



# The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

## Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

*Alarum.*

*Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.*

*Warwicke.*

**W**onder how the King escap'd our hands?  
*Pl.* While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North,  
He slyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose Warlike cares could neuer brooke retreat,  
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breſt  
Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,  
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

*Edw.* Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.  
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:  
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

*Mount.* And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires  
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioynd. (blood,

*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

*Plan.* Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:  
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somersset?

*Nor.* Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.

*Warw.* And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,  
Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,  
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,  
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,  
For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

*Plant.* Assist me then, sweet Warwicke, and I will,  
For hither we haue broken in by force.

*Nor.* Wee'le all assist you: he that flies, shall dye:

*Plant.* Thankes gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,  
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

*They goe vp.*

*Warw.* And when the King comes, offer him no violence,  
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

*Plant.* The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,  
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,  
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

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

*Warw.* The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,  
Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bashfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize  
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

*Plant.* Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,  
I meane to take possession of my Right.

*Warw.* Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,  
The proudest hee that holds vp Lancaster,  
Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwicke shake his Bells.

Ile plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:  
Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

*Flourish.* Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,  
Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

*Henry.* My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,  
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,  
Backt by the power of Warwicke, that false Peere,  
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.  
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge  
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

*Northumb.* If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

*Clifford.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in  
Steele.

*Westm.* What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,  
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

*Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

*Clifford.* Patience is for Poultrones, such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.  
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament  
Let vs assayle the Family of Yorke.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

*Henry.* Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,  
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

*Westm.* But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly  
flye.

*Henry.* Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart,  
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.  
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,  
Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vse.  
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,  
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,  
I am thy Soueraigne.

*Yorke.* I am thine.

*Exet.* For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of  
Yorke.

*Yorke.* It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

*Exet.* Thy



*Exet.* Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.

*Warw.* *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,  
In following this vsurping *Henry*.

*Clifford.* Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

*Warw.* True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*.

*Henry.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

*Yorke.* It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

*Warw.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

*Westm.* He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,  
And that the Lord of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

*Warw.* And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget,  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread  
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

*Northumb.* Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,  
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

*Westm.* *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,  
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues  
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.

*Cliff.* Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,  
I send thee, *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,  
As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.

*Warw.* Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne his worthless  
Threats.

*Plant.* Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?  
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

*Henry.* What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?  
My Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,  
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *March*.  
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,  
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,  
And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

*Warw.* Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

*Henry.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now,  
And yet me thinkes you loose:  
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.

*Edward.* Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

*Mount.* Good Brother,  
As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,  
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

*Richard.* Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the  
King will flye.

*Plant.* Sonnes peace.

*Henry.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to  
speake.

*Warw.* *Plantagenet* shal speake first: Heare him Lords,  
And be you silent and attentue too,  
For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

*Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,  
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?  
No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;  
I, and their Colours often borne in France,  
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,  
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?  
My Title's good, and better farre then his.

*Warw.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

*Hen.* *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

*Plant.* 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

*Henry.* I know not what to say, my Titles weake:  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

*Plant.* What then?

*Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawfull King:  
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,  
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

*Plant.* He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,  
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.

*Warw.* Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,  
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?

*Exet.* No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,  
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

*Henry.* Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*Plant.* Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

*Exet.* My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

*Henry.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

*Northumb.* *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,  
Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

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

*Northumb.* Thou art deceiu'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power  
Of *Essex*, *Norfolke*, *Suffolke*, nor of *Kent*,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

*Clifford.* King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,  
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:  
May that ground gape, and swallow me alieue,  
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

*Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.

*Plant.* *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:  
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

*Warw.* Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of *Yorke*,  
Or I will fill the House with armed men,  
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,  
Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

*He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers  
shew themselves.*

*Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick*, heare but one word,  
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

*Plant.* Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,  
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

*Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*  
Enioy the Kingdome after thy decease.

*Clifford.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your  
Sonne?

*Warw.* What good is this to England, and himselfe?

*Westm.* Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry*.

*Clifford.* How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

*Westm.* I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

*Northumb.* Nor I.

*Clifford.* Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these  
Newes.

*Westm.* Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,  
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

*Northumb.* Be thou a prey vnto the House of *Yorke*,  
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

*Cliff.* In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,  
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

*Warw.* Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.

*Exeter.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not  
yeeld.

*Henry.* Ah *Exeter*.

*Warw.* Why should you sigh, my Lord?

*Henry.* Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,  
Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherite.

But be it as it may: I here entayle  
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,  
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,  
To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,



To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:

And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,  
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

*Plant.* This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

*Warw.* Long liue King Henry: *Plantagenet* embrace him.

*Henry.* And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.

*Plant.* Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

*Senet.* Here they come downe.

*Plant.* Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

*Warw.* And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mownt.* And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

*Henry.* And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Exeter.* Heere comes the Queene,  
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:  
Ile steale away.

*Henry.* *Exeter* so will I.

*Queene.* Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

*Henry.* Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

*Queene.* Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?

And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.

Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,

Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;

Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

*Henry.* Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,

The Earle of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc't me.

*Quee.* Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu'n vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it farre before thy time?

*Warwick* is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,

And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolves.

Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,

The Souldiers should haue tofs'd me on their Pikes,

Before I would haue granted to that Act.

But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.

And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,

Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,

And vtter ruine of the House of *Yorke*:

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,

Our Army is ready; come, wee'll after them.

*Henry.* Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

*Queene.* Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

*Henry.* Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?

*Queene.* I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

*Prince.* When I returne with victorie to the field,  
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

*Queene.* Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

*Henry.* Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her Sonne,

Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage,

Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,

Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,

Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.

The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:

Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

*Exet.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* Enter *Richard*, *Edward*, and

*Mountague.*

*Richard.* Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee leaue.

*Edward.* No, I can better play the Orator.

*Mownt.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?  
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

*Edward.* No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

*Yorke.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your Grace and vs,  
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

*Yorke.* Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.

*Richard.* Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edward.* Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:

By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

*Yorke.* I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.

*Edward.* But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken;  
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

*Richard.* No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

*Yorke.* I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

*Richard.* Ile proue the contrary, if you'll heare mee speake.

*Yorke.* Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

*Richard.* An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke

Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authoritie ouer him that swears.

*Henry* had none, but did vsurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,

And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de

Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.

*Yorke.* *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprife.

Thou



Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of *Norfolke*,  
And tell him priuily of our intent.  
You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,  
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.  
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,  
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.  
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?  
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,  
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,  
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter *Gabriel*.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such  
poste?

*Gabriel*. The Queene,  
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.  
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:  
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

*Yorke*. I, with my Sword.  
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?  
*Edward* and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,  
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.  
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,  
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,  
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

*Mount*. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.  
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit *Mountague*.

Enter *Mortimer*, and his Brother.

*Yorke*. Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,  
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.  
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

*Iohn*. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the  
field.

*Yorke*. What, with fife thousand men?

*Richard*. I, with fife hundred, Father, for a neede.  
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March as farre off.

*Edward*. I heare their Drummes:  
Let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.

*Yorke*. Fife men to twentie: though the oddes be great,  
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.  
Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,  
When as the Enemie hath bene tenne to one:  
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter *Rutland*, and his Tutor.

*Rutland*. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?  
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter *Clifford*.

*Clifford*. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.  
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,  
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

*Clifford*. Souldiors, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,  
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. Exit.

*Clifford*. How now? is he dead alreadie?  
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?  
Ile open them.

*Rutland*. So looks the pent-yp *Lyon* o're the Wretch,  
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:  
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,  
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.  
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,  
And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.  
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:  
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,  
Bethou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

*Clifford*. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:  
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage  
Where thy words should enter.

*Rutland*. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,  
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

*Clifford*. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine  
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:  
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,  
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,  
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,  
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:  
And till I root out their accursed Line,  
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.

Therefore---

*Rutland*. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:  
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pittie me.

*Clifford*. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.

*Rutland*. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay  
me?

*Clifford*. Thy Father hath.

*Rutland*. But 'twas ere I was borne.  
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,  
Least in reuenge thereof, fith God is iust,  
He be as miserably slaine as I.  
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,  
And when I giue occasion of offence,  
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clifford*. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-  
fore dye.

*Rutland*. *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tue.*

*Clifford*. *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:  
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,  
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood  
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.

Alarum. Enter *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*.

*Yorke*. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:  
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;  
And all my followers, to the eager foe  
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,  
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.  
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:  
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselves  
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.  
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,  
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:  
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,  
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,  
In blood of those that had encountred him:  
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,  
*Richard* cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,  
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,



A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.

With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,  
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan  
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,  
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

*A short Alarum within.*

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,  
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:  
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.  
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,  
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,  
the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:  
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

*Northumb.* Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clifford.* I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme  
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.  
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre,  
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

*Yorke.* My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth  
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:  
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,  
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

*Cliff.* So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,  
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,  
So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Lines,  
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

*Yorke.* Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,  
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:  
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,  
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

*Clifford.* I will not bandie with thee word for word,  
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

*Queene.* Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes  
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:  
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland.

*Northumb.* Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.  
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,  
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,  
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?  
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,  
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

*Clifford.* I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the  
Gynne.

*Northumb.* So doth the Connie struggle in the  
Net.

*Yorke.* So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,  
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matche.

*Northumb.* What would your Grace haue done vnto  
him now?

*Queene.* Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,  
That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.  
What, was it you that would be Englands King?  
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,  
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?  
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,  
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce  
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?

Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland?  
Looke Yorke, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,  
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.

Alas poore Yorke, but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee giue, to make me merry, Yorke.

What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,  
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:  
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me sport:

Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.

A Crowne for Yorke; and Lords, bow lowe to him:

Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on:

I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire,

And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,

Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,

And rob his Temples of the Diademe,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?

Oh 'tis a fault too too vn pardonable.

Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,  
And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

*Clifford.* That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

*Queene.* Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee  
makes.

*Yorke.* Shee-Wolfe of France,  
But worse then Wolues of France,  
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:

How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,

Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,

Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.

I would assay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,

Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.

Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needes not; nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,

Vnlesse the Adage must be verifys'd,

That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.

'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.

'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,

The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.

Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the Antipodes are vnto vs,

Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How



How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,  
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,  
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?  
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;  
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.  
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.  
Would'st thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.  
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,  
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.  
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,  
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee fell *Clifford*, and thee false French-woman.

*Northumb.* Bestrew me, but his passions moues me so,  
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

*Yorke.* That Face of his,  
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,  
Would not haue stayn'd with blood:  
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,  
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:  
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,  
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.  
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,  
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,  
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:  
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,  
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.  
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,  
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.  
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,  
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

*Northumb.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,  
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,  
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

*Queen.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?  
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

*Clifford.* Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers  
Death.

*Queen.* And heere's to right our gentle-hearted  
King.

*Yorke.* Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,  
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.

*Queen.* Off with his Head, and set it on *Yorke* Gates,  
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of *Yorke*.

*Flourish.* *Exit.*

*A March.* Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,  
and their power.

*Edward.* I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:  
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,  
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberland*'s pursuit?  
Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;  
Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:  
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.  
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

*Richard.* I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd  
Where our right valiant Father is become.  
I saw him in the Battaille range about,  
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.  
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,  
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,  
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.  
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,  
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:  
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.  
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,  
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sonne.  
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,  
Trim'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?

*Ed.* Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

*Rich.* Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sonne,  
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,  
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.  
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.  
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sonne:  
In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

*Edward.* 'Tis wondrous strange,  
The like yet neuer heard of.

I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,  
That wee, the Sunnes of braue *Plantagenet*,  
Each one already blazing by our meedes,  
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,  
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.  
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare  
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

*Richard.* Nay, beare three Daughters:  
By your leaue, I speake it,  
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

*Enter one blowing.*

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell  
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

*Mess.* Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,  
When as the Noble Duke of *Yorke* was slaine,  
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

*Edward.* Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too  
much.

*Richard.* Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

*Mess.* Enuironed he was with many foes,  
And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*  
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred *Troy*.  
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to oddes:  
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,  
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymb'er'd Oake.  
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,  
But onely slauht'ed by the irefull Arme  
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:  
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,  
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,  
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,  
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood  
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:  
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,  
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of *Yorke*  
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,  
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

*Edward.* Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our Prop to leane vpon,  
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.  
Oh *Clifford*, boyst'rous *Clifford* thou hast slaine  
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,  
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,  
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee.  
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:  
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body  
Might



Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:  
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:  
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe: for all my bodie's moisture  
Scarfe serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:  
Nor can my tongue vnload my hearts great burthen,  
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,  
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,  
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.  
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:  
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.

*Richard,* I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,  
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

*Ed.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:  
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:  
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,  
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

*March.* Enter Warwick, Marquesse Mountaigne,  
and their Army.

*Warwick.* How now faire Lords? What faire? What  
newes abroad?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt  
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance  
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,  
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.  
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

*Edw.* O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet  
Which held thee decreit, as his Soules Redemption,  
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares,  
And now to adde more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befallne.  
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,  
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,  
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,  
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,  
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:  
For by my Scouts, I was aduertised  
That she was comming with a full intent  
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,  
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:  
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,  
Our Battailles ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,  
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.  
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,  
Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,  
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,  
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,  
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:  
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,  
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,  
Fell gently downe, as if they stricke their Friends.  
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,  
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:  
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,  
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,  
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,  
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:  
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,  
Making another Head, to fight againe.

*Ed.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

*War.* Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,  
And for your Brother he was lately sent  
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,  
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

*Rich.* 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;  
Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,  
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

*War.* Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou heare:  
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,  
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,  
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,  
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,  
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,  
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:

But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,  
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,  
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?  
Or shall we on the Helmiets of our Foes  
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?  
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

*War.* Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
And therefore comes my Brother Mountaigne:  
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,  
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.  
He swore consent to your Succession,  
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:  
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my selfe,  
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,  
Amongst the louing Welshmen canst procure,  
Will but amount to fife and twenty thousand,  
Why Via, to London will we march,  
And once againe, beside our foaming Steeds,  
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,  
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

*Rich.* I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake;  
Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,  
That cries Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

*Ed.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
And when thou failest (as God forbid the houre)  
Must Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend.

*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:  
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In euery Burrough as we passe along,  
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,  
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountaigne:  
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,  
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Tasse.

*Rich.* Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,  
As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

*Ed.* Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now? what newes?

*Mes.* The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The Queene is comming with a puissant Host,  
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

*War.* Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Flourish.* *Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.*

*Qu.* Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,  
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,  
That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.  
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

*K.* I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,  
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:  
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

*Clif.* My gracious Liege, this too much lenity  
And harmfull pittie must belayd aside:  
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?  
Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.  
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth like?  
Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.  
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?  
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.  
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,  
And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood.  
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.  
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,  
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.  
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,  
Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:  
Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.  
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,  
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,  
Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not scene them euen with those wings,  
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,  
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,  
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?  
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:  
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy  
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,  
And long heereafter say vnto his childe,  
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,  
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.  
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,  
And let his manly face, which promisseth  
Successfull Fortune steale thy melting heart,  
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

*King.* Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force:  
But Clifford tell me, did'st thou neuer heare,  
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.  
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,  
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:  
He leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,  
And would my Father had left me no more:  
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,  
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,  
Then in possession any ior of pleasure.  
Ah Cousin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

*Qu.* My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,  
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:  
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,  
Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

*Edward,* kneele downe.

*King.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,  
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.

*Prim.* My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,  
He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,  
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

*Clif.* Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,  
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,  
And in the Townes as they do march along,  
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,  
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your Highnesse would depart the field,  
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

*Qu.* I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

*King.* Why, that's my fortune too, therefore He stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prim.* My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

*March.* *Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Mountague, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?  
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?  
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

*Qu.* Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,  
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

*Ed.* I am his King, and he should bow his knee:  
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

*Cl.* Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,  
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,  
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

*Clif.* And reason too,  
Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.

*Rich.* Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

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

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

*Clif.* I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou Henry,  
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak?)

*Qu.* Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare  
When you and I, met at S. Albons last,  
Your legges did better seruice then your hands.

*War.* Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

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

*War.* 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence.

*Nor.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,  
Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine  
The execution of my big-swolne heart  
Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

*Rich.*



*Rich.* I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,  
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.

*King.* Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare  
me speake.

*Qu.* Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

*King.* I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,  
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.

*Clif.* My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,  
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:  
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,  
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

*Ed.* Say *Henry*, shall I haue my right, or no:  
A thousand men haue broke their Fast to day,  
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

*War.* If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,  
For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.

*Pr. Ed.* If that be right, which *Warwicke* saies is right,  
There is no vwrong, but euery thing is right.

*War.* Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,  
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

*Qu.* But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,  
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,  
Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,  
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,  
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)  
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

*Ed.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,  
To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:

*Helen* of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,  
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;  
And ne're was *Agamemnon*s Brother wrong'd  
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.  
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:  
And had he match'd according to his State,  
He might haue kept that glory to this day.

But when he tooke a begger to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,  
Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,  
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?  
Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,  
And we in pittie of the Gentle King,  
Had slept our Claime, vntill another Age.

*Cl.* But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,  
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,  
We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:  
And though the edge hath something hit our selues,  
Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,  
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,  
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And in this resolution, I defie thee,  
Not willing any longer Conference,  
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake:  
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,  
And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

*Qu.* Stay *Edward*.

*Ed.* No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,  
These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.*

*War.* Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,  
I lay me downe a little while to breath:  
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,  
Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,  
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

*Enter Edward running.*

*Ed.* Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,  
For this world frownes, and *Edward*s Sunne is clouded.

*War.* How now my Lord, what happed? what hope of  
good?

*Enter Clarence.*

*Cl.* Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,  
Our ranks are broke, and thine followes vs,  
What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?

*Ed.* Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,  
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuic.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?  
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:  
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,  
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,  
*Warwicke*, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.  
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,  
That stain'd their Ferlockes in his smoaking blood,  
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,  
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,  
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie  
Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.  
Heere on my knee, I vow to God above,  
Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.

*Ed.* Oh *Warwicke*, I do bend my knee with thine,  
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:  
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:  
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)  
That to my Foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,  
And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.  
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,  
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother,  
Giue me thy hand, and gentle *Warwicke*,  
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:  
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,  
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away:  
Once more sweet Lords farwell.

*Cl.* Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,  
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:  
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:  
And if we thriue, promise them such rewards  
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:



Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

*Exeunt*

*Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*

*Rich.* Now Clifford, I haue singled thee alone,  
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,  
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,  
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,  
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.*

*Rich.* Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,  
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.*

*Hen.* This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,  
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,  
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,  
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.  
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:  
Now, one the better: then, another best;  
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:  
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.  
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.  
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,  
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:  
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too  
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;  
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.  
Oh God! methinkes it were a happy life,  
To be no better then a homely Swaine,  
To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,  
To carue out Dials queintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:  
How many makes the Houre full compleate,  
How many Houres brings about the Day,  
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,  
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.  
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:  
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;  
So many Houres, must I take my Rest:  
So many Houres, must I Contemplate:  
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:  
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:  
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:  
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:  
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,  
Past ouer to the end they were created,  
Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.  
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?  
Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade  
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,  
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie  
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?  
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the Shepheards homely Curds.

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,  
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,  
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
His bodie couched in a curious bed,  
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

*Alarm. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.*

*Son.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,  
And I that (haply) take them from him now,  
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.  
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,  
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:  
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.  
From London, by the King was I prest forth,  
My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,  
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:  
And I, who at his hands receiud my life,  
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.  
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:  
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.  
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:  
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

*King.* O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!  
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,  
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.  
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,  
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,  
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

*Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.*

*Fa.* Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:  
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.  
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.  
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,  
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,  
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.  
O pittie God, this miserable Age!  
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?  
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,  
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?  
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*King.* Wo aboute wo: greefe, more the common greefe  
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:  
O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:  
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,  
The farall Colours of our struiuing Houses:  
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,  
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:  
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:  
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

*Son.* How will my Mother, for a Fathers death  
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*Fa.* How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,  
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*King.* How will the Country, for these woful chances,  
Mis-thinke



Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?

*Son.* Was euer sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?

*Fath.* Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?

*Hen.* Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

*Fath.* These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go,

My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I haue murdered where I should not kill. *Exit*

*Hen.* Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;

Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queene, the Prince, and Exeter.*

*Prim.* Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.

And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:

Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.

*Qu.* Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-maine:

*Edward and Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands

Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

*Exit.* Away: for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, Ile away before.

*Hen.* Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go

Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

*A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,

Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,

More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:

My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,

Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke;

And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?

And who shines now, but Henries Enemies?

O Phoebus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,

That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds,

Thy burning Carre neuer had scorcht the earth.

And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,

They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,

Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,

And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.

For what doth cherriish Weeds, but gentle ayre?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:

The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie:

For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie.

The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effule of blood, doth make me faint:

Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,

I flab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

*Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.*

*Ed.* Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,

And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull looks:

Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,

That led calme Henry, though he were a King,

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust

Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.

But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

(For though before his face I speake the words)

Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue,

And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford groanes*

*Rich.* Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?

A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

*Ed.* And now the Battailles ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.

*Rich.* Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,

But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

*War.* From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:

In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,

Measure for measure, must be answered.

*Ed.* Bring forth that fatall Schreechowe to our house,

That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismall threatening sound,

And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke is vnderstanding is bereft:

Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,

And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

*Rich.* O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,

'Tis but his policy to counterfet,

Because he would auoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

*Cl.* If so thou think'st,

Vex him with eager Words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

*Ed.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.

*Cl.* While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didd'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

*Edw.* Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee.

*Cl.* Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee Clifford,

Sweare as thou was't wont.

*Rich.* What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard

When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,

That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanch'd thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

*War.* I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,

And reare it in the place your Fathers stands,

And now to London with Triumphant march,



There to be crowned Englands Royall King :  
 From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,  
 And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene :  
 So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,  
 And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread  
 The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe :  
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares :  
 First, will I see the Coronation,  
 And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,  
 To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

*Ed.* Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee :  
 For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate ;  
 And neuer will I vndertake the thing  
 Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting :  
*Richard*, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
 And *George* of Clarence ; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,  
 Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,  
 For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish obseruation :

*Richard*, be Duke of Gloster : Now to London,  
 To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes*  
*in their hands.*

*Sink.* Under this thicke growne brake, wee'l throwd  
 For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,  
 And in this couert will we make our Stand,  
 Culling the principall of all the Deere.

*Hum.* Ile stay aboute the hill, so both may shoot.

*Sink.* That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow  
 Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost :  
 Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best :  
 And for the time shall not seeme tedious,  
 Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,  
 In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

*Sink.* Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past :

*Enter the King with a Prayer booke.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
 To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight :  
 No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of mine,  
 Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,  
 Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annoiated :  
 No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,  
 No humble suiters prease to speake for right :  
 No, not a man comes for redresse of thee :  
 For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe ?

*Sink.* I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee :  
 This is the quondam King ; Let's seize vpon him.

*Hen.* Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,  
 For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.

*Hum.* Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

*Sink.* Forbeare a while, wee'l heare a little more.

*Hen.* My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid :  
 And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke  
 Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister  
 To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,  
 Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost :  
 For Warwicke is a subtile Orator :

And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with mouing words :  
 By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,  
 For she's a woman to be pittied much :

Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,  
 Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart :

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne ;  
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,  
 To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.  
 I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue :  
 Shee on his left side, craving ayde for *Henrie* ;  
 He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward* :  
 Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd :  
 He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd ;  
 That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more :  
 Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,  
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 And in conclusion winnes the King from her,  
 With promise of his Sister, and what else,  
 To strengthen and support King *Edward's* place.  
 O *Margaret*, thus it will be, and thou (poore soule) I to  
 Art then forsaken, as thou wert it forlorne.

*Hum.* Say, what art thou talkest of Kings & Queens?

*King.* More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to :  
 A man at least, for lesse I should not be ;  
 And men may talke of Kings, and why not I ?

*Hum.* I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.

*King.* Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

*Hum.* But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

*King.* My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head :  
 Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones :

Nor to be seene : my Crowne, is call'd Content,

A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enioy.

*Hum.* Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,  
 Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented

To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)  
 You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd :

And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegiance,  
 Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

*King.* But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.

*Hum.* No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

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

*Hum.* Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

*King.* I was annoiated King at nine monethes old,  
 My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings :  
 And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me :

And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes ?

*Sin.* No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king

*King.* Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?  
 Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare :

Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,  
 And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,

Obeying with my winde when I do blow,  
 And yeelding to another, when it blowes,

Commanded alwayes by the greater gust :  
 Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.

But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,  
 My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,  
 And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

*Sinklo.* We are true Subiects to the king,  
 King *Edward*.

*King.* So would you be againe to *Henrie*,  
 If he were seated as king *Edward* is.

*Sinklo.* We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,  
 To go with vs vnto the Officers.

*King.* In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,  
 And what God will, that let your King performe,

And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

*Enter R. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lad. Gray.*

*King.* Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This



This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine,  
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,  
Her suit is now, to repofseffe those Lands,  
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,  
Because in Quarrell of the House of Yorke,  
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:  
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

Rich. Yea, is it so:

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,  
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes  
the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:  
May it please your Highnesse to resolute me now,  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,  
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:  
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell  
me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers  
Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes  
wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,  
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your  
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them  
good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some  
harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them  
good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-  
mands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the  
Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my  
Taske?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue  
thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.

Rich. The March is made, shee seales it with a Curfie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.

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

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,  
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue  
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands  
Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,  
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:  
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:  
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:

No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her  
Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-  
dome.

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,  
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,  
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,  
One way, or other, shee is for a King,  
And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.  
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:  
I am a subiect fit to ieaust withall,  
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,  
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,  
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:  
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauilt, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'I will grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call  
you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters  
Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,  
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,  
Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,  
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shriff.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue  
had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very  
sad.

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie  
her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why Clarence, to my selfe.

Rich. That



*Rich.* That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.

*Clarence.* That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

*Rich.* By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

*King.* Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,  
His suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

*Enter a Noble man.*

*Nob.* My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,  
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

*King.* See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:  
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,  
To question of his apprehension.  
Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Richard.*

*Rich.* I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:  
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,  
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,  
To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:  
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,  
The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,  
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,  
And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,  
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose.  
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,  
Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,  
And spies a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,  
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:  
So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,  
And so I chide the meanes that keepe me from it,  
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities:  
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,  
Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.  
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:  
What other Pleasure can the World afford?  
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,  
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,  
And 'twixt sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.  
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,  
Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.  
Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:  
And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,  
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,  
To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,  
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,  
Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;  
To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,  
To dis-proportion me in euery part:  
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the Damme.  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.  
Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,  
As are of better Person then my selfe:  
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,  
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,  
Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.  
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,  
For many Liues stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,  
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,  
But toying desperately to finde it out,  
Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:  
And from that torment I will free my selfe,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.  
Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,  
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,  
And frame my Face to all occasions.  
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,  
Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,  
Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,  
Deceiue more slyly then *Vlisses* could,  
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.  
I can adde Colours to the Cameliion,  
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,  
And set the murderious *Machewill* to Schoole.  
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?  
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

*Flourish.*

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Dona, his  
Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,  
Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.  
Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.*

*Lewis.* Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,  
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,  
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

*Marg.* No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*  
Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,  
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)  
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:  
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,  
And with dishonor layd me on the ground,  
Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,  
And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

*Lewis.* Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this  
deepe despaire?

*Marg.* From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*Lewis.* What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,  
And sit thee by our side. *Sits her by him.*  
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,  
But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,  
Ouer all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,  
It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

*Marg.* Those gracious words  
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,  
And giue my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.  
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,  
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,  
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,  
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;  
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,  
Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat  
Of England's true anoynted lawfull King.  
This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,  
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,  
Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:  
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.  
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:



Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,  
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,  
And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.

*Lewis.* Renowned Queene,  
With patience calme the Storme,  
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

*Marg.* The more wee stay, the stronger growes our  
Foe.

*Lewis.* The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.

*Marg.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter Warwick.*

*Lewis.* What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-  
sence?

*Marg.* Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest  
Friend.

*Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee  
to France?

*Hee descends. Shee ariseth.*

*Marg.* I now begins a second Storme to rise,  
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

*Warw.* From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,  
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,  
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)  
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,  
And then to craue a League of Amitie:

And lastly, to confirme that Amitie  
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt  
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,  
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

*Marg.* If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.

*Warw.* And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*  
In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,  
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue  
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;  
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,  
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

*Marg.* King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,

Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand  
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,  
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:  
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,  
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?  
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,  
That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,  
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.  
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage  
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:  
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,  
Yet Hea'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

*Warw.* Inuiurious *Margaret*.

*Edw.* And why not Queene?

*Warw.* Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,  
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

*Oxf.* Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *John* of Gaunt,  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;  
And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,  
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:  
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,  
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:  
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.

*Warw.* *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,  
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost  
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that,  
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree  
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time  
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.

*Oxf.* Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy Liege,  
Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,  
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

*Warw.* Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,  
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?  
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

*Oxf.* Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome  
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*  
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,  
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,  
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?  
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,  
This Arme vpholds the House of *Lancaster*.

*Warw.* And I the House of *Torke*.

*Lewis.* Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,  
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,  
While I vse further conference with *Warwicke*.

*They stand aloofe.*

*Marg.* Heauens graunt, that *Warwicks* wordes be-  
witch him not.

*Lew.* Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience  
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth  
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

*Warw.* Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-  
nor.

*Lewis.* But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

*Warw.* The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.

*Lewis.* Then further: all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue  
Vnto our Sister *Bona*.

*War.* Such it seemes,

As may besee me a Monarch like himselfe.  
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,  
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,  
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,  
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,  
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,  
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

*Lewis.* Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona.* Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.

Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*  
When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,  
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lewis.* Then *Warwicke*, thus:

Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.  
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,  
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,  
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poy'd:  
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,  
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.

*Pr. Edw.* To *Edward*, but not to the English King.

*Marg.* Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuce,  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.

*Lewis.* And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.  
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,  
As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe;  
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd  
From giuing ayde, which late I promised.  
Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,  
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

*Warw.* *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

Where



Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)  
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,  
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

*Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,  
Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,  
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares  
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold  
Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

*Post* blowing a horne *Within.*

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

*Lewes.* Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

*Enter the Poste.*

*Post.* My Lord Ambassador,  
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*  
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*  
These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis.*  
And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret*  
From whom, I know not.

*They all reade their Letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris  
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.

*Prince Ed.* Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were  
netled. I hope, all's for the best.

*Lew.* Warwicke, what are thy Newes?  
And yours, faire Queene.

*Mar.* Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

*Lew.* What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?  
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,  
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?  
Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?  
Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

*Mar.* I told your Maiesty as much before:  
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and *Warwickes* honesty.

*War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,  
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*;  
No more my King, for he dishonors me,  
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke  
My Father came vntimely to his death?  
Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?  
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?  
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?  
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?  
Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.  
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,  
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.  
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,  
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:  
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,  
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Mar.* Warwicke,  
These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,  
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,  
And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

*War.* So much his Friend, I, his vnfaigned Friend,  
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs  
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,  
He vndertake to Land them on our Coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.  
Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.  
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,  
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,  
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our COUNTRY.

*Bona.* Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,  
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

*Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* liue,  
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

*War.* And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.

*Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.  
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd  
You shall haue ayde.

*Mar.* Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once.

*Lew.* Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,  
And tell false *Edward*, thy suppoled King,  
That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers  
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou see'st what's past, go feare thy King withall.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,  
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,  
And I am ready to put Armor on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.  
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

*Lew.* But Warwicke,  
Thou and Oxford, with fife thousand men  
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:  
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen  
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant Loyalty,  
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,  
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,  
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

*Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.  
Sonne *Edward*, she is Faire and Vertuous,  
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,  
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,  
That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.

*Prin. Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,  
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

*He giues his hand to Warw.*

*Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,  
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall  
Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleete.  
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,  
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

*Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.*

*War.* I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,  
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:  
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.  
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,  
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:  
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,  
But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.*

*Rich.* Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you  
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?  
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

*Cl.* Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,  
How



How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?

*Som.* My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the King.

*Flourish.*

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

*Rich.* And his well-chosen Bride.

*Clarence.* I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

*King.* Now Brother of Clarence,  
How like you our Choyce,  
That you stand penſiue, as halfe malecontent?

*Clarence.* As well as *Lewis* of France,  
Or the Earle of *Warwicke*,  
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,  
That they le take no offence at our abuse.

*King.* Suppose they take offence without a cause:  
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,  
Your King and *Warwicks*, and must haue my will.

*Rich.* And shall haue your will, because our King:  
Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

*King.* Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

*Rich.* Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,  
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:  
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,  
That yoake so well together.

*King.* Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*  
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?  
And you too, *Somerset*, and *Mountague*,  
Speake freely what you thinke.

*Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion:  
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,  
For mocking him about the Marriage  
Of the Lady *Bona*.

*Rich.* And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,  
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

*King.* What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,  
By such inuention as I can deuise?

*Mount.* Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,  
Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth  
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,  
England is safe, if true within it selfe?

*Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:  
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,  
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,  
And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:  
In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

*Clar.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues  
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

*King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,  
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

*Rich.* And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,  
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*  
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;  
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:  
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire  
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wiues Sonne,  
And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

*King.* Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife  
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

*Clarence.* In chusing for your selfe,  
You shew'd your iudgement:

Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue  
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;  
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

*King.* Leau me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,  
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

*Lady Grey.* My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie  
To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,  
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,  
That I was not ignoble of Descent,  
And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.  
But as this Title honors me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

*King.* My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:  
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,  
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,  
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:  
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,  
And they shall feelee the vengeance of my wrath.

*Rich.* I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poste.

*King.* Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes  
from France?

*Post.* My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,  
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)  
Dare not relate.

*King.* Goe too, wee pardon thee:  
Therefore, in brieft, tell me their words,  
As neere as thou canst guesse them.  
What answer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?

*Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:  
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,  
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

*King.* Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.  
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

*Post.* These were her words, vtt' red with mild disdain:  
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,  
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*King.* I blame not her; she could say little lesse:  
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?  
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

*Post.* Tell him (quoth she)  
My mourning Weedes are done,  
And I am readie to put Armour on.

*King.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

*Post.* He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,  
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:  
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.

*King.* Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?  
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:  
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

*Post.* I, gracious Soueraigne,  
They are so link'd in friendship,  
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.

*Clarence.* Belike, the elder;  
*Clarence* will haue the younger.

Now



Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to *Warwicke* other Daughter,  
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage  
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.  
You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

*Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.*

*Rich.* Not I:

My thoughts ayme at a further matter:  
I stay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

*King.* *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke*?  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:  
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.  
*Pembrooke* and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe  
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.*

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*  
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:  
Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;  
If it be so, then both depart to him:  
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.  
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,  
That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

*Mount.* So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.

*Hast.* And *Hastings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.

*King.* Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by vs?

*Rich.* I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*King.* Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.  
Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,  
Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,  
with French Souldiors.*

*Warw.* Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:  
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

*Clar.* Feare not that, my Lord.

*Warw.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,  
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize,  
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart  
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;  
Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.  
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,  
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,  
And but attended by a simple Guard,  
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our Scouts haue found the aduerture very easie:  
That as *Vlysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,  
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;  
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,  
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,  
And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but onely to surprize him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

*They all cry, Henry.*

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.*

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,  
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

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

1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,  
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,  
Till *Warwicke*, or himselfe, be quite supprest.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,  
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefe friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,  
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,  
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,  
I like it better then a dangerous honor.  
If *Warwicke* knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. *Watch.* I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,  
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,  
and French Souldiors, silent all.*

*Warw.* This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:  
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:  
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dyest.

*Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke,  
and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,  
Warwicke and the rest following them.*

*The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.*

*Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King  
out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard  
and Hastings flye over the Stage.*

*Som.* What are they that flye there?

*Warw.* *Richard* and *Hastings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

*K. Edw.* The Duke?

Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,  
Thou call'dst me King.

*Warw.* I, but the case is alter'd.  
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,  
Then I degraded you from being King,  
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.  
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,  
That know not how to vse Embassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,  
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,  
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,  
Nor how to throwd your selfe from Enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea,



*K. Edw.* Yea, Brother of Clarence,  
Art thou here too?  
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.  
Yet *Warwicke*, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,  
*Edward* will alwayes beare himselfe as King:  
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,  
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.  
*Warw.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

*Takes off his Crowne.*

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,  
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow:  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd  
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:  
When I haue fought with *Pembroke*, and his fellowes,  
Ile follow you, and tell what answer  
*Lewis* and the Lady *Bona* send to him.  
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

*They leade him out forcibly.*

*K. Ed.* What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*

*Oxf.* What now remains my Lords for vs to do,  
But march to London with our Soldiers?

*War.* I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,  
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

*Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

*Gray.* Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne  
What late misfortune is befallne King *Edward*?

*Riv.* What losse of some pitch battell  
Against *Warwicke*?

*Gray.* No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

*Riv.* Then is my Soueraigne slaine?

*Gray.* I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,  
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:

And as I further haue to vnderstand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,  
Fell *Warwicke*'s Brother, and by that our Foe.

*Riv.* These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,  
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,  
*Warwicke* may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

*Gray.* Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:  
And I the rather waine me from dispaire  
For loue of *Edward*'s Off-spring in my wombe:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:

I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,  
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne  
King *Edward*'s Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.

*Riv.* But Madam,  
Where is *Warwicke* then become?

*Gray.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,  
Guesse thou the rest, King *Edward*'s Friends must downe.  
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,  
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)  
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To saue (at least) the heire of *Edward*'s right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:  
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,  
If *Warwicke* take vs, we are sure to dye. *exeunt.*

*Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Rich.* Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*  
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.  
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,  
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,  
And often but attended with weake guard,  
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.  
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,  
That if about this houre he make this way,  
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,  
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,  
To set him free from his Captiuitie.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.*

*Huntsman.* This way my Lord,  
For this way lies the Game.

*King Edw.* Nay this way man,  
See where the Huntsmen stand.

Now Brother of Gloster, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

*Rich.* Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,  
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

*King Ed.* But whether shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lyn my Lord,  
And shipt from thence to Flanders.

*Rich.* Wel guest belecue me, for that was my meaning

*K. Ed.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

*Rich.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

*K. Ed.* Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

*Hunts.* Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

*Rich.* Come then away, lets ha no more ado.

*K. Ed.* Bishop farwell,

Sheeld thee from *Warwicke*'s frowne,  
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *exeunt*

*Flourish.* *Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.*

*K. Hen.* M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends  
Haue shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,  
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,  
My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,  
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

*Lieu.* Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains  
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,  
I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

*K. Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?  
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.  
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:  
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds  
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,  
At last, by Notes of Household harmonic,  
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.



But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,  
He was the Author, thou the Instrument:  
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,  
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed Land  
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,  
*Warwicke*, although my Head still weare the Crowne,  
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*Warw.* Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,  
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,  
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

*Clar.* No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,  
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,  
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:  
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

*Warw.* And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.

*King.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:  
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,  
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:  
I make you both Protectors of this Land,  
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,  
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,  
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

*Warw.* What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,  
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

*Warw.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow  
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;  
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,  
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.  
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,  
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,  
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that Succession be determined.

*Warw.* I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

*King.* But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,  
Let me entreat (for I command no more)  
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,  
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:  
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,  
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

*Clar.* It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

*King.* My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,  
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

*Somerset.* My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.

*King.* Come hither, Englands Hope:

*Lays his Hand on his Head.*

If secret Powers suggest but truth  
To my diuining thoughts,  
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.  
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,  
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,  
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe  
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:  
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee:  
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

*Enter a Poste.*

*Warw.* What newes, my friend?

*Poste.* That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,  
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

*Warw.* Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?

*Poste.* He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,  
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him  
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,  
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:  
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

*Warw.* My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.  
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide  
A salue for any sore, that may betide.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*

*Som.* My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:  
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,  
And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.  
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie  
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:  
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,  
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.  
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,  
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,  
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

*Oxf.* I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,  
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.

*Som.* It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,  
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,  
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange  
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.  
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,  
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.  
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd  
From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,  
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

*Rich.* The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many men that stumble at the Threshold,  
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

*Edw.* Tush man, abroadments must not now affright vs:  
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

*Hast.* My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

*Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.*

*Maior.* My Lords,  
We were fore-warned of your comming,  
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;  
For now we owe allegiance vnto *Henry*.

*Edw.* But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,  
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

*Maior.* True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

*Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Rich.* But



*Rich.* But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,  
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

*Hast.* Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.

*Maior.* I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.  
*He descends.*

*Rich.* A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.

*Hast.* The good old man would faine that all were wel,  
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,  
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade  
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

*Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.*

*Edw.* So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,  
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,

*Takes his Keyes.*

For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,  
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

*March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme  
and Souldiers.*

*Rich.* Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomerie*,  
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.

*Edw.* Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in  
Armes?

*Mount.* To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,  
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.

*Edw.* Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:  
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,  
And onely clayme our Dukedome,  
Till God please to send the rest.

*Mount.* Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,  
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:  
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

*The Drumme begins to march.*

*Edw.* Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and wee'le debate  
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.

*Mount.* What talke you of debating? in few words,  
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,  
He leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,  
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

*Rich.* Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
points?

*Edw.* When wee grow stronger,  
Then wee'le make our Clayme:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must  
rule.

*Rich.* And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*Edw.* Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,  
And *Henry* but vsurpes the Diademe.

*Mount.* I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,  
And now will I be *Edward's* Champion.

*Hast.* Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shal be here proclaim'd:  
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

*Flourish. Sound.*

*Soul.* *Edward the Fourth*, by the Grace of God, King of  
*England and France*, and Lord of *Ireland, &c.*

*Mount.* And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edward's* right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

*Throwes downe his Gauntlet.*

*All.* Long liue *Edward the Fourth*.

*Edw.* Thankes braue *Mountgomerie*,  
And thankes vnto you all:

If fortune serue me, He requite this kindnesse.  
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in *Yorkes*:  
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre  
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,

Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;  
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.

Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it befeemes thee,  
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.

Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,  
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague,  
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

*War.* What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,  
With hastie Germanes, and blunt *Hollanders*,  
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,  
And with his troupes doth march amaine to *London*,  
And many giddie people flock to him.

*King.* Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.

*War.* In *Warwickshire* I haue true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre;

Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*  
Shalt stirre vp in *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,

The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee,

Thou Brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,

*Northampton*, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find

Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.

And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,

In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,

Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,

Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,

Shall rest in *London*, till we come to him:

Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply:

Farewell my Soueraigne.

*King.* Farewell my *Hector*, and my *Troyes* true hope.

*Clar.* In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

*King.* Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

*Mount.* Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

*Oxf.* And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.

*King.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coüentry*.  
*Exeunt.*

*King.* Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.

Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?

Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exet.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*King.* That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:

I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,

Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,

My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,

My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,

My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.

I haue not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of reuenge, though they much et'r'd.

Then why should they loue *Edward* more then me?

No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:



And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,  
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

*Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.*

*Exit.* Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are  
these?

*Enter Edward and his Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,  
And once againe proclaim vs King of England.  
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

*Exit with King Henry.*

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwicke now remains:  
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,  
Cold biting Winter marrs our hop'd-for Hay.

*Rich.* Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,  
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:  
Braue Warriors, march aaine towards Couentry.

*Exit.*

*Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two  
Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*

*War.* Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

*Mess. 1.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How farre off is our Brother Mountague?  
Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

*Mess. 2.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.

*Enter Somerville.*

*War.* Say Somerville, what fayes my louing Sonne?  
And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Somerv.* At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

*Somerv.* It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:  
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwicke.

*War.* Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.

*Somerv.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,*

*and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

*Rich.* See how the surly Warwicke mans the Wall.

*War.* Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?  
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,  
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

*Edw.* Now Warwicke, wilt thou open the Citie Gates,  
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

*War.* Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence?  
Gonfesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,  
Call Warwicke Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

*Rich.* I thought at least he would haue said the King,  
Or did he make the least against his will?

*War.* Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

*Rich.* I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,  
He doe thee seruice for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

*Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwicke's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And Weakeling, Warwicke takes his gift againe,

And Henry is my King, Warwicke his Subiect.

*Edw.* But Warwicke's King is Edwards Prisoner:

And gallant Warwicke, doe but answer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

*Rich.* Alas, that Warwicke had no more fore-cast,  
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,  
The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck:  
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,  
And tenne to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

*Edw.* 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwicke still.

*Rich.* Come Warwicke,  
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:  
Nay when? Strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

*War.* I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,  
And with the other, sling it at thy face,  
Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

*Edw.* Sayle how thou canst,  
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,  
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,  
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,  
Wind-changing Warwicke now can change no more.

*Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

*Edw.* So other foes may set vpon our backs,  
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt  
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;  
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,  
Wee'll quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

*War.* Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

*Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Mount.* Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason  
Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

*Edw.* The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,  
My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke,  
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

*Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along,  
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaille:  
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes  
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.  
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwicke call.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?  
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,  
Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,  
And set vp Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwicke,  
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, vnaturall,  
To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against



Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.  
Perhaps thou wilt obiekt my holy Oath:  
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,  
Then *Iephah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.  
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,  
That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,  
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:  
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)  
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.  
And so, proud-hearted *Warwicke*, I desie thee,  
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,  
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:  
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

*Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,  
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.

*Rich.* Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

*Warw.* Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust,

*Edw.* What *Warwicke*,

Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

*Warw.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards *Barnet* presently,

And bid thee Battaille, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

*Edw.* Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: *Saint George*, and *Victorie*. *Exeunt.*

*March.* *Warwicke* and his compaignie followes.

*Alarums, and Excursions.* Enter *Edward* bringing  
forth *Warwicke* wounded.

*Edw.* So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,  
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.  
Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,  
That *Warwicke's* Bones may keepe thine companie.

*Exit.*

*Warw.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,  
And tell me who is *Victor*, *Torke*, or *Warwicke*?  
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,  
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,  
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,  
Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,  
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,  
Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd *Iones* spreading Tree,  
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.  
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,  
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,  
To search the secreet Treasons of the World:  
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,  
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:  
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?  
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?  
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.  
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,  
Euen now forsake me; and of all my Lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.  
Why, what is *Pompe*, *Rule*, *Reigne*, but Earth and Dust?  
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter *Oxford* and *Somerset*.

*Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,  
We might recouer all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.  
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.

*Warw.* Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,  
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,  
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.  
Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,  
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,  
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.  
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,  
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:  
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.  
And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,  
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,  
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,  
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

*Warw.* Sweet rest his Soule:  
Flye Lords, and saue your felties,  
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.  
Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* Enter *King Edward* in triumph, with  
*Richard*, *Clarence*, and the rest.

*King.* Thus farre our fortune keepe an vpward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreaths of *Victorie*:  
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,  
I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,  
Ere he attaine his easfull Western Bed:  
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene  
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,  
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

*Clar.* A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,  
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,  
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,  
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

*Rich.* The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,  
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:  
If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*King.* We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,  
That they doe hold their course toward *Tewksbury*.  
We hauing now the best at *Barnet* field,  
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,  
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:  
In euery Countie as we goe along,  
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* *March.* Enter the Queene, young  
*Edward*, *Somerset*, *Oxford*, and  
Souldiers.

*Qu.* Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,  
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.  
What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-boord,  
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,  
And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet liues our Pilot still: Is't meet, that hee  
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,  
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,  
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,  
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,  
Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?  
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.  
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?



And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?  
 Our slaught' red friends, the Tackles: what of these?  
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?  
 And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?  
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?  
 And though vnskillfull, why not *Ned* and I,  
 For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?  
 We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,  
 But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)  
 From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,  
 As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire,  
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?  
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?  
 And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?  
 All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.  
 Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:  
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,  
 Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,  
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.  
 This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,  
 If case some one of you would flye from vs,  
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,  
 More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.  
 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,  
 'Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.

*Prince*. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
 Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,  
 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,  
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
 I speake not this, as doubting any here:  
 For did I but suspect a fearefull man,  
 He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,  
 Least in our need he might infect another,  
 And make him of like spirit to himselfe.  
 If any such be here, as God forbid,  
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

*Oxf*. Women and Children of so high a courage,  
 And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.  
 Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather  
 Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,  
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

*Som*. And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
 If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

*Qu*. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.

*Prince*. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing  
 else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess*. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,  
 Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

*Oxf*. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,  
 To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.

*Som*. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

*Qu*. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

*Oxf*. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

*Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,  
 Clarence, and Souldiers.*

*Edw*. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,  
 Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,  
 Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.  
 I need not adde more fuell to your fire,  
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:  
 Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

*Qu*. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,  
 My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,  
 Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.  
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne  
 Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,  
 His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,  
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:  
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.  
 You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,  
 Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

*Alarum, Retreat, Excursions. Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,  
 Oxford, Somerset.*

*Edw*. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.  
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:  
 For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.  
 Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

*Oxf*. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

*Som*. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

*Exeunt.*

*Qu*. So part we sadly in this troublous World,  
 To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

*Edw*. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,  
 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

*Rich*. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Edw*. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.  
 What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?  
*Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
 For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,  
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince*. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *York*.  
 Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
 Religne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,  
 Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,  
 Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

*Qu*. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd.

*Rich*. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,  
 And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

*Prince*. Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,  
 His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

*Rich*. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

*Qu*. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Rich*. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

*Prince*. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,  
 rather.

*Edw*. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

*Clar*. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince*. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:  
 Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,  
 And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,  
 I am your better, Traytors as ye are.

And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

*Edw*. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

*Stabs him.*

*Rich*. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

*Rich. Stabs him.*

*Clar*. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

*Clar. Stabs him.*

*Qu*. Oh, kill me too.

*Rich*. Marry, and shall.

*Offers to kill her.*

*Edw*. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

*Rich*. Why



*Rich.* Why should shee lue, to fill the World with words.

*Edw.* What? doth shee sworne? vse meanes for her recouerie.

*Rich.* Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother: He hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

*Clas.* What? what?

*Rich.* Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

*Qu.* Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy. Canst thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!

They that stabb'd *Cesar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,

And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:

You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,

But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.

As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

*King.* Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

*Qu.* Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

*Clas.* By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Qu.* Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

*Clas.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

*Qu.* I, but thou v'st to forswear thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?

Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're putst backe.

*Ed.* Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

*Qu.* So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

*Exit Lucene.*

*Ed.* Where's *Richard* gone.

*Clas.* To London all in post, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

*Ed.* He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,

By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walkes.*

*Rich.* Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 'Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike, And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

*Rich.* Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

*Hen.* So flies the wreacklesse shepherd from y Wolfe: So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rossins* now to Acte?

*Rich.* Suspicion alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

*Hen.* The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush, With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush;

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Rich.* Why what a peeuish Foole was that of *Crete*,

That taught his Sonne, the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,

Thy Father *Minos*, that den'de our course,

The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragicke History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

*Rich.* Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

*Hen.* A Persecutor I am sure thou art,

If murdering Innocents be Executing.

Why then thou art an Executioner.

*Rich.* Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume,

Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,

Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou wast borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'st ———

*Rich.* Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech, *Stabbes him.*

For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

*Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this,

O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

*Rich.* What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.

If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

*Stabs him againe.*

I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,

Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:

For I haue often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,

And seeke their Ruine, that vsur'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,

And



And so I was, which plainly signified,  
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:  
Then since the Heavens haue shap'd my Body so,  
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.  
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:  
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.  
*Clarence* bewate, thou keep'st me from the Light,  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:  
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,  
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,  
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.  
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,  
*Clarence* thy turne is next, and then the rest,  
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
Ile throw thy body in another roome,  
And Triumph *Henry* in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* Enter *King*, *Queene*, *Clarence*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,  
*Nurse*, and *Attendants*.

*King.* Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,  
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:  
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,  
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,  
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:  
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,  
And two Northumberland: two brauer men,  
Ne're spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound.  
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,  
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,  
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,  
And made our Footstoole of Security.  
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:  
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,  
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,  
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,  
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,  
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

*Rich.* Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,  
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,  
Werke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

*King.* *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,  
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

*Cl.* The duty that I owe vnto your Maiessty,  
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

*Cl.* Thanke Noble *Clarence*, wothy brother thanks.

*Rich.* And that I loue the tree fro whence y sprang't:  
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,  
To say the truth, so *Indas* kist his master,  
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

*King.* Now am I seated as my soule delights,  
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

*Cl.* What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,  
*Reynard* her Father, to the King of France,  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,  
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

*King.* Away with her, and waite her hence to France:  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets; farwell sowre annoy,  
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Extant omnes*

FINIS.

