Lord SAY] trust
not the Kentish rebels.

**Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

**Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,

**'And therefore* am I bold and resolute. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, and others, on the Walls.

Then enter certain Citizens, below.

**Scales.* How now? is Jack Cade slain?

**1 Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;

for they have won the bridge, killing all those that
withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your
honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the
rebels.

**Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-street.

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes
his Staff on London-stone.*

**Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And
here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and com-
mand, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit
run nothing but claret wine this first year of our
reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason
for any that calls me other than — lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

**Cade.* Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

**Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
**'you* Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair
**'warning.*

**Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together
in Smithfield.

**Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them: But,
first go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you
can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

*Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his Com-
pany; on the other, Citizens, and the KING's
Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight;
the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH
is slain.*

**Cade.* So, sirs: — Now go some and pull down
the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with
them all.

**Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

**Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that
word.

**Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come
**'out* of your mouth.

**John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was
**'thrust* in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole
**'yet.*

**Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his
**'breath* stinks with eating toasted cheese. *[Aside.]*

**Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
**'Away,* burn all the records of the realm; my mouth
**'shall* be the parliament of England.

**John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes,
**'unless* his teeth be pulled out. *[Aside.]*

**Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in
**'common.*

Enter a Messenger.

**Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord
**'Say,* which sold the towns in France; 'he that
**'made* us pay one and twenty fifteens, ²⁵⁾ and one
**'shilling* to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

**Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times,
**'— Ah,* thou say, thou serge, ²⁶⁾ nay, thou buckram
**'lord!* now art thou within point-blank of our juris-
**'diction* regal. What canst thou answer to my ma-
**'jesty,* for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur
**'Basimecu,* the dauphin of France? Be it known
**'unto* thee, by these presence, even the presence of
**'lord* Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep
**'the* court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou
**'hast* most traitorously corrupted the youth of the
**'realm,* in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,
**'before,* our fore-fathers had no other books but the
**'score* and the tally, thou hast caused printing to
**'be* used; ²⁷⁾ and, contrary to the king, his crown
**'and* dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will
**'be* proved to thy face, that thou hast men about
**'thee,* that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and
**'such* abominable words, as no Christian ear can
**'endure* to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of
**'peace,* to call poor men before them about matters
**'they* were not able to answer. Moreover, thou
**'hast* put them in prison; and because they could
**'not* read, thou hast hanged them; ²⁸⁾ when, indeed,

'only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, ²⁹⁾ dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, ³⁰⁾ when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

'Is termed the civil'st place of all this isle:

'Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

'Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

'I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy:

'Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

'Justice with favour have I always done;

'Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

'When have I aught exacted at your hands,

'Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?

'Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

'Because my book preferr'd me to the king;

'And — seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

'Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, —

'Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

'You cannot but forbear to murder me.

'This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

'For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

'Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching ³¹⁾ for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of a hatchet. ³²⁾

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, 'I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.'

Say. Tell me wherein I have offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak;

Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding, ³³⁾

'This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

'O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. ³⁴⁾ Away with him!

'he has a familiar under his tongue; ³⁵⁾ he speaks not o'God's name. 'Go, take him away, I say,

'and strike off his head presently: and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, ³⁶⁾

and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

*God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

*How would it fare with your departed souls?

*And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt some, with Lord SAX.

'The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;

'there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men

'shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can

'wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills? ³⁷⁾

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAX and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were

'alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France.

'Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces,

'will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss. — Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! —

[A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.

'What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

'unto the commons, whom thou hast misled:

'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,

'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, and yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;

'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

'Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

'Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,

'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe

'him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke

'through London Gates, that you should leave me 'at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye

'would never have given out these arms till you

'had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are 'all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in

'slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs

'with burdens, take your houses over your heads,

'ravish your wives and daughters before your faces.

'For me, — I will make shift for one; and so — 'God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the Son of Henry the fifth, That thus you do exclaim — you'll go with him?

'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;

'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,

'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

'Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

'I see them lording it in London streets.

'Crying — *Villageois!* unto all they meet.

'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

'To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

'Spare England, for it is your native coast:

'Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,

'and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth

'hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes

'them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads

'together, to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the

'devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no

'want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me

'to my heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;

'And he that brings his head unto the king,

'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. — [Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

'to reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne, And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

'But I was made a king, at nine months old:

'Was never subject long'd to be a king,

'As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,

'Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

'To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —

'Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

'And show'd how well you love your prince and country;

'Continue still in this so good a mind,

'And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

'Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

'And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,

'I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,

'The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:

'And with a puissant and a mighty power,

'Of gallowglasses, and stout kernes, ³⁸⁾

'Is marching hitherward in proud array;

'And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

'His arms are only to remove from thee

'The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and

York distress'd;

'Like to a ship, that having 'scap'd a tempest,

'Is straightway calm'd ³⁹⁾ and boarded with a pirate:

'But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;

'And now is York in arms to second him. —

'I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him:

'And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.

'Tell him, I'll send duke Edmond to the Tower; —

'And Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

'Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,

'I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

'Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;

'For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,

'As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern

better;

'For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's Garden. ⁴⁰⁾

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five

'days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me;

'but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a

'lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I

'climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass,

'or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss

'to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good:

'for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan ⁴¹⁾

'had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time,

'when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it

'hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in;

'And now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,

'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

'This small inheritance, my father left me,

'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.

'I seek not to wax great by others' waning;

'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;

'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,

'And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize

'me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The KING'S Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours; his Forces at some distance.

'leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Idea. Why, rude companion, whatsoever thou be, I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough, to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and heard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Idea. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

'Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine, 'See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

'Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; 'Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

'Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon; 'My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;

'And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 'Thy grace is digg'd already in the earth.

'As for more words, ⁴²) whose greatness answers words,

'Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. — 'Steel, if you turn the edge,

'or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God

'on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. *[They fight. CADE falls.]* O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils

'come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying place to all that do

'dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Idea. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, 'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead;

'Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point; 'But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

'To emblaze the honour that thy master got. *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory;

'Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, 'and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. *[Dies.]*

Idea. How much thou wrong'st me, ⁴³) heaven, be my judge.

'Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

'And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, 'So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. ⁴⁴)

'Hence I will drag thee headlong by the heels 'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

'And there cut off thy most ungracious head; 'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *[Exit, dragging out the Body.]*

'YORK. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: 'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;

'To entertain great England's lawful king. Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?

'Let them obey, that know not how to rule; 'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:

'I cannot give due action to my words, 'Except a sword, a scepter, balance it. 'A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;

'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? 'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

'Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

'YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure? 'Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

'To know the reason of these arms in peace; 'Or why, thou — being a subject as I am, —

'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 'Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court. 'YORK. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

'O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint, 'I am so angry at these abject terms;

'And now, like Ajax Telamonius, 'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside.*

'I am far better born than is the king; 'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

'But I must make fair weather yet a while, 'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —

'O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me, 'That I have given no answer all this while,

'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy. 'The cause why I have brought this army hither, 'Is — to remove proud Somerset from the king, 'Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

'Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part: 'But if thy arms be to no other end,

'The king hath yielded unto thy demand; 'The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

'YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner? 'Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

'YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. —

'Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves; 'Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

'You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. 'And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

'Command my eldest son, — nay, all my sons, 'As pledges of my fealty and love,

'I'll send them all as willing as I live; 'Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have 'Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

'Buck. York, I commend this kind submission: 'We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

'K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? 'YORK. In all submission and humility.

'YORK doth present himself unto your highness. 'K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

'YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence; 'And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

'Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

'IDEN. If one so rude, and of so mean condition, 'May pass into the presence of a king,

'Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head, 'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

'K. Hen. The head of Cade? — Great God, how just art thou! —

'O, let me view his visage being dead, 'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

'Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? 'IDEN. I was, an't like your majesty.

'K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree? 'IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. 'Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss 'He were created knight for his good service.

'K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; *[he kneels]* Rise up a knight.

'We give thee for reward a thousand marks; 'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

'IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, 'And never live but true unto his liege!

'K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;

'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

'Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,

'But boldly stand, and front him to his face. 'YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts, 'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? — 'Frowning king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? 'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, 'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

'That head of thine doth not become a crown; 'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

'And not to grace an awful princely scepter. 'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 'Is able with the change to kill and cure.

'Here is a hand to hold a scepter up, 'And with the same to act controlling laws.

'Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more 'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

'Som. O monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee, York, 'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

'Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace. 'YORK. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,

'If they can brook I bow a knee to man. — 'Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[Exit an Attendant.]

'I know, ere they will have me go to ward, 'They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

'Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain, *[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]*

'To say, if that the bastard boys of York 'Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

'YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan, 'Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

'The sons of York, thy betters in their birth, 'Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

'That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.

'See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

'Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

'Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! *[Kneels.]*

'YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: 'We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

'For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee. 'Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

'But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do: — 'To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

'K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

'Makes him oppose himself against his king. 'Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

'And chop away that factious pate of his. 'Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;

'His sons, he says, shall give their words for him. 'YORK. Will you not, sons?

'Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve. 'Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

'Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here! 'YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

'I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor. — 'Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

'That, with the very shaking of their chains, 'They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

'Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come ²) to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

'Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

'And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, 'If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

'Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur 'Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

'Who, being suffer'd ³) with the bear's fell paw, 'Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

'And such a piece of service will you do, 'If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

'Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump, 'As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

'YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon. 'Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

'K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

'Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair, 'Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! —

'What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian, 'And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

'O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty? 'If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

'Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? — 'Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

*And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 *Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 *Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 *For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
 *That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
 *Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 *The title of this most renowned duke;
 *And in my conscience do repute his grace
 *The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
 *K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
 *Sal. I have.
 *K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
 an oath?
 *Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
 *But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
 *Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 *To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 *To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 *To leave the orphan of his patrimony,
 *To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
 *And have no other reason for this wrong,
 *But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
 Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
 *K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
 *York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
 hast,
 *I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.
 *Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
 *War. You were best to go to bed, and dream
 again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
 *Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day:
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,⁽⁴⁾
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
 *War. Now, by thy father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
 (As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.)
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
 *Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 *Despight the bearward that protects the bear.
 *Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
 *To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
 *Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
 *Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,⁽⁵⁾ that's more than thou
 canst tell.
 *Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
 [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

*War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, — when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, —
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

*How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?
 *York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 *But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 *And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 *Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

*War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
 *York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
 chace,
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
 *War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
 fight'st. —
 *As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
 [Exit WARWICK.]
 *Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost
 thou pause?
 *York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 *But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
 *Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
 esteem,
 *But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.
 *York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
 *As I in justice and true right express it!
 *Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
 *York. A dreadful lay! —⁽⁶⁾ address thee instantly.
 [They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]
 *Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.]⁽⁷⁾
 *York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou
 art still.
 *Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will. [Exit.]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

*Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
 *Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 *Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 *Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 *Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 *Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
 *He that is truly dedicate to war,
 *Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 *Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 *The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,
 [Seeing his dead Father.]
 *And the promised flames⁽⁸⁾ of the last day
 *Knit earth and heaven together!
 *Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 *Particularities and petty sounds
 *To cease!⁽⁹⁾ Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 *To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve⁽¹⁰⁾
 *The silver livery of advised age;⁽¹¹⁾
 *And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 *To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,
 *My heart is turned to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
 *It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 *No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 *Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 *And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 *Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 *Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
 *Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 *Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 *As wild Medea young Absyrtus did;⁽¹²⁾
 *In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 *Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
 [Taking up the Body.]
 *As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 *So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 *But then Æneas bare a living load,
 *Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

*Rich. So, lie thou there; —
 *For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle of Saint Alban's, Somerset

XXII.

Hath made the wizard famous in his death, —⁽¹³⁾
 *Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 *Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen
MARGARET, and others, retreating.

*Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,
 away!
 *K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar-
 garet, stay.
 *Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight,
 nor fly:
 *Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 *To give the enemy way; and to secure us
 *By what we can, which can no more but fly.
 [Alarum afar off.]
 *If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 *Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
 *(As well we may, if not through your neglect.)
 *We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
 *And where this breach, now in your fortunes made,
 *May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

*Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 *I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 *But fly you must; incurable discomfit
 *Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.⁽¹⁴⁾
 *Away, for your relief! and we will live
 *To see their day, and them our fortune give:
 *Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers,
with Drum and Colours.

*York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;

*That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
 *Aged contusions and all brush of time;⁽¹⁵⁾
 *And like a gallant in the brow of youth,⁽¹⁶⁾
 *Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
 *Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 *If Salisbury be lost.
 *Rich. My noble father,
 *Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
 *Three times bestrid him,⁽¹⁷⁾ thrice I led him off,
 *Persuaded him from any further act:
 *But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
 *And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 *So was his will in his old feeble body.
 *But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

*Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
 to-day;
 *By the mass so did we all. — I thank you, Richard:
 *God knows, how long it is I have to live;
 *And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
 *You have defended me from imminent death. —
 *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:⁽¹⁸⁾
 *'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 *Being opposites of such repairing nature.⁽¹⁹⁾
 *York. I know, our safety is to follow them:
 *For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 *To call a present court of parliament.
 *Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth: —
 *What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
 *War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —
 Sound, drums and trumpets; — and to London all:
 And more such days as these to us befall!
 [Exeunt.]

XXII.