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&tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&tragedies</title>
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 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the  
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and  
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional  
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[STC \(2nd ed.\), 22273](#)  
[Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.](#)  
[Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30](#)  
[West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 \(March 1999\), p.1-19](#)

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

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</lb>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>

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Copies.</titlePart>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;  
 fol.</p>  
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;  
 p.59  
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered  
 151; p.161  
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165  
 misnumbered 163; p.  
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250  
 misnumbered 252; p.  
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in  
 some copies;  
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:  
 p.165-166  
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --  
 5th count:  
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308  
 misnumbered 38;  
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>  
 </foliation>  
 <collation>  
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most  
 commonly  
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$   
 [ $\pi B^2$ ],  $^2A-2B^6$   
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para]<sup>1</sup> aa-ff<sup>8</sup>  
 $gg^2 Gg^6$   
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$ ; 2. West:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$   
 $g^6 ^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$   
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para]<sup>1</sup> 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup>  
 $2k-2v^6$   
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$ .</p>  
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-signed  
 Gg; nn1-nn2  
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>  
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination  
 on leaf a1  
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on  
 leaf aa1  
 recto.</p>  
 </collation>

reader".  
mount  
some the  
and the  
Rare

<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the  
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the  
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of  
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait  
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,  
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact  
Books.</condition>

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<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>  
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>  
<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.  
Blount, I.  
Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>  
<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry  
Condell.</p>

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<decoDesc>  
<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>  
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author  
signed: "Martin-  
earlier  
shading,  
with the  
have the plate  
the earlier  
Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The  
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier  
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly  
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies  
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that  
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>  
</decoDesc>  
<additions>  
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an  
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap  
was seen".  
2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on  
t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records

to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>`  
`<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>`  
`<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and

Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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at: `<ref`

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`</person>`

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afterwards married to King Henry VI</persName>
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Younger</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ric.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Rich.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-sal">
    <persName type="standard">Earl of Salisbury</persName>
    <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sal.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Salisb.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Salisbury.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-say">
    <persName type="standard">Lord Say</persName>
    <persName type="form">Say.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-sca">
    <persName type="standard">Lord Scales</persName>
    <persName type="form">Scales.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-ser">
    <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
    <persName type="form">Seru.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-she">
    <persName type="standard">Sheriff</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sh.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sherife.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-sim">
    <persName type="standard">Simpcox, an imposter</persName>
    <persName type="form">Simpc.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-smi">
    <persName type="standard">Smith the Weaver, a follower of
Cade</persName>
    <persName type="form">Smith.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Wea.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Weauer.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-2h6-som">
    <persName type="standard">Duke/Earl of Somerset, John
Beaufort</persName>
    <persName type="form">Som.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Somerset.</persName>

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</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-sol">
  <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
  <persName type="form">Soul.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-spi">
  <persName type="standard">Spirit</persName>
  <persName type="form">Spirit.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-hst">
  <persName type="standard">Sir Humphrey Stafford, brother to William
Stafford</persName>
  <persName type="form">Staf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Staff.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-sta">
  <persName type="standard">Sir John Stanley</persName>
  <persName type="form">Stanley.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Stanly.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-suf">
  <persName type="standard">Earl of Suffolk</persName>
  <persName type="form">Suf.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Suff.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Suffolke.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-vau">
  <persName type="standard">Vaux</persName>
  <persName type="form">Vaux.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-whi">
  <persName type="standard">Walter Whitmore</persName>
  <persName type="form">Wal.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Whit.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Whitm.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-war">
  <persName type="standard">Earl of Warwick</persName>
  <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
  <persName type="form">War.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Warw.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Warwicke.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-wsi">
  <persName type="standard">Simpcox's Wife</persName>
  <persName type="form">Wife.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-jou">
  <persName type="standard">Margaret Jourdain, a witch</persName>
  <persName type="form">Witch.</persName>

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</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-ycl">
  <persName type="standard">Young Clifford</persName>
  <persName type="form">Yo Clif.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Yo. Clif.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-2h6-pla">
  <persName type="standard">Richard Plantagenet (Duke of Gloucester),
becomes duke of York</persName>
  <persName type="form">Yor.</persName>
  <persName type="form">York.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Yorke.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Yorke.</persName>
</person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-2h6">
  <body>
    <div type="play" n="21">
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0476-0.jpg" n="120"/>
      <head rend="center">The second Part of Henry the Sixt,
        <lb/>with the death of the Good Duke
        <lb/>HVMFREY.</head>
      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish of Trumpets:
Then Hoboyes.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Duke
Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke and Beau-
          <lb/>ford on the one side.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The Queene, Suffolke,
Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,
          <lb/>on the other.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Suffolke.</speaker>
            <lb>
            <c rend="decoratedCapital">A</c>S by your high Imperiall
Maiesty,</l>
            <lb>I had in charge at my depart for France,</l>
            <lb>As Procurator to your Excellence,</l>
            <lb>To marry Princes <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> for your
Grace;</l>
            <lb>So in the Famous Ancient City, <hi
rend="italic">Toures</hi>,</l>
            <lb>In presence of the Kings of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>,

```

and *Sicill*,

The Dukes of *Orleance*, Calaber,  
Britaigne, and *Alanson*,

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend  
Bishops

I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,

And humbly now vpon my bended knee,

In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,

Deliuier vp my Title in the Queene

To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance

Of that great Shadow I did represent:

The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,

The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

*King.*

*King.*

*Margaret*,

I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue

Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:

For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face

A world of earthly blessings to my soule,

If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

*Queen.*

*Queen.*

Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,

The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,

In Courtly company, or at my Beades,

With you mine *Alder liefest*

Soueraigne,

Makes me the bolder to salute my King,

With ruder termes, such as my wit affoords,

And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

*King.*

*King.*

Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,

Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,

Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,

Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

*All*

*All*

*kneel.*

Long liue

Qu.

<expan>Queene</expan>  
 </choice>  
 <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, Englands happines.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>We thanke you all.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="rightJustified italic" type="business">Florish</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,</l>  
 <l>Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,</l>  
 <l>Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King <hi  
 rend="italic">Charles</hi>,</l>  
 <l>For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business"> Reads.</stage>  
 <p>Inprimis, <hi rend="italic">It is agreed betweene the French  
 </choice>  
 <abbr>K.</abbr>  
 <expan>King</expan>  
 </choice>  
 <lb/>Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke,  
 Am-  
 <lb/>bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry  
 shal  
 <lb/>espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King  
 of  
 <lb/>Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene  
 of  
 <lb/>England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.</hi>  
 </p>  
 <p>Item, <hi rend="italic">That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the  
 County of Main,  
 <lb/>shall be released and deliuered to the King her  
 father.</hi>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Vnkle, how now?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <l>Pardon me gracious Lord,</l>  
 <l>Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,</l>

<l>And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Win.</speaker>  
 <p>Item, <hi rend="italic">It is further agreed betweene them,  
 That the  
 deliuered  
 King of  
 any  
 <lb/>Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and  
 <lb/>ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the  
 <lb/>Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing  
 <lb/>Dowry.</hi>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,</l>  
 <l>We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,</l>  
 <l>And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke,</l>  
 <l>We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent</l>  
 <l>I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths</l>  
 <l>Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnclé Winchester,</l>  
 <l>Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,</l>  
 <l>Salisburie, and Warwicke.</l>  
 <l>We thanke you all for this great fauour done,</l>  
 <l>In entertainment to my Princely Queene.</l>  
 <l>Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide</l>  
 <l>To see her Coronation be perform'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit King, Queene,  
 and Suffolke.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet the rest.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <l>Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,</l>  
 <l>To you Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> must vnload  
 his greefe:</l>  
 <l>Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 <l>What? did my brother <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> spend his  
 youth,</l>  
 <l>His valour, coine, and people in the warres?</l>  
 <l>Did he so often lodge in open field:</l>  
 <l>In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,</l>

<\/>To conquer France, his true inheritance?<\/>  
 <\/>And did my brother <hi rend="italic">Bedford<\/hi> toyle his  
 wits,<\/>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To<\/fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0477-0.jpg" n="121"\/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.<\/fw>  
 <cb n="1"\/>  
 <\/>To keepe by policy what <hi rend="italic">Henrie<\/hi>  
 got:<\/>  
 <\/>Haue you your selues, <hi rend="italic">Somerset<\/hi>, <hi  
 rend="italic">Buckingham<\/hi>,<\/>  
 <\/>Braue <hi rend="italic">Yorke, Salisbury<\/hi>, and victorious  
 <hi rend="italic">Warwicke<\/hi>,<\/>  
 <\/>Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:<\/>  
 <\/>Or hath mine Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Beauford<\/hi>, and  
 my selfe,<\/>  
 <\/>With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,<\/>  
 <\/>Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,<\/>  
 <\/>Early and late, debating too and fro<\/>  
 <\/>How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,<\/>  
 <\/>And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,<\/>  
 <\/>Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,<\/>  
 <\/>And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?<\/>  
 <\/>Shall <hi rend="italic">Henries<\/hi> Conquest, <hi  
 rend="italic">Bedfords<\/hi> vigilance,<\/>  
 <\/>Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?<\/>  
 <\/>O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,<\/>  
 <\/>Fattall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,<\/>  
 <\/>Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,<\/>  
 <\/>Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,<\/>  
 <\/>Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,<\/>  
 <\/>Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Car.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?<\/>  
 <\/>This preroration with such circumstance:<\/>  
 <\/>For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:<\/>  
 <\/>But now it is impossible we should.<\/>  
 <\/>Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,<\/>  
 <\/>Hath giuen the Dutchy of <hi rend="italic">Aniou<\/hi> and  
 <hi rend="italic">Mayne<\/hi>,<\/>  
 <\/>Vnto the poore King <hi rend="italic">Reignier<\/hi>, whose  
 large style<\/>  
 <\/>Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.<\/>  
 <\/sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <l>Now by the death of him that dyed for all,</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 <l>These Counties were the Keyes of <hi  
 rend="italic">Normandie:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>But wherefore weepes <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, my  
 valiant sonne?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <l>For greefe that they are past recouerie.</l>  
 <l>For were there hope to conquer them againe,</l>  
 <l>My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi>? My  
 selfe did win them both:</l>  
 <l>Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,</l>  
 <l>And are the Citties that I got with wounds,</l>  
 <l>Deliuier'd vp againe with peacefull words<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l rend="italic">Mort Dieu.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,</l>  
 <l>That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:</l>  
 <l>France should haue torne and rent my very hart,</l>  
 <l>Before I would haue yeilded to this League.</l>  
 <l>I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had</l>  
 <l>Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,</l>  
 <l>And our King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> giues away his  
 owne,</l>  
 <l>To match with her that brings no vantages.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
 <l>A proper iest, and neuer heard before,</l>  
 <l>That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,</l>  
 <l>For Costs and Charges in transporting her:</l>  
 <l>She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France</l>  
 <l>Before □</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,</l>  
 <l>It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
<speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.</l>  
<l>'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:</l>  
<l>But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,</l>  
<l>Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face</l>  
<l>I see thy furie: If I longer stay,</l>  
<l>We shall begin our ancient bickerings:</l>  
<l>Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,</l>  
<l>I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.</l>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Humfrey.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>  
<l>So, there goes our Protector in a rage:</l>  
<l>'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:</l>  
<l>Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>And no great friend, I feare me to the King:</l>  
<l>Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,</l>  
<l>And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:</l>  
<l>Had <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> got an Empire by his

marriage,</l>

<l>And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,</l>  
<l>There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:</l>  
<l>Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words</l>  
<l>Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.</l>  
<l>What though the common people fauour him,</l>  
<l>Calling him, <hi rend="italic">Humfrey the good Duke of

Gloster</hi>,</l>

<l>Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,</l>  
<l>Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,</l>  
<l>With God preserue the good Duke <hi

rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>:</l>

<l>I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,</l>  
<l>He will be found a dangerous Protector.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?</l>  
<l>He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.</l>  
<l>Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,</l>  
<l>And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,</l>  
<l>Wee'l quickly hoysse Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>

from his seat.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
<speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>

<|>This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,</|>  
 <|>Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Cardinall.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>  
 <|>Cosin of Buckingham, though <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfries</hi> pride</|>  
 <|>And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,</|>  
 <|>Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,</|>  
 <|>His insolence is more intollerable</|>  
 <|>Then all the Princes in the Land beside,</|>  
 <|>If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
 <|>Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,</|>  
 <|>Despite Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, or the  
 Cardinall.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Buckingham,  
 and Somerset.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <|>Pride went before, Ambition followes him.</|>  
 <|>While these do labour for their owne preferment,</|>  
 <|>Behoooues it vs to labor for the Realme.</|>  
 <|>I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,</|>  
 <|>Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:</|>  
 <|>Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall.</|>  
 <|>More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,</|>  
 <|>As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,</|>  
 <|>Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe</|>  
 <|>Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.</|>  
 <|>Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,</|>  
 <|>Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,</|>  
 <|>Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,</|>  
 <|>Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.</|>  
 <|>And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,</|>  
 <|>In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:</|>  
 <|>Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,</|>  
 <|>When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,</|>  
 <|>Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,</|>  
 <|>Ioyne we together for the publike good,</|>  
 <|>In what we can, to bridle and suppress</|>  
 <|>The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,</|>  
 <|>With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,</|>  
 <|>And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,</|>  
 <|>While they do tend the profit of the Land.</|>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,</l>  
   <l>And common profit of his Countrey.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>And so says Yorke,</l>  
   <l>For he hath greatest cause.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Salisbury.</speaker>  
   <l>Then lets make hast away,</l>  
   <l>And looke vnto the maine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Warwicke.</speaker>  
   <l>Vnto the maine?</l>  
   <l>Oh Father, <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi> is lost,</l>  
   <l>That <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi>, which by maine force  
 Warwicke did winne,</l>  
   <l>And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:</l>  
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">l3</fw>  
   <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"  
 place="footRight">Main</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0478-0.jpg" n="122"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Main-chance father you meant, but I meant <hi  
 rend="italic">Maine</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Warwicke, and  
 Salisbury. Manet Yorke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi> are  
 giuen to the French,</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> is lost, the state of <hi  
 rend="italic">Normandie</hi>  
   <l>  
   <l>Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:</l>  
   <l>Suffolke concluded on the Articles,</l>  
   <l>The Peeres agreed, and <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> was  
 well pleas'd,</l>  
   <l>To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.</l>  
   <l>I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?</l>

<|>'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.</|>  
 <|>Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,</|>  
 <|>And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,</|>  
 <|>Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,</|>  
 <|>While as the silly Owner of the goods</|>  
 <|>Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,</|>  
 <|>And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,</|>  
 <|>While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,</|>  
 <|>Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.</|>  
 <|>So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,</|>  
 <|>While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:</|>  
 <|>Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, &  
 Ireland,</|>  
 <|>Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,</|>  
 <|>As did the fatall brand <hi rend="italic">Althæa</hi>  
 burnt,</|>  
 <|>Vnto the Princes heart of <hi rend="italic">Calidon:</hi>  
 </|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi> both  
 giuen vnto the French?</|>  
 <|>Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,</|>  
 <|>Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.</|>  
 <|>A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,</|>  
 <|>And therefore I will take the <hi rend="italic">Neuils</hi>  
 parts,</|>  
 <|>And make a shew of loue to proud Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>,</|>  
 <|>And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,</|>  
 <|>For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:</|>  
 <|>Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,</|>  
 <|>Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,</|>  
 <|>Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,</|>  
 <|>Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.</|>  
 <|>Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue:</|>  
 <|>Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,</|>  
 <|>To priue into the secrets of the State,</|>  
 <|>Till <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> surfetting in ioyes of  
 loue,</|>  
 <|>With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought  
 Queen,</|>  
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> with the Peeres be falne  
 at iarres:</|>  
 <|>Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,</|>  
 <|>With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,</|>  
 <|>And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,</|>  
 <|>To grapple with the house of Lancaster,</|>  
 <|>And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,</|>  
 <|>Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.</|>  
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Yorke.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke Humfrey  
 and his wife Elianor.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elia.</speaker>  
 <l>Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,</l>  
 <l>Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?</l>  
 <l>Why doth the Great Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>  
 knit his browes,</l>  
 <l>As frowning at the Fauours of the world?</l>  
 <l>Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,</l>  
 <l>Gazing on that which feemes to dimme thy sight?</l>  
 <l>What seest thou there? King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>  
 Diadem,</l>  
 <l>Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?</l>  
 <l>If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,</l>  
 <l>Vntill thy head be circled with the same.</l>  
 <l>Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.</l>  
 <l>What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,</l>  
 <l>And hauing both together heau'd it vp,</l>  
 <l>Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 <l>And neuer more abase our sight so low,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, sweet <hi  
 rend="italic">Nell</hi>, if thou dost loue thy Lord,</l>  
 <l>Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:</l>  
 <l>And may that thought, when I imagine ill</l>  
 <l>Against my King and Nephew, vertuous <hi  
 rend="italic">Henry</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Be my last breathing in this mortall world.</l>  
 <l>My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>  
 <l>What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it</l>  
 <l>With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
 <l>Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in  
 <lb/>Court</l>

<|>Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,</|>  
 <|>But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,</|>  
 <|>And on the peeces of the broken Wand</|>  
 <|>Were plac'd the heads of <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>  
 Duke of Somerset,</|>  
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">William de la Pole</hi> first Duke of  
 Suffolke.</|>  
 <|>This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>  
 <|>Tut, this was nothing but an argument,</|>  
 <|>That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,</|>  
 <|>Shall loose his head for his presumption.</|>  
 <|>But list to me my <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, my sweete  
 Duke:</|>  
 <|>Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,</|>  
 <|>In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,</|>  
 <|>And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer  
 crownd,</|>  
 <|>Where <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> and Dame <hi  
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi> kneel'd to me,</|>  
 <|>And on my head did set the Diadem.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
 <|>Nay <hi rend="italic">Elinor</hi>, then must I chide  
 outright:</|>  
 <|>Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Elienor</hi>,</|>  
 <|>Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?</|>  
 <|>And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?</|>  
 <|>Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,</|>  
 <|>About the reach or compasse of thy thought?</|>  
 <|>And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,</|>  
 <|>To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,</|>  
 <|>From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?</|>  
 <|>Away from me, and let me heare no more.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elia.</speaker>  
 <|>What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke</|>  
 <|>With <hi rend="italic">Elienor</hi>, for telling but her  
 dreame?</|>  
 <|>Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,</|>  
 <|>And not be check'd.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>  
 <|>Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.</|>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mes">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord Protector,'tis his Highnes pleasure,</l>  
   <l>You do prepare to ride vnto <choice>  
   <abbr>S.</abbr>  
   <expan>Saint</expan>  
 </choice>  
 <hi rend="italic">Albons</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Hu.</speaker>  
   <l>I go. Come <hi rend="italic">Nel</hi> thou wilt ride with  
 vs?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Ex. Hum</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>  
   <l>Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.</l>  
   <l>Follow I must, I cannot go before,</l>  
   <l>While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.</l>  
   <l>Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,</l>  
   <l>I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,</l>  
   <l>And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.</l>  
   <l>And being a woman, I will not be slacke</l>  
   <l>To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.</l>  
   <l>Where are you there? Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>; nay  
 feare not man,</l>  
   <l>We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter  
 Hume.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>  
   <l>Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Elia.</speaker>  
   <l>What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>  
   <l>But by the grace of God, and <hi rend="italic">Humes</hi>  
 aduice,</l>  
   <l>Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">

<speaker rend="italic">Elia.</speaker>  
 <l>What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd</l>  
 <l>With <hi rend="italic">Margerie Iordane</hi> the cunning  
 Witch,</l>  
 <l>With <hi rend="italic">Roger Bollingbrooke</hi> the  
 Coniurer?</l>  
 <l>And will they vndertake to do me good?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>  
 <l>This they haue promised to shew your Highnes</l>  
 <l>A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0479-0.jpg" n="123"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>That shall make answeere to such Questions,</l>  
 <l>As by your Grace shall be propounded him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Qnestions:</l>  
 <l>When from Saint <hi rend="italic">Albones</hi> we doe  
 make returne,</l>  
 <l>Wee'le see these things effected to the full.</l>  
 <l>Here <hi rend="italic">Hume</hi>, take this reward, make  
 merry man</l>  
 <l>With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Elianor.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hum">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Hume</hi> must make merry with the Duchesse  
 Gold:</l>  
 <l>Marry and Shall: but how now, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn  
 Hume?</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,</l>  
 <l>The businesse asketh silent secrecie.</l>  
 <l>Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi> giues Gold, to bring the  
 Witch:</l>  
 <l>Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.</l>  
 <l>Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast:</l>  
 <l>I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,</l>  
 <l>And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;</l>  
 <l>Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,</l>  
 <l>They (knowing Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianors</hi>  
 aspiring humor)</l>  
 <l>Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,</l>

<\/>And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.<\/>  
 <\/>They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,<\/>  
 <\/>Yet am I <hi rend="italic">Suffolke<\/hi> and the Cardinalls  
 Broker.<\/>  
 <\/>  
 <hi rend="italic">Hume<\/hi>, if you take not heed, you shall goe  
 neere<\/>  
 <\/>To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.<\/>  
 <\/>Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,<\/>  
 <\/>  
 <hi rend="italic">Humes<\/hi> Knauerie will be the Duchesse  
 Wracke,<\/>  
 <\/>And her Attainture, will be <hi  
 rend="italic">Humphreyes<\/hi> fall:<\/>  
 <\/>Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit<\/stage>  
 <\/div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]<\/head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three or foure  
 Petitioners, the Armorers  
 <\/b>Man being one.<\/stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Pet.<\/speaker>  
 <p>My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-  
 <\/b>tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may  
 <\/b>deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Pet.<\/speaker>  
 <p>Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good  
 <\/b>man, Iesu blesse him.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Suffolke, and  
 Queene.<\/stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.<\/speaker>  
 <p>Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with  
 <\/b>him: Ile be the first sure.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Pet.<\/speaker>  
 <p>Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk,  
 <\/b>and not my Lord Protector.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.<\/speaker>  
 <p>How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?<\/p>  
 <\/sp>

*1. Pet.*  
I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my  
Lord Protector.

*Queene.*  
To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-  
tions to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is  
thine?

*1. Pet.*  
Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John*  
*Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for  
keeping my House,  
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

*Suff.*  
Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.  
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of  
Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How  
now, Sir Knaue?

*2. Pet.*  
Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our  
whole Township.

*Peter.*  
Against my Master *Thomas Horner*,  
for saying,  
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the  
Crowne.

*Queene.*  
What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke  
say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

*Peter.*  
That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master  
said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

2

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <p>Who is there?</p>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>  
   <p>Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-  
     <lb/>uant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before  
     <lb/>the King.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>And as for you that loue to be protected</l>  
   <l>Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,</l>  
   <l>Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Teare the  
 Supplication.</stage>  
   <l>Away, base Cullions: <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> let  
 them goe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <l>Come, let's be gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?</l>  
   <l>Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?</l>  
   <l>Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?</l>  
   <l>And this the Royaltie of <hi rend="italic">Albions</hi>  
 King?</l>  
   <l>What, shall King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> be a Pupill  
 still,</l>  
   <l>Vnder the surly <hi rend="italic">Glostors</hi>  
 Gouernance?</l>  
   <l>Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,</l>  
   <l>And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?</l>  
   <l>I tell thee <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>, when in the Citie <hi  
 rend="italic">Tours</hi>  
   <l>  
   <l>Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Loue,</l>  
   <l>And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;</l>  
   <l>I thought King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> had resembled  
 thee,</l>  
   <l>In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:</l>  
   <l>But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,</l>  
   <l>To number <hi rend="italic">Aue-Maries</hi> on his  
 Beades:</l>  
   <l>His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,</l>  
   <l>His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,</l>

<|>His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues</|>  
 <|>Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.</|>  
 <|>I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls</|>  
 <|>Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,</|>  
 <|>And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;</|>  
 <|>That were a State fit for his Holinesse.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <|>Madame be patient: as I was cause</|>  
   <|>Your Highnesse came to England, so will I</|>  
   <|>In England worke your Graces full content.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <|>Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we <hi  
 rend="italic">Beauford</hi>  
   </|>  
   <|>The imperious Churchman; <hi rend="italic">Somerset,  
 Buckingham</hi>,</|>  
   <|>And grumbling <hi rend="italic">Yorke:</hi> and not the  
 least of these,</|>  
   <|>But can doe more in England then the King.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <|>And he of these, that can doe most of all,</|>  
   <|>Cannot doe more in England then the <hi  
 rend="italic">Neuils:</hi>  
   </|>  
   <|>  
   <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>  
 are no simple Peeres.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <|>Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,</|>  
   <|>As that prowde Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:</|>  
   <|>She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,</|>  
   <|>More like an Emperesse, then Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humphreyes</hi> Wife:</|>  
   <|>Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:</|>  
   <|>She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,</|>  
   <|>And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:</|>  
   <|>Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?</|>  
   <|>Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,</|>  
   <|>She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,</|>  
   <|>The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,</|>  
   <|>Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,</|>  
   <|>Till <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> gaue two Dukedomes for

his Daughter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,</l>

<l>And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,</l>

<l>That she will light to listen to the Layes,</l>

<l>And neuer mount to trouble you againe.</l>

<l>So let her rest: and Madame list to me,</l>

<l>For I am bold to counsaile you in this;</l>

<l>Although we fancie not the Cardinall,</l>

<l>Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,</l>

<l>Till we haue brought Duke <hi rend="italic">Humphrey</hi>

in disgrace.</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0480-0.jpg" n="124"/>

<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>As for the duke of Yorke, this late Complaint</l>

<l>Will make but little for his benefit:</l>

<l>So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,</l>

<l>And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound a

Sennet.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King, Duke

Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-

<lb/>ham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke,

<lb/>and the Duchesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,</l>

<l>Or <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, at <hi

rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, all's one to me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,</l>

<l>Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-som">

<speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>

<l>If <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> be vnworthy of the

Place,</l>

him.</l> <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> be Regent, I will yeeld to

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

<l>Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,</l>

worthyer.</l> <l>Dispute not that, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is the

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>

<l>Ambitious <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, let thy betters

speake.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

<l>The Cardinall's not my better in the field.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">

<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>

rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l> <l>All in this presence are thy betters, <hi

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> may liue to be the best of all.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>

rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> <l>Peace Sonne, and shew some reason <hi

</l>

this?</l> <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> should be preferr'd in

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<l>Because the King forsooth will haue it so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Humf.</speaker>

<l>Madame, the King is old enough himselfe</l>

<l>To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<l>If he be old enough, what needs your Grace</l>

<l>To be Protector of his Excellence?</l>

</sp>

*Humf.*  
Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,  
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

*Suff.*  
Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.  
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?  
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,  
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,  
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme  
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.

*Card.*  
The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags  
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

*Som.*  
Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attire  
Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie.

*Buck.*  
Thy Crueltie in execution  
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

*Queene.*  
Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,  
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.  
*Exit*

Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

*She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.*

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

*Duch.*

Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:

Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,

I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

*King.*

<l>Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Duch.</speaker>  
 <l>Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,</l>  
 <l>Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:</l>  
 <l>Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,</l>  
 <l>She shall not strike Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi>  
 vnreueng'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Elianor.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>Lord Cardinall, I will follow <hi  
 rend="italic">Elianor</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And listen after <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, how he  
 proceedes:</l>  
 <l>Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,</l>  
 <l>Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit  
 Buckingham.</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Humfrey.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Humf.</speaker>  
 <l>Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,</l>  
 <l>With walking once about the Quadrangle,</l>  
 <l>I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.</l>  
 <l>As for your spightfull false Obiections,</l>  
 <l>Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:</l>  
 <l>But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,</l>  
 <l>As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.</l>  
 <l>But to the matter that we haue in hand:</l>  
 <l>I say, my Soueraigne, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is meetest  
 man</l>  
 <l>To be your Regent in the Realme of France.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Before we make election, giue me leaue</l>  
 <l>To shew some reason, of no little force,</l>  
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is most vnmeet of any  
 man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile tell thee, <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, why I am  
 vnmeet.</l>

<l>First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:</l>  
 <l>Next, if I be appointed for the Place,</l>  
 <l>My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,</l>  
 <l>Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,</l>  
 <l>Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:</l>  
 <l>Last time I danc't attendance on his will,</l>  
 <l>Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
   <l>That can I witsse, and a fouler fact</l>  
   <l>Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Peace head-strong <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
   <l>Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Armorer and his  
 Man.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Because here is a man accused of Treason,</l>  
   <l>Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>Doth any one accuse <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> for a  
 Traytor?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>What mean'st thou, <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>? tell me,  
 what are  
     <lb/>these?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Please it your Maiestie, this is the man</l>  
   <l>That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;</l>  
   <l>His words were these: That <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,  
 Duke of Yorke,</l>  
   <l>Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,</l>  
   <l>And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Say man, were these thy words?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-arm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>  
 <p>And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd  
 <lb/>nor thought any such matter: God is my wisse, I am  
 <lb/>falsely accus'd by the Villaine.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>  
 <p>By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake  
 <lb/>them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-  
 <lb/>ring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,</l>  
 <l>Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:</l>  
 <l>I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,</l>  
 <l>Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-arm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>  
 <p>Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the  
 <lb/>words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-  
 <lb/>rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his  
 <lb/>knees he would be euen with me: I haue good wisse  
 <lb/>of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast  
 <lb/>away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Humf.</speaker>  
 <l>This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:</l>  
 <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> be Regent o're the  
 French,</l>  
 <l>Because in <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> this breedes  
 suspition;</l>  
 <l>And let these haue a day appointed them</l>  
 <l>For single Combat, in conuenient place,</l>  
 <l>For he hath wisse of his seruants malice:</l>  
 <l>This is the Law, and this Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfrees</hi> doome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Som.</hi> I</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0481-0.jpg" n="125"/>

<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-som">

<speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>

<l>I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-arm">

<speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>

<l>And I accept the Combat willingly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pet">

<speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>

<p>Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake

<lb/>pitty my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.

<lb/>O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to

<lb/>fight a blow: O Lord my heart.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Humf.</speaker>

<l>Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<p>Away with them to Prison: and the day of

<lb/>Combat, shall be the last of. the. next moneth. Come

<lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, wee'le see thee sent away.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Witch, the

two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">

<speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>

<p>Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-

<lb/>pects performance of your promises.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>

<p>Master <hi rend="italic">Hume</hi>, we are therefore

prouided: will

<lb/>her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hum">

<speaker rend="italic">Hume.</speaker>

<p>I, what else? feare you not her courage.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-bol">

<speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>  
 <p>I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of  
 <lb/>an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master  
 <lb/>  
 <hi rend="italic">Hume</hi>, that you be by her aloft, while wee be  
 busie be-  
 <lb/>low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Hume.</stage>  
 <lb/>Mother <hi rend="italic">Iordan</hi>, be you prostrate,  
 and grouell on the  
 <lb/>Earth; <hi rend="italic">Iohn Southwell</hi> reade you,  
 and let vs to our worke.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Elianor  
 aloft.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <p>Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To  
 <lb/>this geere, the sooner the better.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bullin.</speaker>  
 <l>Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:</l>  
 <l>Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,</l>  
 <l>The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,</l>  
 <l>The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,</l>  
 <l>And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;</l>  
 <l>That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.</l>  
 <l>Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,</l>  
 <l>Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here doe the  
 Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,  
 <lb/>Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades; <hi  
 rend="roman">Coniouro  
 <lb/>te, &c.</hi> It Thunders and Lightens  
 <lb/>terribly: then the Spirit  
 <lb/>riseth.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-spi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker>  
 <l rend="italic">Ad sum.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-jou">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Witch.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Asmath</hi>, by the eternall God,</l>  
 <l>Whose name and power thou tremblest at,</l>  
 <l>Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,</l>  
 <l>Thou shalt not passe from hence.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-spi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker>  
   <l>Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and  
   <lb/>done.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>  
   <l>First of the King: What shall of him be-  
   <lb/>come?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-spi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker>  
   <l>The Duke yet liues, that <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> shall  
 depose:</l>  
   <l>But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>  
   <l>What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-spi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker>  
   <l>By Water shall he dye, and take his end.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>  
   <l>What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-spi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Spirit.</speaker>  
   <l>Let him shun Castles,</l>  
   <l>Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,</l>  
   <l>Then where Castles mounted stand.</l>  
   <l>Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bol">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bulling.</speaker>  
   <p>Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:  
   <lb/>False fiend auoide.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Thunder and  
 Lightning. Exit Spirit.</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke of  
 Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham  
   <lb/>with their Guard, and breake in.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:</l>  
   <l>Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.</l>

Commonweale

<I>What Madame, are you there? the King &

<I>Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;

<I>My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

<I>See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elianor.

Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,

Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck.

True Madame, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,

And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.

Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away.

Exit.

Yorke.

Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.

What haue we here?

Reades.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iust, Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shunne Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint

*Albones*,  
 With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:  
 Thither goes these Newes,  
 As fast as Horse can carry them:  
 A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

*Buck.*  
 Your Grace shal giue me leaue, my Lord of York,  
 To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

*Yorke.*  
 At your pleasure, my good Lord.  
 Who's within there, hoe?

*Enter a Seruingman.*  
 Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick  
 To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

*Exeunt.*

[Act 2, Scene 1]

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.*

*Queene.*  
 Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,  
 I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:  
 Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,  
 And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

*King.*  
 But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,  
 And what a pytch she flew aboue the rest:  
 To see how God in all his Creatures workes,  
 Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

*Suff.*  
 No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,  
 My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,  
 They know their Master loues to be aloft,  
 And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,</l>  
   <l>That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Card.</hi> I</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0482-0.jpg" n="126"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>I thought as much, hee would be aboute the  
   <lb/>Cloud.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?</l>  
   <l>Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>The Tresurie of euerlasting Ioy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts</l>  
   <l>Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,</l>  
   <l>Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,</l>  
   <l>That Smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>What, Cardinall?</l>  
   <l>Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie<
 rend="italic">?</c>  
   </l>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ</hi>, Church-men  
 so hot?</l>  
   <l>Good Vnckle hide such mallice:</l>  
   <l>With such Holynesse can you doe it?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes</l>  
   <l>So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>As who, my Lord?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Why, as you, my Lord,</l>  
 <l>An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, England knowes thine  
 insolence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>And thy Ambition, <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>I prythee peace, good Queene,</l>  
 <l>And whet not on these furious Peeres,</l>  
 <l>For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>Let me be blessed for the Peace I make</l>  
 <l>Against this prowde Protector with my Sword.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>Marry, when thou dar'st.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,</l>  
 <l>In thine owne person answere thy abuse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>I, where thou dar'st not peepe:</l>  
 <l>And if thou dar'st, this Euening,</l>  
 <l>On the East side of the Groue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>How now, my Lords?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Beleeue me, Cousin <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,</l>  
   <l>We had had more sport.</l>  
   <l>Come with thy two-hand Sword.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?</l>  
   <l>The East side of the Groue:</l>  
   <l>Cardinall, I am with you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Why how now, Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.</l>  
   <l>Now by Gods Mother, Priest,</l>  
   <l>Ile shaue your Crowne for this,</l>  
   <l>Or all my Fence shall fayle.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <p>  
   <hi rend="italic">Medice teipsum</hi>, Protector see to't well, protect  
   <lb/>your selfe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>The Windes grow high,</l>  
   <l>So doe your Stomacks, Lords:</l>  
   <l>How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?</l>  
   <l>When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?</l>  
   <l>I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one crying a  
 Miracle.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>What means this noyse?</l>  
   <l>Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-tow">  
   <speaker rend="italic">One.</speaker>  
   <l>A Miracle, a Miracle.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suffolke.</speaker>  
   <l>Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-  
   <lb/>racle.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-tow">  
   <speaker rend="italic">One.</speaker>  
   <l>Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint <hi  
 rend="italic">Albones</hi> Shrine,</l>  
   <l>Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,</l>  
   <l>A man that ne're saw in his life before.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules</l>  
   <l>Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Maior of  
 Saint Albones, and his Brethren,  
   <lb/>bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,</l>  
   <l>To present your Highnesse with the man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,</l>  
   <l>Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,</l>  
   <l>His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,</l>  
   <l>That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.</l>  
   <l>What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <l>Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
   <l>I indeede was he.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>What Woman is this?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
   <l>His Wife, and't like your Worship.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <p>Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue  
   <lb/>better told.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Where wert thou borne?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <l>At Barwick in the North, and't like your  
   <lb/>Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Poore Soule,</l>  
   <l>Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:</l>  
   <l>Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,</l>  
   <l>But still remember what the Lord hath done.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>Tell me, good-fellow,</l>  
   <l>Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,</l>  
   <l>To this holy Shrine?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <l>God knowes of pure Deuotion,</l>  
   <l>Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,</l>  
   <l>In my sleep, by good Saint <hi rend="italic">Albon:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Who said; <hi rend="italic">Symon</hi>, come; come offer  
 at my Shrine,</l>  
   <l>And I will helpe thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
   <l>Most true, forsooth:</l>  
   <l>And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,</l>  
   <l>To call him so.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>What, art thou lame?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Simp.</speaker>  
 <l>I, God Almightye helpe me.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>How cam'st thou so?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Simp.</speaker>  
 <l>A fall off of a Tree.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
 <l>A Plum-tree, Master.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>How long hast thou beene blinde?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Simp.</speaker>  
 <l>O borne so, Master.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>What, and would'st climbe a Tree?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Simp.</speaker>  
 <l>But that in all my life, when I was a youth.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
 <l>Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <p>'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st  
 <lb/>venture so.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Simp.</speaker>  
 <p>Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some  
 <lb/>Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my

<lb/>Life.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:</l>  
<l>Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,</l>  
<l>In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<p>Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and  
<lb/>Saint <hi rend="italic">Albones</hi>.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<p>Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this  
<lb/>Cloake of?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<p>Red Master, Red as Blood.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<p>Why that's well said: What Colour is my  
<lb/>Gowne of?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<p>Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is  
<lb/>of?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.</l>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
<hi rend="italic">Glost</hi>. But</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0483-0.jpg" n="127"/>  
<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a  
<lb/>many.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
<l>Neuer before this day, in all his life.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<l>Alas Master, I know not.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>What's his Name?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<l>I know not.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>Nor his?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<l>No indeede, Master.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>What's thine owne Name?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
<speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
<l>

<hi rend="italic">Saunder Simpcoxe</hi>, and if it please you,  
Master.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>Then <hi rend="italic">Saunder</hi>, sit there,</l>  
<l>The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.</l>  
<l>If thou hadst beene borne blinde,</l>  
<l>Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,</l>  
<l>As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.</l>  
<l>Sight may distinguish of Colours:</l>  
<l>But suddenly to nominate them all,</l>  
<l>It is impossible.</l>  
<l>My Lords, Saint <hi rend="italic">Albone</hi> here hath

done a Miracle:</l>

<l>And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,</l>  
 <l>That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <l>O Master, that you could?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>My Masters of Saint <hi rend="italic">Albones</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,</l>  
   <l>And Things call'd Whippes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-may">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>  
   <l>Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Then send for one presently.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-may">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>  
   <l>Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.</l>  
   <p>Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip-  
     <lb/>ping, leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <l>Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:</l>  
   <l>You goe about to torture me in vaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Beadle with  
 Whippes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <p>Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.  
     <lb/>Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same  
     <lb/>Stoole.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Beadle.</speaker>  
   <l>I will, my Lord.</l>  
   <l>Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sim">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Simpc.</speaker>  
   <p>Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to  
     <lb/>stand.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">After the Beadle hath  
 hit him once, he leapes ouer  
   <lb/>the Stoole, and runnes away: and they  
   <lb/>follow, and cry, A Miracle.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wsi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Wife.</speaker>  
   <l>Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Let <choice>  
   <abbr>thē</abbr>  
   <expan>them</expan>  
 </choice> be whipt through euery Market Towne,</l>  
   <l>Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> ha's done a Miracle to  
 day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>But you haue done more Miracles then I:</l>  
   <l>You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Buckingham.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>What Tidings with our Cousin <hi  
 rend="italic">Buckingham?</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:</l>  
   <l>A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,</l>  
   <l>Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Of Lady <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi>, the Protectors  
 Wife,</l>  
   <l>The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,</l>  
   <l>Haue practis'd dangerously against your state,</l>  
   <l>Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,</l>  
   <l>Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,</l>  
   <l>Raising vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,</l>  
   <l>Demanding of King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Life and  
 Death,</l>  
   <l>And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,</l>  
   <l>As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes</l>  
   <l>Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.</l>  
   <l>This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;</l>  
   <l>'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:</l>  
   <l>Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers;</l>  
   <l>And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,</l>  
   <l>Or to the meanest Groome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?</l>  
   <l>Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, see here the Taincture of thy Nest,</l>  
   <l>And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">

*Glost.*  
<|>Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,</|>  
<|>How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:</|>  
<|>And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,</|>  
<|>Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.</|>  
<|>Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot</|>  
<|>Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,</|>  
<|>As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;</|>  
<|>I banish her my Bed, and Companie,</|>  
<|>And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,</|>  
<|>That hath dis-honored *Glost.* honest  
Name.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<|>Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:</|>  
<|>To morrow toward London, back againe,</|>  
<|>To looke into this Businesse thorowly,</|>  
<|>And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;</|>  
<|>And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,</|>  
<|>Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.</|>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke, Salisbury,  
and Warwick.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<|>Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,</|>  
<|>Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,</|>  
<|>In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,</|>  
<|>In crauing your opinion of my Title,</|>  
<|>Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.</|>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
<|>My Lord, I long to heare it at full.</|>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
<|>Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme  
be good,</|>  
<|>The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to  
command.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<|>Then thus:</|>

</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the third, my Lords, had Seuen  
Sonne:</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Black-Prince,  
Prince of Wales;</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Wiliam</hi> of Hatfield; and  
the third,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Lionel</hi>, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt, the Duke of  
Lancaster;</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edmond Langley</hi>, Duke  
of Yorke;</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi> of Woodstock,  
Duke of Gloster;</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">William</hi> of Windsor was the seuenth, and  
last.</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Black-Prince dyed before his  
Father,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, his  
onely Sonne,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the third's death,  
raign'd as King,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Henry Bullingbrooke</hi>, Duke of  
Lancaster,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of  
Gaunt,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the  
fourth,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the first, King of  
England, seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the first, King of  
England, sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,</l>  
</>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0481-0.jpg" n="128"/>  
<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the first, King of  
England, sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> was murdered  
traiterously.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the first, King of  
England, sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,</l>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> was murdered  
traiterously.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
</>  
<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> was murdered  
traiterously.</l>  
</sp>

being dead, </l>  
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, the first Sonnes Heire,  
<l>The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd. </l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
<l>But <hi rend="italic">William</hi> of Hatfield dyed without  
an  
<lb/>Heire. </l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, </l>  
<l>From whose Line I clayme the Crowne, </l>  
<l>Had Issue <hi rend="italic">Phillip</hi>, a Daughter, </l>  
<l>Who marryed <hi rend="italic">Edmond Mortimer</hi>,  
Earle of March: </l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi> had Issue, <hi  
rend="italic">Roger</hi>, Earle of March; </l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Roger</hi> had Issue, <hi rend="italic">Edmond,  
Anne</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi>. </l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
<l>This <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>, in the Reigne of <hi  
rend="italic">Bullingbrooke</hi>, </l>  
<l>As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne, </l>  
<l>And but for <hi rend="italic">Owen Glendour</hi>, had  
beene King; </l>  
<l>Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed. </l>  
<l>But, to the rest. </l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>His eldest Sister, <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>, </l>  
<l>My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne, </l>  
<l>Marryed <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Earle of  
Cambridge, </l>  
<l>Who was to <hi rend="italic">Edmond Langley</hi>, </l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne; </l>  
<l>By her I clayme the Kingdome: </l>  
<l>She was Heire to <hi rend="italic">Roger</hi>, Earle of  
March, </l>  
<l>Who was the Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Edmond  
Mortimer</hi>, </l>  
<l>Who marryed <hi rend="italic">Phillip</hi>, sole  
Daughter </l>

<l>Vnto <hi rend="italic">Lionel</hi>, Duke of Clarence.</l>  
 <l>So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne</l>  
 <l>Succeed before the younger, I am King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
 <l>What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> doth clayme the Crowne from <hi  
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt,</l>  
 <l>The fourth Sonne, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> claymes it  
 from the third:</l>  
 <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Lionels</hi> Issue fayles, his should  
 not reigne.</l>  
 <l>It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,</l>  
 <l>And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.</l>  
 <l>Then Father <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>, kneele we  
 together,</l>  
 <l>And in this priuate Plot be we the first,</l>  
 <l>That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne</l>  
 <l>With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal #F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>  
 <l>Long liue our Soueraigne <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,

Englands  
 <lb/>King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>We thanke you Lords:</l>  
 <l>But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,</l>  
 <l>And that my Sword be stayn'd</l>  
 <l>With heart-blood of the House of <hi  
 rend="italic">Lancaster:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,</l>  
 <l>But with aduice and silent secrecie.</l>  
 <l>Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,</l>  
 <l>Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,</l>  
 <l>At <hi rend="italic">Beaufords</hi> Pride, at <hi  
 rend="italic">Somersets</hi> Ambition,</l>  
 <l>At <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>, and all the Crew of  
 them,</l>  
 <l>Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,</l>  
 <l>That vertuous Prince, the good Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfrey:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,</l>  
 <l>Shall finde their deaths, if <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> can

prophecie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>

<p>My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde

<lb/>at full.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

<l>My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick</l>

<l>Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Neuill</hi>, this I doe assure my

selfe,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> shall liue to make the Earle of

Warwick</l>

<l>The greatest man in England, but the King.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>

<cb n="2"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound Trumpets. Enter

the King and State,

<lb/>with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>stand forth Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianor

Cobham</hi>,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Glosters</hi> Wife:</l>

<l>In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,</l>

<l>Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,</l>

<l>Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.</l>

<l>You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;</l>

<l>From thence, vnto the place of Execution:</l>

<l>The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,</l>

<l>And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.</l>

<l>You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,</l>

<l>Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,</l>

<l>Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,</l>

<l>Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,</l>

<l>With Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Stanly</hi>, in the Ile of

Man.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ele">

<speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my  
 <lb/>Death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi>, the Law thou seest hath iudged  
 thee,</l>  
 <l>I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:</l>  
 <l>Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.</l>  
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, this dishonor in thine  
 age,</l>  
 <l>Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.</l>  
 <l>I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;</l>  
 <l>Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>stay <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, Duke of Gloster,</l>  
 <l>Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> will to himselfe Protector be,</l>  
 <l>And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,</l>  
 <l>And Lanthorne to my feete:</l>  
 <l>And goe in peace, <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, no lesse  
 belou'd,</l>  
 <l>Then when thou wert Protetor to thy King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>I see no reason, why a King of yeeres</l>  
 <l>Should be to be protected like a Child,</l>  
 <l>God and King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> gouerne  
 Englands Realme:</l>  
 <l>Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>My Staffe? Here, Noble <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, is my  
 Staffe:</l>  
 <l>As willingly doe I the same resigne,</l>  
 <l>As ere thy Father <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> made it  
 mine;</l>  
 <l>And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,</l>  
 <l>As others would ambitiously receiue it.</l>  
 <l>Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,</l>  
 <l>May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gloster.</stage>

*Queene.*  
Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,  
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce  
himselfe,  
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;  
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.  
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries*  
hand.

*Suff.*  
Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,  
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her  
youngest dayes.

*Yorke.*  
Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,  
This is the day appointed for the Combat,  
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,  
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,  
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

*Queene.*  
I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore  
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

*King.*  
A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

*Yorke.*  
I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,  
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,  
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

*Enter*  
  
*The second Part of Henry the Sixt.*  
*1*  
*Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking*  
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a  
Drumme before him, and his staffe, with a Sand-bagge

fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a  
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to  
him.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-nei.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1. Neighbor.</speaker>  
<p>Here Neighbour <hi rend="italic">Horner</hi>, I drinke to  
you  
<lb/>in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe  
<lb/>well enough.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-nei.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2. Neighbor.</speaker>  
<p>And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of  
<lb/>Charneco.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-nei.3">  
<speaker rend="italic">3. Neighbor.</speaker>  
<p>And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere  
<lb/>Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-arm">  
<speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>  
<p>Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,  
<lb/>and a figge for <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pre.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1. Prent.</speaker>  
<p>Here <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>, I drinke to thee, and be  
not a-  
<lb/>fraid.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pre.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2. Prent.</speaker>  
<p>Be merry <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>, and feare not thy  
Master,  
<lb/>Fight for credit of the Prentices.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
<speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>  
<p>I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray  
<lb/>you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this  
<lb/>World. Here <hi rend="italic">Robin</hi>, and if I dye, I  
giue thee my Aporne;  
<lb/>and <hi rend="italic">Will</hi>, thou shalt haue my  
Hammer: and here <hi rend="italic">Tom</hi>,  
<lb/>take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray  
<lb/>God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee  
<lb/>hath learnt so much sence already.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
 <p>Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.  
 <lb/>Sirrha, what's thy Name?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi> forsooth.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Peter?</hi> what more?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Thumpe.</hi>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Thumpe?</hi> Then see thou thumpe thy Master  
 <lb/>well.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-arm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>  
 <p>Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon  
 <lb/>my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe  
 <lb/>an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will  
 <lb/>take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,  
 <lb/>nor the Queene: and therefore <hi  
 rend="italic">Peter</hi> haue at thee with a  
 <lb/>downe-right blow.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <p>Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double  
 <lb/>Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They fight, and Peter  
 strikes him downe.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-arm">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Armorer.</speaker>  
 <p>Hold <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>, hold, I confesse, I  
 confesse Trea-  
 <lb/>son.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <p>Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,  
 <lb/>and the good Wine in thy Masters way.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pet">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>  
 <p>O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this  
 <lb/>presence? O <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>, thou hast  
 preuayl'd in right.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,</l>  
 <l>For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,</l>  
 <l>And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs</l>  
 <l>The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,</l>  
 <l>Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.</l>  
 <l>Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound a  
 flourish.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke Humfrey  
 and his Men in  
 <lb/>Mourning Cloakes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:</l>  
 <l>And after Summer, euermore succedes</l>  
 <l>Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;</l>  
 <l>So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.</l>  
 <l>Sirs, what's a Clock?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>  
 <l>Tenne, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,</l>  
 <l>To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:</l>  
 <l>Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,</l>  
 <l>To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.</l>  
 <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, ill can thy Noble Minde  
 abrooke</l>  
 <l>The abiect People, gazing on thy face,</l>

<l>With enuius Lookes laughing at thy shame,</l>  
 <l>That erst did follow thy prowde Chariot-Wheelles,</l>  
 <l>When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.</l>  
 <l>But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare</l>  
 <l>My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duchesse in a  
 white Sheet, and a Taper  
 <lb/>burning in her hand, with the Sherife  
 <lb/>and Officers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>  
 <l>So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the  
 <lb/>Sherife.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gloster.</speaker>  
 <l>No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe  
 <lb/>by.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,</l>  
 <l>See how the giddy multitude doe point,</l>  
 <l>And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.</l>  
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, hide thee from their  
 hatefull lookes,</l>  
 <l>And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,</l>  
 <l>And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <l>Be patient, gentle <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, forget this  
 grieve.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, teach me to forget my  
 selfe:</l>  
 <l>For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,</l>  
 <l>And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;</l>  
 <l>Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,</l>  
 <l>Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,</l>  
 <l>And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce</l>  
 <l>To see my teares, and heare my deepe-set groanes.</l>  
 <l>The ruthlesse flint doth cut my tender feet,</l>  
 <l>And when I start, the enuius people laugh,</l>

<|>And bid me be aduised how I treade.</|>  
<|>Ah <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, can I beare this  
shamefull yoake?</|>  
<|>Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,</|>  
<|>Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?</|>  
<|>No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.</|>  
<|>To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.</|>  
<|>Sometime Ile say, I am Duke <hi  
rend="italic">Humfreyes</hi> Wife,</|>  
<|>And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:</|>  
<|>Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,</|>  
<|>As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse,</|>  
<|>Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock</|>  
<|>To euey idle Rascall follower.</|>  
<|>But be thou milde and blush not at my shame,</|>  
<|>Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death</|>  
<|>Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.</|>  
<|>For <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, he that can doe all in  
all</|>  
<|>With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,</|>  
<|>And <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, and impious <hi  
rend="italic">Beauford</hi>, that false Priest,</|>  
<|>Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,</|>  
<|>And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.</|>  
<|>But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,</|>  
<|>Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<|>Ah <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, forbear: thou aymest all  
awry.</|>  
<|>I must offend, before I be attainted:</|>  
<|>And had I twentie times so many foes,</|>  
<|>And each of them had twentie times their power,</|>  
<|>All these could not procure me any scathe,</|>  
<|>So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.</|>  
<|>Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?</|>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">n</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Why</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0486-0.jpg" n="130"/>  
<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<|>Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,</|>  
<|>But I in danger for the breach of Law.</|>  
<|>Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle <hi  
rend="italic">Nell:</hi>  
</|>  
<|>I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,</|>  
<|>These few dayes wonder will Be quickly worne:</|>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Herald.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-her">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>  
   <l>I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,</l>  
   <l>Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?</l>  
   <l>This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.</l>  
   <l>My <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, I take my leaue: and Master  
 Sherife,</l>  
   <l>Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-she">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sh.</speaker>  
   <l>And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:</l>  
   <l>And Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Stanly</hi> is appointed  
 now,</l>  
   <l>To take her with him to the Ile of Man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Must you, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, protect my Lady  
 here?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sta">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Stanly.</speaker>  
   <l>So am I giuen in charge, may't please your  
   <lb/>Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray</l>  
   <l>You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,</l>  
   <l>And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.</l>  
   <l>And so Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, farewell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
   <l>What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-  
   <lb/>well?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gloster.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>

<l>Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,</l>  
 <l>For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;</l>  
 <l>Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,</l>  
 <l>Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, I prethee goe, and take me hence,</l>  
 <l>I care not whither, for I begge no faour;</l>  
 <l>Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sta">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>  
 <l>Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,</l>  
 <l>There to be vs'd according to your State.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:</l>  
 <l>And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sta">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>  
 <l>Like to a Duchesse, and Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfreyes</hi> Lady,</l>  
 <l>According to that State you shall be vs'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,</l>  
 <l>Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-she">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sherife.</speaker>  
 <l>It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:</l>  
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, shall we goe?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sta">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stanley.</speaker>  
 <l>Madame, your Penance done,</l>  
 <l>Throw off this Sheet,</l>  
 <l>And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ele">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Elianor.</speaker>  
 <l>My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:</l>  
 <l>No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,</l>  
 <l>And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.</l>

<l>Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound a Senet. Enter  
 King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,  
 <lb/>Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,  
 <lb/>to the Parliament.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:</l>  
 <l>'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,</l>  
 <l>What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>Can you not see? or will ye not obserue</l>  
 <l>The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?</l>  
 <l>With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,</l>  
 <l>How insolent of late he is become,</l>  
 <l>How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.</l>  
 <l>We know the time since he was milde and affable,</l>  
 <l>And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,</l>  
 <l>Immediately he was vpon his Knee,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>That all the Court admir'd him for submission.</l>  
 <l>But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,</l>  
 <l>When euery one will giue the time of day,</l>  
 <l>He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,</l>  
 <l>And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee,</l>  
 <l>Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.</l>  
 <l>Small Curses are not regarded when they grynne,</l>  
 <l>But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,</l>  
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> is no little Man in  
 England.</l>  
 <l>First note, that he is neere you in discent,</l>  
 <l>And should you fall, he is the next will mount.</l>  
 <l>Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,</l>  
 <l>Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,</l>  
 <l>And his aduantage following your decease,</l>  
 <l>That he should come about your Royall Person,</l>  
 <l>Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councill.</l>  
 <l>By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:</l>  
 <l>And when he please to make Commotion,</l>  
 <l>'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.</l>  
 <l>Now 'tis the<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"  
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"  
 resp="#ES"/>Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,</l>  
 <l>Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,</l>

<l>And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.</l>  
<l>The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,</l>  
<l>Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.</l>  
<l>If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:</l>  
<l>Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,</l>  
<l>I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.</l>  
<l>My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,</l>  
<l>Reproue my allegation, if you can,</l>  
<l>Or else conclude my words effectuall.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:</l>  
<l>And had I first beene put to speake my minde,</l>  
<l>I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.</l>  
<l>The Duchesse, by his subornation,</l>  
<l>Vpon my Life began her diuellish practise:</l>  
<l>Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,</l>  
<l>Yet by reputing of his high descent,</l>  
<l>As next the King, he was successiue Heire,</l>  
<l>And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,</l>  
<l>Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,</l>  
<l>By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.</l>  
<l>Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,</l>  
<l>And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.</l>  
<l>The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.</l>  
<l>No, no, my Soueraigne, <hi rend="italic">Glouster</hi> is a

man</l>

<l>Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>

<l>Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,</l>  
<l>Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>And did he not in his Protectorship,</l>  
<l>Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,</l>  
<l>For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?</l>  
<l>By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">

<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>

<l>Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,</l>  
<l>Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke <hi

rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,</l>  
 <l>To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,</l>  
 <l>Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,</l>  
 <l>Our Kinsman <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> is as  
 innocent,</l>  
 <l>From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,</l>  
 <l>As is the sucking Lambe, or harmesse Doue:</l>  
 <l>The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,</l>  
 <l>To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?</l>  
 <l>Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,</l>  
 <l>For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauē.</l>  
 <l>Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0487-0.jpg" n="131"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>For hee's enclin'd as is the rauēous Wolues.</l>  
 <l>Who cannot steale a Shape, that meanes deceit?</l>  
 <l>Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,</l>  
 <l>Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Somerset.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>  
 <l>All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Welcome Lord <hi rend="italic">Somerset:</hi> What Newes  
 from  
 <lb/>France?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>  
 <l>That all your Interest in those Territories,</l>  
 <l>Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Cold Newes, Lord <hi rend="italic">Somerset:</hi> but Gods  
 will be  
 <lb/>done.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<|>Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,</|>  
 <|>As firmly as I hope for fertile England.</|>  
 <|>Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,</|>  
 <|>And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:</|>  
 <|>But I will remedie this geare ere long,</|>  
 <|>Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Gloucester.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <|>All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:</|>  
 <|>Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <|>Nay <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, know that thou art come  
 too soone,</|>  
 <|>Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:</|>  
 <|>I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <|>Well <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, thou shalt not see me  
 blush,</|>  
 <|>Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:</|>  
 <|>A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.</|>  
 <|>The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,</|>  
 <|>As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.</|>  
 <|>Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <|>Tis thought, my Lord,</|>  
 <|>That you tooke Bribes of France,</|>  
 <|>And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,</|>  
 <|>By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
 <|>Is it but thought so?</|>  
 <|>What are they that thinke it?</|>  
 <|>I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,</|>  
 <|>Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.</|>  
 <|>So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,</|>  
 <|>I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.</|>  
 <|>That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,</|>  
 <|>Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,</|>  
 <|>Be brought against me at my Tryall day.</|>  
 <|>No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,</|>

<l>Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,</l>  
<l>Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,</l>  
<l>And neuer ask'd for restitution.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>In your Protectorship, you did deuisse</l>  
<l>Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,</l>  
<l>That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,</l>  
<l>Pittie was all the fault that was in me:</l>  
<l>For I should melt at an Offendors teares,</l>  
<l>And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:</l>  
<l>Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,</l>  
<l>Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,</l>  
<l>I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.</l>  
<l>Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd</l>  
<l>Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:</l>  
<l>But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,</l>  
<l>Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,</l>  
<l>And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall</l>  
<l>To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,</l>  
<l>That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,</l>  
<l>My Conscience tells me you are innocent.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
<l>Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:</l>  
<l>Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,</l>

<|>And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;</|>  
<|>Foule Subornation is predominant,</|>  
<|>And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.</|>  
<|>I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:</|>  
<|>And if my death might make this Iland happy,</|>  
<|>And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,</|>  
<|>I would expend it with all willingnesse.</|>  
<|>But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:</|>  
<|>For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,</|>  
<|>Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.</|>  
<|>

<hi rend="italic">Beaufords</hi> red sparkling eyes blab his hearts  
mallice,</|>

<|>And <hi rend="italic">Suffolks</hi> cloudie Brow his  
stormie hate;</|>

<|>Sharpe <hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi> vnburthens with  
his tongue,</|>

<|>The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:</|>  
<|>And dogged <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, that reaches at the  
Moone,</|>

<|>Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,</|>  
<|>By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.</|>  
<|>And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,</|>  
<|>Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,</|>  
<|>And with your best endeouour haue stirr'd vp</|>  
<|>My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:</|>  
<|>I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,</|>  
<|>My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,</|>  
<|>And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.</|>  
<|>I shall not want false Witsnesse, to condemne me,</|>  
<|>Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:</|>  
<|>The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,</|>  
<|>A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>

<|>My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.</|>  
<|>If those that care to keepe your Royall Person</|>  
<|>From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,</|>  
<|>Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,</|>  
<|>And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,</|>  
<|>'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<|>Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here</|>  
<|>With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?</|>  
<|>As if she had suborned some to sweare</|>  
<|>False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>But I can giue the loser leau to chide.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,</l>  
   <l>Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,</l>  
   <l>And well such losers may haue leau to speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
   <l>Hee'le wrest the Sence, and hold vs here all day.</l>  
   <l>Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>  
   <l>Ah, thus King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> throwes away his  
 Crutch,</l>  
   <l>Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.</l>  
   <l>Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy Side,</l>  
   <l>And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.</l>  
   <l>Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;</l>  
   <l>For good King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, thy decay I  
 feare.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gloster.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lords, what to your wisdomes Seemeth best,</l>  
   <l>Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>What, will your Highnesse leau the Parlia-  
   <lb/>ment?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>I <hi rend="italic">Margaret:</hi> my heart is drown'd with  
 grieve,</l>  
   <l>Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes,</l>  
   <l>My Body round engyrt with miserie:</l>  
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">n2</fw>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0488-0.jpg" n="132"/>

<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>For what's more miserable then Discontent?</l>  
 <l>Ah Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, in thy face I  
 see</l>  
 <l>The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:</l>  
 <l>And yet, good <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>, is the houre  
 to come,</l>  
 <l>That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.</l>  
 <l>What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?</l>  
 <l>That these great Lords, and <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>  
 our Queene,</l>  
 <l>Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.</l>  
 <l>Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:</l>  
 <l>And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,</l>  
 <l>And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,</l>  
 <l>Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;</l>  
 <l>Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:</l>  
 <l>And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,</l>  
 <l>Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,</l>  
 <l>And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;</l>  
 <l>Euen so my selfe bewayles good <hi  
 rend="italic">Glosters</hi> case</l>  
 <l>With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;</l>  
 <l>Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:</l>  
 <l>So mightie are his vowed Enemies.</l>  
 <l>His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,</l>  
 <l>Say, who's a Traytor? <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> he is  
 none.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>Free Lords:</l>  
 <l>Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,</l>  
 <l>Too full of foolish pittie: and <hi rend="italic">Glosters</hi>  
 shew</l>  
 <l>Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile</l>  
 <l>With sorrow snares relenting passengers;</l>  
 <l>Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,</l>  
 <l>With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,</l>  
 <l>That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.</l>  
 <l>Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,</l>  
 <l>And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;</l>  
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> should be quickly rid the  
 World,</l>  
 <l>To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.</l>  
 </sp>

*Card.*  
<l>That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,</l>  
<l>But yet we want a Colour for his death:</l>  
<l>'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.</l>

*Suff.*  
<l>But in my minde, that were no pollicie:</l>  
<l>The King will labour still to saue his Life,</l>  
<l>The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;</l>  
<l>And yet we haue but triuiall argument,</l>  
<l>More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.</l>

*Yorke.*  
<l>So that by this, you would not haue him dye.</l>

*Suff.*  
<l>Ah *Yorke*, no man aliuie, so faine as

I.</l>

*Yorke.*  
<l>'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for  
<l>But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,</l>  
<l>Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:</l>  
<l>Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,</l>  
<l>To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,</l>  
<l>As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings

Protector?</l>

*Queene.*  
<l>So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.</l>

*Suff.*  
<l>Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,</l>  
<l>To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?</l>  
<l>Who being accu

*resp="#ES"/>* d a craftie Murtherer,</l>  
<l>His guilt should be but idly posted over,</l>  
<l>Because his purpose is not executed.</l>  
<l>No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,</l>

Liege.</l>  
<l>By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,</l>  
<l>Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,</l>  
<l>As <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> prou'd by Reasons to my

<l>And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:</l>  
<l>Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,</l>  
<l>Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,</l>  
<l>So he be dead; for that is good deceit,</l>  
<l>Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.</l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<l>Thrice Noble <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, 'tis resolutely

spoke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Not resolute, except so much were done,</l>

<l>For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,</l>

<l>But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,</l>

<l>Seeing the deed is meritorious,</l>

<l>And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,</l>

<l>Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">

<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>

<l>But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,</l>

<l>Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:</l>

<l>Say you consent, and censure well the deed,</l>

<l>And Ile prouide his Executioner,</l>

<l>I tender to the safetie of my Liege.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<l>And so say I.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>And I: and now we three haue spoke it,</l>

<l>It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.</l>

</sp>

</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">

<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Poste.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pos">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>  
   <l>Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,</l>  
   <l>To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,</l>  
   <l>And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.</l>  
   <l>Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,</l>  
   <l>Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;</l>  
   <l>For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
   <l>A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.</l>  
   <l>What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>That <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> be sent as Regent  
 thither:</l>  
   <l>'Tis meet that luckie Ruler he imploy'd,</l>  
   <l>Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>  
   <l>If <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, with all his farre-set  
 pollicie,</l>  
   <l>Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,</l>  
   <l>He neur would haue stay'd in France so long.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.</l>  
   <l>I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,</l>  
   <l>Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,</l>  
   <l>By staying there so long, till all were lost.</l>  
   <l>Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,</l>  
   <l>Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,</l>  
   <l>If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:</l>  
   <l>No more, good <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>; sweet <hi  
 rend="italic">Somerset</hi> be still.</l>  
   <l>Thy fortune, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, hadst thou beene  
 Regent there,</l>  
   <l>Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame  
<lb/>take all.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
<speaker rend="italic">Somerset.</speaker>  
<l>And in the number, thee, that wishest  
<lb/>shame.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:</l>  
<l>Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,</l>  
<l>And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.</l>  
<l>To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,</l>  
<l>Collected choycely, from each Countie some,</l>  
<l>And trie your hap against the Irishmen?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>Why, our Authoritie is his consent,</l>  
<l>And what we doe establish, he confirmes:</l>  
<l>Then, Noble <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, take thou this

Taske in hand.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
<l>I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,</l>  
<l>Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>A charge, Lord <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, that I will see

perform'd.</l>

<l>But now returne we to the false Duke <hi  
rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
<speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
<l>No more of him: for I will deale with him,</l>  
<l>That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:</l>  
<l>And so breake off, the day is almost spent,</l>  
<l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>, you and I must talke of

that event.</l>

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Yorke.</hi> My</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0489-0.jpg" n="133"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes</l>  
   <l>At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,</l>  
   <l>For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Yorke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, or neuer, steele thy  
 fearfull thoughts,</l>  
   <l>And change misdoubt to resolution;</l>  
   <l>Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;</l>  
   <l>Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying:</l>  
   <l>Let pale-fac't feare, keepe with the meane-borne man,</l>  
   <l>And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.</l>  
   <l>Faster <choice>  
 <abbr>thē</abbr>  
 <expan>them</expan>  
 </choice> Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,</l>  
   <l>And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.</l>  
   <l>My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,</l>  
   <l>Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.</l>  
   <l>Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,</l>  
   <l>To send me packing with an Hoast of men:</l>  
   <l>I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,</l>  
   <l>Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.</l>  
   <l>'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;</l>  
   <l>I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,</l>  
   <l>You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.</l>  
   <l>Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,</l>  
   <l>I will stirre up in England some black storme,</l>  
   <l>Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:</l>  
   <l>And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,</l>  
   <l>Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,</l>  
   <l>Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,</l>  
   <l>Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.</l>  
   <l>And for a minister of my intent,</l>  
   <l>I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,</l>  
   <l>

<hi rend="italic">John Cade</hi> of Ashford,</l>  
 <l>To make Commotion, as full well he can,</l>  
 <l>Vnder the Title of <hi rend="italic">Iohn Mortimer</hi>.</l>  
 <l>In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne <hi  
 rend="italic">Cade</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,</l>  
 <l>And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts</l>  
 <l>Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:</l>  
 <l>And in the end being rescued, I haue seene</l>  
 <l>Him capre vpriight, like a wilde Morisco,</l>  
 <l>Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.</l>  
 <l>Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,</l>  
 <l>Hath he conuersed with the Enemye,</l>  
 <l>And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,</l>  
 <l>And giuen me notice of their Villanies.</l>  
 <l>This Deuill here shall be my substitute;</l>  
 <l>For that <hi rend="italic">Iohn Mortimer</hi>, which now is  
 dead,</l>  
 <l>In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.</l>  
 <l>By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,</l>  
 <l>How they affect the House and Clayme of <hi  
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;</l>  
 <l>I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,</l>  
 <l>Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.</l>  
 <l>Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,</l>  
 <l>Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,</l>  
 <l>And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.</l>  
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi>; being dead, as he shall  
 be,</l>  
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> put apart: the next for  
 me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two or three  
 running ouer the Stage, from the  
 <lb/>Murther of Duke Humfrey.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mur.1">  
 <speaker>1.</speaker>  
 <l>Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know</l>  
 <l>We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mur.2">  
 <speaker>2.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?</l>  
 <l>Didst euer heare a man so penitent?</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter  
 Suffolke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mur.1">  
   <speaker>1.</speaker>  
   <l>Here comes my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mur.1">  
   <speaker>1.</speaker>  
   <l>I, my good Lord, hee's dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,</l>  
   <l>I will reward you for this venturous deed:</l>  
   <l>The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.</l>  
   <l>Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,</l>  
   <l>According as I gaue directions?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mur.1">  
   <speaker>1.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis, my good Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <p>Away, begone.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sound Trumpets. Enter  
 the King, the Queene,  
   <lb/>Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with  
   <lb/>Attendants.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:</l>  
   <l>Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,</l>  
   <l>If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Lords take your places: and I pray you all</l>  
 <l>Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle <hi  
 rend="italic">Gloster</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,</l>  
 <l>He be approu'd in practise culpable.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>God forbid any Malice should preuayle,</l>  
 <l>That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:</l>  
 <l>Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>I thanke thee <hi rend="italic">Nell</hi>, these wordes  
 content mee  
 <lb/>much.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Suffolke.</stage>  
 <l>How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?</l>  
 <l>Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolke?</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Dead in his Bed, my Lord: <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi> is  
 dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>Marry God forfend.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Card.</speaker>  
 <l>Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,</l>  
 <l>The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.</l>  
 </sp>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">King  
 sounds.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is  
 <lb/>dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>

<l>Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>  
 ope thine eyes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh Heauenly God.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>How fares my gracious Lord?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious <hi  
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> com-  
 <lb/>fort.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?</l>  
 <l>Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,</l>  
 <l>Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:</l>  
 <l>And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,</l>  
 <l>By crying comfort from a hollow breast,</l>  
 <l>Can chafe away the first-conceiued sound?</l>  
 <l>Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,</l>  
 <l>Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,</l>  
 <l>Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.</l>  
 <l>Thou balefull Messenger, out of my fight:</l>  
 <l>Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie</l>  
 <l>Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.</l>  
 <l>Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;</l>  
 <l>Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,</l>  
 <l>And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:</l>  
 <l>For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy,</l>  
 <l>In life, but double death, now <hi rend="italic">Gloster's</hi>  
 dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
 <l>Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?</l>  
 <l>Although the Duke was enemie to him,</l>

<l>Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:</l>  
<l>And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,</l>  
<l>Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,</l>  
<l>Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;</l>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">n3</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0490-0.jpg" n="134"/>  
<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,</l>  
<l>Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,</l>  
<l>And all to haue the Noble Duke aliuie.</l>  
<l>What know I how the world may deeme of me?</l>  
<l>For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:</l>  
<l>It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,</l>  
<l>So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,</l>  
<l>And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:</l>  
<l>This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,</l>  
<l>To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>

<l>Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.</l>

<l>What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?</l>

<l>I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.</l>

<l>What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?</l>

<l>Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.</l>

<l>Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?</l>

<l>Why then Dame <hi rend="italic">Elianor</hi> was neere thy

ioy.</l>

<l>Erect his statue, and worship it,</l>

<l>And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.</l>

<l>Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,</l>

<l>And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke</l>

<l>Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.</l>

<l>What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde</l>

<l>Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,</l>

<l>Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.</l>

<l>What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,</l>

<l>And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Cauces,</l>

<l>And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,</l>

<l>Or turne our sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:</l>

<l>Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,</l>

<l>But left that hatefull office vnto thee.</l>

<l>The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,</l>

<l>Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore</l>

<|>With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.</|>  
 <|>The splitting Rockes cowr'd in the sinking sands,</|>  
 <|>And would not dash me with their ragged sides,</|>  
 <|>Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,</|>  
 <|>Might in thy Pallace, perish <hi  
 rend="italic">Elianor</hi>.</|>  
 <|>As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,</|>  
 <|>When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,</|>  
 <|>I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:</|>  
 <|>And when the duskie sky, began to rob</|>  
 <|>My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,</|>  
 <|>I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,</|>  
 <|>A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,</|>  
 <|>And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,</|>  
 <|>And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:</|>  
 <|>And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,</|>  
 <|>And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,</|>  
 <|>And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,</|>  
 <|>For loosing ken of <hi rend="italic">Albions</hi> wished  
 Coast.</|>  
 <|>How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue</|>  
 <|>(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)</|>  
 <|>To sit and watch me as <hi rend="italic">Ascanius</hi>  
 did,</|>  
 <|>When he to madding <hi rend="italic">Dido</hi> would  
 vnfold</|>  
 <|>His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.</|>  
 <|>Am I not wictch like her? Or thou not false like him<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </|>  
 <|>Aye me, I can no more: Dye <hi  
 rend="italic">Elinor</hi>,</|>  
 <|>For <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> weepes, that thou dost liue  
 so long.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Noyse within. Enter  
 Warwicke, and many  
 <lb/>Commons.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <|>It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,</|>  
 <|>That good Duke <hi rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> Traiterously  
 is murdred</|>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <|>By Suffolke and the Cardinall <hi  
 rend="italic">Beaufords</hi> meanes:</|>  
 <|>The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees</|>  
 <|>That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,</|>  
 <|>And care not who they sting in his reuenge.</|>  
 <|>My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,</|>

<l>Vntill they heare the order of his death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,</l>  
<l>But how he dyed, God knowes, not <hi  
rend="italic">Henry:</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,</l>  
<l>And comment then vpon his sodaine death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
<l>That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie</l>  
<l>With the rude multitude, till I returne.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>O thou that iudget all things, stay my thoghts:</l>  
<l>My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,</l>  
<l>Some violent hands were laid on <hi  
rend="italic">Humfries</hi> life:</l>  
<l>If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,</l>  
<l>For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:</l>  
<l>Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,</l>  
<l>With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine</l>  
<l>Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,</l>  
<l>To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,</l>  
<l>And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:</l>  
<l>But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,</l>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Bed put forth.</stage>  
<l>And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:</l>  
<l>What were it but to make my sorrow greater?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
<l>Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this  
<lb/>body.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>That is to see how deepe my graue is made,</l>  
<l>For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:</l>  
<l>For seeing him, I see my life in death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
<l>As surely as my soule intends to liue</l>  
<l>With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,</l>  
<l>To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,</l>

<l>I do beleue that violent hands were laid</l>  
<l>Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:</l>  
<l>What instance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
<l>See how the blood is setled in his face.</l>  
<l>Oft haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,</l>  
<l>Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,</l>  
<l>Being all descended to the labouring heart,</l>  
<l>Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,</l>  
<l>Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,</l>  
<l>Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,</l>  
<l>To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.</l>  
<l>But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:</l>  
<l>His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,</l>  
<l>Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:</l>  
<l>His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:</l>  
<l>His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt</l>  
<l>And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.</l>  
<l>Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,</l>  
<l>His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,</l>  
<l>Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:</l>  
<l>It cannot be but he was murdred heere,</l>  
<l>The least of all these signes were probable.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>Why Warwicke, who should do the <choice>  
<abbr>D.</abbr>  
<expan>Duke</expan>  
</choice> to death?</l>  
<l>My selfe and <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi> had him in  
protection,</l>  
<l>And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
<l>But both of you were vowed <choice>  
<abbr>D.</abbr>  
<expan>Duke</expan>  
</choice> Humfries foes,</l>  
<l>And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:</l>  
<l>Tis like you would nor feast him like a friend,</l>  
<l>And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.</l>  
</sp>

*Queen.*  
Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,  
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse  
death.

*War.*  
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

*Warw.*  
Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,  
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,  
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,  
Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?  
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

*Qu.*  
Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's  
your Knife?  
Is *Beauford* team'd a Kyte? where are  
his Tallons?

*Suff.*  
I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,  
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.  
Say, if thou dar'st, prowde Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes*

death.

*Warw.*  
What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare  
him?

*Qu.*  
He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,  
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie

thousand times.

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
<l>Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,</l>  
<l>For euer y word you speake in his behalfe,</l>  
<l>Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,</l>  
<l>If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,</l>  
<l>Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed</l>  
<l>Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock</l>  
<l>Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,</l>  
<l>And neuer of the <hi rend="italic">Neuils</hi> Noble

Race.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
<l>But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,</l>  
<l>And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,</l>  
<l>Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,</l>  
<l>And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,</l>  
<l>I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee</l>  
<l>Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,</l>  
<l>And say it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,</l>  
<l>That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie,</l>  
<l>And after all this fearefull Homage done,</l>  
<l>Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,</l>  
<l>Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
<l>Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,</l>  
<l>If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>  
<l>Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:</l>  
<l>Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,</l>  
<l>And doe some seruice to Duke <hi

rend="italic">Humfreyes</hi> Ghost.</l>

</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?</l>  
<l>Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;</l>  
<l>And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,</l>  
<l>Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.</l>

</sp>

within.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A noyse

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<l>What noyse is this?</l>

</sp>

Warwicke, with their

<lb/>Weapons drawne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Why how now Lords?</l>

<l>Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,</l>

<l>Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?</l>

<l>Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>

<l>The trayt'rous <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, with the men

of Bury,</l>

<l>Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Salisbury.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>

<l>Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your

<lb/>minde.</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,</l>

<l>Vnlesse Lord <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> straight be

done to death,</l>

<l>Or banished faire Englands Territories,</l>

<l>They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,</l>

<l>And torture him with grieuous lingring death.</l>

<l>They say, by him the good Duke <hi

rend="italic">Humfrey</hi> dy'de:</l>

<l>They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;</l>

<l>And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,</l>

<l>Free from a stubborne opposite intent,</l>

<l>As being thought to contradict your liking,</l>

<l>Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.</l>

<l>They say, in care of your most Royall Person,</l>

<l>That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,</l>

<l>And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,</l>

<l>In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;</l>

<l>Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,</l>

<l>Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,</l>

<l>That slyly glyded towards yours Maiestie,</l>

<l>It were but necessarie you were wak't:</l>

<l>Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,</l>  
 <l>The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.</l>  
 <l>And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,</l>  
 <l>That they will guard you, where you will, or no,</l>  
 <l>From such fell Serpents as false <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> is;</l>  
 <l>With whose inuenomed and fatall string,</l>  
 <l>Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,</l>  
 <l>They say is shamefully bereft of life.</l>  
 <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">Commons  
 within.</stage>  
 <l>An answer from the King, my Lord  
 <lb/>of Salisbury.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,</l>  
 <l>Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:</l>  
 <l>But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,</l>  
 <l>To shew how queint an Orator you are.</l>  
 <l>But all the Honor <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> hath  
 wonne,</l>  
 <l>Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador,</l>  
 <l>Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-com">  
 <stage type="delivery" rend="inline italic">Within.</stage>  
 <p>An answer from the King, or wee will all  
 <lb/>breake in.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Goe <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>, and tell them all from  
 me,</l>  
 <l>I thanke them for their tender louing care;</l>  
 <l>And had I not beene cited so by them,</l>  
 <l>Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:</l>  
 <l>For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecie,</l>  
 <l>Mischance vnto my State by <hi rend="italic">Suffolkes</hi>  
 meanes.</l>  
 <l>And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,</l>  
 <l>Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,</l>  
 <l>He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,</l>  
 <l>But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, let me pleade for gentle <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolke</hi>.</l>  
 <l>No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,</l>  
 <l>Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.</l>  
 <l>Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;</l>  
 <l>But when I swaere, it is irreuocable:</l>  
 <l>If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,</l>  
 <l>On any ground that I am Ruler of,</l>  
 <l>The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.</l>  
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, come good <hi  
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, goe with mee,</l>  
 <l>I haue great matters to impart to thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,</l>  
 <l>Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,</l>  
 <l>Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:</l>  
 <l>There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,</l>  
 <l>And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suff.</speaker>  
 <l>Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,</l>  
 <l>And let thy <hi rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> take his heaue  
 leaue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Queene</hi>. Fye</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0492-0.jpg" n="136"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
 <l>Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,</l>  
 <l>Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <l>A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse  
 <lb/>them?</l>  
 <l>Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,</l>  
 <l>I would inuent as bitter searching termes,</l>  
 <l>As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,</l>  
 <l>Deliuier'd strongly through my fixed teeth,</l>  
 <l>With full as many signes of deadly hate,</l>  
 <l>As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.</l>

<l>My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,</l>  
<l>Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,</l>  
<l>Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:</l>  
<l>I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,</l>  
<l>And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake</l>  
<l>Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.</l>  
<l>Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:</l>  
<l>Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:</l>  
<l>Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:</l>  
<l>Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:</l>  
<l>Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,</l>  
<l>And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.</l>  
<l>All the foule terrors in darke seated hell</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Q.</speaker>

<l>Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,</l>  
<l>And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,</l>  
<l>Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,</l>  
<l>And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>

<l>You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?</l>  
<l>Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,</l>  
<l>Well could I curse away a Winters night,</l>  
<l>Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,</l>  
<l>Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,</l>  
<l>And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,</l>  
<l>That I may dew it with my mournfull tea<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="partiallyInkedType"

resp="#ES"/>e<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

reason="illegible"

agent="partiallyInkedType"

resp="#ES"/>:</l>

<l>Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,</l>  
<l>To wash away my wofull Monuments.</l>  
<l>Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,</l>  
<l>That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,</l>  
<l>Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.</l>  
<l>So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,</l>  
<l>'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,</l>  
<l>As one that surfets, thinking on a want:</l>

<|>I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,</|>  
<|>Aduenture to be banished my selfe:</|>  
<|>And banished I am, if but from thee.</|>  
<|>Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.</|>  
<|>Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,</|>  
<|>Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,</|>  
<|>Loather a hundred times to part then dye;</|>  
<|>Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>

<|>Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,</|>  
<|>Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.</|>  
<|>'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,</|>  
<|>A Wildernesse is populous enough,</|>  
<|>So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:</|>  
<|>For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,</|>  
<|>With euey seuerall pleasure in the World:</|>  
<|>And where thou art not, Desolation.</|>  
<|>I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;</|>  
<|>My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vaux.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>

<|>Whether goes <hi rend="italic">Vaux</hi> so fast? What

newes I

<|>prethee?</|>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-vau">

<speaker rend="italic">Vaux.</speaker>

<|>To signifie vnto his Maiesty,</|>

<|>That Cardinall <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi> is at point of

death:</|>

<|>For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tooke him,</|>

<|>That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,</|>

<|>Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.</|>

<|>Sometime he talkes, as if Duke <hi

rend="italic">Humfries</hi> Ghost</|>

<|>Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,</|>

<|>And whispers to his pillow, as to him,</|>

<|>The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,</|>

<|>And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,</|>

<|>That euen now he cries aloud for him.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<|>Go tell this heauy Message to the King.</|>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>

<l>Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these<c  
rend="italic">?</c>  
</l>

<l>But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,</l>  
<l>Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?</l>  
<l>Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?</l>  
<l>And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?</l>  
<l>Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.</l>  
<l>Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,</l>  
<l>If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,</l>  
<l>And in thy fight to dye, what were it else,</l>  
<l>But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?</l>  
<l>Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,</l>  
<l>As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,</l>  
<l>Dying with mothers dugges betweene it's lips.</l>  
<l>Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad,</l>  
<l>And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:</l>  
<l>To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:</l>  
<l>So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,</l>  
<l>Or I should breathe it so into thy body,</l>  
<l>And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.</l>  
<l>To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,</l>  
<l>From thee to dye, were torture more then death:</l>  
<l>Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>  
<l>Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiuie,</l>  
<l>It is applied to a deathfull wound.</l>  
<l>To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:</l>  
<l>For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,</l>  
<l>Ile haue an <hi rend="italic">Iris</hi> that shall finde thee

out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>I go.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
<l>And take my heart with thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-suf">

<speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
<l>A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,</l>  
<l>That euer did containe a thing of worth,</l>

<l>Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:</l>  
 <l>This way fall I to death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>This way for me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King,  
 Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the  
   <lb/>Cardinal in bed.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>How fare's my Lord? Speake <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi>  
 to thy  
   <lb/>Soueraigne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>  
   <l>If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,</l>  
   <l>Enough to purchase such another Island,</l>  
   <l>So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,</l>  
   <l>Where death's approach is seene so terrible.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Beauford</hi>, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to  
 thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-win">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Beau.</speaker>  
   <l>Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.</l>  
   <l>Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?</l>  
   <l>Can I make men liue where they will or no?</l>  
   <l>Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.</l>  
   <l>Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,</l>  
   <l>Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.</l>  
   <l>He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Combe</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0493-0.jpg" n="137"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,</l>  
   <l>Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:</l>  
   <l>Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie</l>

<l>Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,</l>  
   <l>Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,</l>  
   <l>Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,</l>  
   <l>That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,</l>  
   <l>And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>See how the pangs of death do make him grin.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
   <l>Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.</l>  
   <l>Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,</l>  
   <l>Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.</l>  
   <l>He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.</l>  
   <l>Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,</l>  
   <l>And let vs all to Meditation.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
   <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">  
     <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>  
     <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum. Fight at  
     Sea. Ordnance goes off.</stage>  
     <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lieutenant,  
     Suffolke, and others.</stage>  
     <sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
       <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
       <l>The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,</l>  
       <l>Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:</l>  
       <l>And now loud houling Wolues arouse the Iades</l>  
     </sp>  
   </div>  
 </div>

<l>That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:</l>  
<l>Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings</l>  
<l>Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty lawes,</l>  
<l>Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:</l>  
<l>Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,</l>  
<l>For whilst our Pinnacle Anchors in the Downes,</l>  
<l>Heere shall they make <choice>  
<orig>theit</orig>  
<corr>their</corr>  
</choice> ransome on the sand,</l>  
<l>Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.</l>  
<l>Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,</l>  
<l>And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:</l>  
<l>The other <hi rend="italic">Walter Whitmore</hi> is thy

share.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-gen.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>  
<l>What is my ransome Master, let me know.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-mas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>  
<l>A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-mat">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mate.</speaker>  
<l>And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
<l>What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,</l>  
<l>And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?</l>  
<l>Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:</l>  
<l>The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,</l>  
<l>Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie summe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-gen.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>  
<l>Ile giue it sir, and therefore spare my life.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-gen.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2. Gent.</speaker>  
<l>And so will I, and write home for it straight.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-whi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Whitm.</speaker>  
<l>I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,</l>  
<l>And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,</l>  
<l>And so should these, if I might haue my will.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
   <l>Be not so rash, take ransome, let him liue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,</l>  
   <l>Rate meat what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ghi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Whit.</speaker>  
   <l>And so am I: my name is <hi rend="italic">Walter  
 Whitmore</hi>.</l>  
   <l>How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:</l>  
   <l>A cunning man did calculate my birth,</l>  
   <l>And told me that by Water I should dye:</l>  
   <l>Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,</l>  
   <l>Thy name is guiltier, being rightly founded.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ghi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Whit.</speaker>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Gualtier</hi> or <hi rend="italic">Walter</hi>,  
 which it is I care not,</l>  
   <l>Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,</l>  
   <l>But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.</l>  
   <l>Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reunge,</l>  
   <l>Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,</l>  
   <l>And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Stay <hi rend="italic">Whitmore</hi>, for thy Prisoner is a  
 Prince,</l>  
   <l>The Duke of Suffolke, <hi rend="italic">William de la  
 Pole</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ghi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Whit.</speaker>  
   <l>The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
   <l>But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,</l>  
   <l>Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King <hi  
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> blood.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>The honourable blood of Lancaster</l>  
   <l>Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:</l>  
   <l>Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?</l>  
   <l>Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,</l>  
   <l>And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.</l>  
   <l>How often hast thou waited at my cup,</l>  
   <l>Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,</l>  
   <l>When I haue, fested with Queene <hi  
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>?</l>  
   <l>Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,</l>  
   <l>I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:</l>  
   <l>How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,</l>  
   <l>And duly wayted for my comming forth?</l>  
   <l>This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,</l>  
   <l>And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-whi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Whit.</speaker>  
   <l>Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
   <l>First let my words stab him, as he hath me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
   <l>Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,</l>  
   <l>Strike off his head.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou dar'st not for thy owne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
   <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>, Sir <hi rend="italic">Poole</hi>?  
 Lord,</l>

<|>I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt</|>  
 <|>Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinks:</|>  
 <|>Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,</|>  
 <|>For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.</|>  
 <|>Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:</|>  
 <|>And thou that smil'dst at good Duke <hi  
 rend="italic">Humfries</hi> death,</|>  
 <|>Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,</|>  
 <|>Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.</|>  
 <|>And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,</|>  
 <|>For daring to affye a mighty Lord</|>  
 <|>Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,</|>  
 <|>Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:</|>  
 <|>By diuellish policy art thou growne great,</|>  
 <|>And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,</|>  
 <|>With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.</|>  
 <|>By thee <hi rend="italic">Aniou</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Maine</hi> were sold to France.</|>  
 <|>The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,</|>  
 <|>Disdaine to call vs Lord, and <hi rend="italic">Piccardie</hi>  
 </|>  
 <|>Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,</|>  
 <|>And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.</|>  
 <|>The Princely Warwicke, and the <hi  
 rend="italic">Neuils</hi> all,</|>  
 <|>Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,</|>  
 <|>As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.</|>  
 <|>And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,</|>  
 <|>By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,</|>  
 <|>And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,</|>  
 <|>Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours</|>  
 <|>Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;</|>  
 <|>Vnder the which is writ, <hi rend="italic">Iunitis  
 nubibus</hi>.</|>  
 <|>The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,</|>  
 <|>And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,</|>  
 <|>Is crept into the Pallace of our King,</|>  
 <|>And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-suf">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Suf.</speaker>  
 <|>O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder</|>  
 <|>Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:</|>  
 <|>Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,</|>  
 <|>Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more</|>  
 <|>Then <hi rend="italic">Bargulus</hi> the strong Illyrian  
 Pyrate.</|>  
 <|>Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:</|>  
 <|>It is impossible that I should dye</|>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">By</fw>

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.  
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.  
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:  
I go of Message from the Queene to France:  
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.

*Lieu.*  
Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee  
to thy death.

*Suf.*

*Pine gelidus timor occupant artus*, it is thee I  
feare.

*Wal.*  
Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.  
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

*1. Gent.*  
My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

*Suf.*  
Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:  
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.  
Farre be it, we should honor such as these  
With humble suite: no, rather let my head  
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:  
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,  
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.  
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:  
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

*Lieu.*  
Hale him away, and let him talke no more:  
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

*Suf.*  
That this my death may neuer be forgot.  
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

<l>A Romane Swarder, and Bandetto slaue</l>  
 <l>Murder'd sweet <hi rend="italic">Tully. <choice>  
 <orig>Brutsu</orig>  
 <corr>Brutus</corr>  
 </choice>  
 </hi> Bastard hand</l>  
 <l>Stab'd <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi>. Sauage  
 Islanders</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> the Great, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolke</hi> dyes by Pyrats.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Water with  
 Suffolke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-lie">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lieu.</speaker>  
 <l>And as for these whose ransome we haue set,</l>  
 <l>It is our pleasure one of them depart:</l>  
 <l>Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lieutenant, and  
 the rest.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Manet the first Gent.  
 Enter Walter with the body.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-whi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wal.</speaker>  
 <l>There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,</l>  
 <l>Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Walter.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-gen.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>  
 <l>O barbarous and bloody spectacle,</l>  
 <l>His body will I beare vnto the King:</l>  
 <l>If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,</l>  
 <l>So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beuis, and  
 Iohn Holland.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
 <p>Come and get thee a sword, though made of a  
 <lb/>Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
 <p>They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.</p>

meanes to

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
<p>I tell thee, <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade</hi> the Cloathier,  
<lb/>dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new  
<lb/>nap vpon it.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
<p>So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,  
<lb/>it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen  
<lb/>came vp.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
<p>O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in  
<lb/>Handy-crafts men.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
<p>The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather  
<lb/>Aprons.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
<p>Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good  
<lb/>Workemen.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
<p>True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-  
<lb/>on: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-  
<lb/>bouring men; and therefore should we be

Magistrates.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
<p>Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a  
<lb/>braue minde, then a hard hand.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
<speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
<p>I see them, I see them: There's <hi rend="italic">Bests</hi>

Sonne, the

<lb/>Tanner of Wingham.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
<p>Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to

<cb n="2"/>  
 <lb/>make Dogges Leather of.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
 <p>And Dicke the Butcher.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Beuis.</speaker>  
 <p>Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and ini-  
 <lb/>quities throate cut like a Calfe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
 <p>And Smith the Weauer.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Beu.</speaker>  
 <p>Argo, their thred of life is spun.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>  
 <p>Come, come, let's fall in with them.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Drumme. Enter Cade,  
 Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,  
 <lb/>and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Wee <hi rend="italic">Iohn Cade</hi>, so tearm'd of our  
 supposed Fa-  
 <lb/>ther.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired  
 <lb/>with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-  
 <lb/>mand silence.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>Silence.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>My Father was a <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>My mother a <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Butch.</speaker>  
 <p>I knew her well, she was a Midwife.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>My wife descended of the <hi rend="italic">Lacies</hi>.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many  
 <lb/>Laces.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-smi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Weauer.</speaker>  
 <p>But now of late, not able to trauell with her  
 <lb/>furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Therefore am I of an honorable house.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there  
 <lb/>was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a  
 <lb/>house but the Cage.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Valiant I am.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-smi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Weauer.</speaker>  
 <p>A must needs, for beggery is valiant.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>I am able to endure much.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-but">

*But.*

No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt  
three Market dayes together.

*Cade.*

I feare neither sword, nor fire.

*Wea.*

He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of  
prooffe.

*But.*

But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-  
ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

*Cade.*

Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and  
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen  
halfe peny Loaues sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,  
shall haue ten hoops, and I wil make it Fellony to drink  
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in  
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am  
King, as King I will be.

*All.*

God saue your Maiesty.

*Cade.*

I thanke you good people. There shall bee no  
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will  
apparrell them all in one Liuely, that they may agree like  
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

*But.*

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

*Cade.*

Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-  
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should  
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,  
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,  
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and

<lb/>I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's  
 <lb/>there?</p>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Clarke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-smi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Weauer.</speaker>  
 <p>The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and  
 <lb/>reade, and cast accompt.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>O monstrous.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-smi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wea.</speaker>  
 <p>We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.</p>

</sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Cade.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0495-0.jpg" n="139"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Here's a Villaine.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-smi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Wea.</speaker>  
 <p>Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Nay then he is a Coniurer.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court  
 <lb/>hand.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of  
 <lb/>mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.  
 <lb/>Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy  
 <lb/>name?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cle">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarke.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Emanuell</hi>.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
   <p>They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill  
     <lb/>go hard with you.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?  
     <lb/>Or hast thou a make to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-  
     <lb/>ling man?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cle">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clarke.</speaker>  
   <p>Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought  
     <lb/>vp, that I can write my name.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <p>He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine  
     <lb/>and a Traitor.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen  
     <lb/>and Inke-horne about his necke.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit one with the  
 Clarke</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Michael.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mich.</speaker>  
   <p>Where's our Generall?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Heere I am thou particular fellow.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mic">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mich.</speaker>  
   <p>Fly, fly, fly, Sir <hi rend="italic">Humfrey Stafford</hi> and  
 his brother  
     <lb/>are hard by, with the Kings Forces.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he  
     <lb/>shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He  
     <lb/>is but a Knight, is a?</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-mic">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Mich.</speaker>  
 <p>No.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre-  
     <lb/>sently; Rise vp Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Mortimer</hi>.  
 Now haue at him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Humfrey  
 Stafford, and his Brother,  
     <lb/>with Drum and Soldiers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hst">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Staff.</speaker>  
     <l>Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,</l>  
     <l>Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,</l>  
     <l>Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.</l>  
     <l>The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wst">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>  
     <l>But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,</l>  
     <l>If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
     <l>As for these silken-coated slaues I passe not,</l>  
     <l>It is to you good people, that I speake,</l>  
     <l>Ouer whom (in time to come)I hope to raigne:</l>  
     <l>For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hst">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Staff.</speaker>  
     <l>Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,</l>  
     <l>And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>And <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi> was a Gardiner.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wst">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>  
 <p>And what of that?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Marry, this <hi rend="italic">Edmund Mortimer</hi> Earle  
 of March,  
     <lb/>married the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>

daughter, did he not?

*Staff.*

I sir.

*Cade.*

By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.*

That's false.

*Cade.*

I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a begger-woman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

*But.*

Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

*Wea.*

Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house,

the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore

deny it not.

*Staf.*

And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,

that speakes he knowes not what.

*All.*

I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

*Bro.*

*Iacke Cade*, the

*D.*

*Duke*

of York hath taught you this.

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-  
     <lb/>rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake <hi  
 rend="italic">Hen-  
     <lb/>ry</hi> the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to  
 Span-counter  
     <lb/>for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile  
     <lb/>be Protector ouer him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Butcher.</speaker>  
   <p>And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Sayes</hi>  
     <lb/>head, for selling the Dukedome of <hi  
 rend="italic">Maine</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade</speaker>  
   <p>And good reason: for thereby is England main'd  
     <lb/>And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds  
     <lb/>it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Say</hi> hath  
     <lb/>gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch:  
 & more  
     <lb/>more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is  
     <lb/>a Traitor.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hst">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Staf.</speaker>  
   <p>O grosse and miserable ignorance.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our  
     <lb/>enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks  
     <lb/>with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or  
     <lb/>no?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <p>No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-wst">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>  
   <l>Well, seeing gentle words will not preuayle,</l>  
   <l>Assaile them with the Army of the King.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hst">

<speaker rend="italic">Staf.</speaker>  
 <l>Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,</l>  
 <l>Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with <hi  
 rend="italic">Cade</hi>,</l>  
 <l>That those which flye before the battell ends.</l>  
 <l>May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,</l>  
 <l>Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:</l>  
 <l>And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <l>And you that loue the Commons, follow me:</l>  
 <l>Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.</l>  
 <l>We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:</l>  
 <l>Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,</l>  
 <l>For they are thrifty honest men, and such</l>  
 <l>As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>They are all in order, and march toward vs.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>But then are we in order, when we are most out  
 <lb/>of order. Come, march forward.</p>  
 </sp>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarums to the  
 fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cade and the  
 rest.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>Heere sir.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, &  
 <lb/>thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine  
 <lb/>owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee,  
 <lb/>the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt  
 <lb/>haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
   <p>I desire no more.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.  
     <lb/>This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo-  
     <lb/>dies sha1l be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to  
     <lb/>London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be-  
     <lb/>fore vs.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
   <p>If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open  
     <lb/>the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march  
     <lb/>towards London.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King with  
 a Supplication, and the Queene with Suf-  
     <lb/>folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the  
     <lb/>Lord Say.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>  
   <l>Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0496-0.jpg" n="140"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>And makes it fearefull and degenerate,</l>  
   <l>Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.</l>  
   <l>But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.</l>  
   <l>Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:</l>  
   <l>But where's the body that I should imbrace?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
   <p>What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels  
     <lb/>Supplication?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:</l>  
 <l>For God forbid, so many simple soules</l>  
 <l>Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,</l>  
 <l>Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,</l>  
 <l>Will parley with <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade</hi> their  
 Generall.</l>  
 <l>But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,</l>  
 <l>Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,</l>  
 <l>And could it not inforce them to relent,</l>  
 <l>That were vnworthy to behold the same.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Say, Iacke Cade</hi> hath sworne to  
 <choice>  
 <orig>huae</orig>  
 <corr>haue</corr>  
 </choice> thy  
 <lb/>head.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <l>I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>How now Madam?</l>  
 <l>Still lamenting and mourning for <hi  
 rend="italic">Suffolkes</hi> death?</l>  
 <l>I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,</l>  
 <l>Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for  
 <lb/>thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in  
 <lb/>such haste?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
 <l>The Rebels are in <choice>  
 <orig>Southwatke</orig>  
 <corr>Southwarke</corr>  
 </choice>: Fly my Lord:</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade</hi> proclaimes himselfe Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Descended from the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>  
 house,</l>  
 <l>And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly,</l>  
 <l>And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.</l>  
 <l>His Army is a ragged multitude</l>  
 <l>Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercillesse:</l>  
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Humfrey Stafford</hi>, and his Brothers  
 death,</l>  
 <l>Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:</l>  
 <l>All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,</l>  
 <l>They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
 <l>My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,</l>  
 <l>Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,</l>  
 <l>These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Say</hi>, the Traitors hateth thee,</l>  
 <l>Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <l>So might your Graces person be in danger:</l>  
 <l>The sight of me is odious in their eyes:</l>  
 <l>And therefore in this Citty will I stay,</l>  
 <l>And liue alone as secret as I may.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another  
 Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mes">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>

</>  
 <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade</hi> hath gotten London-bridge.</l>  
 <l>The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:</l>  
 <l>The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,</l>  
 <l>Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare</l>  
 <l>To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
 <l>Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, God our hope will

succor vs.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
 <l>Trust no body for feare you betraid.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <l>The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>And therefore am I bold and resolute.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord Scales  
 vpon the Tower walking. Then enters  
 <lb/>two or three Citizens below.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sca">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Scales.</speaker>  
 <l>How now? Is <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade</hi> slaine?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>  
 <l>No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:</l>  
 <l>For they haue wonne the Bridge,</l>  
 <l>Killing all those that withstand them:</l>

<l>The <choice>  
 <abbr>L.</abbr>  
 <expan>Lord</expan>  
 </choice> Maier craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower</l>  
 <l>To defend the City from the Rebels.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sca">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Scales.</speaker>  
 <l>Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,</l>  
 <l>But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,</l>  
 <l>The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.</l>  
 <l>But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,</l>  
 <l>And thither I will send you <hi rend="italic">Mathew  
 Goffe</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,</l>  
 <l>And so farwell, for I must hence againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iacke Cade  
 and the rest, and strikes his  
 <lb/>staffe on London stone.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <l>Now is <hi rend="italic">Mortimer</hi> Lord of this  
 City,</l>  
 <l>And heere sitting vpon London Stone,</l>  
 <l>I charge and command, that of the Cities cost</l>  
 <l>The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine</l>  
 <l>This first yeare of our raigne.</l>  
 <l>And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,</l>  
 <l>That calles me other then Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Mortimer</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Soldier  
 running.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Knocke him downe there.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They kill  
 him.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">

<speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee <hi  
 rend="italic">Iacke  
 <lb/>Cade</hi> more, I thinke he hath a very faire  
 warning.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dicke.</speaker>  
 <p>My Lord, there's an Army gathered together  
 <lb/>in Smithfield.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <l>Come, then let's go fight with them:</l>  
 <l>But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,</l>  
 <l>And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.</l>  
 <l>Come, let's away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt  
 omnes.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarums. Mathew  
 Goffe is slain, and all the rest.  
 <lb/>Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>So sirs: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:  
 <lb/>Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that  
 <lb/>word.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">But.</speaker>  
 <p>Onely that the Lawes of England may come out  
 <lb/>of your mouth.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hol">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>  
 <p>Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust  
 <lb/>in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.</p>  
 </sp>

his breath

*Smith.*  
Nay *Iohn*, it wil be stinking Law, for  
stinkes with eating toasted cheese.

*Cade.*  
I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,  
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be  
the Parliament of England.

*Iohn.*  
Then we are like to haue biting Statutes  
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

*Cade.*  
And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-  
mon.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.*  
My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,  
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay  
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound,  
the last Subsidie.

*Enter*  
  
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

*Enter George, with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.*  
Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:  
Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now  
art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.  
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of  
Normandie vnto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of  
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen  
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*,  
that I am the Beesome  
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou

<lb/>art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of  
<lb/>the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-  
<lb/>as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the  
<lb/>Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,  
<lb/>and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou  
<lb/>hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face,  
<lb/>that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a  
<lb/>Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as  
<lb/>no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin-  
<lb/>ted Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-  
<lb/>bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,  
<lb/>thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not  
<lb/>reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for  
<lb/>that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou  
<lb/>dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-say">

<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>

<p>What of that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">

<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>

<p>Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare

<lb/>a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hose

<lb/>and Doublets.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">

<speaker rend="italic">Dicke.</speaker>

<p>And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-

<lb/>ample, that am a butcher.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-say">

<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>

<p>You men of Kent.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-but">

<speaker rend="italic">Dic.</speaker>

<p>What say you of Kent.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-say">

<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>

<p>Nothing but this: 'Tis <hi rend="italic">bona terra, mala

gens</hi>.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">

<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>

<p>Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-

<lb/>tine.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-say">

<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
<|>Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you  
<|b/>will:</|>  
<|>Kent, in the Commentaries <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
writ,</|>  
<|>Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle:</|>  
<|>Sweet is the Covntry, because ful of Riches,</|>  
<|>The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,</|>  
<|>Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.</|>  
<|>I sold not <hi rend="italic">Maine</hi>, I lost not <hi  
rend="italic">Normandie</hi>,</|>  
<|>Yet to recouer them would loose my life:</|>  
<|>Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,</|>  
<|>Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.</|>  
<|>When haue I ought exacted at your hands?</|>  
<|>Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,</|>  
<|>Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,</|>  
<|>Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.</|>  
<|>And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,</|>  
<|>Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.</|>  
<|>Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,</|>  
<|>You cannot but forbear to murther me:</|>  
<|>This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings</|>  
<|>For your behoofe.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
<|>Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
<|>Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck</|>  
<|>Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-bev">  
<speaker rend="italic">Geo.</speaker>  
<|>O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde  
<|b/>Folkes?</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
<|>These cheekes are pale for watching for your good</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
<p>Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em  
<|b/>red againe.</p>  
</sp>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-say">

<speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <l>Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,</l>  
 <l>Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help  
 <lb/>of hatchet.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dicke.</speaker>  
 <p>Why dost thou quiuer man?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <p>The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Nay, he noddeth vs, as who should say, Ile be  
 <lb/>euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on  
 <lb/>a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
 <l>Tell me: wherein haue I offended most<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.</l>  
 <l>Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?</l>  
 <l>Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?</l>  
 <l>Whom haue I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?</l>  
 <l>These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,</l>  
 <l>This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.</l>  
 <l>O let me liue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but  
 <lb/>Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so  
 <lb/>well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar vn-  
 <lb/>der his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take  
 <lb/>him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then  
 <lb/>breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir <hi  
 rend="italic">James Cromer</hi>,  
 <lb/>and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two  
 <lb/>poles hither.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">  
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
 <p>It shall be done.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-say">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>  
   <l>Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,</l>  
   <l>God should be so obdurate as your selues:</l>  
   <l>How would it fare with your departed soules,</l>  
   <l>And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Away with him, and do as I command ye: the  
     <lb/>proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on  
     <lb/>his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute; there shall not  
     <lb/>a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-  
     <lb/>head ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite.  
     <lb/>And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free  
     <lb/>as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-but">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Dicke.</speaker>  
   <p>My Lord,  
     <lb/>When shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodi-  
     <lb/>ties vpon our billes?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <p>Marry presently.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <p>O braue.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one with the  
 heads.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
   <l>But is not this brauer:</l>  
   <l>Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well</l>  
   <l>When they were aliuie. Now part them againe,</l>  
   <l>Least they consult about the giuing vp</l>  
   <l>Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,</l>  
   <l>Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:</l>  
   <l>For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,</l>  
   <l>Will we ride through the streets, & at euey Corner</l>  
   <l>Haue them kisse. Away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 8]</head>

Enter againe Cade,  
 Alarum, and Retreat.  
 and all his rabblement.

Cade.  
 Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,  
 kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a  
 parley.

What noise is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley?  
 When I command them kill?

o

Enter

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

1

Enter Buckingham, and  
 old Clifford.

Buc.  
 I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:  
 Know **Cade**, we come Ambassadors  
 from the King

Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,  
 And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,  
 That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif.  
 What say ye Countermen, will ye relent  
 And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,  
 Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.  
 Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,  
 Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.  
 Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,  
 Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,  
 Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All.  
 God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade.  
 What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue?  
 And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs  
 be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes

rend="italic">?</c> Hath

<lb/>my sword therefore broke through London gates, that  
<lb/>you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.  
<lb/>I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til  
<lb/>you had recouered your ancient <choice>

<orig>Fteedome</orig>

<corr>Freedome</corr>

</choice>. But you are

<lb/>all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie  
<lb/>to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-  
<lb/>thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your  
<lb/>Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will  
<lb/>make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you  
<lb/>all.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-all">

<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>

<l>Wee'l follow <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi>,</l>

<l>Wee'l follow <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cli">

<speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>

<l>Is <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi> the sonne of <hi

rend="italic">Henry</hi> the fift,</l>

<l>That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.</l>

<l>Will he conduct you through the heart of France,</l>

<l>And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?</l>

<l>Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:</l>

<l>Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,</l>

<l>Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.</l>

<l>Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,</l>

<l>The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished</l>

<l>Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?</l>

<l>Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,</l>

<l>I see them Lording it in London streets,</l>

<l>Crying <hi rend="italic">Villiago</hi> vnto all they

meete.</l>

<l>Better ten thousand base-borne <hi rend="italic">Cades</hi>

miscarry,</l>

<l>Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.</l>

<l>To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:</l>

<l>Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> hath mony, you are strong and

manly:</l>

<l>God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-all">

<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>

<l>A Clifford, a Clifford,</l>

<l>Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
<p>Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too &frown; fro,  
<lb/>As this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them  
<lb/>to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee de-  
<lb/>solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize  
<lb/>me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:  
<lb/>in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie  
<lb/>middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnessse, that  
<lb/>no wan to resolution in mee, but onely my Followers  
<lb/>base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to  
<lb/>my heeles.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>  
<l>What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,</l>  
<l>And he that brings his head vnto the King,</l>  
<l>Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.</l>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt some of  
them.</stage>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,</l>  
<l>To reconcile you all vnto the King.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt  
omnes.</stage>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">  
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 9]</head>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound Trumpets. Enter  
King, Queene, and  
<lb/>Somerset on the Tarras.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
<l>Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,</l>  
<l>And could command no more content then I?</l>  
<l>No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,</l>  
<l>But I was made a King, at nine months olde.</l>  
<l>Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,</l>  
<l>As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Buckingham and  
Clifford.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
<l>Health and glad tidings to your Maiesty.</l>  
</sp>

surpris'd?</l>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Why Buckingham, is the Traitor <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi>
 </sp>
 <l>Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Multitudes with
 Halters about their
 <lb/>Neckes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,</l>
 <l>And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,</l>
 <l>Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,</l>
 <l>To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.</l>
 <l>Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,</l>
 <l>And shew'd how well you loue your Prince &
 Country;</l>
 <l>Continue still in this so good a minde,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> though he be
 infortunate,</l>
 <l>Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:</l>
 <l>And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,</l>
 <l>I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>God saue the King, God saue the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Please it your Grace to be aduertised,</l>
 <l>The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,</l>
 <l>And with a puissant and a mighty power</l>
 <l>Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,</l>
 <l>Is marching hitherward in proud array,</l>
 <l>And still proclaimeth as he comes along,</l>
 <l>His Armes are onely to remoue from thee</l>
 <l>The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
 <lb/>distrest,</l>
 </sp>

<|>Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,</|>  
 <|>Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.</|>  
 <|>But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,</|>  
 <|>And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.</|>  
 <|>I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,</|>  
 <|>And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:</|>  
 <|>Tell him, Ile send Duke <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> to the  
 Tower,</|>  
 thither,</|>  
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> we will commit thee  
 <|>Vntill his Army be dismist from him.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Somerset.</speaker>  
 <|>My Lord,</|>  
 <|>Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,</|>  
 <|>Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <|>In any case, be not to rough in termes,</|>  
 <|>For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
 <|>I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,</|>  
 <|>As all things shall redound vnto your good.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <|>Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,</|>  
 <|>For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0499-0.jpg" n="143"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 10]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Cade.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a  
 <lb/>sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fiue daies haue  
 <lb/>I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all  
 <lb/>the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that

mar-

on.</p>

<lb/>if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I  
<lb/>could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue  
<lb/>I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or  
<lb/>picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole  
<lb/>a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word  
<lb/>Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for  
<lb/>a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;  
<lb/>and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely  
  
<lb/>ching, it hath serued me insteede of a quart pot to drinke  
<lb/>in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iden.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ide">

<speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>

<l>Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,</l>

<l>And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?</l>

<l>This small inheritance my Father left me,</l>

<l>Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.</l>

<l>I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,</l>

<l>Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:</l>

<l>Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,</l>

<l>And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">

<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>

<p>Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me

<lb/>for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A

<lb/>Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes

<lb/>of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make

<lb/>thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword

<lb/>like a great pin ere thou and I part.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ide">

<speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>

<l>Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,</l>

<l>I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?</l>

<l>Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,</l>

<l>And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:</l>

<l>Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,</l>

<l>But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cad">

<speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>

<p>Braue thee? I by the best blood that ever was

<lb/>broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue

<lb/>eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy

<lb/>fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore

<lb/>naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.</p>

Kent, </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ide">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,</l>  
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Alexander Iden</hi> an Esquire of

<l>Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.</l>  
 <l>Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,</l>  
 <l>See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:</l>  
 <l>Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:</l>  
 <l>Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,</l>  
 <l>Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,</l>  
 <l>My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,</l>  
 <l>And if mine arme be heued in the Ayre,</l>  
 <l>Thy graue is digged already in the earth:</l>  
 <l>As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,</l>  
 <l>Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-  
 <lb/>on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or  
 <lb/>cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,  
 <lb/>ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees  
 <lb/>thou mayst be turned to Hobnailes.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Heere they

Fight.</stage>  
 <p>O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <lb/>thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the  
 <lb/>ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither  
 <lb/>Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do  
 <lb/>dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of  
 <lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Cade</hi> is fled.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ide">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Iden.</speaker>  
 <l>Is't <hi rend="italic">Cade</hi> that I haue slain, that  
 monstrous traitor?</l>  
 <l>Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,</l>  
 <l>And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.</l>  
 <l>Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,</l>  
 <l>But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,</l>  
 <l>To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cad">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cade.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Iden</hi> farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell

**Kent** from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all  
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,  
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

*Justified* Dyes.

*Id.*

*Id.*

How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;

Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.

Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles

Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,

And there cut off thy most vngracious head,

Which I will beare in triumph to the King,

Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon.

*Justified* Exit.

*center* Enter Yorke, and his

Army of Irish, with

**Drum and Colours.**

*Yor.*

*Yor.*

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And plucke the Crowne from feeble

*Henries* head.

Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright

To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.

Ah *Santa Maiestas*! who would not

buy thee deere?

Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.

This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.

I cannot giue due action to my words,

Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.

A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,

On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

*center* Enter

Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to

disturbe me?

The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

*Buc.*

*Buc.*

Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

*Yor.*

*Yor.*

*Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy

greeting.</l>

<l>Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">

<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>

<l>A Messenger from <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, our dread

Liege,</l>

<l>To know the reason of these Armes in peace.</l>

<l>Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,</l>

<l>Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,</l>

<l>Should raise so great a power without his leau?</l>

<l>Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>

<l>Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.</l>

<l>Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,</l>

<l>I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.</l>

<l>And now like <hi rend="italic">Ajax Telamoniuss</hi>,</l>

<l>On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.</l>

<l>I am farre better borne then is the king:</l>

<l>More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.</l>

<l>But I must make faire weather yet a while,</l>

<l>Till <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> be more weake, and I more

strong.</l>

<l>Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,</l>

<l>That I haue giuen no answer all this while:</l>

<l>My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.</l>

<l>The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">o2</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Is</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0500-0.jpg" n="144"/>

<fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,</l>

<l>Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">

<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>

<l>That is too much presumption on thy part:</l>

<l>But if thy Armes be to no other end,</l>

<l>The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:</l>

<l>The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-buc">

<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>

<l>Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.</l>  
 <l>Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:</l>  
 <l>Meet me to morrow in <choice>  
 <abbr>S.</abbr>  
 <expan>Saint</expan>  
 </choice> Georges Field,</l>  
 <l>You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.</l>  
 <l>And let my Soueraigne, vertuous <hi  
 rend="italic">Henry</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,</l>  
 <l>As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,</l>  
 <l>Ile send them all as willing as I liue:</l>  
 <l>Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue</l>  
 <l>Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-buc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>  
 <l>Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,</l>  
 <l>We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King and  
 Attendants.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs</l>  
 <l>That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>In all submission and humility,</l>  
 <l>Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>  
 <l>Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
 <l>To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,</l>  
 <l>And fight against that monstrous Rebell <hi  
 rend="italic">Cade</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Who since I heard to be discomfited.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iden with Cades  
 head.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ide">

*I*den.

If one so rude, and of so meane condition  
May passe into the presence of a King:  
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,  
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat  
slew.

*K*ing.

The head of *Cade*? Great God, how  
just art thou?

Oh let me view his Visage being dead,  
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

*I*den.

I was, an't like your Maiesty.

*K*ing.

How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

*I*den.

*A*lexander *I*den, that's my name,  
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

*B*uc.

So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse  
He were created Knight for his good seruice.

*K*ing.

*I*den, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:  
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,  
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

*I*den.

May *I*den liue to merit such a  
bountie,

And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

*E*nter Queene and  
Somerset.

*K*ing.

<speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>  
 <l>See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,</l>  
 <l>Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,</l>  
 <l>But boldly stand, and front him to his face.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
 <l>How now? is Somerset at libertie?</l>  
 <l>Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,</l>  
 <l>And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.</l>  
 <l>Shall I endure the sight of Somerset<c rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,</l>  
 <l>Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?</l>  
 <l>King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:</l>  
 <l>Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,</l>  
 <l>Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:</l>  
 <l>Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,</l>  
 <l>And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.</l>  
 <l>That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,</l>  
 <l>Whose Smile and Frowne, like to <hi  
 rend="italic">Achilles</hi> Speare</l>  
 <l>Is able with the change, to kill and cure.</l>  
 <l>Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,</l>  
 <l>And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:</l>  
 <l>Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more</l>  
 <l>O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-som">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>  
 <l>O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke</l>  
 <l>Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:</l>  
 <l>Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>  
 <l>Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,</l>  
 <l>If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:</l>  
 <l>Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:</l>  
 <l>I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,</l>  
 <l>They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

amaine,</l>
 <l>Call hither <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, bid him come

<l>To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke</l>
 <l>Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,</l>
 <l>Out-cast of <hi rend="italic">Naples</hi>, Englands bloody

Scourge,</l>
 <l>The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,</l>
 <l>Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those</l>
 <l>That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.</l>

Richard.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edward and

<l>See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clifford.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>And here comes <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> to deny their

baile.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke thee <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>: Say, what

newes with thee?</l>
 <l>Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:</l>
 <l>We are thy Soueraigne <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>,

kneele againe;</l>
 <l>For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,</l>
 <l>But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,</l>
 <l>To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor</l>
 <l>Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-2h6-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,</l>

<l>And chop away that factious pate of his.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
   <l>He is <choice>  
   <orig>atrested</orig>  
   <corr>arrested</corr>  
 </choice>, but will not obey:</l>  
   <l>His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>Will you not Sonnes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-ed4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>  
   <l>I Noble Father, if our words will serue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>  
   <l>And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.</l>  
   <l>I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:</l>  
   <l>Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,</l>  
   <l>That with the very shaking of their Chaines,</l>  
   <l>They may astonish these fell-lurking Curre,</l>  
   <l>Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Earles of

Warwicke, and

<lb/>Salisbury.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,</l>  
   <l>And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,</l>  
   <l>If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>  
   <l>Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,</l>  
   <l>Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,</l>  
   <l>Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,</l>  
   <l>Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,</l>

<l>And such a peece of seruice will you do,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">If</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0501-0.jpg" n="145"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,</l>  
 <l>As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>Take heede least by your heate you burne your  
 <lb/>selues:</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?</l>  
 <l>Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,</l>  
 <l>Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,</l>  
 <l>What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russian?</l>  
 <l>And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles<br/>
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 <l>Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?</l>  
 <l>If it be banisht from the frostie head,</l>  
 <l>Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?</l>  
 <l>Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,</l>  
 <l>And shame thine honourable Age with blood?</l>  
 <l>Why art thou old, and want'st experience?</l>  
 <l>Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?</l>  
 <l>For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,</l>  
 <l>That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe</l>  
 <l>The Title of this most renowned Duke,</l>  
 <l>And in my conscience, do repute his grace</l>  
 <l>The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Hast thou not sworne Allegiance vnto me?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <l>I haue.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ki.</speaker>  
 <l>Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <l>It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:</l>  
 <l>But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:</l>  
 <l>Who can be bound by any solemne Vow</l>  
 <l>To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,</l>  
 <l>To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,</l>  
 <l>To reauē the Orphan of his Patrimonie,</l>  
 <l>To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,</l>  
 <l>And haue no other reason for this wrong,</l>  
 <l>But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>A subtile Traitor needs no Sophister.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,</l>  
 <l>I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <l>You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,</l>  
 <l>To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,</l>  
 <l>Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:</l>  
 <l>And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,</l>  
 <l>Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.</l>  
</sp>

Crest,</l>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <l>Now by my Fathers badge, old <hi rend="italic">Neuils</hi>

<l>The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,</l>  
 <l>This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,</l>  
 <l>As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,</l>  
 <l>That keepest his leaues inspight of any storme,</l>  
 <l>Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,</l>  
 <l>And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,</l>  
 <l>Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ycl">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yo. Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>And so to Armes victorious Father,</l>  
 <l>To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>  
 <l>Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,</l>  
 <l>For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-ycl">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yo Clif.</speaker>  
 <l>Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou  
 <lb/>canst tell.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>  
 <l>If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>

<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Warwicke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <l>Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:</l>  
 <l>And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,</l>  
 <l>And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,</l>  
 <l>Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,</l>  
 <l>Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,</l>

<l>Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed:</l>  
   <l>But match to match I haue encountred him,</l>  
   <l>And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crows</l>  
   <l>Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clifford.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>Of one or both of vs the time is come.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace</l>  
   <l>For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
   <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
   <l>Than nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:</l>  
   <l>As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,</l>  
   <l>It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit War.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>What seest thou in me Yorke?</l>  
   <l>Why dost thou pause?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,</l>  
   <l>But that thou art so fast mine enimie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,</l>  
   <l>But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
   <l>So let it helpe me now against thy sword,</l>  
   <l>As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>My soule and bodie on the action both.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l rend="italic">La fin Corrone les eumenes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>  
   <l>Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y<c  
 rend="superscript">u</c> art still,</l>  
   <l>Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter yong  
 Clifford.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-cli">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>  
   <l>Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,</l>  
   <l>Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds</l>  
   <l>Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,</l>  
   <l>Whom angry heauens do make their minister,</l>  
   <l>Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,</l>  
   <l>Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.</l>  
   <l>He that is truly dedicate to Warre,</l>  
   <l>Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,</l>  
   <l>Hath not essentially, but by circumstance</l>  
   <l>The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,</l>  
   <l>And the premised Flames of the Last day,</l>  
   <l>Knit earth and heauen together.</l>  
   <l>Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,</l>  
   <l>Particularities, and pettie sounds</l>  
   <l>To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)</l>  
   <l>To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue</l>  
   <l>The Siluer Liurey of aduised Age,</l>  
   <l>And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus</l>  
   <l>To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,</l>  
   <l>My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,</l>  
   <l>It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares;</l>  
   <l>No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,</l>  
   <l>Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,</l>  
   <l>And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,</l>  
   <l>Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:</l>  
   <l>Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pittie.</l>  
   <l>Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,</l>

<l>Into as many gobbits will I cut it</l>  
 <l>As wilde <hi rend="italic">Medea</hi> yong <hi  
 rend="italic">Absirtis</hi> did.</l>  
 <l>In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.</l>  
 <l>Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:</l>  
 <l>As did <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> old <hi  
 rend="italic">Anchyses</hi> beare,</l>  
 <l>So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:</l>  
 <l>But then <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> bare a liuing  
 loade;</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">o3</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Nothing</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0502-0.jpg" n="146"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The second Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, and  
 Somerset to fight.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>  
 <l>So lye thou there:</l>  
 <l>For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,</l>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>

<l>The Castle in <choice>  
 <abbr>S.</abbr>  
 <expan>Saint</expan>  
 </choice>  
 <hi rend="italic">Albons</hi>, Somerset</l>  
 <l>Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:</l>  
 <l>Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:</l>  
 <l>Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Fight.  
 Excursions.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,  
 and others.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
 <l>Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-hn6">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Can we outrun the Heauens? Good <hi  
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>  
 <lb/>stay.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-mar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

```

    <l>What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:</l>
    <l>Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,</l>
    <l>To<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>give the enemy way, and to secure vs</l>
    <l>By what we can, which can no more but flye.</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum a
farre off.</stage>
    <l>If you be tane, we then should see the bottome</l>
    <l>Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,</l>
    <l>(As well we may, if not through your neglect)</l>
    <l>We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,</l>
    <l>And where this breach now in our Fortunes made</l>
    <l>May readily be stopt.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clifford.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h6-cli">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
    <l>But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,</l>
    <l>I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:</l>
    <l>But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite</l>
    <l>Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.</l>
    <l>Away for your releefe, and we will liue</l>
    <l>To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.</l>
    <l>Away my Lord, away.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    <cb n="2"/>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Retreat. Enter
Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,
    <lb/>and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.</stage>
<sp who="#F-2h6-pla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>Of Salisbury, who can report of him,</l>
    <l>That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets</l>
    <l>Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:</l>
    <l>And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,</l>
    <l>Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day</l>
    <l>Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,</l>
    <l>If Salisbury be lost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-2h6-rpy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>My Noble Father:</l>
    <l>Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,</l>

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<l>Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,</l>  
 <l>Perswaded him from any further act:</l>  
 <l>But still where danger was, still there I met him,</l>  
 <l>And like rich hangings in a homely house,</l>  
 <l>So was his Will, in his old feeble body,</l>  
 <l>But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.</l>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this  
 line.</note>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Salisbury.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-sal">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>  
 <l>Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:</l>  
 <l>By'th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you <hi  
 rend="italic">Richard</hi>.</l>  
 <l>God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:</l>  
 <l>And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day</l>  
 <l>You haue defended me from imminent death.</l>  
 <l>Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,</l>  
 <l>'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,</l>  
 <l>Being opposites of such repaying Nature.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-pla">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>  
 <l>I know our safety is to follow them,</l>  
 <l>For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,</l>  
 <l>To call a present Court of Parliament:</l>  
 <l>Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.</l>  
 <l>What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them<c  
 rend="italic">?</c>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-2h6-war">  
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>  
 <l>After them: nay before them if we can:</l>  
 <l>Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.</l>  
 <l>Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,</l>  
 <l>Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.</l>  
 <l>Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,</l>  
 <l>And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 </body>  
 </text>

</TEI>