

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

*William  
Shakespeare*



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# The Complete Works of William Shakespeare



*The Shakespeare Head Press,  
Oxford, Edition*



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This One



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**MICHAEL TRAYLER**  
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In this volume the plays are arranged in the chronological order of their composition. Naturally, no claim to finality is made in a subject so beset with difficulties, but the sequence may be taken as fairly representing the general results of recent research. The time-honoured division into Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, dating from the First Folio and since universally followed, has been abandoned, in the belief that there were room and need for an edition that should enable readers to approach the body of the plays, not as a static monument of achievement, but as a vital and growing organism revealing the evolution of the poet's personality and genius.

To the Most Noble and Incomparable Pair of Brethren,  
WILLIAM  
Earl of Pembroke, etc., Lord Chamberlain to the  
King's Most Excellent Majesty, and  
PHILIP  
Earl of Montgomery, etc., Gentleman of His Majesty's  
Bedchamber; both Knights of the Most Noble Order  
of the Garter, and our singular good Lords

*Right Honourable –*

WHILST we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your L.L.'s likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits or what they have; and many nations (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant SHAKESPEARE, that what delight is in them may be ever your L.L.'s, the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is.

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE  
HENRY CONDELL



To the Great Variety of Readers

FROM the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know – to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at *Blackfriars* or the *Cockpit*, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath bin ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE  
HENRY CONDELL

To the Memory of my Beloved,  
the Author,  
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
and what he hath left us

**T**O DRAW no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much:  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:  
These are as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron – what could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them or the need.  
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses –  
I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses;  
For, if I thought my judgement were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line:  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee I would not seek  
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison



Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time;  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit:  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
But antiquated, and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:  
For though the poets matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion; and that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat –  
Such as thine are – and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn –  
For a good poet's made, as well as born:  
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a fight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza and our James!  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there:  
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage  
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenic Poet  
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THOSE hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,  
You *Britons* brave; for done are *Shakespeare's* days;  
His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring:  
Dried is that vein, dried is the *Thespian* spring,  
Turn'd all to tears, and *Phoebus* clouds his rays:  
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,  
Which crown'd him *poet* first, then *poets'* king.  
If *tragedies* might any *prologue* have,  
All those he made would scarce make one to this;  
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave –  
Death's public tiring-house – the *Nuntius* is:  
For, though his line of life went soon about,  
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND

To the Memory of the Deceased Author  
MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
And Time dissolves thy *Stratford* monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages; when posterity  
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy  
That is not *Shakespeare's*, every line, each verse,  
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.  
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age – as *Naso* said  
Of his – thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:  
Nor shall I e're believe, or think thee dead,  
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped –  
Impossible – with some new strain t'out-do  
Passions of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*;  
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
Than when thy half-sword-parleying *Romans* spake:  
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expresst,  
Be sure, our *Shakespeare*, thou canst never die,  
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES

To the Memory of  
MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE

WE wonder'd, *Shakespeare*, that thou went'st so soon  
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:  
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth  
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An actor's art  
Can die, and live to act a second part:  
That's but an *exit* of mortality,  
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

J. M.

The Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays

William Shakespeare	Samuel Gilburne
Richard Burbadge	Robert Armin
John Heminge	William Ostler
Augustine Phillips	Nathan Field
William Kempt	John Underwood
Thomas Poope	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan	William Ecclestone
Henry Condell	Joseph Taylor
William Slye	Robert Benfield
Richard Cowly	Robert Goughe
John Lowine	Richard Robinson
Samuel Crosse	John Shancke
Alexander Cooke	John Rice

The Complete Works of  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

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# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*  
A LAWYER.—MORTIMER'S KEEPERS.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

GOVERNOR OF PARIS.

MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS, *and his son.*

GENERAL *of the French forces in Bourdeaux.*

A FRENCH SERGEANT. A PORTER.

AN OLD SHEPHERD, *father to Joan la Pucelle.*

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

LORDS, WARDERS OF THE TOWER, HERALDS,

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS *and ATTENDANTS.*

FIENDS *appearing to La Pucelle.*

SCENE—*Partly in England, and partly in France.*

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Westminster Abbey.*

*Dead march. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOSTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, HERALDS, &c.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars  
That have consented unto Henry's death!  
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:  
His brandisht sword did blind men with his  
beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

DUKE OF EXETER.

We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?  
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contrived his end?

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

He was a king blest of the King of kings.  
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day  
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The church! where is it? Had not churchmen  
pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,  
And lookest to command the prince and  
realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou  
go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!  
 Let's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:—  
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;  
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—  
 Posterity, await for wretched years,  
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;  
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,  
 And none but women left to wail the dead.—  
 Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make  
 Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

## MESSENGER.

My honourable lords, health to you all!  
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,  
 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

What say'st thou, man! before dead Henry's corse  
 Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

## DUKE OF EXETER.

How were they lost? what treachery was used?

## MESSENGER.

No treachery; but want of men and money.  
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,  
 That here you maintain several factions;  
 And, whilst a field should be dispatcht and fought,  
 You are disputing of your generals:  
 One would have lingering wars, with little cost;  
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
 A third thinks, without expense at all,  
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
 Awake, awake, English nobility!  
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:  
 Cropt are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

## DUKE OF EXETER.

Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—  
 Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.  
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
 Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,  
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter a SECOND MESSENGER.*

## SECOND MESSENGER.

Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.  
 France is revolted from the English quite,  
 Except some petty towns of no import:  
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;  
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
 The Duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

## DUKE OF EXETER.

The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!  
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—  
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?  
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a THIRD MESSENGER.*

## THIRD MESSENGER.

My gracious lords, to add to your laments,  
 Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's  
 hearse,  
 I must inform you of a dismal fight  
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

## BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

## THIRD MESSENGER.

O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:  
 The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
 The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
 Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,  
 By three-and-twenty thousand of the French  
 Was round encompassed and set upon.  
 No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluckt out of  
 hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
 More than three hours the fight continued;  
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:  
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand  
 him;

Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:  
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;  
 All the whole army stood agazed on him:  
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' cried out amain,  
 And rusht into the bowels of the battle.  
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:  
 He, being in the vaward,—placed behind,  
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,—  
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
 Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;  
 Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled  
 strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,  
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

## THIRD MESSENGER.

O, no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
 And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hunger-  
 ford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

His ransom there is none but I shall pay:  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

## THIRD MESSENGER.

So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

## DUKE OF EXETER.

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,  
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD.

I do remember it; and here take my leave,  
To go about my preparation. *[Exit.]*

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
To view th' artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.]*

## DUKE OF EXETER.

To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
Being ordain'd his special governor;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise. *[Exit.]*

## BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Each hath his place and function to attend:  
I am left out; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:  
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*France. Before Orleans.*

*Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,  
and REIGNIER, marching with drum and SOLDIERS.*

## CHARLES.

**M**ARS his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
So in the earth, to this day is not known:  
Late did he shine upon the English side;  
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have?  
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;  
Otherwhiles the famisht English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

They want their porridge and their fat bull-  
beeves:  
Either they must be dieted like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

## REIGNIER.

Let's raise the siege: why lie we idly here?  
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;  
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,—  
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

## CHARLES.

Sound, sound alarm! we will rush on them.  
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!—  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me  
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. *[Exeunt.  
Here alarm; they are beaten back by the English  
with great loss. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,  
REIGNIER, and others.]*

## CHARLES.

Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—  
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have  
fled,  
But that they left me midst my enemies.

## REIGNIER.

Salisbury is a desperate homicide;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life.  
The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred  
During the time Edward the Third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified;  
For none but Samsons and Goliases  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!  
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity?

## CHARLES.

Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd  
slaves,  
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:  
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

## REIGNIER.

I think, by some odd gimmerns or device,  
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.  
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Be it so.

*Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.*

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for  
him.

## CHARLES.

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:  
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:  
A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,  
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:  
What's past and what's to come she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

## CHARLES.

Go, call her in. *[Exit BASTARD.]* But first, to try  
her skill,  
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:  
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:  
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

*[Retires.]*



Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE.

REIGNIER.

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?  
JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart.—  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIGNIER.

She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased  
To shine on my contemptible estate:  
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deigned to appear to me,  
And, in a vision full of majesty,  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
And free my country from calamity:  
Her aid she promised, and assured success:  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infused on me  
That beauty am I blest with which you see.  
Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated:  
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHARLES.

Thou hast astonish't me with thy high terms:  
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—  
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,  
Deckt with five flower-de-luces on each side;  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's  
churchyard,  
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

CHARLES.

Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[Here they fight and JOAN LA PUCELLE  
overcomes.]

CHARLES.

Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHARLES.

Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:  
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

CHARLES.

Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIGNIER.

My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;  
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIGNIER.

Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

He may mean more than we poor men do know:  
These women are shrewd tempters with their  
tongues.

REIGNIER.

My lord, where are you? what devise you on?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHARLES.

What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.  
With Henry's death the English circle ends;  
Dispersed are the glories it included.  
Now am I like that proud-insulting ship  
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

CHARLES.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.  
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.  
Bright star of Venus, fain down on the earth,  
How may I ever worship thee enough?

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIGNIER.

Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;  
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

CHARLES.

Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about it:—  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his SERVING-  
MEN in blue coats.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I AM come to survey the Tower this day:  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is convey-  
ance.—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

[Servants knock.]

FIRST WARDER *[within]*.

Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

FIRST SERVING-MAN.

It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER *[within]*.

Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

FIRST SERVING-MAN.

Villains, answer you so the lord Protector?

FIRST WARDER *[within]*.

The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Who would you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I.—

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*[GLOSTER's men rush at the Tower-gates, and WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant, speaks within.]*

WOODVILLE.

What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

WOODVILLE.

Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me,—

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

SERVING-MEN.

Open the gates unto the lord Protector:

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter the PROTECTOR at the Tower-gates WINCHESTER, and his MEN in tawny coats.*

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

I do, thou most usurping proditor,  
And not Protector, of the king or realm.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Do what thou darrest; I beard thee to thy face.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What! am I dared, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.—Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:

Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here GLOSTER's men beat out the CARDINAL's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the MAYOR OF LONDON and his OFFICERS.*

MAYOR OF LONDON.

Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distraint'd the Tower to his use.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens;

One that still motions war, and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is Protector of the realm;

And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

*[Here they skirmish again.]*

MAYOR OF LONDON.

Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

OFFICER *[cries]*.

All manner of men assembled here in arms this

day against God's peace and the king's, we

charge and command you, in his highness' name,

to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not

to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

*[Exeunt, severally, GLOSTER and WINCHESTER with their SERVING-MEN.]*

MAYOR OF LONDON.

See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—  
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs  
bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

*Enter, on the walls, the MASTER-GUNNER OF  
ORLEANS, and his BOY.*

MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS.

**S**irrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,  
And how the English have the suburbs won.

BOY.

Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,  
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

MASTER-GUNNER OF ORLEANS.

But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:  
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me grace.  
The prince's espials have informed me  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrencht,  
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;  
And thence discover how with most advantage  
They may vex us with shot or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,  
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;  
And even these three days have I watcht, if I  
Could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

BOY.

Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SALISBURY and TALBOT on the turrets, with  
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GAR-  
GRAVE, and others.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
How wert thou handled being prisoner,  
Or by what means got'st thou to be released,  
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

LORD TALBOT.

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner  
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies;  
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.  
But with a baser man-of-arms by far,  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:  
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death  
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.  
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

LORD TALBOT.

With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.  
In open market-place produced they me,  
To be a public spectacle to all:  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.  
Then broke I from the officers that led me,

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the  
To hurl at the beholders of my shame: [ground,  
My grisly countenance made others fly;  
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure; [spread,  
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was  
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,  
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
That walkt about me every minute-while;  
And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the BOY with a linstock.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

I grieve to hear what torments you endured;  
But we will be revenged sufficiently.  
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:  
Here, through this grate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:  
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—  
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me have your express opinions  
Where is best place to make our battery next.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

LORD TALBOT.

For aught I see, this city must be famisht,  
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*[Here they shoot. SALISBURY and SIR**THOMAS GARGRAVE fall down.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

LORD TALBOT.

What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?  
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:  
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?  
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—  
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand  
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!  
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,  
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—  
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech  
doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—  
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—  
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—  
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
Thou shalt not die whiles—  
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,  
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to avenge me on the French.'—  
Plantagenet, I will; and, like thee, Nero,  
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:  
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

*[Here an alarm, and it thunders and  
lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?  
Whence cometh this alarm and this noise?

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:  
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—  
A holy prophetess new risen up,—  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

*[Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.]*

LORD TALBOT.

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!  
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.—  
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—  
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,  
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
Convey me Salisbury into his tent:  
And then try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

*[Alarum. Exeunt.]*

### SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then enter TALBOT.*

LORD TALBOT.

**W**HERE is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.  
Here, here she comes.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

*[They fight.]*

LORD TALBOT.

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*[They fight again.]*

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

*[A short alarum: then enter the town, with SOLDIERS.]*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go cheer up thy hunger-starved men;  
Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
This day is ours, as many more shall be. *[Exit.]*

LORD TALBOT.

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
I know not where I am, nor what I do;  
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;  
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*[A short alarum.]*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,  
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*[Alarum. Here another skirmish.]*

It will not be:—retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—  
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,  
In spite of us or aught that we could do.  
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

*[Exit TALBOT. Alarum, retreat.]*

### SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and SOLDIERS.*

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

**A**DVANCE our waving colours on the walls;  
A Rescued is Orleans from the English:—  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHARLES.

Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER.

Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

All France will be replete with mirth and joy,  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHARLES.

'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;  
For which I will divide my crown with her;  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.  
A stately pyramid to her I'll rear  
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in, and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*France. Before Orleans.**Enter a SERGEANT of a band, with two SENTINELS.*

SERGEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:  
If any noise or soldier you perceive  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign  
Let us have knowledge at the court-of-guard.

FIRST SENTINEL.

Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit SERGEANT.*] Thus are  
poor servitors—

When others sleep upon their quiet beds—  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.  
*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and  
FORCES, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating  
a dead march.*

LORD TALBOT.

Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—  
By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day caroused and banqueted:  
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his  
fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches and the help of hell!

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Traitors have never other company.—  
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so  
pure?

LORD TALBOT.

A maid, they say.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

A maid! and be so martial!

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;  
If underneath the standard of the French  
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

LORD TALBOT.

Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:  
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

LORD TALBOT.

Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways;  
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

And I to this.

LORD TALBOT.

And here will Talbot mount, or make his  
grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*Cry, St. George! A Talbot!*]

SENTINEL.

Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!  
*The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter,  
several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,  
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready and half  
unready.*

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

BASTARD.

Unready! ay, and glad we scaped so well.

REIGNIER.

'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,  
Hearing alarms at our chamber-doors.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,  
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise  
More venturous or desperate than this.

BASTARD.

I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER.

If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

BASTARD.

Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

CHARLES.

Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?  
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
Make us partakers of a little gain,  
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?  
At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,  
This sudden mischief never could have fa'n.

CHARLES.

Duke of Alençon, this was your default,  
That, being captain of the watch to-night,  
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Had all your quarters been as safely kept  
As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

BASTARD.

Mine was secure.

REIGNIER.

And so was mine, my lord.

CHARLES.

And, for myself, most part of all this night,  
Within her quarter and mine own precinct  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels:  
Then how or which way should they first break  
in?

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some  
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was  
made.

And now there rests no other shift but this,—  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,  
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarums. Enter an English SOLDIER, crying, A Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLDIER.

I'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
Using no other weapon but his name. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE II.

*Orleans. Within the town.*

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a CAPTAIN, and others.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

THE day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *[Retreat sounded.]*

LORD TALBOT.

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.  
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.  
And that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,  
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
And what a terror he had been to France.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
Nor any of his false confederates.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Myself—as far as I could well discern  
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—  
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,  
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
That could not live asunder day or night.  
After that things are set in order here,  
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train  
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
So much applauded through the realm of France?

LORD TALBOT.

Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

MESSENGER.

The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,  
With modesty admiring thy renown,  
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
To visit her poor castle where she lies,  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars  
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

LORD TALBOT.

Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:—  
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,  
And in submission will attend on her.—  
Will not your honours bear me company?

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

No, truly; it is more than manners will:  
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

LORD TALBOT.

Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—  
Come hither, captain. *[Whispers.]* You perceive  
my mind?

CAPTAIN.

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.

*Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

*Enter the COUNTESS and her PORTER.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

PORTER, remember what I bring in charge;  
And when you've done so, give the keys to me.

PORTER.

Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine  
ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.*

MESSENGER.

Madam,  
According as your ladyship desired,  
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESSENGER.

Madam, it is.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
I see report is fabulous and false:  
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!  
It cannot be this weak and writhed shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

LORD TALBOT.

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;  
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you. *[Going.]*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

MESSENGER.

Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

LORD TALBOT.

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief, I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Enter PORTER with keys.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

LORD TALBOT.

Prisoner! to whom?

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like; And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hast by tyranny, these many years, Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

LORD TALBOT.

Ha, ha, ha!

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

LORD TALBOT.

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow

Whereon to practise your severity.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Why, art not thou the man?

LORD TALBOT.

I am, indeed.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Then have I substance too.

LORD TALBOT.

No, no, I am but shadow of myself; You are deceived, my substance is not here; For what you see is but the smallest part And least proportion of humanity: I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here, It is of such a spacious lofty pitch, Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contrarities agree?

LORD TALBOT.

That will I show you presently.

[Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter SOLDIERS.]

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks, Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns, And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape. Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; For I am sorry that with reverence I did not entertain thee as thou art.

LORD TALBOT.

Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake The outward composition of his body. What you have done hath not offended me: Nor other satisfaction do I crave, But only, with your patience, that we may Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have; For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

With all my heart; and think me honoured To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a LAWYER.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

GREAT lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Within the Temple-hall we were too loud; The garden here is more convenient.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth; Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law, And never yet could frame my will to it; And therefore frame the law unto my will.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch; Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth; Between two blades, which bears the better temper;

Between two horses, which doth bear him best; Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;— I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgement:

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance: The truth appears so naked on my side, That any purblind eye may find it out.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

And on my side it is so well apparell'd, So clear, so shining, and so evident, That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to speak, In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts: Let him that is a true-born gentleman, And stands upon the honour of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth, From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.



EARL OF SOMERSET.

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

EARL OF WARWICK.

I love no colours; and, without all colour  
Of base-insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;  
And say withal, I think he held the right.

VERNON.

Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropt from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

And I.

VERNON.

Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose  
red,  
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VERNON.

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Well, well, come on: who else?

A LAWYER [to SOMERSET].

Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held was wrong in you;  
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Here in my scabbard; meditating that  
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our  
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,  
That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Away, away, good William de la Pole!  
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somers-  
set;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,  
Third son to the third Edward King of England:  
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

He bears him on the place's privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words  
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

My father was attached, not attainted;  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Pole, and you yourself,  
I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:  
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;  
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes,—  
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,  
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,  
Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!  
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious  
Richard. [Exit.]

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

EARL OF WARWICK.

This blot, that they object against your house,  
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:  
And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VERNON.

In your behalf still will I wear the same.

A LAWYER.

And so will I.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*The Tower of London.*

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and  
GAOLERS.*

EDMUND MORTIMER.

**K**IND keepers of my weak decaying age,  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—  
Even like a man new-haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;  
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,  
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer:  
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is  
spent—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief;  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:  
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is  
numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay—  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.—  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST GAOLER.

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:  
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;  
And answer was return'd that he will come.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.—  
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,  
Deprived of honour and inheritance.  
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:  
I would his troubles likewise were expired,  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

FIRST GAOLER.

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,  
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:  
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great  
stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;  
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.  
This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and  
me;

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,  
And did upbraid me with my father's death:  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
And for alliance sake, declare the cause  
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,  
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Discover more at large what cause that was;  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Deposed his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,  
The first-begotten and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:  
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:  
The reason moved these warlike lords to this  
Was, for that—young King Richard thus re-  
moved,

Leaving no heir begotten of his body—  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
To King Edward the Third; whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as, in this haughty-great attempt,  
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levied an army, weening to redeem  
And have install'd me in the diadem:  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were supplant.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

True; and thou seest that I no issue have,  
And that my fainting words do warrant death:  
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:  
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:  
But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

EDMUND MORTIMER.

With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And, like a mountain, not to be removed.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

O, uncle, would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

EDMUND MORTIMER.

Thou dost, then, wrong me,—as that slaughterer  
doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only, give order for my funeral:  
And so, farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

[Dies.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpast thy days.—  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—  
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exit GAOLERS, bearing out the body of MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:—  
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress;  
And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [Exit.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament House.

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, tears it.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

COMEST thou with deep-premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devised,  
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,  
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention, suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my  
patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forged, or am not able  
*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well besecms  
A man of thy profession and degree;  
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—  
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower?  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor?  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?  
And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do,—except I be provoked?  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one but he should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Am I not lord Protector, saucy priest?  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
And am not I a prelate of the church?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
Unreverent Gloster!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
This Rome shall remedy.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Roam thither, then.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Methinks my lord should be religious,  
And know the office that belongs to such.

EARL OF WARWICK.  
Methinks his lordship should be humbler;  
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

EARL OF SOMERSET.  
Yes, when his holy state is toucht so near.

EARL OF WARWICK.  
State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?  
Is not his Grace Protector to the king?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET [*aside*].  
Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,  
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;  
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'  
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

KING HENRY.  
Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal,  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell  
Civil dissension is a viperous worm  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.  
[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*  
What tumult's this?

EARL OF WARWICK.  
An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.  
[*A noise again within, 'Stones! stones!'*  
Enter MAYOR.

MAYOR.  
O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones,  
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knockt out:  
Our windows are broke down in every street,  
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter SERVING-MEN, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

KING HENRY.  
We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,  
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the  
peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

FIRST SERVING-MAN.  
Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it  
with our teeth.

SECOND SERVING-MAN.  
Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.  
[*Skirmish again.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
You of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

THIRD SERVING-MAN.  
My lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty:  
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,  
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

FIRST SERVING-MAN.  
Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*  
DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Stay, stay, I say!  
An if you love me, as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

KING HENRY.  
O, how this discord doth afflict my soul—  
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

EARL OF WARWICK.  
Yield, my lord Protector; yield, Winchester;  
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
He shall submit, or I will never yield.  
DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Compassion on the king commands me stoop;  
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

EARL OF WARWICK.  
Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banisht moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

KING HENRY.  
Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach  
That malice was a great and grievous sin;  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same?

EARL OF WARWICK.  
Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—  
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!  
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.  
Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside*].  
Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.  
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;  
This token serveth for a flag of truce  
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:  
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER [*aside*].  
So help me God, as I intend it not!

KING HENRY.  
O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,  
How joyful am I made by this contract!—  
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;  
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERVING-MAN.  
Content: I'll to the surgeon's.  
SECOND SERVING-MAN.  
And so will I.

THIRD SERVING-MAN.  
And I will see what physic the tavern affords.  
[*Exeunt SERVING-MEN, MAYOR, &c.*

## EARL OF WARWICK.

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,  
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well urged, my Lord of Warwick:—for, sweet  
prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right;  
Especially for those occasions  
At Eltham—place I told your majesty.

## KING HENRY.

And those occasions, uncle, were of force:  
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be restored to his blood.

## EARL OF WARWICK.

Let Richard be restored to his blood;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

## BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

As will the rest, so willetth Winchester.

## KING HENRY.

If Richard will be true, not that alone,  
But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

## RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Thy humble servant vows obedience  
And humble service till the point of death.

## KING HENRY.

Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;  
And, in reguardon of that duty done,  
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created princely Duke of York.

## RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

## ALL.

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

EARL OF SOMERSET [*aside*].

Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Now will it best avail your majesty  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,  
As it disanimates his enemies.

## KING HENRY.

When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Your ships already are in readiness.  
[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all except* EXETER.]

## DUKE OF EXETER.

Ay, we may march in England or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.  
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers  
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,  
And will at last break out into a flame:  
As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.  
And now I fear that fatal prophecy  
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,  
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:  
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four SOLDIERS, with sacks upon their backs.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

THESE are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a  
breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

## FIRST SOLDIER.

Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

WATCHMAN [*within*].

Qui va là?

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Paysans, pauvres gens de France,—  
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

WATCHMAN [*opening the gates*].

Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the  
ground. [LA PUCELLE, &c., enter the town.]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,  
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and FORCES.

## CHARLES.

Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?

## REIGNIER.

By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower; [is,—  
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning  
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.]

Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a  
torch burning.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch  
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the Talbotites. [Exit.]

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

## CHARLES.

Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

## REIGNIER.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;  
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

[Alarm. They enter.]

An alarm. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

LORD TALBOT.

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,  
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—  
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

[Exit.

*An alarm: excursions.* BEDFORD brought in sick  
in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY  
without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the  
BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and REI-  
GNIER, on the walls.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?  
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
'Twas full of darnel;—do you like the taste?

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!  
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHARLES.

Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that  
time.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

What will you do, good greybeard? break a lance,  
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

LORD TALBOT.

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,  
Encompass with thy lustful paramours!  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?  
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with his shame.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT and the rest whisper together in  
counsel. [speaker]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the

LORD TALBOT.

Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,  
To try if that our own be ours or no.

LORD TALBOT.

I speak not to that railing Hecate,  
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Signior, no.

LORD TALBOT.

Signior, hang!—base muleters of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;  
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—  
God b' wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you  
That we are here.

[Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &amp;c., from the walls.

LORD TALBOT.

And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house—  
Prickt on by public wrongs sustain'd in France—  
Either to get the town again or die;  
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,  
And as his father here was conqueror,—  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,—  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

LORD TALBOT.

But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,  
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

LORD TALBOT.

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—  
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt all but BEDFORD and ATTEN-  
DANTS.

*An alarm: excursions.* Enter SIR JOHN FAS-  
TOLFE and a CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Whither away! to save myself by flight:  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAPTAIN.

What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[Exit.

CAPTAIN.

Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Exit.

*Retreat: excursions.* LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON,  
and CHARLES fly.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,  
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
They that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[BEDFORD dies and is carried in by two in  
his chair.

*An alarm.* Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and  
the rest.

LORD TALBOT.

Lost and recover'd in a day again!  
This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!



## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects  
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

## LORD TALBOT.

Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?  
I think her old familiar is asleep:  
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles  
his gleeks?

What, all amorf? Rouen hangs her head for grief,  
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers;  
And then depart to Paris to the king,  
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

What wills Lord Talbot pleasest Burgundy.

## LORD TALBOT.

But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,  
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:  
A braver soldier never couched lance,  
A gentler heart did never sway in court:  
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,  
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The plains near Rouen.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,  
ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and FORCES.*

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

**D**ISMAY not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

## CHARLES.

We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the  
world.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee revered like a blessed saint:  
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:  
By fair persuasions, mixt with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

## CHARLES.

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

For ever should they be expelled from France,  
And not have title of an earldom here.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Your honours shall perceive how I will work  
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.  
*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over  
at a distance, TALBOT and his FORCES.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.  
*French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY  
and his FORCES.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:  
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

## CHARLES.

A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching  
hence.

## CHARLES.

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defaced  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!  
O, turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that  
help!

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's  
bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign  
gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY [*aside*].

Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Besides, all French and France exclaim on  
thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny,  
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then but English Henry will be lord,  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof,—  
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in England prisoner?



But when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free, without his ransom paid,  
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.  
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering  
lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY [*aside*].

I'm vanquished; these haughty words of hers  
I've batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—  
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
My forces and my power of men are yours:—  
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

JOAN LA PUCELLE [*aside*].

Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

CHARLES.

Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us  
fresh.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHARLES.

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt*].

#### SCENE IV.

*Paris. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER,  
YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK,  
EXETER, VERNON, BASSET, etc. To them, with  
his SOLDIERS, TALBOT.*

LORD TALBOT.

MY gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,  
[*Kneeling*].

And with submissive loyalty of heart  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got  
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

KING HENRY.

Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Yes; if it please your majesty, my liege.

KING HENRY.

Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!  
When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—  
I do remember how my father said  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face:  
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all except* VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON.

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear  
In honour of my noble Lord of York,—  
Darest thou maintain the former words thou  
spakest?

BASSET.

Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON.

Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BASSET.

Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VERNON.

Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

BASSET.

Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,  
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest  
blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VERNON.

Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter the KING, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,  
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WAR-  
WICK, TALBOT, the GOVERNOR OF PARIS,  
and others.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

LORD bishop, set the crown upon his head.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*GOVERNOR kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him;  
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,  
And none your foes but such as shall pretend  
Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt GOVERNOR and his TRAIN.*

*Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.

LORD TALBOT.

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,—

[Plucks it off.]

Which I have done,—because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,—  
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

To say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
And ill beseming any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

LORD TALBOT.

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order,  
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

KING HENRY.

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!  
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:  
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What means his Grace, that he hath changed his  
style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king'?  
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription  
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here?—[Reads] 'I have, upon especial,  
cause,—

Moved with compassion of my country's wrack,  
Together with the pitiful complaints  
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—  
Forsaken your pernicious faction,  
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of  
France.'

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,—  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling  
guile?

KING HENRY.

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

KING HENRY.

Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

KING HENRY.

Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,  
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—  
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

LORD TALBOT.

Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,  
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

KING HENRY.

Then gather strength, and march unto him  
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,  
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

LORD TALBOT.

I go, my lord; in heart desiring still  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter VERNON AND BASSET.

VERNON.

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BASSET.

And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

DUKE OF YORK.

This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!

EARL OF SOMERSET.

And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

KING HENRY.

Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—  
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?  
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VERNON.

With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

BASSET.

And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

KING HENRY.

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?  
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BASSET.

Crossing the sea from England into France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth  
About a certain question in the law  
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms;  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VERNON.

And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

DUKE OF YORK.

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

KING HENRY.

Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick  
men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!—  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

DUKE OF YORK.

Let this dissension first be tried by fight,  
And then your highness shall command a peace.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;  
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

DUKE OF YORK.

There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

VERNON.

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BASSET.

Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!  
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!  
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—  
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well  
To bear with their perverse objections;  
Much less to take occasion from their mouths  
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:  
Let me persuade you take a better course.

DUKE OF EXETER.

It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be  
friends.

KING HENRY.

Come hither, you that would be combatants:  
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—  
And you, my lords, remember where we are;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:  
If they perceive dissension in our looks,  
And that within ourselves we disagree,  
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked  
To wilful disobedience, and rebel  
Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of  
France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father;  
My tender years; and let us not forgo  
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!  
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York:  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade  
Than I am able to instruct or teach:  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let us still continue peace and love.—  
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France:—  
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot:—  
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
Ourselves, my lord Protector, and the rest,  
After some respite, will return to Calais;  
From thence to England; where I hope ere long  
To be presented, by your victories,  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* KING, GLOSTER, SOM-  
ERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, and  
BASSET.

EARL OF WARWICK.

My Lord of York, I promise you, the king  
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

DUKE OF YORK.

And so he did; but yet I like it not,  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;  
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no  
harm.

DUKE OF YORK.

An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;  
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

DUKE OF EXETER.

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;  
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This shouldering of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,  
But that he doth presage some ill event.  
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;  
But more when envy breeds unkind division;  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit*.

## SCENE II.

*Before Bourdeaux.*

*Enter* TALBOT, *with trumpet and drum.*

LORD TALBOT.

GO to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;  
Summon their general unto the wall.  
*Trumpet sounds. Enter GENERAL and others aloft.*  
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;  
And thus he would,—Open your city-gates;  
Be humble to us: call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects;  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of our love.

GENERAL.

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter but by death;  
For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight:

If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:  
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitcht,  
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament  
 To rive their dangerous artillery  
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise  
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;  
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well-coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt GENERAL, etc.*]

LORD TALBOT.

He fables not; I hear the enemy:—  
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their  
 wings.—

O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 How are we parkt and bounded in a pale,—  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
 If we be English deer, be, then, in blood;  
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—  
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's  
 right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter a MESSENGER that meets YORK. Enter  
 YORK with trumpet and many SOLDIERS.*

DUKE OF YORK.

ARE not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dau-  
 MESSENGER. [phin?]

They are return'd, my lord; and give it out  
 That he is marcht to Bourdeaux with his power,  
 To fight with Talbot: as he marcht along,  
 By your espials were discovered  
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin  
 led;

Which join'd with him, and made their march for  
 Bourdeaux.

DUKE OF YORK.

A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
 That thus delays my promised supply  
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;  
 And I am louted by a traitor villain,  
 And cannot help the noble chevalier:

God comfort him in this necessity!  
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
 Never so needful on the earth of France,  
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbót,  
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction:  
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's  
 honour.

DUKE OF YORK.

O God, that Somerset—who in proud heart  
 Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!  
 So should we save a valiant gentleman  
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
 Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,  
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

O, send some succour to the distressed lord!

DUKE OF YORK.

He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;  
 We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily  
 get;

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;  
 And on his son young John, who two hours since  
 I met in travel toward his warlike father!  
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
 And now they meet where both their lives are  
 done.

DUKE OF YORK.

Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have  
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
 Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
 That under'd friends greet in the hour of  
 death.—

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,  
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,  
 Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit with FORCES.*]

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
 Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss  
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
 That ever-living man of memory,  
 Henry the Fifth:—whiles they each other cross,  
 Lives, honours, land, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV.

*Other plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his ARMY; an OFFICER of  
 TALBOT'S with him.*

EARL OF SOMERSET.

IT is too late: I cannot send them now:  
 This expedition was by York and Talbot  
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force  
 Might with a sally of the very town  
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the  
name.

OFFICER.

Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'er-match forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord  
Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:  
And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,  
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's  
honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:  
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;  
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
Collected for this expedition.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;  
I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:  
Never to England shall he bear his life;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight;  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:  
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

EARL OF SOMERSET.

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.

LORD TALBOT.

○ YOUNG John Talbot! I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived  
When sapless age and weak unable limbs  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—

Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavowed danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN TALBOT.

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard and a slave of me!  
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

LORD TALBOT.

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN TALBOT.

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

LORD TALBOT.

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN TALBOT.

Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:  
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;  
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

LORD TALBOT.

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN TALBOT.

Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

LORD TALBOT.

Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN TALBOT.

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

LORD TALBOT.

Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

JOHN TALBOT.

No part of him but will be shamed in me.

LORD TALBOT.

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN TALBOT.

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

LORD TALBOT.

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that  
stain.

JOHN TALBOT.

You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

LORD TALBOT.

And leave my followers here, to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN TALBOT.

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

LORD TALBOT.

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*A field of battle.*

*Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S SON is hemm'd about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

LORD TALBOT.

SAINT George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy  
breath;

I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

JOHN TALBOT.

O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!  
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

LORD TALBOT.

When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck  
fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus,—'Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave  
boy:'—

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's  
care,—

Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat!  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me thy nothing gain, an if I stay,—

'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's  
fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are saved, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN TALBOT.

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my  
heart:

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,—  
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like me to the peasant boys of France,

To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!  
Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

LORD TALBOT.

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by a  
SERVANT.*

LORD TALBOT.

WHERE is my other life?—mine own is  
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant  
John?—

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—  
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustering battle of the French;  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit; and there died  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

SERVANT.

O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!  
*Enter SOLDIERS, with JOHN TALBOT borne.*

LORD TALBOT.

Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to  
scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite, shall scape mortality.—  
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd  
death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;  
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—  
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,  
Had death been French, then death had died  
to-day.—

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dis.*]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BAS-  
TARD, LA PUCELLE, and FORCES.*

CHARLES.

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!



JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,  
 'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish't by a maid':  
 But, with a proud majestic high scorn,  
 He answer'd thus, 'Young Talbot was not born  
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench':  
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:  
 See, where he lies inhears'd in the arms  
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,  
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHARLES.

O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled  
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French*

HERALD *preceding.*

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,  
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

CHARLES.

On what submissive message art thou sent?

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;  
 We English warriors wot not what it means.  
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHARLES.

For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.  
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Where is the great Alcides of the field,  
 Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,—  
 Created, for his rare success in arms,  
 Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;  
 Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of  
 Alton,  
 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of  
 Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;  
 Knight of the noble order of Saint George,  
 Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;  
 Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth  
 Of all his wars within the realm of France?

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Here is a silly-stately style indeed!  
 The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,  
 Writes not so tedious a style as this.—  
 Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,  
 Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,  
 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
 O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
 That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!  
 O, that I could but call these dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
 Were but his picture left amongst you here,  
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
 Give me their bodies, that I may bear them  
 hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
 He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.  
 For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them  
 here,  
 They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

CHARLES.

Go, take their bodies hence.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

I'll bear them hence: but from their ashes shall be  
 rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

CHARLES.

So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou  
 wilt.—

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:  
 All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

London. The palace.

*Enter KING, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

KING HENRY.

**H**AVE you perused the letters from the Pope,  
 The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I have, my lord: and their intent is this,—  
 They humbly sue unto your excellence  
 To have a godly peace concluded of  
 Between the realms of England and of France.

KING HENRY.

How doth your Grace affect their motion?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
 And stablish quietness on every side.

KING HENRY.

Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
 It was both impious and unnatural  
 That such immanity and bloody strife  
 Should reign among professors of one faith.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect  
 And surer bind this knot of amity,  
 The Earl of Armagnac—near kin to Charles,  
 A man of great authority in France—  
 Proffers his only daughter to your Grace  
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

KING HENRY.

Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!  
 And fitter is my study and my books  
 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
 Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,  
 So let them have their answers, every one:  
 I shall be well content with any choice  
 Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a LEGATE and two AMBASSADORS, with  
 WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.*

DUKE OF EXETER [*aside*].

What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,  
 And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?  
 Then I perceive that will be verified  
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—  
 'If once he come to be a cardinal,  
 He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'



## KING HENRY.

My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;  
And therefore are we certainly resolved  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And for the proffer of my lord your master,  
I have inform'd his highness so at large,  
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,  
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

## KING HENRY [to the AMBASSADORS].

In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—  
And so, my lord Protector, see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipt,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* KING, GLOSTER, EXETER, and  
AMBASSADORS.

## CARDINAL.

Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive  
The sum of money which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

## LEGATE.

I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

## CARDINAL [aside].

Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive  
That neither in birth or for authority  
The bishop will be overborne by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*France. Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter* CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BAS-  
TARD, LA PUCELLE, and FORCES.

## CHARLES.

THESE news, my lords, may cheer our droop-  
ing spirits:

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

## MESSENGER.

Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices!

## CHARLES.

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

## MESSENGER.

The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,  
And means to give you battle presently.

## CHARLES.

Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;  
But we will presently provide for them.

## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Of all base passions, fear is most accurst:—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be  
thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

## CHARLES.

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Before Angiers.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter* LA PUCELLE.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

THE regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—  
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;  
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents,—  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise! [*Thunder.*]

*Enter* FIENDS.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
Out of the powerful legions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
In earnest of a further benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice  
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come,  
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak.  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*]

*Excursions. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to  
hand: LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

## DUKE OF YORK.

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:  
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
And try if they can gain your liberty.—  
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!

## JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Changed to a worse shape thou canst not be.

DUKE OF YORK.

O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!  
And may ye both be suddenly surprised  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

DUKE OF YORK.

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

DUKE OF YORK.

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the  
stake.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his  
hand.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.

[*Kissing her hand.*

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MARGARET.

Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The King of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*

O, stay!—[*aside*] I have no power to let her  
pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says  
no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:—  
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?  
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses  
rough.

MARGARET.

Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit  
Before thou make a trial of her love?

MARGARET.

Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I  
pay?

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MARGARET.

Wilt thou accept of ransom—yea or no?

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;  
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

MARGARET.

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling-card.

MARGARET.

He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

And yet a dispensation may be had.

MARGARET.

And yet I would that you would answer me.

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king; tush, that's a wooden  
thing!

MARGARET.

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

EARL OF SUFFOLK [*aside*].

Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
And peace established between these realms.  
But there remains a scruple in that too;  
For though her father be the King of Naples,  
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
And our nobility will scorn the match.

MARGARET.

Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:  
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—  
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MARGARET [*aside*].

What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a  
knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MARGARET [*aside*].

Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;  
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

MARGARET [*aside*].

Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

I prithee, lady, wherefore talk you so?

MARGARET.

I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MARGARET.

To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

MARGARET.

Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

MARGARET.

What?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

His love.

MARGARET.

I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam,—are ye so content?

MARGARET.

An if my father please, I am content.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Then call our captains and our colours forth!—

[Troops come forward.]

And, madam, at your father's castle-walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

REIGNIER.

To whom?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

To me.

REIGNIER.

Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent—and, for thy honour, give consent—

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIGNIER.

Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Fair Margaret knows

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIGNIER.

Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

And here I will expect thy coming.

[Exit REIGNIER from the walls.]

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

REIGNIER.

Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

REIGNIER.

Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and An-

jou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

That is her ransom,—I deliver her;

And those two counties I will undertake  
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIGNIER.

And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
As deputy unto that gracious king,  
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:—

[aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.—

I'll over, then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemnized.

So, farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIGNIER.

I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.

MARGARET.

Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and

prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[Going.]

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Farewell, sweet madam: but, hark you, Margare-

ret,—

No princely commendations to my king?

MARGARET.

Such commendations as becomes a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty?

MARGARET.

Yes, my good lord,—a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

And this withal.

[Kisses her.]

MARGARET.

That for thyself:—I will not so presume

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exit REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.

Camp of the DUKE OF YORK in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

DUKE OF YORK.

BRING forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded,

and a SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless—cruel death?  
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!  
I am descended of a gentler blood:  
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD.

Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;  
I did beget her, all the parish knows:  
Her mother liveth yet, can testify  
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

DUKE OF YORK.

This argues what her kind of life hath been,—  
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEPHERD.

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!  
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:  
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,  
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her  
breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

Take her away; for she hath lived too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.  
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

DUKE OF YORK.

Ay, ay:—away with her to execution!

EARL OF WARWICK.

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

DUKE OF YORK.

Now heaven forbend! the holy maid with child!

EARL OF WARWICK.

The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

DUKE OF YORK.

She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;  
Especially since Charles must father it.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

You are deceived; my child is none of his;  
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

DUKE OF YORK.

Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

O, give me leave, I have deluded you:  
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I named,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

EARL OF WARWICK.

A married man! that's most intolerable.

DUKE OF YORK.

Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,  
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

EARL OF WARWICK.

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

DUKE OF YORK.

And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Then lead me hence—with whom I leave my  
curse;

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode;  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you, till mischief and despair  
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!  
[*Exit, guarded.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implored a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train  
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

DUKE OF YORK.

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?  
After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrow'n,

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
 Our great progenitors had conquered?—  
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,  
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants  
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others.*

CHARLES.

Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed  
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in  
 France,

We come to be informed by yourselves  
 What the conditions of that league must be.

DUKE OF YORK.

Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes  
 The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,  
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent,  
 Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
 To ease your country of distressful war,  
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—  
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown:  
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
 Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,  
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?  
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,  
 And yet, in substance and authority,  
 Retain but privilege of a private man?  
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHARLES.

'Tis known already that I am possess  
 With more than half the Gallian territories,  
 And therein revered for their lawful king:  
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish't,  
 Detract so much from that prerogative,  
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
 That which I have than, coveting for more,  
 Be cast from possibility of all.

DUKE OF YORK.

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means  
 Used intercession to obtain a league,  
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?  
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
 Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
 And not of any challenge of desert,  
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIGNIER [*aside to CHARLES*].

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
 To cavil in the course of this contract:  
 If once it be neglected, ten to one  
 We shall not find like opportunity.

DUKE OF ALENÇON [*aside to CHARLES*].

To say the truth, it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre  
 And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen  
 By our proceeding in hostility;  
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

EARL OF WARWICK.

How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition  
 stand?

CHARLES.

It shall;  
 Only reserved, you claim no interest  
 In any of our towns of garrison.

DUKE OF YORK.

Then swear allegiance to his majesty;  
 As thou art knight, never to disobey  
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—  
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.  
 So, now dismiss your army when ye please;  
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*London. The royal palace.*

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING;  
 GLOSTER and EXETER.*

KING HENRY.

YOUR wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
 Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:  
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
 So am I driven, by breath of her renown,  
 Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive  
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Tush, my good lord,—this superficial tale  
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise;  
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame—  
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them—  
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
 Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
 So full-replete with choice of all delights,  
 But, with as humble lowliness of mind,  
 She is content to be at your command;  
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING HENRY.

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
 Therefore, my lord Protector, give consent  
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
 Unto another lady of esteem:  
 How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,  
 And not deface your honour with reproach?

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
 Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
 By reason of his adversary's odds:  
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?  
Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

## EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Yes, my lord, her father is a king,  
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France,  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

## DUKE OF EXETER.

Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

## EARL OF SUFFOLK.

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;  
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret, that is daughter of a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:  
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—  
More than in women commonly is seen—  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be linkt in love.  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

## KING HENRY.

Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that  
My tender youth was never yet attaint  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;

Agree to any covenants; and procure  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
And so, conduct me where, from company,  
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.]

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.]

## EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,  
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.]

# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
 HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*  
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*  
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*  
 EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*  
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
 LORD CLIFFORD.  
 YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*  
 EARL OF SALISBURY.  
 EARL OF WARWICK.  
 LORD SCALES.  
 LORD SAY.  
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother.*  
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
 VAUX.  
 MATTHEW GOUGH.  
 A SEA-CAPTAIN, MASTER, and MASTER'S-MATE, and WALTER WHITMORE.  
 TWO GENTLEMEN, *prisoners with Suffolk.*  
 ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *two priests.*  
 ROGER BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*  
 THOMAS HORNER, *an armorer.* PETER, *his man.*  
 CLERK OF CHATHAM.  
 MAYOR OF SAINT ALBAN'S.  
 SAUNDER SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*  
 JACK CADE, *a rebel.*  
 GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, &c., *his followers.*  
 TWO MURDERERS.  
 MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*  
 ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*  
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch.*  
 WIFE to *Simpcox.*  
 LORDS, LADIES, and ATTENDANTS, PETITIONERS, ALDERMEN, a HERALD, a BEADLE, SHERIFF, and OFFICERS, CITIZENS, PRENTICES, FALCONERS, GUARDS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, &c.  
 A SPIRIT.  
 SCENE—*In various parts of England.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. A room of state in the palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.*

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

AS by your high imperial majesty  
 I had in charge at my depart for France,  
 As procurator to your excellence,  
 To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace;  
 So, in the famous ancient city Tours,  
 In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
 The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and  
 Alençon,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend  
 bishops,  
 I have perform'd my task, and was espoused:  
 And humbly now, upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-  
 stance

Of that great shadow I did represent;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING HENRY.

Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:  
 I can express no kinder sign of love  
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Great King of England, and my gracious lord,—  
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
 In courtly company or at my beads,  
 With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,  
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords  
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

KING HENRY.

Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,  
 Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,  
 Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL [*kneeling*].

Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!  
[*Flourish.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

We thank you all.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

My lord Protector, so it please your Grace,  
 Here are the articles of contracted peace  
 Between our sovereign and the French king  
 Charles.

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*reads*].

*Imprimis*, It is agreed between the French king  
 Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess of  
 Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England,



—that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. *Item*, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and deliver'd to the king her father—

[*Lets the paper fall.*]

KING HENRY.

Uncle, how now!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING HENRY.

Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT [*reads*].

*Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and deliver'd over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

KING HENRY.

They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your Grace from being regent  
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expired.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field  
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in  
awe?

And was his highness in his infancy  
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours and these honours die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?  
O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your name from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,  
This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should:  
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Now, by the death of Him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

EARL OF WARWICK.

For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no  
tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
*Mort Dieu!*

DUKE OF YORK.

For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
And our King Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starved in  
France,  
Before—

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot:  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Rancour will out: proud pretelo, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

So, there goes our Protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir-apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of  
Gloster;'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud  
voice,

'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!  
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his  
seat.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

This weighty business will not brook delay;  
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.]*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's  
pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloster be displaced, he'll be Protector.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

*[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—  
More like a soldier than a man o' th' church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—  
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeep-  
ing,

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—  
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civil discipline;  
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
Have made these fear'd and honour'd of the  
people:—

Join we together, for the public good,  
In what we can, to bridle and suppress  
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;  
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's  
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

EARL OF WARWICK.

So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
And common profit of his country!

DUKE OF YORK *[aside]*.

And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Then let's make haste away, and look unto the  
main.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost,—  
That Maine which by main force Warwick did  
win,  
And would have kept so long as breath did last!  
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant  
Maine,—

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

*[Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.]*

DUKE OF YORK.

Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:  
Suffolk concluded on the articles;  
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased  
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair  
daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?  
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;  
While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
While all is shared, and all is borne away,  
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:  
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
Methinks the realms of England, France, and  
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.  
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!  
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-  
phrey,  
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state;  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fain at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the  
crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England  
down. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The DUKE OF GLOSTER's house.*

*Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his Wife ELEANOR.*

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

WHY droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his  
brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
Enchased with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—  
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And, having both together heaved it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite  
it  
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal;  
And on the pieces of the broken wand  
Were placed the heads of Edmund duke of  
Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God  
knows.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Tut, this was nothing but an argument  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I sat in seat of majesty  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown'd;  
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to  
me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:  
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor!  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be checkt.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

My lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I go.—Come, Nell,—thou wilt ride with us, I'm  
sure.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and MESSENGER.*]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—  
Where are you there, Sir John? nay, fear not, man,  
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

JOHN HUME.

Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

JOHN HUME.

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

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-  
fer'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
And will they undertake to do me good?

JOHN HUME.

This they have promised,—to show your high-  
ness

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions  
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:  
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*]

JOHN HUME.

Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;  
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
The business asketh silent secrecy.  
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:—  
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,  
And from the great and new-made Duke of  
Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.  
They say,—A crafty knave does need no broker;  
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.  
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,  
And her attainment will be Humphrey's fall:  
Sort how it will, I shall have good for all. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. The palace.*

*Enter PETER, and other PETITIONERS.*

FIRST PETITIONER.

MY masters, let's stand close: my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

SECOND PETITIONER.

Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

PETER.

Hère 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.*

SECOND PETITIONER.

Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

FIRST PETITIONER.

I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord Protector.

QUEEN MARGARET.

For my lord Protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

FIRST PETITIONER.

Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! *[reads]* 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.'—How now, sir knave!

SECOND PETITIONER.

Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER *[presenting his petition]*.

Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN MARGARET.

What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER.

That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Who is there? *[Enter SERVANT.]*—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pur-suivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

*[Exit SERVANT with PETER.]*

QUEEN MARGARET.

And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's Grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*[Tears the supplications.]*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

ALL.

Come, let's be gone. *[Exeunt PETITIONERS.]*

QUEEN MARGARET.

My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:—

That were a state fit for his holiness.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your Grace's full content.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Beside the haught Protector, have we Beaufort The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking-

ham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Not all these lords do vex me half so much

As that proud dame, the lord Protector's wife.

She sweeps it through the court with troops of

ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's

wife:

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty:

Shall I not live to be avenged on her?

Contempruous base-born callet as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,

And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit.  
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a semet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

KING HENRY.

For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

DUKE OF YORK.

If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,  
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

EARL OF WARWICK.

The cardinal's not my better in the field.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Warwick may live to be the best of all.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

QUEEN MARGARET.

If he be old enough, what needs your Grace  
To be Protector of his excellence?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Madam, I am Protector of the realm;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

The commons hast thou rackt; the clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

[Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[She gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Was't ill yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

KING HENRY.

Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Against her will good king, look to 't in time;  
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[Exit.]

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:  
She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,  
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit.]

Enter GLOSTER.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:—  
I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:  
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;  
Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:  
Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
Till Paris was besieged, famisht, and lost.

EARL OF WARWICK.

That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Peace, headstrong Warwick!

EARL OF WARWICK.

Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his man PETER, guarded.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Because here is a man accused of treason:  
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

## DUKE OF YORK.

Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

## KING HENRY.

What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason:  
His words were these,—that Richard duke of  
York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

## KING HENRY.

Say, man, were these thy words?

## THOMAS HORNER.

An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor  
thought any such matter: God is my witness, I  
am falsely accused by the villain.

PETER [*holding up his hands*].

By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them  
to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring  
my Lord of York's armour.

## DUKE OF YORK.

Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

## THOMAS HORNER.

Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.  
My accuser is my prentice; and when I did cor-  
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow  
upon his knees he would be even with me: I have  
good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your  
majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a  
villain's accusation.

## KING HENRY.

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

## KING HENRY.

Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset,  
We make your Grace regent over the French.

## DUKE OF SOMERSET.

I humbly thank your royal majesty.

## THOMAS HORNER.

And I accept the combat willingly.

## PETER.

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

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

## KING HENRY.

Away with them to prison; and the day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next  
month.—

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same. GLOSTER'S garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTH-  
WELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

## JOHN HUME.

COME, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,  
expects performance of your promises.

## ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her  
ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

## JOHN HUME.

Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

## ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

I have heard her reported to be a woman of an  
invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,  
Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we  
be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's  
name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jour-  
dain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;—  
John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our  
work.

*Enter DUCHESS aloft; HUME following.*

## DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this  
gear,—the sooner the better.

## ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:  
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs  
howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their  
graves,—

That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here do the ceremonies belonging, and make  
the circle; BOLINGBROKE or SOUTH-  
WELL reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thun-  
ders and lightens terribly; then the SPIRIT  
riseth.*]

## SPIRIT.

*Adsum.*

## MARGERY JOURDAIN.

Asmath,  
By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
hence.

## SPIRIT.

Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said and done!  
ROGER BOLINGBROKE [*reading out of a  
paper*].

'First of the king: what shall of him become?'

## SPIRIT.

The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the SPIRIT speaks, SOUTHWELL  
writes the answer.*]

## ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

## SPIRIT.

By water shall he die, and take his end.

## ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'



## SPIRIT.

Let him shun castles;  
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.—  
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

ROGER BOLINGBROKE.

Descend to darkness and the burning lake!  
False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Exit SPIRIT.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM, with their GUARD, and break in.  
DUKE OF YORK.

Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—  
Beldam, I think we watcht you at an inch.—  
What, madam, are you there? the king and  
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:  
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,  
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Not half so bad as thine to England's king.  
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

True, madam, none at all:—what call you this?—  
[Showing her the papers.

Away with them! let them be clapt up close,  
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—  
Stafford, take her to thee.—  
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.—  
Away!

[Exit, above, DUCHESS and HUME,  
guarded. Exit, below, SOUTHWEL,  
BOLINGBROKE, &c., guarded.

DUKE OF YORK.

Lord Buckingham, methinks you watcht her  
well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!  
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.  
What have we here? [Reads.

'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why, this is just

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint

Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither goes these news, as fast as horse can

carry them,—

A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of

York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

DUKE OF YORK.

At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within  
there, hol

## Enter a SERVANT.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick  
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!  
[Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Alban's.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOSTER, CARDINAL,  
and SUFFOLK, with FALCONERS hallooing.

QUEEN MARGARET.

**B**ELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

KING HENRY.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

I thought as much: he would be above the  
clouds.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by that?  
Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

KING HENRY.

The treasury of everlasting joy!

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts  
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown per-  
emptory?

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you not do it?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

As who, my lord?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Why, as you, my lord,

An 't like your lordly lord-Protectorship.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN MARGARET.

And thy ambition, Gloster.

KING HENRY.

I prithee, peace,

Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!



- DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CARDINAL*].  
Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
Marry, when thou darest.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CARDINAL*].  
Make up no factious numbers for the matter;  
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou  
darest,  
This evening on the east side of the grove.
- KING HENRY.  
How now, my lords!
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT.  
Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport.—[*aside to GLOSTER*]  
Come with thy two-hand sword.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
True, uncle.
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
Are ye advised?—the east side of the grove?
- DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CARDINAL*].  
Cardinal, I am with you.
- KING HENRY.  
Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—  
[*aside to CARDINAL*] Now, by God's mother,  
priest, I'll shave your crown for this,  
Or all my fence shall fail.
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
*Medice, teipsum;*  
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.
- KING HENRY.  
The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,  
lords.  
How irksome is this music to my heart!  
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
- Enter a TOWNSMAN of St. Alban's, crying,*  
A miracle!  
DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
What means this noise?  
Fellow, what dost thou proclaim?
- TOWNSMAN.  
A miracle! a miracle!
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
- TOWNSMAN.  
Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,  
Within this half-hour, hath received his  
sight;  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
- KING HENRY.  
Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!  
*Enter the MAYOR of St. Alban's and his brethren,*  
*bearing SIMPCOX, between two in a chair, his*  
*WIFE and a multitude following.*  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT.  
Here comes the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.
- KING HENRY.  
Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Stand by, my masters:—bring him near the  
king;  
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
- KING HENRY.  
Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.  
What, hast thou been long blind, and now re-  
stored?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
Born blind, an't please your Grace.
- WIFE.  
Ay, indeed was he.
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
What woman is this?
- WIFE.  
His wife, an't like your worship.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have  
better told.
- KING HENRY.  
Where wert thou born?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
- KING HENRY.  
Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to  
thee:  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
- QUEEN MARGARET.  
Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by  
chance,  
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd  
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,  
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox,  
come,—  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help  
thee.'
- WIFE.  
Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft  
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
- CARDINAL BEAUFORT.  
What, art thou lame?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
Ay, God Almighty help me!
- DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
How camest thou so?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
A fall off of a tree.
- WIFE.  
A plum-tree, master.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
How long hast thou been blind?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
O, born so, master.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
What, and wouldst climb a tree?
- SAUNDER SIMPCOX.  
But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
- WIFE.  
Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
- DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst  
venture so.

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,  
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—  
Let me see thine eyes: wink now; now open  
them:—

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint  
Alban.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Red, master; red as blood.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown  
of?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

KING HENRY.

Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE.

Never, before this day, in all his life.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Alas, master, I know not.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What's his name?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

I know not.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Nor his?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

No, indeed, master.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What's thine own name?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in  
Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
thou mightst as well have known all our names as  
thus to name the several colours we do wear.  
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to  
nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords,  
Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would  
ye not think his cunning to be great that could  
restore this cripple to his legs again?

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

O master, that you could!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

MAYOR OF ST. ALBAN'S.

Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then send for one presently.

MAYOR OF ST. ALBAN'S.

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an ATTENDANT.]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool  
brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save  
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool  
and run away.

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a BEADLE with whips.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—  
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that  
same stool.

BEADLE.

I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your  
doublet quickly.

SAUNDER SIMPCOX.

Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to  
stand.

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

KING HENRY.

O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN MARGARET.

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE.

Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Let them be whipt through every market-town  
till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

*[Exeunt MAYOR, BEADLE, WIFE, &c.]*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But you have done more miracles than I;

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

KING HENRY.

What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

Have practised dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers:

Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy-council,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

And so, my lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

*[aside to GLOSTER]* This news, I think, hath  
turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:  
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

KING HENRY.

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN MARGARET.

Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;  
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
How I have loved my king and commonweal:  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:  
Noble she is; but if she have forgot  
Honour and virtue, and conversed with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her my bed and company,  
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,  
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

KING HENRY.

Well, for this night we will repose us here:  
To-morrow toward London back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly,  
And call these foul offenders to their answers;  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause  
prevails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*London. The DUKE OF YORK's garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

DUKE OF YORK. *[Wick,*

**N**OW, my good Lords of Salisbury and War-  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

DUKE OF YORK.

Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of  
Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,  
Lionel duke of Clarence; next to whom

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of  
Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son, *[king;*

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she  
came,

And him to Pomfret,—where, as all you know,  
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

DUKE OF YORK.

Which now they hold by force, and not by right;  
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

DUKE OF YORK.

The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose  
line *[daughter,*

I claim the crown,—had issue, Philippe, a  
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:  
Edmund had issue, Roger earl of March;  
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;  
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
But, to the rest.

DUKE OF YORK.

His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
Married Richard earl of Cambridge; who was son  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth  
son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
To Roger earl of March; who was the son  
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence:  
So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

EARL OF WARWICK.

What plain proceeding is more plain than this?  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York doth claim it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
And, in this private plot, be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH.

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

DUKE OF YORK.

We thank you, lords. But I am not your king  
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,  
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:  
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—  
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*A hall of justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

KING HENRY.

STAND forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—  
[*to JOURDAIN, &c.*] You four, from hence to  
prison back again;

From thence unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,  
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the DUCHESS and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—  
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

KING HENRY.

Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,  
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:  
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less beloved  
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

QUEEN MARGARET.

I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.—  
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
As willingly do I the same resign  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;  
And Humphrey duke of Gloucester scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—  
His lady banisht, and a limb lopt off:

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand  
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his  
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

DUKE OF YORK.

Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appelland and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING HENRY.

O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:  
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

DUKE OF YORK.

I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appelland,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his NEIGHBOURS, drinking to him so much that he is drunk: and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sandbag fasten'd to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sandbag, and PRENTICES drinking to him.*

FIRST NEIGHBOUR.

Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup  
of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well  
enough.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR.

And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGHBOUR.

And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour:  
drink, and fear not your man.

THOMAS HORNER.

Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and  
a fig for Peter!

FIRST PRENTICE.

Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

SECOND PRENTICE.

Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight  
for credit of the prentices.

PETER.

I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray  
you; for I think I have taken my last draught in  
this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee  
my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my ham-  
mer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I  
have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am  
never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt  
so much fence already.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—  
Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER.

Peter, forsooth.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Peter! what more?

PETER.

Thump.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

THOMAS HORNER.

Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

DUKE OF YORK.

Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.  
—Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes him down.*]

THOMAS HORNER.

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

[*Dies.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

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

PETER.

O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

KING HENRY.

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;  
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:  
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—  
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

A street.

*Enter GLOSTER and his MEN, in mourning cloaks.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER. [cloud;]

**T**HUS sometimes hath the brightest day a  
And after summer evermore succeeds  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERVING-MAN.

'Tis almost ten, my lord.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
The abject people gazing on thy face  
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS of GLOSTER barefoot, in a white sheet, with verses pinn'd on her back, and a taper burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the SHERIFF, and OFFICERS.*

SERVING-MAN.

So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!

See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!  
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,  
Methinks I should not thus be led along,  
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
And when I start, the envious people laugh,  
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;  
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.  
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;  
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:  
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;  
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all  
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;  
I must offend before I be attainted:  
And had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scathe,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a HERALD.

HERALD.

I summon your Grace to his majesty's parliament,  
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And my consent ne'er askt herein before!  
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit HERALD.*]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commis-  
sion.

SHERIFF.

An't please your Grace, here my commission  
stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
You use her well: the world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness, if  
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and his MEN.*]

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!  
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wisht this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;  
There to be used according to your state.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—  
And shall I, then, be used reproachfully?

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;  
According to that state you shall be used.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHERIFF.

It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.  
DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.—

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL  
BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM,  
SALISBURY, and WARWICK to the Parliament.*

KING HENRY.

**I** MUSE my Lord of Gloster is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Can you not see? or will ye not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself;  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-  
self?

We know the time since he was mild and affable;  
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admired him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;

But great men tremble when the lion roars,—  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First note, that he is near you in descent;  
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,—

That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;  
And when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-

rooted;  
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.  
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,

Reprove my allegation, if you can;  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your Grace's tale.  
The duchess, by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputing of his high descent,—  
As, next the king, he was successive heir,

And such high vaunts of his nobility,—  
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

DUKE OF YORK.

And did he not, in his Protectorship,  
Levy great sums of money through the realm  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke  
Humphrey.

## KING HENRY.

My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise: but—shall I speak my con-  
science?—

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given  
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond  
affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:  
Is he a lamb! his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

## Enter SOMERSET.

## DUKE OF SOMERSET.

All health unto my gracious sovereign!

## KING HENRY.

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from  
France?

## DUKE OF SOMERSET.

That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

## KING HENRY.

Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be  
done!

## DUKE OF YORK [aside].

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France  
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:  
But I will remedy this gear ere long,  
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

## Enter GLOSTER.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,  
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

## DUKE OF YORK.

'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of  
France,

And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?  
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
So help me God, as I have watcht the night,—  
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for  
England!

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my trial-day!  
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
And never askt for restitution.

## CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I say no more than truth, so help me God!

## DUKE OF YORK.

In your Protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
That England was defamed by tyranny.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was Pro-  
tector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor pas-  
sengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:  
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured  
Above the felon or what trespass else.

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

## KING HENRY.

My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope  
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!  
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,  
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exiled your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life;  
And, if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness:  
But mine is made the prologue to their play;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's  
malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back,  
By false accuse doth level at my life:—  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up



My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—  
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—  
 Myself had notice of your conventicles—  
 And all to make away my guiltless life.  
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
 The ancient proverb will be well effected,—  
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
 With ignominious words, though clerkly coucht,  
 As if she had suborned some to swear  
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

QUEEN MARGARET.

But I can give the loser leave to chide.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—  
 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—  
 Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

[Exit GLOSTER, guarded.]

KING HENRY.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

What, will your highness leave the parliament?

KING HENRY.

Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,  
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;  
 My body round engirt with misery,—  
 For what's more miserable than discontent?—  
 Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see  
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!  
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come  
 That e'er I proved thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
 What luring star now envies thy estate,  
 That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,  
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man  
 wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;  
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;  
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case

With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,—  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,  
 Say, 'Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.' [Exit.]

QUEEN MARGARET.

Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot  
 beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a  
 child,

That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—  
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—  
 This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

That he should die is worthy policy;  
 But yet we want a colour for his death:  
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

But, in my mind, that were no policy:  
 The king will labour still to save his life;  
 The commons haply rise to save his life;  
 And yet we have but trivial argument,  
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy  
 death.

DUKE OF YORK.

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I

DUKE OF YORK [aside].

'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—  
 But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of  
 Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—  
 Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set  
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
 As place Duke Humphrey for the king's Pro-  
 tector?

QUEEN MARGARET.

So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,  
 To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
 Who being accused a crafty murderer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
 Because his purpose is not executed.  
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature proved an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,  
 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege,  
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Not resolute, except so much were done;  
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—  
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,  
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner,—  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN MARGARET.

And so say I.

DUKE OF YORK.

And I: and now we three have spoke it,  
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a POST.

POST.

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,  
To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

That Somerset be sent as regent thither:  
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

DUKE OF YORK.

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:  
I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home  
By staying there so long till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:  
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—  
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

DUKE OF YORK.

What, worse than naught? nay, then, a shame  
take all!

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

And, in the number, thee that wisest shame!  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

DUKE OF YORK.

I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Why, our authority is his consent;

And what we do establish he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

DUKE OF YORK.

I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.  
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

No more of him; for I will deal with him,  
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.  
And so break off; the day is almost spent:

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

DUKE OF YORK.

My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all except YORK.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution:  
Be that thou hopest to be; or what thou art  
Resign to death,—it is not worth th' enjoying:  
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born  
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought  
on thought;

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,  
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherisht in your breasts, will sting your  
hearts.

'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And for a minister of my intent

I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And, undiscover'd, come to me again,

And given me notice of their villainies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured,  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.  
Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*

*Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murder of DUKE HUMPHREY.*

FIRST MURDERER.

**R**UN to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know  
We have dispatcht the duke, as he command—  
SECOND MURDERER. *[ed.]*

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

FIRST MURDERER.

Here comes my lord.

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Now, sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

FIRST MURDERER.

Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;  
I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—  
Have you laid fair the bed? is all things well,  
According as I gave directions?

FIRST MURDERER.

'Tis, my good lord.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Away! be gone. *[Exeunt MURDERERS.*  
*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN,*  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, LORDS,  
and others.

KING HENRY.

Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;  
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

I'll call him presently, my noble lord. *[Exit.]*

KING HENRY.

Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster  
Than from true evidence of good esteem  
He be approved in practice culpable.

QUEEN MARGARET.

God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

KING HENRY.

I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest  
thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Marry, God forbend!

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

God's secret judgement:—I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.  
*[The KING swoons.]*

QUEEN MARGARET.

How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is  
dead.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.

KING HENRY.

O heavenly God!

QUEEN MARGARET.

How fares my gracious lord?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-  
fort!

KING HENRY.

What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-  
ing:—

Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—  
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?  
Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:  
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
It may be judged I made the duke away;  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be  
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

KING HENRY.

Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

QUEEN MARGARET.

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper?—look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
Erect his statua, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
Was I for this nigh wrackt upon the sea,  
And twice by awkward winds from England's  
bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime?  
What boded this but well-forewarning winds  
Did seem to say,—'Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'  
What did I then but cursed the gentle gusts,  
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed  
shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee:  
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me;  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on  
shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:  
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

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

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,— [it;  
And threw it towards thy land:—the sea received  
And so I wisht thy body might my heart:

And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—  
The agent of thy foul inconstancy—  
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did  
When he to madding Dido would unfold  
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!  
Am I not wight like her? or thou not false like  
him?

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY,  
and many COMMONS.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is mur-  
der'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

KING HENRY.

That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;  
But how he died God knows, not Henry:  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

EARL OF WARWICK.

That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

KING HENRY.

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my  
thoughts,—  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;  
For judgement only doth belong to Thee.  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
And to survey his dead and earthy image  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[WARWICK draws the curtains and shows  
DUKE HUMPHREY in his bed.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.  
KING HENRY.

That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

See how the blood is settled in his face!  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-  
turneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with  
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued:  
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and  
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.  
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
The least of all these signs were probable.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to  
death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;  
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

EARL OF WARWICK.

But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphreys'  
foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;  
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,  
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—where's your  
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—where are his talons?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson  
badge:—

Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOMERSET, and others.]

EARL OF WARWICK.

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare  
him?

QUEEN MARGARET.

He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou  
art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

EARL OF WARWICK.

But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,—  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.]

KING HENRY.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lockt up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

What noise is this?

*Enter* SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their  
weapons drawn.

KING HENRY.

Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons  
drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—  
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

EARL OF SALISBURY [*to the COMMONS at  
the door*].

Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your  
mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey  
died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking—  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge that no man should disturb your  
rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slyly glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary you were waked;  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, wher you will or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
With whose evenom'd and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS [*within*].

An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign:  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador  
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS [*within*].

An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

KING HENRY.

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care;

And had I not been cited so by them,  
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
 And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,  
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—  
 He shall not breathe infection in this air  
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.

QUEEN MARGARET.

O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

KING HENRY.

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

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all except QUEEN and SUFFOLK.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!  
 Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
 Be playfellows to keep you company!  
 There's two of you; the devil make a third!  
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!  
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse  
 them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest  
 words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
 Mine hair be fixt on end, as one distract;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the dainties that they  
 taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
 And boding screech-owls make the consort full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

QUEEN MARGARET.

Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;  
 And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst  
 glass,

Or like an overcharged gun—recoil,  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?  
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain-top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN MARGARET.

O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,  
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
 To wash away my woful monuments.  
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand.

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for  
 thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,  
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,  
 Adventure to be banish'd myself:  
 And banish'd I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd  
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Lother a hundred times to part than die.  
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,—  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world;  
 And where thou art not, desolation.  
 I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;  
 Myself no joy in naught but that thou livest.

Enter VAUX.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

VAUX.

To signify unto his majesty  
 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the  
 air,  
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
 Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's  
 ghost

Were by his side; sometimes he calls the king,  
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
 The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
 And I am sent to tell his majesty  
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!  
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—  
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my  
 sorrows?



Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;—

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:  
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die were torture more than death:  
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN MARGARET.

Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,  
It is applied to a deathful wound.  
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;  
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

I go.

QUEEN MARGARET.

And take my heart with thee.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

A jewel, lockt into the wofull'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN MARGARET.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III.

*The CARDINAL'S bedchamber.*

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK to the CARDINAL in bed.*

KING HENRY.

HOW fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

KING HENRY.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

EARL OF WARWICK.

Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?  
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—  
Alive again? then show me where he is:  
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—  
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—  
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,  
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING HENRY.

O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  
O, beat away the busy-meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,  
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

EARL OF WARWICK.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

KING HENRY.

Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—  
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—  
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

EARL OF WARWICK.

So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

KING HENRY.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—  
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The coast of Kent.*

*Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a CAPTAIN, a MASTER, a MASTER'S-MATE, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK and others, prisoners.*

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—  
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—  
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—  
The other [*pointing to SUFFOLK*], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

What is my ransom, master? let me know.

MASTER.

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MASTER'S-MATE.

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

CAPTAIN.

What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight  
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

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



WALTER WHITMORE.

I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
[to SUFFOLK] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt  
thou die;

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

CAPTAIN.

Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Look on my George,—I am a gentleman:  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

WALTER WHITMORE.

And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.  
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death  
affright?

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me that by *water* I should die:  
Yet let this not make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

WALTER WHITMORE.

*Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[Lays hold on SUFFOLK.]

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WALTER WHITMORE.

The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

CAPTAIN.

But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the  
board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-faln,  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:  
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,  
And duly waited for my coming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WALTER WHITMORE.

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAPTAIN.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAPTAIN.

Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
Strike off his head.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

CAPTAIN.

Yes, Pole.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Pole!

CAPTAIN.

Pole! Sir Pole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
Thy lips, that kist the queen, shall sweep the  
ground;

And thou, that smiledst at good Duke Hum-  
phrey's death,  
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:  
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
For daring to affy a mighty lord  
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;  
The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy  
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,  
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—  
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in  
vain,—

As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [crown  
And now the house of York—thrust from the  
By shameful murder of a guiltless king  
And lofty proud-encroaching tyranny—  
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours  
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,  
Under the which is writ *In vitis nubibus*.  
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:  
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary  
Is crept into the palace of our king,  
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
Small things make base men proud: this villain  
here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should die  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAPTAIN.

Walter,—

WALTER WHITMORE.

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

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

*Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—it is thee I fear.

WALTER WHITMORE.

Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.  
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,  
Used to command, untaught to plead for  
favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these  
With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to  
any,

Save to the God of heaven and to my king;  
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole  
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.  
True nobility is exempt from fear:—  
More can I bear than you dare execute.

## CAPTAIN.

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
That this my death may never be forgot!—  
Great men oft die by vile besonians:  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt WHITMORE and others with SUFFOLK.*]

## CAPTAIN.

And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—  
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all except the FIRST GENTLEMAN.*]

*Enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's body.*

## WALTER WHITMORE.

There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.]

## FIRST GENTLEMAN.

O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
His body will I bear unto the king;  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit with the body.*]

## SCENE II.

*Blackheath.*

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

## GEORGE BEVIS.

COME, and get thee a sword, though made  
Of a lath: they have been up these two days.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

They have the more need to sleep now, then.

## GEORGE BEVIS.

I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress  
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap  
upon it.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it  
was never merry world in England since gentle-  
men came up.

## GEORGE BEVIS.

O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handi-  
crafts-men.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

## GEORGE BEVIS.

Nay, more, the king's council are no good work-  
men.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation;  
which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates  
be labouring men; and therefore should we be  
magistrates.

## GEORGE BEVIS.

Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a  
brave mind than a hard hand.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the  
tanner of Wingham,—

## GEORGE BEVIS.

He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make  
dog's-leather of.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

And Dick the butcher,—

## GEORGE BEVIS.

Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's  
throat cut like a calf.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

And Smith the weaver,—

## GEORGE BEVIS.

*Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

## JOHN HOLLAND.

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

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a SAWYER, with infinite numbers.*

## JACK CADE.

We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed  
father,—

DICK [*aside*].

Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

## JACK CADE.

For our enemies shall fall before us,—inspired  
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,  
—Command silence.

## DICK.

Silence!

## JACK CADE.

My father was a Mortimer,—

DICK [*aside*].

He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

## JACK CADE.

My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK [*aside*].

I knew her well; she was a midwife.

## JACK CADE.

My wife descended of the Lacies,—

DICK [*aside*].

She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold  
many laces.

SMITH [*aside*].

But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd  
pack, she washes bucks here at home.

## JACK CADE.

Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK [*aside*].

Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there  
was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had  
never a house but the cage.

## JACK CADE.

Valiant I am.

SMITH [*aside*].

'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

## JACK CADE.

I am able to endure much.

DICK [*aside*].

No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market-days together.

JACK CADE.

I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH [*aside*].

He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

DICK [*aside*].

But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

JACK CADE.

Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king,—as king I will be,—

ALL.

God save your majesty!

JACK CADE.

I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK.

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

JACK CADE.

Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the* CLERK OF CHATHAM.

SMITH.

The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

JACK CADE.

O monstrous!

SMITH.

We took him setting of boys' copies.

JACK CADE.

Here's a villain!

SMITH.

'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

JACK CADE.

Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

DICK.

Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

JACK CADE.

I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK OF CHATHAM.

Emmanuel.

DICK.

They use to write it on the top of letters:—'twill go hard with you.

JACK CADE.

Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name?

or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK OF CHATHAM.

Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL.

He hath confest: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

JACK CADE.

Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the* CLERK.

*Enter* MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

Where's our general?

JACK CADE.

Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICHAEL.

Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

JACK CADE.

Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

MICHAEL.

No.

JACK CADE.

To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

*Enter* SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his* BROTHER, *with drum and* SOLDIERS.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

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

BROTHER.

But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

JACK CADE.

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

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?

JACK CADE.

And Adam was a gardener.

BROTHER.

And what of that?

JACK CADE.

Marry, thus:—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,—did he not?

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Ay, sir.

JACK CADE.

By her he had two children at one birth.

BROTHER.

That's false.

JACK CADE.

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

Was by a beggar-woman stoln away;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:  
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

DICK.

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

SMITH.

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

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

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

ALL.

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

BROTHER.

Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

JACK CADE [*aside*].

He lies, for I invented it myself.

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his  
father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys  
went to span-counter for French crowns, I am  
content he shall reign; but I'll be Protector over  
him.

DICK.

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

JACK CADE.

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

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

O gross and miserable ignorance!

JACK CADE.

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

ALL.

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

BROTHER.

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

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Herald, away; and throughout every town  
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those which fly before the battle ends  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—  
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and SOLDIERS.*]

JACK CADE.

And you that love the commons, follow me.  
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.  
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would—but that they dare not—take our parts.

DICK.

They are all in order, and march toward us.

JACK CADE.

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

## SCENE III.

*Another part of Blackheath.*

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS  
are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.*

JACK CADE.

WHERE'S Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK.

Here, sir.

JACK CADE.

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

DICK.

I desire no more.

JACK CADE.

And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This  
monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on  
SIR HUMPHREY'S brigandine*]; and the bodies  
shall be dragg'd at my horse heels till I do come  
to London, where we will have the mayor's sword  
borne before us.

DICK.

If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the  
goals, and let out the prisoners.

JACK CADE.

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

## SCENE IV.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the KING with a supplication, and the  
QUEEN with SUFFOLK'S head; the DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY.*

QUEEN MARGARET.

OFT have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What answer makes your Grace to the rebels'  
supplication?

KING HENRY.

I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING HENRY.

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

LORD SAY.

Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

KING HENRY.

How now, madam!

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

KING HENRY.

How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

MESSENGER.

The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!  
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;  
And calls your Grace usurper openly,  
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
His army is a ragged multitude  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:  
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

KING HENRY.

O graceless men! they know not what they do.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

KING HENRY.

Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee;  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

LORD SAY.

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

*Enter a second MESSENGER.*

SECOND MESSENGER.

Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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

KING HENRY.

Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

QUEEN MARGARET.

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

KING HENRY [to LORD SAY].

Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

LORD SAY.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking.  
Then enter two or three CITIZENS below.*

LORD SCALES.

How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CITIZEN.

No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

LORD SCALES.

Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;  
But I am troubled here with them myself,—  
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:  
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VI.

*The same. Cannon-street.*

*Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.*

JACK CADE.

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

*Enter a SOLDIER, running.*

SOLDIER.

Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

JACK CADE.

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

SMITH.

If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK.

My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

JACK CADE.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

*The same. Smithfield.*

*Alarums. MATTHEW GOUGH is slain, and all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.*

JACK CADE.

SO, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK.

I have a suit unto your lordship.

JACK CADE.

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

DICK.

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

JOHN HOLLAND [*aside*].

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

SMITH [*aside*].

Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

JACK CADE.

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

JOHN HOLLAND [aside].

Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

JACK CADE.

And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

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

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

JACK CADE.

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

LORD SAY.

What of that?

JACK CADE.

Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK.

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

LORD SAY.

You men of Kent,—

DICK.

What say you of Kent?

LORD SAY.

Nothing but this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

JACK CADE.

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

LORD SAY.

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

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king:

And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

JACK CADE.

Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

LORD SAY.

Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEORGE BEVIS.

O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

LORD SAY.

These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

JACK CADE.

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

LORD SAY.

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

JACK CADE.

Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

DICK.

Why dost thou quiver, man?

LORD SAY.

It is the palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

JACK CADE.

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

LORD SAY.

Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful

thoughts.

O, let me live!

JACK CADE [aside].

I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL.

It shall be done.

LORD SAY.

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

JACK CADE.

Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with LORD SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a  
head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;  
there shall not a maid be married, but she shall  
pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men  
shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and  
command that their wives be as free as heart can  
wish or tongue can tell.

DICK.

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

JACK CADE.

Marry, presently.

ALL.

O, brave!

*Enter one with the heads.*

JACK CADE.

But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another,  
for they loved well when they were alive.  
Now part them again, lest they consult about  
the giving-up of some more towns in France.  
Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night:  
for with these borne before us, instead of maces,  
will we ride through the streets; and at every  
corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*Southwark.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter again CADE and all his  
rabblement.*

JACK CADE.

UP Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'-corner!  
kill and knock down! throw them into  
Thames!—[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I  
hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or  
parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and OLD CLIFFORD.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:  
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all  
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

OLD CLIFFORD.

What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,  
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;  
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say, 'God save his majesty!'  
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

ALL.

God save the king! God save the king!

JACK CADE.

What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so  
brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe  
him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons

about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke  
through London gates, that you should leave me  
at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye  
would never have given out these arms till you  
had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are  
all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in  
slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs  
with burdens, take your houses over your heads,  
ravish your wives and daughters before your  
faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so,  
God's curse light upon you all!

ALL.

We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!

OLD CLIFFORD.

Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.  
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?  
Methinks already in this civil broil  
I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying 'Viliago!' unto all they meet.  
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's  
mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;  
Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL.

A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and  
Clifford.

JACK CADE [*aside*].

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro  
as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth  
hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes  
them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads  
together to surprise me: my sword make way for  
me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the  
devils and hell, have through the very midst of  
you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no  
want of resolution in me, but only my followers'  
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake  
me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;

And he that brings his head unto the king

Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IX.

*Killingworth Castle.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and  
SOMERSET, on the terrace.*

KING HENRY.

WAS ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
And could command no more content than  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle [*I'*]



But I was made a king, at nine months old:  
Was never subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and OLD CLIFFORD.*  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Health and glad tidings to your majesty!  
KING HENRY.  
Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?  
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.*

OLD CLIFFORD.

He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING HENRY.

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:

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

ALL.

God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

Please it your Grace to be advertised  
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;  
And with a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

KING HENRY.

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York  
distrest;

Like to a ship that, having scaped a tempest,  
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a  
pirate:

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;  
And now is York in arms to second him.—  
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;  
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.  
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the  
Tower;—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss from him.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

My lord,  
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING HENRY.

In any case, be not too rough in terms;  
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal  
As all things shall redound unto your good.

KING HENRY.

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## SCENE X.

*Kent. IDEN's garden.*

*Enter CADE.*

JACK CADE.

BE on ambition! fie on myself, that have a  
sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five  
days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not  
peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now  
am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my  
life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer.  
Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into  
this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a  
sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a  
man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this  
word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a  
time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been  
cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I  
have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath  
served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and  
now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, and his MEN behind.*

ALEXANDER IDEN.

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;  
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:  
Sufficieth that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

JACK CADE *[aside]*.

Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for  
a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.  
—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a  
thousand crowns of the king by carrying my  
head to him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an  
ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin,  
ere thou and I part.

ALEXANDER IDEN.

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

JACK CADE.

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

ALEXANDER IDEN.

Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famisht man.  
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou  
hast;

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

As for words,—whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

JACK CADE.

By my valour, the most complete champion that  
ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut  
not out the burly-boned clown in chimes of beef  
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God, on  
my knees, thou mayst be turn'd to hobnails.  
[*Here they fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain!  
famine and no other hath slain me: let ten  
thousand devils come against me, and give me  
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them  
all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-  
place to all that do dwell in this house, because  
the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

ALEXANDER IDEN.

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

JACK CADE.

Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.  
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man;  
and exhort all the world to be cowards,—for I,  
that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine,  
not by valour. [*Dies.*]

ALEXANDER IDEN.

How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my  
judge. [*thee!*]

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt IDEN, dragging out the body, and  
SERVANTS.*]

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*Enter YORK and his army of Irish, with drum  
and colours.*

DUKE OF YORK.

FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his  
right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:  
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM [aside].*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb  
me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

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

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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

DUKE OF YORK [*aside*].

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

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

That is too much presumption on thy part:  
But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;  
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

DUKE OF YORK.

Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

DUKE OF YORK.

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—  
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;  
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,  
As pledges of my fealty and love;  
I'll send them all as willing as I live:  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter KING HENRY and ATTENDANTS.*

KING HENRY.

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,  
That thus he marcheth with the arm in arm?

DUKE OF YORK.

In all submission and humility  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

KING HENRY.

Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

DUKE OF YORK.

To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;  
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.*

ALEXANDER IDEN.

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

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

KING HENRY.

The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art  
Thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew  
him?

ALEXANDER IDEN.

I was, an't like your majesty.

KING HENRY.

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

ALEXANDER IDEN.

Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss  
He were created knight for his good service.

KING HENRY.

Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.  
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

ALEXANDER IDEN.

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

KING HENRY.

See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the  
queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

QUEEN MARGARET.

For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,  
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

DUKE OF YORK.

How now! is Somerset at liberty? [*thoughts,*

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

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

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

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

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

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
That gold must round engirt these brows of

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

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

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

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

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

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

DUKE OF YORK.

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,  
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

[*Exit an* ATTENDANT.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward, [*ment.*  
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-

QUEEN MARGARET.

Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,  
To say if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF YORK.

O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those  
That for my surety will refuse the boys!  
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it  
good.

*Enter* EDWARD *and* RICHARD.

QUEEN MARGARET.

And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

*Enter* OLD CLIFFORD *and* his SON.

OLD CLIFFORD.

Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*

DUKE OF YORK.

I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

OLD CLIFFORD.

This is my king, York, I do not mistake;  
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:—  
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

KING HENRY.

Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

OLD CLIFFORD.

He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN MARGARET.

He is arrested, but will not obey;  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

DUKE OF YORK.

Will you not, sons?

EDWARD.

Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICHARD.

And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

OLD CLIFFORD.

Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

DUKE OF YORK.

Look in a glass, and call thy image so:  
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,  
That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the* EARLS OF WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

OLD CLIFFORD.

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

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

RICHARD.

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

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapt his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War-  
wick.

OLD CLIFFORD.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

OLD CLIFFORD.

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

KING HENRY.

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—  
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—  
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banisht from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood?  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his Grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

KING HENRY.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

EARL OF SALISBURY.

I have.

KING HENRY.

Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an  
oath?

EARL OF SALISBURY.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To raven the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;  
And have no other reason for this wrong,  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

QUEEN MARGARET.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

KING HENRY.

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

DUKE OF YORK.

Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
I am resolved for death or dignity.

OLD CLIFFORD.

The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

EARL OF WARWICK.

You were best to go to bed and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

OLD CLIFFORD.

I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—  
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

OLD CLIFFORD.

And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.

And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICHARD.

Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,  
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

RICHARD.

If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*Saint Alban's.*

*Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

DUKE OF YORK.

The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;  
But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

*Enter OLD CLIFFORD.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

Of one or both of us the time is come.

DUKE OF YORK.

Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

OLD CLIFFORD.

What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou  
pouse?

DUKE OF YORK.

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

OLD CLIFFORD.

Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

DUKE OF YORK.

So let it help me now against thy sword,  
As I in justice and true right express it!

OLD CLIFFORD.

My soul and body on the action both!

DUKE OF YORK.

A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[*They fight. OLD CLIFFORD falls.*]

OLD CLIFFORD.

*La fin couronne les aurores.*

[*Diss.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.  
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*]

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;  
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:  
He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,  
[*Seeing his father's body.*]

And the premised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together!  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
The silver livery of advised age,  
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus  
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight  
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,  
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—  
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight.

SOMERSET is kill'd.

RICHARD.

So, lie thou there;—  
For underneath an alchouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—  
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*]

Fight. Excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

KING HENRY.

Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

QUEEN MARGARET.

What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:  
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To give the enemy way; and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom  
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,—  
As well we may, if not through your neglect,—  
We shall to London get: where you are loved;  
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,  
May readily be stopt.

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.

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

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and SOLDIERS, with drum and colours.

DUKE OF YORK.

OLD Salisbury, who can report of him,—  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

RICHARD.

My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any further act:  
But still, where danger was, still there I met  
him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;  
By th' mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.—  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

DUKE OF YORK.

I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.  
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—  
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

EARL OF WARWICK.

After them! nay, before them, if we can.  
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:  
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,  
Shall be eternized in all age to come.—  
Sound drums and trumpets;—and to London  
all:  
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

# THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*  
LOUIS XI., *King of France.*  
DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
DUKE OF EXETER.  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
LORD CLIFFORD.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*  
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,*  
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*  
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*  
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,*  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF PEMBROKE.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *uncles to the Duke of*  
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *York.*  
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*  
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.  
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.  
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.  
TUTOR TO RUTLAND. MAYOR OF YORK.  
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER. A NOBLEMAN.  
TWO KEEPERS. A HUNTSMAN.  
A SON THAT HAS KILL'D HIS FATHER.  
A FATHER THAT HAS KILL'D HIS SON.  
QUEEN MARGARET.  
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*  
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*  
SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, MESSENGERS,  
WATCHMEN, &c.

SCENE—*During part of the third Act in France;  
during the rest of the Play in England.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. The Parliament-house.*

*Alarm. Enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and SOLDIERS.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

I WONDER how the king escaped our hands.

DUKE OF YORK.

While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away, and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD.

Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain or wounded dangerous;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE [to YORK,  
*showing his*].

And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,  
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICHARD.

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

[*Throwing down the* DUKE OF SOMERSET'S *head.*

DUKE OF YORK.

Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—  
But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICHARD.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

DUKE OF YORK.

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

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

DUKE OF YORK.

Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my  
lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And when the king comes, offer him no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*They go up*

DUKE OF YORK.

The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council:  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICHARD.

Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

EARL OF WARWICK.

The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

DUKE OF YORK.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—  
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.  
*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,  
EXETER, and the rest.

KING HENRY.

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Even in the chair of state! belike he means—  
Backt by the power of Warwick, that false peer—  
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;  
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have  
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

LORD CLIFFORD.

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns: I cannot brook it.

KING HENRY.

Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of York.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

KING HENRY.

Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

DUKE OF EXETER.

But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

KING HENRY.

Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my  
throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
I am thy sovereign.

DUKE OF YORK.

Thou'rt deceived; I'm thine.

DUKE OF EXETER.

For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of  
York.

DUKE OF YORK.

'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

DUKE OF EXETER.

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

LORD CLIFFORD.

Whom should he follow but his natural king?

EARL OF WARWICK.

True, Clifford; and that's Richard duke of York.

KING HENRY.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

It must and shall be so: content thyself.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster; [tain.  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall main-

EARL OF WARWICK.

And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the  
field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
Marcht through the city to the palace-gates.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons, [lives  
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!  
DUKE OF YORK.

Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

KING HENRY.

What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of  
March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

KING HENRY.

The lord Protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICHARD.

You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you  
lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDWARD.

Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE [to YORK].

Good brother, as thou lovest and honour'st  
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

RICHARD.

Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

DUKE OF YORK.

Sons, peace!

KING HENRY.

Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

KING HENRY.

Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,  
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow—  
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?  
My title's good, and better far than his.



EARL OF WARWICK.

Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

KING HENRY.

Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

DUKE OF YORK.

'Twas by rebellion against his king.

KING HENRY [*aside*].

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

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

DUKE OF YORK.

What then?

KING HENRY.

An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

DUKE OF YORK.

He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

DUKE OF EXETER.

No; for he could not so resign his crown  
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

KING HENRY.

Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

DUKE OF EXETER.

His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

DUKE OF YORK.

Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

DUKE OF EXETER.

My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

KING HENRY [*aside*].

All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
 Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,  
 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—  
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and  
 proud—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

LORD CLIFFORD.

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:  
 May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

KING HENRY.

O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

DUKE OF YORK.

Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

EARL OF WARWICK.

Do right unto this princely Duke of York;  
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
 And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
 Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the SOLDIERS  
 show themselves.*]

KING HENRY.

My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—  
 Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

DUKE OF YORK.

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou  
 livest.

KING HENRY.

I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

LORD CLIFFORD.

What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

EARL OF WARWICK.

What good is this to England and himself!

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

LORD CLIFFORD.

How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

I cannot stay to hear these articles.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Nor I.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
 In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
 And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!

LORD CLIFFORD.

In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
 Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,  
 and WESTMORELAND.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

DUKE OF EXETER.

They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

KING HENRY.

Ah, Exeter!

EARL OF WARWICK.

Why should you sigh, my lord?

KING HENRY.

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,  
 Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail  
 The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;  
 Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
 To honour me as thy king and sovereign,  
 And neither by treason nor hostility  
 To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

DUKE OF YORK.

This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace  
 him.

KING HENRY.

And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

DUKE OF YORK.

Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

DUKE OF EXETER.

Accurst be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

DUKE OF YORK.

Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

And I to Norfolk with my followers.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK and his SONS, WARWICK,  
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, SOLDIERS,  
and ATTENDANTS.

KING HENRY.

And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

DUKE OF EXETER.

Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her  
anger:

I'll steal away.

[*Going.*

KING HENRY.

Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.**Enter* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF  
WALES.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

KING HENRY.

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish't him as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood

there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine  
heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE OF WALES.

Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

KING HENRY.

Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—  
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made Protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;

Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

KING HENRY.

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

KING HENRY.

Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

PRINCE OF WALES.

When I return with victory from the field,

I'll see your Grace: till then I'll follow her.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the

PRINCE.

KING HENRY.

Poor queen! how love to me and to her son  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

DUKE OF EXETER.

And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.**Enter* RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

RICHARD.

BROTHER, though I be youngest, give me  
leave.

EDWARD.

No, I can better play the orator.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter* the DUKE OF YORK.

DUKE OF YORK.

Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDWARD.

No quarrel, but a slight contention.

DUKE OF YORK.

About what?

RICHARD.

About that which concerns your Grace and us,—  
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

DUKE OF YORK.

Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

RICHARD.

Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDWARD.

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

DUKE OF YORK.

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDWARD.

But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICHARD.

No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

DUKE OF YORK.

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICHARD.

I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

DUKE OF YORK.

Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICHARD.

An oath is of no moment, being not took  
 Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
 That hath authority over him that swears:  
 Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
 Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
 Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

DUKE OF YORK.

Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—  
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
 And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—  
 Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
 And tell him privily of our intent.—  
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

But, stay: what news?—Why comest thou in such post?

MESSENGER.

The queen with all the northern earls and lords  
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

DUKE OF YORK.

Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—  
 My brother Montague shall post to London:  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

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

*[Exit.**Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.*

DUKE OF YORK.

Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!  
 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER.

She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

DUKE OF YORK.

What, with five thousand men?

RICHARD.

Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
 A woman's general; what should we fear?

*[A march afar off.*

EDWARD.

I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,  
 And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

DUKE OF YORK.

Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,  
 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
 Many a battle have I won in France,  
 Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:  
 Why should I not now have the like success?

*[Alarum. Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Field of battle near Sandal Castle.**Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.*

EARL OF RUTLAND.

AH, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?  
 Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter CLIFFORD and SOLDIERS.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.  
 As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
 Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

TUTOR.

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Soldiers, away with him!

TUTOR.

Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
 Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*[Exit, forced off by SOLDIERS.*

DUKE CLIFFORD.

How now! is he dead already? or is it fear  
 That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

EARL OF RUTLAND.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
 That trembles under his devouring paws;  
 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
 And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—  
 Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
 And not with such a cruel threatening look!  
 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—  
 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:  
 Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

LORD CLIFFORD.

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood  
 Hath stopt the passage where thy words should  
 enter.

EARL OF RUTLAND.

Then let my father's blood open it again:  
 He is a man, and Clifford, cope with him.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
 Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
 No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
 It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.  
 The sight of any of the house of York  
 Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
 And till I root out their accursed line,  
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

*[Lifting his hand.*

EARL OF RUTLAND.

O, let me pray before I take my death!—  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

LORD CLIFFORD.

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

EARL OF RUTLAND.

I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

LORD CLIFFORD.

Thy father hath.

EARL OF RUTLAND.

But 'twas ere I was born.

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

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause!

LORD CLIFFORD.

No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[Stabs him.]

EARL OF RUTLAND.

*Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!* [Dies.]

LORD CLIFFORD.

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!  
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.*

DUKE OF YORK.

THE army of the queen hath got the field:  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanced  
them:

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried, 'Courage, father! fight it  
out!'

And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of  
ground!'

And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'

With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!

We bodged again: as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
And spend her strength with over-matching  
waves.

[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:  
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the QUEEN, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and SOLDIERS.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumber-  
land,—

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

DUKE OF YORK.

My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.  
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

LORD CLIFFORD.

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

DUKE OF YORK.

O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with  
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

LORD CLIFFORD.

I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.]

QUEEN MARGARET.

Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—  
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northum-  
berland.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]

LORD CLIFFORD.

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

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

So doth the cony struggle in the net.

DUKE OF YORK.

So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatcht.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

What would your Grace have done unto him  
now?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—  
What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?  
 Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
 And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
 Look, York: I stain'd this napkir with the blood  
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,  
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
 I should lament thy miserable state.  
 I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;  
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine  
 entrails  
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be  
 mad;  
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—  
 A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to  
 him:—  
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—  
 But how is it that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king  
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 And rob his life, against your holy oath?  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—  
 Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

LORD CLIFFORD.

That is my office, for my father's sake.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

DUKE OF YORK.

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of  
 France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's  
 tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
 But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
 To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom  
 derived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou  
 not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;  
 Unless the adage must be verified,—

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
 Thou art as opposite to every good  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the  
 child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy  
 wish;  
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy  
 will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-  
 woman.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so  
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

DUKE OF YORK.

That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 Would not have toucht, would not have stain'd  
 with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—  
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet  
 boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'—  
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
 curse;

[Giving back the paper crown.]

And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—  
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
 I should not for my life but weep with him,  
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

LORD CLIFFORD.

Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[Stabbing him.]

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

[Stabbing him.]

DUKE OF YORK.

Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out  
Thee. [Dies.]

QUEEN MARGARET.

Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York.  
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their  
POWER.*

EDWARD.

I WONDER how our princely father scaped,  
Or whether he be scaped away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the  
news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the  
news;  
Or had he scaped, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.—  
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICHARD.

I cannot joy, until I be resolved  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about;  
And watcht him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompass round with dogs,—  
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So fared our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.—  
See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

EDWARD.

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

RICHARD.

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

EDWARD.

'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,  
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

RICHARD.

Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I  
speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter one blowing.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESSENGER.

Ah, one that was a woful looker-on  
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father and my loving lord!

EDWARD.

O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

RICHARD.

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

MESSENGER.

Environed he was with many foes;  
And stood against them as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdued;  
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks  
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDWARD.

Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—  
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquisht him,  
For hand to hand he would have vanquisht  
thee!—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my  
body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

RICHARD.

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning  
heart: [burden;  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would  
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for  
me!—

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDWARD.

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

RICHARD.

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



*March.* Enter WARWICK, MONTAGUE, and their ARMY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

RICHARD.

Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told, The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

EDWARD.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears; And now, to add more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things sith then befall. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought, Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp, Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run, Were brought me of your loss and his depart. I, then in London, keeper of the king, Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends, And very well appointed, as I thought, [queen, Marcht toward Saint Alban's to intercept the Bearing the king in my behalf along; For by my scouts I was advertised That she was coming with a full intent To dash our late decree in parliament Touching King Henry's oath and your succession. Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met, Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought: But whether 'twas the coldness of the king, Who lookt full gently on his warlike queen, That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen; Or whether 'twas report of her success; Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour, Who thunders to his captives blood and death, I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth, Their weapons like to lightning came and went; Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight, Or like an idle thrasher with a flail— Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause, With promise of high pay and great rewards: But all in vain; they had no heart to fight, And we, in them, no hope to win the day; So that we fled; the king unto the queen; Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself, In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you; For in the marches here we heard you were Making another head to fight again.

EDWARD.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Some six miles off the duke is with his power; And for your brother, he was lately sent From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICHARD.

'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit, But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear; For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head, And wring the awful sceptre from his fist, Were he as famous and as bold in war As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICHARD.

I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not: 'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak. But in this troublous time what's to be done? Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns, Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads? Or shall we on the helmets of our foes Tell our devotion with revengeful arms? If for the last, say 'Ay,' and to it, lords.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out; And therefore comes my brother Montague. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, With Clifford and the haught Northumberland, And of their feather many moe proud birds, Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax. He swore consent to your succession, His oath enrolled in the parliament; And now to London all the crew are gone, To frustrate both his oath, and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong: Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself, With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March, Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand, Why, *Via!* to London will we march again; And once again bestride our foaming steeds, And once again cry, 'Charge! upon our foes!' But never once again turn back and fly.

RICHARD.

Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak: Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day, That cries, 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

EDWARD.

Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean; And when thou faint'st,—as God forbid the hour!— Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

EARL OF WARWICK.

No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York: The next degree is England's royal throne; For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd In every borough as we pass along; And he that throws not up his cap for joy, Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,— Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown, But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICHARD.

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,— I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.



EDWARD.

Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George  
for us!

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

How now! what news?

MESSENGER.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Before York.*

*Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, the PRINCE  
OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBER-  
LAND, with drum and trumpets.*

QUEEN MARGARET.

**W**ELCOME, my lord, to this brave town of  
York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

KING HENRY.

Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their  
wrack:—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

LORD CLIFFORD.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinheret him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
My careless father fondly gave away?'  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

KING HENRY.

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

QUEEN MARGARET.

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—  
Edward, kneel down.

KING HENRY.

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE OF WALES.

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

LORD CLIFFORD.

Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

LORD CLIFFORD.

I would your highness would depart the field:  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

KING HENRY.

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

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE OF WALES.

My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, 'Saint  
George!'

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,  
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and  
SOLDIERS.*

EDWARD.

Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDWARD.

I am his king, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caused him, by new act of Parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

LORD CLIFFORD.

And reason too:  
Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICHARD.

Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

LORD CLIFFORD.

Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICHARD.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

LORD CLIFFORD.

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICHARD.

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

EARL OF WARWICK.

What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the  
crown?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you  
speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

LORD CLIFFORD.

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

EARL OF WARWICK.

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

RICHARD.

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—

Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

LORD CLIFFORD.

I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?

RICHARD.

Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

KING HENRY.

Have done with words, my lords, and hear me  
speak.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

KING HENRY.

I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileged to speak.

LORD CLIFFORD.

My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

RICHARD.

Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:

By Him that made us all, I am resolved

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDWARD.

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

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

PRINCE OF WALES.

If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

RICHARD.

Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN MARGARET.

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,

Markt by the Destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICHARD.

Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,—

As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—

Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-  
traught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDWARD.

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;

And had he matcht according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

That washt his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heapt sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath broacht this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipt our claim unto another age.

GEORGE.

But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root; [selves,

And though the edge hath something hit our-

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,

Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDWARD.

And, in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wavel—

And either victory, or else a grave.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Stay, Edward.

EDWARD.

No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay;

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in  
Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

FORSPENT with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their  
strength,  
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

EDWARD.

Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is  
clouded.

EARL OF WARWICK.

How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE.*

GEORGE.

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

EDWARD.

Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;  
And weak are we, and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

RICHARD.

Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Brought with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDWARD.

O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,  
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—  
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICHARD.

Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

GEORGE.

Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life and victory.—  
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

RICHARD.

NOW, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and  
brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;  
And so, have at thee!

*[They fight. WARWICK comes; CLIFFORD  
flies.]*

RICHARD.

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

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.*

KING HENRY.

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing  
light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—  
How many makes the hour full complete;  
How many hours brings about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:—  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate;  
 So many hours must I sport myself;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young;  
 So many weeks ere the poor foals will ean;  
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:  
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 Past over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.  
*Alarum. Enter a SON that hath kill'd his father,  
 bringing in the dead body.*

SON.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—  
 Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd.  
 O heavy times, begetting such events!  
 From London by the king was I prest forth;  
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
 Came on the part of York, prest by his master;  
 And I, who at his hands received my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—  
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—  
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—  
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
 And no more words till they have flow'd their  
 fill.

KING HENRY.

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

*Enter FATHER, bearing of his son.*

FATHER.

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—  
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and  
 heart!—  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!—  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

KING HENRY.

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!  
 O, that my death would stay these ruthless  
 deeds!—

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;  
 With one rose, and let the other flourish;  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON.

How will my mother for a father's death  
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

FATHER.

How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

KING HENRY.

How will the country for these woful chances  
 Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

SON.

Was ever son so rued a father's death?

FATHER.

Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

KING HENRY.

Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?  
 Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

SON.

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
*[Exit with the body.]*

FATHER.

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—  
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 And so obsequious will thy father be,  
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

*[Exit with the body.]*

KING HENRY.

Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
 Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the QUEEN, the  
 PRINCE, and EXETER.*

PRINCE OF WALES.

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:  
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post  
 amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
 And bloody steel grasp't in their ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

DUKE OF EXETER.

Away! for vengeance comes along with them:  
 Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;  
 Or else come after: I'll away before.

KING HENRY.

Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Another part of the field.**A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

HERE burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry  
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow [light.  
More than my body's parting with my soul!  
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,  
The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorcht the earth!  
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should  
do,

Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death;  
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
And what makes robbers bold but too much  
lenity?—

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:  
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;  
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast.

[*Faints.*]

*Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,  
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and SOLDIERS.*

EDWARD.

Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us  
pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful  
looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with  
them?

EARL OF WARWICK.

No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
For, though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard markt him for the grave:  
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

EDWARD.

Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RICHARD.

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDWARD.

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

RICHARD.

Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;  
Who not contented that he lopt the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly  
spring,—

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

EARL OF WARWICK.

From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDWARD.

Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening  
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*SOLDIERS bring the body forward.*]

EARL OF WARWICK.

I think his understanding is bereft.—  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to  
thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

RICHARD.

O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEORGE.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

RICHARD.

Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

EDWARD.

Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

GEORGE.

While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICHARD.

Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

EDWARD.

Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

GEORGE.

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

EARL OF WARWICK.

They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast  
wont.

RICHARD.

What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—  
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing  
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king.  
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not  
dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.  
First will I see the coronation;  
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDWARD.

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—  
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

RICHARD.

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;  
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A chase in the north of England.*

*Enter two KEEPERS, with cross-bows in their hands.*

FIRST KEEPER.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud  
ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

SECOND KEEPER.

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

FIRST KEEPER.

That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

SECOND KEEPER.

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

*Enter the KING, with a prayer-book.*

KING HENRY.

From Scotland am I stoln, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash't off wherewith thou wast  
anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEPER.

Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:  
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

KING HENRY.

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

SECOND KEEPER.

Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

FIRST KEEPER.

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

KING HENRY.

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;  
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick  
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Louis a prince soon won with moving  
words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
To hear and see her plaints, her british tears.  
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:  
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;  
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no  
more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her,  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

SECOND KEEPER.

Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and  
queens?

KING HENRY.

More than I seem, and less than I was born to:  
A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SECOND KEEPER.

Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

KING HENRY.

Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.

SECOND KEEPER.

But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

KING HENRY.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Nor deckt with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content—  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SECOND KEEPER.

Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,  
Your crown content and you must be contented  
To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

KING HENRY.

But did you never swear, and break an oath?

SECOND KEEPER.

No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

KING HENRY.

Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

SECOND KEEPER.

Here in this country, where we now remain.

KING HENRY.

I was anointed king at nine months old;  
My father and my grandfather were kings;  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST KEEPER.

No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

KING HENRY.

Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?  
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin  
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

FIRST KEEPER.

We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

KING HENRY.

So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

FIRST KEEPER.

We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

KING HENRY.

In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,  
and LADY GREY.

KING EDWARD.

**B**ROTHER of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field  
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was  
slain,

His lands then seized on by the conqueror:  
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
It were dishonour to deny it her.

KING EDWARD.

It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside to CLARENCE]*.

Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

DUKE OF CLARENCE *[aside to GLOSTER]*.

He knows the game: how true he keeps the  
wind!

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside to CLARENCE]*.  
Silence!

KING EDWARD.

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

LADY GREY.

Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May't please your highness to resolve me  
now;

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside]*.

Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your  
lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

DUKE OF CLARENCE *[aside to GLOSTER]*.  
I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside to CLARENCE]*.  
God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

KING EDWARD.

How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

DUKE OF CLARENCE *[aside to GLOSTER]*.  
I think he means to beg a child of her.

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside to CLARENCE]*.  
Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two.

LADY GREY.

Three, my most gracious lord.

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside]*.

You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

KING EDWARD.

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

LADY GREY.

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

KING EDWARD.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER *[aside]*.

Ay, good leave have you; for you will have  
leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the  
crutch.

*[Retires with CLARENCE.]*

KING EDWARD.

Now tell me, madam, do you love your chil-  
dren?

LADY GREY.

Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

KING EDWARD.

And would you not do much to do them good?

LADY GREY.

To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

KING EDWARD.

Then get your husband's lands, to do them  
good.

LADY GREY.

Therefore I came unto your majesty.

KING EDWARD.

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

LADY GREY.

So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

KING EDWARD.

What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

LADY GREY.

What you command, that rests in me to do.

KING EDWARD.

But you will take exceptions to my boon.

LADY GREY.

No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.



KING EDWARD.  
Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

LADY GREY.  
Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CLARENCE*].  
He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

DUKE OF CLARENCE [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

LADY GREY.  
Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

KING EDWARD.  
An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY.  
That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD.  
Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

LADY GREY.  
I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CLARENCE*].  
The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

KING EDWARD.  
But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.

LADY GREY.  
The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD.  
Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.  
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

LADY GREY.  
My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;  
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD.  
No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

LADY GREY.  
Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

KING EDWARD.  
But now you partly may perceive my mind.

LADY GREY.  
My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

KING EDWARD.  
To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY.  
To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

KING EDWARD.  
Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

LADY GREY.  
Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD.  
Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY.  
Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:  
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

KING EDWARD.  
Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;  
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

LADY GREY.  
Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CLARENCE*].  
The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

DUKE OF CLARENCE [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

KING EDWARD [*aside*].  
Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;  
Her words do show her wit incomparable:  
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
One way or other, she is for a king;  
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—  
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

LADY GREY.  
'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:  
I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

KING EDWARD.  
Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

LADY GREY.  
And that is more than I will yield unto:  
I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

KING EDWARD.  
You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

LADY GREY.  
'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father.

KING EDWARD.  
No more than when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.  
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside to CLARENCE*].  
The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

DUKE OF CLARENCE [*aside to GLOSTER*].  
When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

KING EDWARD.  
Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

KING EDWARD.  
You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
To whom, my lord?

KING EDWARD.  
Why, Clarence, to myself.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.  
By so much is the wonder in extremes.

KING EDWARD.  
Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a NOBLEMAN.*

NOBLEMAN.

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

KING EDWARD.

See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.—  
Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt all except GLOSTER.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried—  
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlookt-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweenes too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlickt bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I, then, a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my  
heart;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions:  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;  
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could;  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:  
I can add colours to the chameleon;  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*France. The KING'S palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LOUIS the French king, his sister BONA, his Admiral call'd BOURBON; PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LOUIS sits and riseth up again.*

KING LOUIS.

FAIR Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis  
doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET.

No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING LOUIS.

Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep  
despair?

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

KING LOUIS.

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck  
[*Sits her by him.*

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Those gracious words revive my drooping  
thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is, of a king, become a banisht man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward duke of York  
Usurps the regal title and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's  
heir,—

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

KING LOUIS.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

KING LOUIS.

The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

QUEEN MARGARET.

O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

KING LOUIS.

What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

KING LOUIS.

Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to  
France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

QUEEN MARGARET [*aside*].

Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

EARL OF WARWICK.

From worthy Edward, king of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,—  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

QUEEN MARGARET [*aside*].

If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

EARL OF WARWICK [*to BONA*].

And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

QUEEN MARGARET.

King Louis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest  
love,

But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
Look therefore, Louis, that by this league and  
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth  
wrongs.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE EDWARD.

And why not queen?

EARL OF WARWICK.

Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,  
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? [*that*].  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at  
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege  
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

EARL OF OXFORD.

Call him my king by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And I the house of York.

KING LOUIS.

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

[*They stand aloof.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch  
him not!

KING LOUIS.

Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

KING LOUIS.

But is he gracious in the people's eye?

EARL OF WARWICK.

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING LOUIS.

Then further,—all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister Bona.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Such it seems

As may besem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fixt in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

KING LOUIS.

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA.

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—  
[to WARWICK] Yet I confess that often ere this  
day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

KING LOUIS.

Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be  
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE EDWARD.

To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

KING LOUIS.

And still is friend to him and Margaret:  
But if your title to the crown be weak,—  
As may appear by Edward's good success,—  
Then 'tis but reason that I be released  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you;  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,  
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!  
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold  
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;  
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[POST blowing a horn within.

KING LOUIS.

Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the POST.

POST [to WARWICK].

My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:—  
[to LOUIS] These from our king unto your  
majesty:—

[to MARGARET] And, madam, these for you; from  
whom I know not. [They all read their letters.

EARL OF OXFORD.

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

PRINCE EDWARD.

Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:  
I hope all's for the best.

KING LOUIS.

Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair  
queen?

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LOUIS.

What! has your king married the Lady Grey?  
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this th'alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN MARGARET.

I told your majesty as much before: [honesty.

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's

EARL OF WARWICK.

King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—

No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

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

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:

And, to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor:

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

EARL OF WARWICK.

So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA.

Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

QUEEN MARGARET.

Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA.

My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

KING LOUIS.

And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved

You shall have aid.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

KING LOUIS.

Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Louis of France is sending over maskers  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
Thou seest what's past,—go fear thy king withal.

BONA.

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit POST.

KING LOUIS.

But, Warwick,  
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

PRINCE OF WALES.

Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
[He gives his hand to WARWICK.  
KING LOUIS.

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied;  
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,  
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—  
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all except WARWICK.

EARL OF WARWICK.

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

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

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

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And his well-chosen bride.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, as  
Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS:  
four stand on one side and four on the other.

KING EDWARD.

Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our  
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

As well as Louis of France or the Earl of War-  
wick;

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

KING EDWARD.

Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

KING EDWARD.

Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere  
pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

KING EDWARD.

Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's  
queen:—

And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Then this is mine opinion,—that King Louis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

KING EDWARD.

What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd  
By such invention as I can devise?

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance  
Would more have strengthen'd this our  
commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred  
marriage.

LORD HASTINGS.

Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

Yes; but the safer when 'tis backt with France.

LORD HASTINGS.

'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back with God, and with the seas  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

KING EDWARD.

Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;  
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And yet methinks your Grace hath not done  
well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

KING EDWARD.

Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judge-  
ment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

KING EDWARD.

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

KING EDWARD.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

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

Enter a POST.

KING EDWARD.

Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
From France?

POST.

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

KING EDWARD.

Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess  
them.

What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

POST.

At my depart, these were his very words:  
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Louis of France is sending over maskers  
To reveal it with him and his new bride.'

KING EDWARD.

Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.  
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST.

These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:  
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.'

KING EDWARD.

I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's  
queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST.

'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning-weeds are  
done,

And I am ready to put armour on.'

KING EDWARD.

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

POST.

He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'

KING EDWARD.

Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars, and pay for their presump-  
tion.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

POST.

Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so linkt in friend-  
ship, [daughter.

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

KING EDWARD.

Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exit PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:  
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

So God help Montague as he proves true!

LORD HASTINGS.

And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

KING EDWARD.

Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

KING EDWARD.

Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.

*A plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French SOLDIERS.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

TRUST me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.  
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Fear not that, my lord.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset;—I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's  
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

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

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

Thy brother being carelessly encamp't,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses and stout Diomed

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal

steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprise him.—

You that will follow me in this attempt

Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint

George!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*EDWARD'S camp, near Warwick.*

*Enter three WATCHMEN, to guard the KING'S tent.*

FIRST WATCHMAN.

COME on, my masters, each man take his stand:  
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to lie and take his natural rest  
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCHMAN.

But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

FIRST WATCHMAN.

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCHMAN.

O, is it so? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about  
him,

While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

SECOND WATCHMAN.

'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

THIRD WATCHMAN.

Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

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

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French SOLDIERS, silent all.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Who goes there?

SECOND WATCHMAN.

Stay, or thou die!

[*WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the GUARD, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' WARWICK and the rest following them.*]

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair.*

*RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

What are they that fly there?

EARL OF WARWICK.

Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.

KING EDWARD.

The Duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last  
Thou call'dst me king.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;



Nor how to study for the people's welfare;  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

KING EDWARD.

Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:  
*[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York. *[Lows,*  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fel-  
I'll follow you, and tell the duke what answer  
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

KING EDWARD.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*[They lead him out forcibly.]*

EARL OF OXFORD.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free King Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

LORD RIVERS.

MADAM, what makes you in this sudden  
change?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
What late misfortune is befalln King Edward?

LORD RIVERS.

What, loss of some pitch battle against Warwick?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

No, but the loss of his own royal person.

LORD RIVERS.

Then, is my sovereign slain?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:  
And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

LORD RIVERS.

These news, I must confess, are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.  
And I the rather wean me from despair,  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;  
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English  
crown.

LORD RIVERS.

But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:  
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must  
down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—  
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE V.

*A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM  
STANLEY, and others.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

NOW, my Lord Hastings and Sir William  
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my  
brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty;  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertised him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter KING EDWARD and a HUNTSMAN.*

HUNTSMAN.

This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

KING EDWARD.

Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen  
stand.— *[rest,*

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the  
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Brother, the time and case requireth haste:  
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

KING EDWARD.

But whither shall we then?

LORD HASTINGS.

To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to  
Flanders.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well guest, believe me; for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD.

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD.

Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

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HUNTSMAN.

Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

KING EDWARD.

Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*London. The Tower.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

KING HENRY.

MASTER lieutenant, now that God and friends Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, And turn'd my captive state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,— At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-  
reigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

KING HENRY.

For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?  
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—  
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punisht with my thwarting stars,—  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Your Grace hath still been famed for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the stars:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,  
Adjudged an olive-branch and laurel-crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And I choose Clarence only for Protector.

KING HENRY.

Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your  
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both Protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

EARL OF WARWICK.

What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

What else? and that succession be determined.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

KING HENRY.

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

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

KING HENRY.

My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

KING HENRY.

Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers  
[*Lays his hand on his head.*]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a* POST.

EARL OF WARWICK.

What news, my friend?

POST.

That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

POST.

He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest-side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

EARL OF WARWICK.

My brother was too careless of his charge.—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but* SOMERSET, RICHMOND,  
and OXFORD.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-  
mond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

EARL OF OXFORD.

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

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Before York.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER,  
HASTINGS, and SOLDIERS.*

KING EDWARD.

**N**OW, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and  
the rest,  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we past and now repast the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What, then, remains, we being thus arrived  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of  
York,  
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

KING EDWARD.

Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

LORD HASTINGS.

My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the MAYOR OF YORK and his  
BRETHREN.*

MAYOR OF YORK.

My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

KING EDWARD.

But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

MAYOR OF YORK.

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

KING EDWARD.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER [*aside*].

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

LORD HASTINGS.

Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

MAYOR OF YORK.

Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.  
[*They descend.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

LORD HASTINGS.

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

*Enter the MAYOR and two ALDERMEN.*

KING EDWARD.

So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut  
But in the night or in the time of war.  
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;  
[*Takes his keys.*]

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

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY with drum and  
SOLDIERS.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

KING EDWARD.

Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

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

KING EDWARD.

Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

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

[*The drum begins to march.*]

KING EDWARD.

Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

What talk you of debating? in few words,—  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone  
To keep them back that come to succour you:  
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
points?

KING EDWARD.

When we grow stronger, then we'll make our  
claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

LORD HASTINGS.

Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must  
rule.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

KING EDWARD.

Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

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

LORD HASTINGS.

Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed:—  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*]

SOLDIER.

Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

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

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

ALL.

Long live Edward the Fourth!

KING EDWARD.

Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;  
And when the morning sun shall raise his car  
Above the border of this horizon,  
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;  
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—  
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it besems thee  
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!  
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;  
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VIII.

*London. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

WHAT counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath past in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

EARL OF WARWICK.

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—  
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—  
Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.  
Farewell, my sovereign.

KING HENRY.

Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

KING HENRY.

Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

EARL OF OXFORD [*kissing HENRY'S hand*].

And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

KING HENRY.

Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but KING HENRY and EXETER.*]

KING HENRY.

Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?  
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field  
Should not be able to encounter mine.

DUKE OF EXETER.

The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

KING HENRY.

That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:  
I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A York! A York!'*]

DUKE OF EXETER.

Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and SOLDIERS.*

KING EDWARD.

Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;  
And once again proclaim us king of England.—  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—  
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with KING HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,  
Cold-biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Coventry.*

*Enter WARWICK, the MAYOR OF COVENTRY, two MESSENGERS, and others upon the walls.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—  
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?



FIRST MESSENGER.

By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

EARL OF WARWICK.

How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

SECOND MESSENGER.

By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter* SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

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

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

EARL OF WARWICK.

Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from  
Warwick.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Who should that be? belike, unlook-for friends.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[*Enters the city.*]*March. Flourish. Enter* KING EDWARD,  
GLOSTER, and SOLDIERS.

KING EDWARD.

Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

EARL OF WARWICK.

O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

KING EDWARD.

Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I thought at least he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

EARL OF WARWICK.

Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

KING EDWARD.

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

EARL OF WARWICK.

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD.

But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—

What is the body when the head is off?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

KING EDWARD.

'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel  
down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

EARL OF WARWICK.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

KING EDWARD.

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

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

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

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no  
more.'*Enter* OXFORD, with drum and colours.

EARL OF WARWICK.

O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

EARL OF OXFORD.

Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his FORCES enter the city.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The gates are open, let us enter too.

KING EDWARD.

So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

EARL OF WARWICK.

O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter* MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his FORCES enter the city.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

KING EDWARD.

The harder matcht, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter* SOMERSET, with drums and colours.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his FORCES enter the city.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Two of thy name both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter* CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

EARL OF WARWICK.

And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love!—

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick  
call.

[*Sound a parley; and RICHARD and CLARENCE whisper together, and then CLARENCE takes his red rose out of his hat and throws it at WARWICK.*]

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Father of Warwick, know you what this means? Look here, I throw my infamy at thee: I will not ruinate my father's house, Who have his blood to lime the stones together, And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural, To bend the fatal instruments of war Against his brother and his lawful king? Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath: To keep that oath were more impiety Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter. I am so sorry for my trespass made, That, to deserve well at my brother's hands, I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe; With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,— As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,— To plague thee for thy foul misleading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee, And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.— Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD.

Now welcome more and ten times more beloved Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

EARL OF WARWICK.

O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

KING EDWARD.

What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

EARL OF WARWICK.

Alas, I am not coopt here for defence! I will away towards Barnet presently, And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

KING EDWARD.

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt KING EDWARD and his COMPANY. March. WARWICK and his COMPANY follow.*]

## SCENE II.

*A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK, wounded.*

KING EDWARD.

SO, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear; For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.— Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

EARL OF WARWICK.

Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe, And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick? Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth, And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle, Under whose shade the ramping lion slept, Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree, And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, To search the secret treasons of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood, Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; For who lived king, but I could dig his grave? And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood! My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, Even now forsake me; and of all my lands Is nothing left me but my body's length! Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust? And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are, We might recover all our loss again: [power; The queen from France hath brought a puissant Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

EARL OF WARWICK.

Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague, If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand, And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile! Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst, Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood, That glues my lips and will not let me speak. Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last; And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.' And more he would have said; and more he spoke, Which sounded like a clamour in a vault, That might not be distinguish'd; but at last I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan, 'O, farewell, Warwick!'

EARL OF WARWICK.

Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves.

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [Dies.]

EARL OF OXFORD.

Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! [Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.*

KING EDWARD.

THUS far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are graced with wreaths of victory.



But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD.

We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-  
bury:

We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
And, as we march, our strength will be aug-  
mented

In every county as we go along.—  
Strike up the drum; cry, 'Courage!' and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Plains near Tewksbury.*

*Flourish. March. Enter* QUEEN MARGARET,  
PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and  
SOLDIERS.

QUEEN MARGARET.

**G**REAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too  
much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?  
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?  
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
We will not from the helm to sit and weep; [no,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with  
wrack.

As good to hide the waves as speak them fair.  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim,—alas, 'tis but awhile!  
Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink;  
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the  
brothers,  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and  
rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided  
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE EDWARD.

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him naked foil a man-at-arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes;  
Lest in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—  
Let him depart before we need his help.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual  
shame.—

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
To bear his image and renew his glories!

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mockt and wonder'd at.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE EDWARD.

And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER.

Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand,  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

EARL OF OXFORD.

I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET.

This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter* KING EDWARD,  
GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and FORCES.

KING EDWARD.

Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your  
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say  
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, but no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurpt,  
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and SOLDIERS; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

KING EDWARD.

**L**O, here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

EARL OF OXFORD.

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

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

KING EDWARD.

Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

*Enter SOLDIERS, with PRINCE EDWARD.*

KING EDWARD.

Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.  
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE EDWARD.

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!  
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

PRINCE EDWARD.

Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET.

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

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

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

PRINCE EDWARD.

Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

KING EDWARD.

Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE EDWARD.

I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjured  
George,—

And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

KING EDWARD.

Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*]

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Stabs him.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

O, kill me too!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

KING EDWARD.

Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

KING EDWARD.

What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

What? what?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out.

[*Exit.*]

QUEEN MARGARET.

O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!  
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!  
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by to equal it:  
He was a man; this, in respect, a child,—  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.  
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up  
remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,  
Look in his youth to have him so cut off  
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young

KING EDWARD.

Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;  
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my  
death:

What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

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

QUEEN MARGARET.

Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

KING EDWARD.

Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

QUEEN MARGARET.

So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[Exit, led out forcibly.]

KING EDWARD.

Where's Richard gone?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

KING EDWARD.

He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares,—

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI.

London. The Tower.

Enter KING HENRY and GLOSTER, with the  
LIEUTENANT, on the walls.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

GOOD day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

KING HENRY.

Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

'Good Gloster' and 'good devil' were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit LIEUTENANT.]

KING HENRY.

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING HENRY.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye

Where my poor young was limed, was caught,  
and kill'd.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

KING HENRY.

I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Think'st thou I am an executioner?

KING HENRY.

A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

KING HENRY.

Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye—

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'

fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek at thy birth,—an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down

trees;

The raven rookt her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's

hope,—

An indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast

born,

To signify thou camest to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou camest—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

KING HENRY.

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have

mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's

death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward:  
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurpt our right?  
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,  
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'  
And so I was; which plainly signified  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,  
Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother;  
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call  
divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am myself alone.—  
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—  
I'll throw thy body in another room,  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit with the body.]

#### SCENE VII.

London. The palace.

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, HASTINGS, a NURSE with the young PRINCE, and ATTENDANTS.

KING EDWARD.

ONCE more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men  
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's  
sound;  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and  
Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.—  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watcht the winter's night;  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
back:—  
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

KING EDWARD.

Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And, that I love the tree from whence thou  
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—  
[aside] To say the truth, so Judas kist his Master,  
And cried, 'All hail!' whenas he meant all harm.

KING EDWARD.

Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

What will your Grace have done with Margaret?  
Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

KING EDWARD.

Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.]

# KING RICHARD THE THIRD

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.  
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.*,  
RICHARD, *Duke of York*,  
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence*,  
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.*,  
A YOUNG SON OF CLARENCE.  
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*  
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*  
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*  
EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*  
MARQUESS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STANLEY, *call'd also Earl of Derby.*  
LORD LOVEL.  
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.  
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.  
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.  
SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*  
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.* ANOTHER PRIEST.  
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE.  
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *attending on Lady Anne.*  
ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*  
MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*  
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.*  
LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard, Duke of Gloster.*  
A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF CLARENCE (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

LORDS and other ATTENDANTS; a PURSUIVANT, SCRIVENER, CITIZENS, MURDERERS, MESSENGERS, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE—*England.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. A street.*

*Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, solus.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

NOW is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious

wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—  
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,

Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the king  
In deadly hate the one against the other:  
And, if King Edward be as true and just  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
About a prophecy, which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*  
Brother, good day: what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your Grace?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Upon what cause?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Because my name is George.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent

That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:—  
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
Antony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

By heaven, I think there's no man is secure  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking  
heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery:  
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

I beseech your Graces both to pardon me;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:  
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
tongue; [folks:  
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee,  
fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

What one, my lord?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Her husband, knave:—wouldst thou betray me?

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

I beseech your Grace to pardon me; and, withal,  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

We are the queen's objects, and must obey.—  
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—  
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:  
Meantime, have patience.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and  
GUARD.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd  
Hastings?

*Enter* HASTINGS.

LORD HASTINGS.

Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to the open air.  
How hath your lordship brookt imprisonment?

LORD HASTINGS.

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;  
For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

LORD HASTINGS.

More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What news abroad?

LORD HASTINGS.

No news so bad abroad as this at home,—  
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.  
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And overmuch consumed his royal person:  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

LORD HASTINGS.

He is.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die

Till George be packt with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to His mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corse of HENRY THE SIXTH, with halberds to guard it, LADY ANNE being the mourner; TRESSLE and BERKELEY.*

LADY ANNE.

SET down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be heir to his unhappiness!

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him

Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—

Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

And still, as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

LADY ANNE.

What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

LADY ANNE.

What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,—

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

LADY ANNE.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood

dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his

death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his

death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer

dead;

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

LADY ANNE.

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of

pity.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

LADY ANNE.

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

LADY ANNE.

Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.



DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

LADY ANNE.

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst  
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

LADY ANNE.

And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Say that I slew them not?

LADY ANNE.

Why, then, they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I did not kill your husband.

LADY ANNE.

Why, then, he is alive.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

LADY ANNE.

In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret  
saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her  
breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

LADY ANNE.

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I grant ye.

LADY ANNE.

Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me  
too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The fitter for the King of heaven, that hateth him.

LADY ANNE.

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

LADY ANNE.

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

LADY ANNE.

Some dungeon.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Your bed-chamber.

LADY ANNE.

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

LADY ANNE.

I hope so.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

LADY ANNE.

Thou wast the cause and most accurst effect.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

LADY ANNE.

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, [checks.

These nails should rend that beauty from my

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
wrack;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

LADY ANNE.

Black night o'ershadeth thy day, and death thy life!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

LADY ANNE.

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

LADY ANNE.

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

LADY ANNE.

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

LADY ANNE.

Name him.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Plantagenet.

LADY ANNE.

Why, that was he.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

LADY ANNE.

Where is he?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost

thou spit at me?

LADY ANNE.

Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

LADY ANNE.

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

LADY ANNE.

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt  
tears,  
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops:  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
No, when my father York and Edward wept  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at  
him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedasht with rain; in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing  
words;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to  
speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]  
Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with  
his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young  
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
[*She falls the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

LADY ANNE.

Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

LADY ANNE.

I have already.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.

LADY ANNE.

I would I knew thy heart.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

'Tis figured in my tongue.

LADY ANNE.

I fear me both are false.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then never man was true.

LADY ANNE.

Well, well, put up your sword.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Say, then, my peace is made.

LADY ANNE.

That shalt thou know hereafter.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But shall I live in hope?

LADY ANNE.

All men, I hope, live so.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

LADY ANNE.

To take, is not to give.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

LADY ANNE.

What is it?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place;  
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears—  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

LADY ANNE.

With all my heart; and much it joys me too  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Bid me farewell.

LADY ANNE.

'Tis more than you deserve;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and  
BERKELEY.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sirs, take up the corse.

GENTLEMEN.

Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt all, except GLOSTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.  
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,  
And I no friends to back my suit withal  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!  
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months  
since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—  
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
 That cropt the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
 On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus?  
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
 I do mistake my person all this while:  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;  
 And entertain a score or two of tailors  
 To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;  
 And then return lamenting to my love.—  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*The palace.**Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY.

EARL RIVERS.

**H**AVE patience, madam: there's no doubt his  
 majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

LORD GREY.

In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good  
 comfort,

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

If he were dead, what would betide of me?

EARL RIVERS.

No other harm but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

LORD GREY.

The heavens have blest you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ah, he is young; and his minority

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that lovés not me nor none of you.

EARL RIVERS.

Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is determined, not concluded yet:

But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM and DERBY.

LORD GREY.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

EARL OF DERBY.

God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of

Derby,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

EARL OF DERBY.

I do beseech you, either not believe  
 The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
 Or, if she be accused on true report,  
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

EARL RIVERS.

Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?

EARL OF DERBY.

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
 Are come from visiting his majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement  
 Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
 And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Would all were well!—but that will never be:  
 I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter* GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they that complain unto the king

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abused

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

EARL RIVERS.

To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injured thee? when done thee  
 wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal Grace—

Whom God preserve better than you would

wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provoked by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself

Against my children, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother  
Gloster;

You envy my advancement and my friends':  
God grant we never may have need of you!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while great promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth  
a noble.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By Him that raised me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

EARL RIVERS.

She may, my lord; for—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

She may, Lord Rivers!—why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferences;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may  
she,—

EARL RIVERS.

What, marry, may she?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What, marry, may she! marry with a king,  
A bachelor, a handsome strippling too:  
I wis your grandam had a worse match.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
With those gross taunts I often have endured.  
I had rather be a country servant-maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,—  
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech  
Him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What! threat you me with telling of the king?  
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said  
I will avouch in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.

'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

Out, devil! I remember them too well:  
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends:  
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

In all which time you and your husband Grey  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—  
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

A murderous villain, and so still thou art:

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;  
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

Which God revenge!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;  
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God my heart were flint, like Ed-  
ward's;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this  
world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

EARL RIVERS.

My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:  
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's  
king,—

As little joy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

QUEEN MARGARET *[aside]*.

As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— *[Advancing.]*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!  
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?—  
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my  
sight?

QUEEN MARGARET.

But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;  
That will I make before I let thee go.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

## QUEEN MARGARET.

I was;  
But I do find more pain in banishment  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou owest to me,—  
And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance:  
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours;  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with  
paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes:  
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout  
Steep in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounced against thee, are all faln upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

So just is God, to right the innocent.

## LORD HASTINGS.

O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

## EARL RIVERS.

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

## MARQUESS OF DORSET.

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

What! were you snarling all before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with  
heaven,  
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—  
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick  
curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!  
Long mayst thou live to wait thy children's loss;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deckt in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my  
son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray  
Him,

That none of you may live his natural age,  
But by some unlookt accident cut off!

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

## QUEEN MARGARET.

And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear  
me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
Thou elvish-mark, abortive, rooting hog!  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell!  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Margaret.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

Richard!

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ha!

## QUEEN MARGARET.

I call thee not.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I cry thee mercy, then; for did I think  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Why, so I did; but look for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse!

## DUKE OF GLOSTER.

'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Thus have you breathed your curse against your-  
self.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back  
toad.

## LORD HASTINGS.

False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

## EARL RIVERS.

Were you well served, you would be taught your  
duty.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

To serve me well, you all should do me duty,  
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

## MARQUESS OF DORSET.

Dispute not with her,—she is lunatic.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:  
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:  
O, that your young nobility could judge  
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, mar-  
guess.

MARQUESS OF DORSET.

It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

QUEEN MARGARET.

And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—  
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy  
wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.  
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:—  
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Urge neither charity nor shame to me:  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—  
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Have done, have done.

QUEEN MARGARET.

O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee:  
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

QUEEN MARGARET.

I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

QUEEN MARGARET.

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?  
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

LORD HASTINGS.

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

EARL RIVERS.

And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot to do somebody good  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
He is frankt up to fattening for his pains;—  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

EARL RIVERS.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

So do I ever, being well advised;  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY

Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
And for your Grace,—and you, my noble lords.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

EARL RIVERS.

We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all except GLOSTER.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others. [ness,—  
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in dark-  
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;  
And say it is the queen and her allies  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends stoln out of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—  
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two MURDERERS.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!  
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

FIRST MURDERER.

We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Well thought upon;—I have it here about me:

[Gives the warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.  
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

FIRST MURDERER.

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;  
Talkers are no good doers: be assured  
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop  
tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

FIRST MURDERER.

We will, my noble lord.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*The Tower.**Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

WHY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.

O, I have past a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—  
So full of dismal terror was the time!

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarkt to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we lookt toward  
England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to  
drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatt'rd in the bottom of the sea:  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mockt the dead bones that lay scatt'rd by.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

Awaked you not with this sore agony?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul  
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'

And so he vanisht: then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek't out aloud,  
'Clarence is come; false, fleeing, perjured  
Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:  
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your tormentals!  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you:  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease

Thee,

But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone;  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor chil-  
dren!—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest!—

[CLARENCE sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide  
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two MURDERERS.*

FIRST MURDERER.

Hol' who's here?

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

What wouldst thou, fellow? and how camest thou  
hither?

FIRST MURDERER.

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither  
on my legs.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

What, so brief?

SECOND MURDERER.

'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see  
our commission; and talk no more.

[BRAKENBURY reads it.]

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:  
I'll to the king; and signify to him  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

FIRST MURDERER.

You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]



SECOND MURDERER.  
What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?  
FIRST MURDERER.  
No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
What, art thou afraid?  
SECOND MURDERER.  
Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
I thought thou hadst been resolute.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
So I am, to let him live.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
How dost thou feel thyself now?  
SECOND MURDERER.  
Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
Remember our reward, when the deed is done.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
Where is thy conscience now?  
SECOND MURDERER.  
In the Duke of Gloster's purse.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
How if it come to thee again?  
SECOND MURDERER.  
I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.  
FIRST MURDERER.  
Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.  
SECOND MURDERER.  
Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not:

he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

FIRST MURDERER.  
Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

SECOND MURDERER.  
Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

FIRST MURDERER.  
Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

SECOND MURDERER.  
O excellent device! make a sop of him.

FIRST MURDERER.  
Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?  
SECOND MURDERER.

No, first let's reason with him.  
DUKE OF CLARENCE [*waking*].  
Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

FIRST MURDERER.  
You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.

In God's name, what art thou?  
FIRST MURDERER.

A man, as you are.  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
But not, as I am, royal.

FIRST MURDERER.  
Nor you, as we are, loyal.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.  
FIRST MURDERER.

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!  
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

BOTH MURDERERS.  
To, to, to—

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
To murder me?

BOTH MURDERERS.  
Ay, ay.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

FIRST MURDERER.  
Offended us you have not, but the king.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
I shall be reconciled to him again.

SECOND MURDERER.  
Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.  
Are you call'd forth from out a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict

up  
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

FIRST MURDERER.

What we will do, we do upon command.

SECOND MURDERER.

And he that hath commanded is the king.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of His law commanded  
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,  
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?  
Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

SECOND MURDERER.

And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee,  
For false forswearing, and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight  
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

FIRST MURDERER.

And, like a traitor to the name of God, [blade  
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous  
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

SECOND MURDERER.

Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

FIRST MURDERER.

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;  
For in this sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be revenged for this deed,  
O, know you yet, He doth it publicly:  
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course  
To cut off those that have offended Him.

FIRST MURDERER.

Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,  
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

FIRST MURDERER.

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

O, if you do love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

SECOND MURDERER.

You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.

BOTH MURDERERS.

Ay, so we will.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Tell him, when that our princely father York  
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

FIRST MURDERER.

Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

FIRST MURDERER.

Right.

As snow in harvest.—Thou deceivest thyself:  
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

FIRST MURDERER.

Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

SECOND MURDERER.

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering  
me?—

Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

SECOND MURDERER.

What shall we do?

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,  
Were you in my distress—

FIRST MURDERER.

Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

SECOND MURDERER.

Look behind you, my lord.

FIRST MURDERER.

Take that, and that [stabs him]: if all this will not  
do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

SECOND MURDERER.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Enter FIRST MURDERER.

FIRST MURDERER.

How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st  
me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack thou  
art!

SECOND MURDERER.

I would he knew that I had saved his brother!  
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

## FIRST MURDERER.

So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
Till that the duke give order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I will away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, sick, the QUEEN, DORSET,  
RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY,  
and others.

KING EDWARD.

WHY, so: now have I done a good day's work:  
You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

EARL RIVERS.

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging  
hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

LORD HASTINGS.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

KING EDWARD.

Take heed you dally not before your king;  
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

LORD HASTINGS.

So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

EARL RIVERS.

And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

KING EDWARD.

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—  
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There, Hastings; I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

KING EDWARD.

Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord  
marquess.

MARQUESS OF DORSET.

This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

LORD HASTINGS.

And so swear I. [They embrace.]

KING EDWARD.

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM [to the QUEEN].

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love  
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!  
When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,  
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[They embrace.]

KING EDWARD.

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the perfect period of this peace.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

KING EDWARD.

Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.  
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.  
Among this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;  
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,  
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds  
More than the infant that is born to-night:  
I thank my God for my humility.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:  
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[They all start.]

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

EARL RIVERS.

Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

MARQUESS OF DORSET.

Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

KING EDWARD.

Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

But he, poor soul, by your order first died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried.  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter* DERBY.

EARL OF DERBY.

A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

KING EDWARD.

I prithee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

EARL OF DERBY.

I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

KING EDWARD.

Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

EARL OF DERBY.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

KING EDWARD.

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was  
thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments, and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon,

pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—

O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,

Poor Clarence!

*[Exeunt some with* KING *and* QUEEN.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark you not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Lookt pale when they did hear of Clarence'

death?

O, they did urge it still unto the king!

God will revenge it.—Come, lords, will you go

To comfort Edward with our company?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

We wait upon your Grace.

*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The palace.*

*Enter the old* DUCHESS OF YORK, *with the two*  
CHILDREN OF CLARENCE.

SON.

GOOD grandam, tell us, is our father dead?  
DUCHESS OF YORK.

No, boy.

DAUGHTER.

Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,

And cry, 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

SON.

Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,

If that our noble father be alive?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;

I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loth to lose him, not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

SON.

Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:

God will revenge it; Whom I will importune

With daily prayers all to that effect.

DAUGHTER.

And so will I.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you

well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

SON.

Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,

Devised impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pised me, and kindly kist my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

SON.

Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Ay, boy.

SON.

I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter the* QUEEN, *with her hair about her ears;*

*RIVERS and* DORSET *after her.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To make an act of tragic violence:—

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband!  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images:  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:  
But death hath snatcht my husband from mine  
arms,

And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,—  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I—  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—  
To over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries!

SON.

Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!  
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

DAUGHTER.

Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the  
world!

Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!  
CHILDREN.

Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!  
DUCHESS OF YORK.

Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.  
CHILDREN.

What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.  
DUCHESS OF YORK.

What stays had I but they; and they are gone.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Was never widow had so dear a loss!  
CHILDREN.

Were never orphans had so dear a loss!  
DUCHESS OF YORK.

Was never mother had so dear a loss!  
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—  
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distrest,  
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

MARQUESS OF DORSET.

Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd  
That you take with unthankfulness His doing:  
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

EARL RIVERS.

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for  
him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HAST-  
INGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your Grace:—humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Amen;—[aside] and make me die a good old man!  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:  
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,  
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

EARL RIVERS.

Why with some little train, my Lord of Bucking-  
ham?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break  
out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet un-  
govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I hope the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

EARL RIVERS.

And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

LORD HASTINGS.

And so say I.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then be it so; and go we to determine [Ludlow.  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to

Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go  
To give your censures in this business?

QUEEN ELIZABETH and DUCHESS OF YORK.  
With all our hearts.

[*Exeunt all except BUCKINGHAM and  
GLOSTER.*]

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talkt of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the  
prince.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—my dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*London. A street.*

*Enter two CITIZENS, meeting.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

GOOD morrow, neighbour: whither away so  
fast?

SECOND CITIZEN.

I promise you I scarcely know myself:  
Hear you the news abroad?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Ay,—that the king is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:  
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another CITIZEN.*

THIRD CITIZEN.

Neighbours, God speed!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Give you good morrow, sir.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Doth the news hold of good King Edward's  
death?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

THIRD CITIZEN.

Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CITIZEN.

No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

SECOND CITIZEN.

In him there is a hope of government,  
That, in his nonage, council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

FIRST CITIZEN.

So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God  
wot;

For then this land was famously enricht  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster! [proud:  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and  
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

THIRD CITIZEN.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Before the days of change, still is it so:  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God.—Whither away?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

THIRD CITIZEN.

And so was I: I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young  
DUKE OF YORK, the QUEEN, and the DUCHESS  
OF YORK.*

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

LAST night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;  
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night;  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

But I hear, no; they say my son of York  
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

DUKE OF YORK.

Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

DUKE OF YORK.

Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talkt how I did grow  
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle  
Gloster, [apace:]  
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make  
haste.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold  
In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely,  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

DUKE OF YORK.

Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he toucht mine.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

DUKE OF YORK.

Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

DUKE OF YORK.

Grandam, his nurse.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast  
born.

DUKE OF YORK.

If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Good madam, be not angry with the child.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Pitchers have ears.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Here comes a messenger.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What news?

MESSENGER.

Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

How doth the prince?

MESSENGER.

Well, madam, and in health.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

What is thy news, then?

MESSENGER.

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,  
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Who hath committed them?

MESSENGER.

The mighty dukes

Gloster and Buckingham.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

For what offence?

MESSENGER.

The sum of all I can I have disclosed;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!  
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet  
Upon the innocent and awless throne:  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were tost,  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, prepos-  
terous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—  
Madam, farewell.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

You have no cause.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK [to the QUEEN].

My gracious lady, go;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace  
The seal I keep; and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours!  
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE,  
GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUR-  
CHIER, CATESBY, and others.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to  
your chamber.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE.

No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show; which, God He  
knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;  
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But lookt not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such false  
friends!

PRINCE.

God keep me from false friends! but they were  
none.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet  
you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and his TRAIN.

MAYOR.

God bless your Grace with health and happy  
days!



PRINCE.

I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.

[MAYOR and his TRAIN retire.]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
 Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
 Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
 To tell us whether they will come or no!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

PRINCE.

Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

LORD HASTINGS.

On what occasion, God He knows, not I,  
 The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
 Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
 Would fain have come with me to meet your  
 Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
 Is this of hers!—Lord Cardinal, will your Grace  
 Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
 Unto his princely brother presently?  
 If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,  
 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
 Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
 Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate  
 To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
 We should infringe the holy privilege  
 Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
 Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
 Too ceremonious and traditional:  
 Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,  
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
 The benefit thereof is always granted  
 To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
 This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved  
 it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
 Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
 You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;  
 But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER.

My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—  
 Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

LORD HASTINGS.

I go, my lord.

PRINCE.

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
 If I may counsel you, some day or two  
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;  
 Then where you please, and shall be thought  
 most fit

For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE.

I do not like the Tower, of any place.—  
 Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE.

Is it upon record, or else reported  
 Successively from age to age, he built it?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE.

But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
 Methinks the truth should live from age to  
 age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
 Even to the general all-ending day.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

PRINCE.

What say you, uncle?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I say, without characters, fame lives long.—  
 [aside] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,  
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

PRINCE.

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;  
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
 His wit set down to make his valour live:  
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE.

An if I live until I be a man,  
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
 Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [aside].

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

PRINCE.

Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

DUKE OF YORK.

Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

PRINCE.

Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:  
 Too late he died that might have kept that  
 title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

DUKE OF YORK.

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
 You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
 The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He hath, my lord.

DUKE OF YORK.

And therefore is he idle?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

DUKE OF YORK.

Then he is more beholding to you than I.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He may command me as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

DUKE OF YORK.

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

PRINCE.

A beggar, brother?

DUKE OF YORK.

Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

DUKE OF YORK.

A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

DUKE OF YORK.

O, then, I see you will part with but light gifts;  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.

DUKE OF YORK.

I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

DUKE OF YORK.

I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

How?

DUKE OF YORK.

Little.

PRINCE.

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:—  
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

DUKE OF YORK.

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your  
shoulders.DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM [*aside to HASTINGS*].With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:  
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My lord, will 't please you pass along?  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

DUKE OF YORK.

What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE.

My lord Protector needs will have it so.

DUKE OF YORK.

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Why, what should you fear?

DUKE OF YORK.

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:  
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

PRINCE.

I fear no uncles dead.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE.

An if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.[*A sennet. Exeunt all but GLOSTER,*  
BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy,  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:  
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.

Thou

Art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;—  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,  
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Commend me to Lord William: tell him,  
Catesby,His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

You shall, my lord.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will  
do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me]  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother stood possessor.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.†

And look to have it yielded with all kindness.  
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Before LORD HASTINGS' house.

Enter a MESSENGER to the door of HASTINGS.

MESSENGER.

MY lord! my lord!— [Knocking.]  
LORD HASTINGS [within].  
Who knocks?

MESSENGER.

One from the Lord Stanley.

LORD HASTINGS [within].

What is 't o'clock?

MESSENGER.

Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

LORD HASTINGS.

Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

MESSENGER.

So it appears by that I have to say.  
First, he commends him to your noble self.

LORD HASTINGS.

What then?

MESSENGER.

Then certifies your lordship, that this night  
He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm:  
Besides, he says there are two councils held;  
And that may be determined at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.  
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the  
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

LORD HASTINGS.

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils:  
His honour and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:  
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

MESSENGER.

I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

LORD HASTINGS.

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:  
What news, what news, in this our tottering  
state?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
And I believe will never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

LORD HASTINGS.

How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the  
crown?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Ay, my good lord.

LORD HASTINGS.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward  
Upon his party for the gain thereof:  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

LORD HASTINGS.

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries:  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it to the death.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

LORD HASTINGS.

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—  
That they who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.  
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

LORD HASTINGS.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, that think themselves as safe  
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

The princes both make high account of you,—  
[*aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

LORD HASTINGS.

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,  
man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

LORD STANLEY.

My lord, good morrow;—good morrow,  
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

LORD HASTINGS.

My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;  
And never in my days, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

LORD STANLEY.

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
London, [sure,—  
Were jocund, and supposed their states were  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'rcast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is  
spent.

LORD HASTINGS.

Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my  
lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

LORD STANLEY.

They, for their truth, might better wear their  
heads

Than some that have accused them wear their  
hats.—

But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a PURSUIVANT.*

LORD HASTINGS.

Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

*[Exeunt STANLEY and GATESBY.]*

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

PURSUIVANT.

The better that your lordship please to ask.

LORD HASTINGS.

I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now [meet:

Than when thou mett'st me last where now we

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

PURSUIVANT.

God hold it, to your honour's good content!

LORD HASTINGS.

Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*[Throwing him his purse.]*

PURSUIVANT.

God save your lordship! *[Exit.]*

*Enter a PRIEST.*

PRIEST.

Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

LORD HASTINGS.

I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*[He whispers in his ear.]**Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving-work in hand.

LORD HASTINGS.

Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.—

What, go you toward the Tower?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

LORD HASTINGS.

Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *[aside]*.

And supper too, although thou know'st it

not.—

Come, will you go?

LORD HASTINGS.

I'll wait upon your lordship.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*Pomfret Castle.*

*Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to death.*

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

COME, bring forth the prisoners.

EARL RIVERS.

Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

LORD GREY.

God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

EARL RIVERS.

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hakt to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

LORD GREY.

Now Margaret's curse is faln upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

EARL RIVERS.

Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Buck-  
ingham,

Then cursed she Hastings:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as Thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

EARL RIVERS.

Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here

embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heav'n. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

*London. The Tower.*

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP of ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with others, at a table.*

LORD HASTINGS.

NOW, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak,—when is the royal day?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Are all things ready for that royal time?

EARL OF DERBY.

It is; and wants but nomination.

BISHOP OF ELY.

To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who knows the lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

BISHOP OF ELY.

Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who, I, my lord? We know each other's faces,

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine

Than I of yours; nor I no more of his

Than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

LORD HASTINGS.

I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

BISHOP OF ELY.

In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper: but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounced your

part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be

bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me

well.—

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there:

I do beseech you send for some of them.

BISHOP OF ELY.

Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head ere give consent

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Withdraw you hence, my lord; I'll follow you.

[*Exit GLOSTER, follow'd by BUCKINGHAM.*]

EARL OF DERBY.

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Enter BISHOP OF ELY.*

BISHOP OF ELY.

Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?

I have sent for these strawberries.

His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good-morrow with such a

spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom

That can less hide his love or hate than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

EARL OF DERBY.

What of his heart perceive you in his face

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

LORD HASTINGS.

Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

EARL OF DERBY.

I pray God he be not, I say.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

LORD HASTINGS.

The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence

To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:

Look how I am bewitcht; behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

LORD HASTINGS.

If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:—

Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul, I swear

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all, except HASTINGS, LOVEL, and**RATCLIFF.*]

LORD HASTINGS.

Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly: [stumble,

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did

And started when he lookt upon the Tower,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

LORD HASTINGS.

O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

LORD LEVEL.

Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

LORD HASTINGS.

O bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath lookt upon.—  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*The Tower-walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten  
armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

COME, cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Let me alone to entertain him.

*Enter the MAYOR and CATESBY.*

Lord mayor,—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Look to the drawbridge there!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Hark! a drum.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

God and our innocency defend and guard us!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'  
head.*

LORD LEVEL.

Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon the earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—  
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—  
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—  
Were 't not that, by great preservation,  
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

MAYOR OF LONDON.

What, had he so?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What, think you we are Turks or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

MAYOR OF LONDON.

Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;  
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Yet had we not determined he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented;  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who haply may  
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve,  
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak;  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And to that end we wisht your lordship here,  
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

But since you come too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit MAYOR.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all  
post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust; [wives,  
Which stretcht unto their servants, daughters,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart,  
Without control, listed to make a prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I go; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—  
[to CATESBY] Go thou to Friar Penker;—bid  
them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[Exit LOVEL, CATESBY, and RATCLIFF.

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice that no manner person  
Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A street.**Enter a SCRIVENER, with a paper in his hand.*

SCRIVENER.

HERE is th' indictment of the good Lord  
Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over;  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;  
The precedent was full as long a-doing:  
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty. [gross  
Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[Exit.

## SCENE VII.

*Baynard's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

HOW now, how now! what say the citizens?  
Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Touche you the bastardy of Edward's children?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France;  
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trifles, his own bastardy,—  
As being got, your father then in France,  
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
Untoucht, or slightly handled, in discourse:  
And when my oratory drew toward end,  
I bade them that did love their country's good  
Cry, 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

And did they so?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Stared each on other, and lookt deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And askt the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was,—the people were not used  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,—  
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke in-  
fer'd;'

But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;  
'This general applause and cheerful shout  
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.'  
And even here brake off, and came away.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

What tongueless blocks were they! would they  
not speak?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

No, by my troth, my lord.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren,  
come?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;  
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen, good my  
lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:  
And be not easily won to our request;  
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I go; and if you plead as well for them  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.



DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.

[Exit GLOSTER.

Enter the MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and CITIZENS.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here; I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord, To visit him to-morrow or next day: He is within, with two right-reverend fathers, Divinely bent to meditation: And in no worldly suit would he be moved, To draw him from his holy exercise.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke; Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen, In deep designs and matters of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward! He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtézans, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping, to engross his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful soul: Happy were England, would this virtuous prince Take on himself the sovereignty thereof; But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to come to him, His Grace not being warn'd thereof before: He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Sorry I am my noble cousin should Suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return and tell his Grace.

[Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,—

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER aloft, between two BISHOPS.

CATESBY returns.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergy-men!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity: And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—

True ornaments to know a holy man.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lend favourable ear to our request; And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

My lord, there needs no such apology: I rather do beseech you pardon me, Who, earnest in the service of my God, Neglect the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above, And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I do suspect I have done some offence That seems disgraceful in the city's eye; And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Know, then, it is your fault that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestical, The scepter'd office of your ancestors, Your state of fortune and your due of birth, The lineal glory of your royal house, To the corruption of a blemish'd stock: Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts— Which here we waken to our country's good— This noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defaced with scars of infamy, Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. Which to recure, we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kindly government of this your land;— Not as protector, steward, substitute, Or lowly factor for another's gain; But as successively, from blood to blood, Your right of birth, your empery, your own. For this, consorted with the citizens, Your very worshipful and loving friends, And by their vehement instigation, In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, Best fitteth my degree or your condition: If not to answer, you might haply think Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, Which fondly you would here impose on me; If to reprove you for this suit of yours, So season'd with your faithful love to me, Then, on the other side, I checkt my friends. Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first, And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,— Definitely thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert Unmeritable shuns your high request. First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank't, there is no need of me;—  
And much I need to help you, were there need;—  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say that Edward is your brother's son:  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy,—  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—  
And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree  
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
If not to bless us and the land withal,  
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And egally indeed to all estates,—  
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house:

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens: zounds, I'll entreat no more.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM with the CITIZENS.]

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Call him again, sweet prince, accept their suit:

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and the others.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave

men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, wher I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load:

But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God He knows, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this

MAYOR OF LONDON.

God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL.

Amen.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Even when you please, since you will have it so.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace:

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

DUKE OF GLOSTER [to the BISHOPS].

Come, let us to our holy work again.—

Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

WHO meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?  
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender  
princes.—

Daughter, well met.

LADY ANNE.

God give your Graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

LADY ANNE.

No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—  
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The king! who's that?

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

I mean the lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?  
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I am their father's mother; I will see them.

LADY ANNE.

Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy  
blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:  
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

*[Exit.]**Enter STANLEY.*

LORD STANLEY.

Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—  
[*to the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER*] Come, madam,

you must straight to Westminster,  
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ah, cut my lace asunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

LADY ANNE.

Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

MARQUESS OF DORSET.

Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your  
Grace?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

LORD STANLEY.

Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—  
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
A cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,  
Whose unavaid eye is murderous.

LORD STANLEY.

Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

LADY ANNE.

And I in all unwillingness will go.—  
O, would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say, 'God save the queen!'

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

LADY ANNE.

No! why?—When he that is my husband now  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well washt from his  
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint which then I weeping  
follow'd;

O, when, I say, I lookt on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,—'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurst,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy  
bed;

And be thy wife—if any be so mad—  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's  
death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And proved the subject of mine own soul's  
curse,—

Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

LADY ANNE.

No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

LADY ANNE.

Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!  
DUCHESS OF YORK [*to DORSET*].

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide  
thee!—

[*to ANNE*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels  
tend thee!—

[*to QUEEN ELIZABETH*] Go thou to sanctuary,  
and good thoughts possess thee!—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wrackt with a week of teen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.  
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immured within your walls!  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*London. The Palace.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crown'd; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a PAGE, and others.*

KING RICHARD.

STAND all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
My gracious sovereign?

KING RICHARD.

Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]

Thus high, by thy advice  
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—  
But shall we wear these honours for a day?  
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Still live they, and for ever let them last!

KING RICHARD.

Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—  
Young Edward lives;—think now what I would  
speak.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Say on, my loving lord.

KING RICHARD.

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

KING RICHARD.

Ha! am I king? 'tis so:—but Edward lives.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

True, noble prince.

KING RICHARD.

O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live! "True, noble  
prince!"

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:  
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Your Grace may do your pleasure.

KING RICHARD.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,  
Before I positively speak herein:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit.*]

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY [*aside to another*].

The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

KING RICHARD.

I will converse with iron-witted fools  
And unrespectful boys: none are for me  
That look into me with considerate eyes:  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy!—

PAGE.

My lord?

KING RICHARD.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

PAGE.

I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty  
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

KING RICHARD.

What is his name?

PAGE.

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

KING RICHARD.

I partly know the man: go call him hither.

[*Exit PAGE.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:  
Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?

LORD STANLEY.

My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled  
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas  
Where he abides.

KING RICHARD.

Come hither, Catesby:—rumour it abroad  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence'  
daughter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter PAGE, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

KING RICHARD.

Art thou indeed?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

KING RICHARD.

Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD.

Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

KING RICHARD.

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,  
Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:  
[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

KING RICHARD

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I hear the news, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to  
it.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is  
pawn'd;

Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,  
The which you promised I should possess.

KING RICHARD.

Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

What says your highness to my just request?

KING RICHARD.

I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.  
A king! perhaps, perhaps—

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord,—

KING RICHARD.

How chance the prophet could not at that time  
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill  
him?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

KING RICHARD.

Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I  
started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My lord,—

KING RICHARD.

Ay, what's o'clock?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

KING RICHARD.

Well, but what's o'clock?

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Upon the stroke of ten.

KING RICHARD.

Well, let it strike.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Why let it strike?

KING RICHARD.

Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.  
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

KING RICHARD.

Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

*[Exeunt all except BUCKINGHAM.]*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter* TYRREL.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

**T**HE tyrannous and bloody act is done,—  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.  
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle  
babes,'—

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kist each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed  
my mind;

But, O, the devil!—there the villain stopt;  
When Dighton thus told on,—'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—  
And here he comes.

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!

KING RICHARD.

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

KING RICHARD.

But didst thou see them dead?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

I did, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

KING RICHARD.

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell till then.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

KING RICHARD.

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter* CATESBY.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

My lord,—

KING RICHARD.

Good news or bad, that thou comest in so  
bluntly?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, backt with the hardy Welsh-  
men,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

KING RICHARD.

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Before the palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET.

QUEEN MARGARET.

SO, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurkt,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France; hoping the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes  
here? [*Retires.*]

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF  
YORK.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
My yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation!

QUEEN MARGARET [*aside*].

Hover about her; say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

QUEEN MARGARET [*aside*].

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was  
done?

QUEEN MARGARET [*aside*].

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurpt,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

QUEEN MARGARET [*coming forward*].

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,  
Give mine the benefit of seniority,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd  
him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;  
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd  
him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;  
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,—  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

DUCHESS OF YORK.

O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woe!  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss:  
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my  
Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play,  
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,  
And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, 'The dog is dead!'

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

O, thou didst prophesy the time would come  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back't toad!

QUEEN MARGARET.

I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;  
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;  
The presentation of but what I was;  
The flattering index of a direful pageant;  
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;  
A mother only mockt with two sweet babes;  
A dream of what thou wast; a breath, a bubble;  
A sign of dignity, a garish flag  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [brothers?]  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy  
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues to thee, and cries, 'God save the  
queen?'

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being sued-to, one that humbly sues;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:  
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;  
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;  
From which even here I slip my wearied head,  
And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
Farewell, York's wife; and queen of sad mischance:  
These English woes will make me smile in France.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

O thou well-skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

QUEEN MARGARET.

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

QUEEN MARGARET.

'Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like  
mine.

[Exit.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Why should calamity be full of words?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of inestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons  
smother'd. [Drum within.

I hear his drum:—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD and his TRAIN, marching,  
with drums and trumpets.

KING RICHARD.

Who intercepts me in my expedition?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb, [done!]  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Where is kind Hastings?

KING RICHARD.

A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

[Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Art thou my son?

KING RICHARD.

Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Then patiently hear my impatience.

KING RICHARD.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

O, let me speak!

KING RICHARD.

Do, then; but I'll not hear.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

KING RICHARD.

And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony.

KING RICHARD.

And came I not at last to comfort you?



DUCHESS OF YORK.

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and  
furious;  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and ven-  
turous;  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody,  
treacherous,  
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred:  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever graced me in thy company?

KING RICHARD.

Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd  
your Grace  
To breakfast once forth of my company.  
If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—  
Strike up the drum.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

I prithee, hear me speak.

KING RICHARD.

You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

KING RICHARD.

So.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going.

KING RICHARD.

Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

KING RICHARD.

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD.

Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

KING RICHARD.

Her life is safest only in her birth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

And only in that safety died her brothers.

KING RICHARD.

Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

KING RICHARD.

All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

True, when avoided grace makes destiny:  
My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

KING RICHARD.

You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

KING RICHARD.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

KING RICHARD.

Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

KING RICHARD.

No, to the dignity and height of honour,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Flatter my sorrows with report of it;  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

KING RICHARD.

Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those  
wrongs

Which thou suppos'est I have done to thee.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

KING RICHARD.

Then know, that from my soul I love thy  
daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

KING RICHARD.

What do you think?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

KING RICHARD.

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

KING RICHARD.

Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

What, thou?

KING RICHARD.

I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

How canst thou woo her?

KING RICHARD.

That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

And wilt thou learn of me?

KING RICHARD.

Madam, with all my heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
'Edward and York;' then haply will she weep:  
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep in Rutland's blood—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,  
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt  
Anne.

KING RICHARD.

You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There is no other way;

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

KING RICHARD.

Say that I did all this for love of her?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hear thee,  
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

KING RICHARD.

Look, what is done cannot be now amended:  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:

A grandam's name is little less in love

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans

Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king,

And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter

wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,

Advantaging their loan with interest

Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;

Make bold her bashful years with your ex-

perience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:

And when this arm of mine hath chastised

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,

And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

What were I best to say? her father's brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?

Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

KING RICHARD.

Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

KING RICHARD.

Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

KING RICHARD.

Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To wail the title, as her mother doth.

KING RICHARD.

Say, I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

KING RICHARD.

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?  
KING RICHARD.  
As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
As long as hell and Richard likes of it.  
KING RICHARD.  
Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.  
KING RICHARD.  
Be eloquent in my behalf to her.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.  
KING RICHARD.  
Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.  
KING RICHARD.  
Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.  
KING RICHARD.  
Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.  
KING RICHARD.  
Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurpt.  
KING RICHARD.  
I swear—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
By nothing; for this is no oath:  
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;  
Thy garter, blemisht, pawn'd his knightly virtue;  
Thy crown, usurpt, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,  
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.  
KING RICHARD.  
Now, by the world,—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.  
KING RICHARD.  
My father's death,—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
Thy life hath that dishonour'd.  
KING RICHARD.  
Then, by myself,—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
Thyself is self-misused.  
KING RICHARD.  
Why, then, by God,—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
God's wrong is most of all.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child;  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

KING RICHARD.

The time to come.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;  
For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butcher'd,  
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

KING RICHARD.

As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy  
rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding!—if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:  
It cannot be avoided but by this;  
It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—  
Be the attorney of my love to her:  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

KING RICHARD.

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

KING RICHARD.

Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

But thou didst kill my children.

KING RICHARD.

But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them:  
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomfort.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

KING RICHARD.

And be a happy mother by the deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

KING RICHARD.

Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.

[Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

How now! what news?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

My gracious sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

KING RICHARD.

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of  
Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Here, my good lord.

KING RICHARD.

Fly to the duke.—[to RATCLIFF] Post thou to  
Salisbury:

When thou comest thither,—[to CATESBY] Dull,  
unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'  
pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

KING RICHARD.

O, true, good Catesby:—bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

I go.

[Exit.]

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

KING RICHARD.

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

KING RICHARD.

My mind is changed.—Stanley, what news with  
you?

LORD STANLEY.

[ing;

None good, my liege, to please you with the hear-  
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

KING RICHARD.

Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

LORD STANLEY.

Richmond is on the seas.

KING RICHARD.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him,  
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

LORD STANLEY.

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

KING RICHARD.

Well, as you guess?

LORD STANLEY.

Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,  
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

KING RICHARD.

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossesst?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

LORD STANLEY.

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

KING RICHARD.

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman  
comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

LORD STANLEY.

No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

KING RICHARD.

Where is thy power; then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

LORD STANLEY.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

KING RICHARD.

Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west?

LORD STANLEY.

They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

KING RICHARD.

Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with

Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

LORD STANLEY.

Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubt-  
ful:

I never was nor never will be false.

KING RICHARD.

Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be

firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

LORD STANLEY.

So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[Exit.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,

With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER.

In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third MESSENGER.

THIRD MESSENGER.

My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

KING RICHARD.

Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[He striketh him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

THIRD MESSENGER.

The news I have to tell your majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,

Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;

And he himself wander'd away alone,

No man knows whither.

KING RICHARD.

I cry thee mercy:

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESSENGER.

Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

*Enter a fourth MESSENGER.*

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bre-  
tagne.

KING RICHARD.

March on, march on, since we are up in arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—  
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

KING RICHARD.

Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost:—  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.

LORD DERBY'S house.

*Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

EARL OF DERBY.

SIR Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—  
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,  
My son George Stanley is frank up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head:  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales.

EARL OF DERBY.

What men of name resort to him?

SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many moe of noble fame and worth:  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

EARL OF DERBY.

Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:  
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Salisbury. An open place.**Enter the SHERIFF, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF.

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,  
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

SHERIFF.

It is, my lord.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.  
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies;  
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall  
By the false faith of him I trusted most;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:  
That high All-Seer that I dallied with  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters'  
bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of  
blame.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*Plain near Tamworth.**Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, and others, with drum and colours.*

EARL OF RICHMOND.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving  
friends,  
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marcht on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful  
vines, *[trough]*  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,  
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

EARL OF RICHMOND.

All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,  
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Bosworth field.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK,  
*the* EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

KING RICHARD.

**H**ERE pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth  
field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

EARL OF SURREY.

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

KING RICHARD.

My Lord of Norfolk,—

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Here, most gracious liege.

KING RICHARD.

Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

KING RICHARD.

Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

[*SOLDIERS begin to set up the KING'S tent.*]

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

KING RICHARD.

Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.—

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:—

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,*  
*BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some of the*  
*SOLDIERS pitch RICHMOND'S tent.*

EARL OF RICHMOND.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my  
standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.—

My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Bran-  
don,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—

Which well I am assured I have not done,—

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

EARL OF RICHMOND.

If without peril it be possible, [*him,*]

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with  
And give him from me this most needful note.

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

EARL OF RICHMOND.

Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit BLUNT.*]

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:

In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,*  
*RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others.*

KING RICHARD.

What is't o'clock?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

It's supper-time, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD.

I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

KING RICHARD.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

I go, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

KING RICHARD.

Catesby,—

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

My lord?

KING RICHARD.

Send out a pursuivant-at-arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too

heavy.—

Ratcliff,—

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

My lord?

KING RICHARD.

Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

KING RICHARD.

So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

[*Wine brought.*]

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

It is, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

Bid my guard watch; leave me.—Ratcliff,  
About the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt RATCLIFF and others.*]

*Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent; LORDS  
and GENTLEMEN.*

EARL OF DERBY.

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

EARL OF RICHMOND.

All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!  
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

EARL OF DERBY.

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-starting war.  
I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell  
upon:

God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

EARL OF RICHMOND.

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a  
nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentle-  
men.

[*Exeunt all but RICHMOND.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of  
wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise Thee in the victory!  
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*]

*Enter the GHOST of PRINCE EDWARD, son to*

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of  
youth

At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the  
wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the GHOST of HENRY THE SIXTH.*

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

When I was mortal, my anointed body  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die,  
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-  
queror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and  
flourish!

*Enter the GHOST of CLARENCE.*

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
I, that was wash't to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Thou offspring of the house of  
Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*Enter the GHOSTS of RIVERS, GREY, and  
VAUGHAN.*

GHOST OF RIVERS [to KING RICHARD].

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

GHOST OF GREY [to KING RICHARD].

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!  
GHOST OF VAUGHAN [to KING RICHARD].  
Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

ALL THREE [to RICHMOND].

Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's  
bosom

Will conquer him!—awake, and win the day!

*Enter the GHOST of HASTINGS.*

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,  
awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's  
sake!

*Enter the GHOSTS of the two young PRINCES.*

GHOSTS [to KING RICHARD].

Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:  
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,



And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,  
and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the GHOST of ANNE, his wife.*

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!  
[to RICHMOND] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a  
quiet sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory!  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the GHOST of BUCKINGHAM.*

GHOST [to KING RICHARD].

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown;  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:  
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!  
[to RICHMOND] I died for hope ere I could lend  
thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's  
side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The GHOSTS vanish.* KING RICHARD  
starts out of his dream.

KING RICHARD.

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—  
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling  
flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:  
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:  
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself!  
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:  
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself?

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

My lord,—

KING RICHARD.

Who's there?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their arm-  
our.

KING RICHARD.

O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—  
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all  
true?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

No doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!—  
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

KING RICHARD.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

*Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.*

LORDS.

Good morrow, Richmond!

EARL OF RICHMOND [*waking*].

Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS.

How have you slept, my lord?

EARL OF RICHMOND.

The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:

I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS.

Upon the stroke of four.

EARL OF RICHMOND.

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

*His oration to his SOLDIERS.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our  
faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win than him they follow:  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing  
swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheer-  
fully;

God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, ATTEN-  
DANTS, and FORCES.

KING RICHARD.

What said Northumberland as touching Rich-  
mond?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

That he was never trained up in arms.

KING RICHARD.

He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

He smiled, and said, 'The better for our pur-  
pose.'

KING RICHARD.

He was in the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—  
Who saw the sun to-day?

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Not I, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,  
He should have braved the east an hour ago:  
A black day will it be to somebody.—  
Ratcliff,—

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

My lord?

KING RICHARD.

The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

KING RICHARD.

Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;  
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered:—

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:  
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,  
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we will follow  
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side  
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.  
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st  
thou, Norfolk?

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

A good direction, warlike sovereign.  
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

KING RICHARD [*reads*].

'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'  
A thing devised by the enemy.—  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our  
law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

*His oration to his ARMY.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous  
wives,

They would distraint the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famisht beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-  
selves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and  
thumpt,

And, on record; left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I  
hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
Ainaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

MESSENGER.

My lord, he doth deny to come.

KING RICHARD.

Off with his son George's head!

## DUKE OF NORFOLK.

My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

## KING RICHARD.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and FORCES; to him CATESBY.*

## SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

**R**ESCUE, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger:  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.*

## KING RICHARD.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

## SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

## KING RICHARD.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die:  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other LORDS.*

## EARL OF RICHMOND.

**G**OD and your arms be praised, victorious  
Friends!

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

## EARL OF DERBY.

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal:  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

## EARL OF RICHMOND.

Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!—  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

## EARL OF DERBY.

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
Whither, if't please you, we may now withdraw us.

## EARL OF RICHMOND.

What men of name are slain on either side?

## EARL OF DERBY.

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brand-  
on.

## EARL OF RICHMOND.

Enter their bodies as becomes their births:  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us:  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red.  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!—  
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?  
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division,  
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
And let their heirs—God, if Thy will be so—  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of  
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace!

Now civil wounds are stopt, peace lives agen:  
That she may long live here, God say Amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

# TITUS ANDRONICUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor.  
 BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.  
 TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.  
 MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.  
 LUCIUS, }  
 QUINTUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.  
 MARTIUS, }  
 MUTIUS, }  
 YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.  
 PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.  
 SEMPRONIUS, }  
 CAIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.  
 VALENTINE, }

AEMILIUS, a noble Roman.  
 ALARBUS, }  
 DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.  
 CHIRON, }  
 AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.  
 A CAPTAIN, TRIBUNE, MESSENGER, and CLOWN.  
 ROMANS and GOTHs.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.  
 LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.  
 A NURSE, and a black CHILD.

SENATORS, TRIBUNES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—Rome and the country near it.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

*Flourish.* Enter the TRIBUNES and SENATORS aloft. And then enter, below, SATURNINUS and his FOLLOWERS at one door; and BASSIANUS and his FOLLOWERS at the other, with drums and colours.

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
 Plead my successive title with your swords:  
 I am his first-born son, that was the last  
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
 Then let my father's honours live in me,  
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BASSIANUS.

Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
 Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;  
 And suffer not dishonour to approach  
 Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
 To justice, continence, and nobility;  
 But let desert in pure election shine;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,— [stand  
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we  
 A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls:  
 He by the senate is accited home  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;

That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,  
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS.

How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BASSIANUS.

Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exit the FOLLOWERS of BASSIANUS.

SATURNINUS.

Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,  
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
 And to the love and favour of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exit the FOLLOWERS of SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
 Open the gates, and let me in.

BASSIANUS.

Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Flourish. SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS go up into the Capitol.

Enter a CAPTAIN.  
CAPTAIN.

Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS, two of TITUS' sons; after them, two MEN bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then two other sons, LUCIUS and QUINTUS; after them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, and her sons ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin and TITUS speaks.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors: [sword.  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my  
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[*They open the tomb.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

YOUNG LUCIUS.

Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeased,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I give him you,—the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAMORA.

Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me!  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs and return,  
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;  
But must my sons be slaughtered'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:  
To this your son is markt; and die he must,  
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUCIUS.

Away with him! and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt the SONS of ANDRONICUS with ALARBUS.*

TAMORA.

O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHIRON.

Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMETRIUS.

Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.  
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,  
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,—  
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was  
queen,—  
To quit these bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter the SONS of ANDRONICUS again, with their swords bloody.*

LUCIUS.

See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopt,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth naught, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Let it be so; and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets and lay the coffin in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no  
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

*Enter LAVINIA.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

LAVINIA.

In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—  
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!  
*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and TRIBUNES; SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords:  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliant of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:  
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country:  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS.

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Patience, Prince Saturnine.

SATURNINUS.

Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.— [not  
Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

LUCIUS.

Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee [selves.  
The people's hearts, and wean them from them—

BASSIANUS.

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices and your suffrages:  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?  
TRIBUNES.

To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'  
*[A long flourish till they come down.]*

SATURNINUS.

Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please  
thee?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match

I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—

King and commander-of our commohweal,

The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:

Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SATURNINUS.

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record; and when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS [to TAMORA].

Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,

Will use you nobly and your followers.

SATURNINUS [aside].

A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:

Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
of cheer,

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the Queen of  
Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAVINIA.

Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SATURNINUS.

Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and  
drum.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS courts TAMORA  
in dumb-show.

BASSIANUS.

Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?

BASSIANUS.

Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal  
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

*Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUCIUS.

And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's  
guard?—

Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!

SATURNINUS.

Surpris'd! by whom?

BASSIANUS.

By him that justly may

Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt BASSIANUS and MARCUS with  
LAVINIA.*

MUTIUS.

Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, TAMORA, and her  
SONS, and AARON the Moor.*

MUTIUS.

My lord, you pass not here.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

MUTIUS.

Help, Lucius, help!

[*TITUS kills MUTIUS.*

*Enter LUCIUS.*

LUCIUS.

My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;  
My sons would never so dishonour me:  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUCIUS.

Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promised love.

*Enter aloft the Emperor SATURNINUS with TAMORA and her two SONS, and AARON the Moor.*

SATURNINUS.

No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SATURNINUS.

But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish't for her with his sword:  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SATURNINUS.

And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,—  
That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee empress of Rome.  
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my  
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espoused my bride along with me.

TAMORA.

And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SATURNINUS.

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accom-  
pany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but TITUS.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

*Enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and  
MARTIUS.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

[*Exit.*



LUCIUS.

But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINTUS AND MARTIUS.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

'And shall!' what villain was it spake that word?  
QUINTUS.

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

What, would you bury him in my despite?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MARTIUS.

He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

QUINTUS.

Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

*[MARCUS and the SONS of TITUS kneel.]*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—  
QUINTUS.

Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—  
LUCIUS.

Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

*[They put MUTIUS in the tomb.]*

LUCIUS.

There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy  
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

ALL *[kneeling]*.

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—  
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not, then, beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.  
*Flourish. Enter the Emperor SATURNINUS, TAMORA and her two SONS, with the MOOR at one door; enter at the other door, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

SATURNINUS.

So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASSIANUS.

And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

SATURNINUS.

Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASSIANUS.

Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Meanwhile I am posses of that is mine.

SATURNINUS.

'Tis good, sir: you are very sharp with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BASSIANUS.

My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,—  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,  
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:  
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

TAMORA.

My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SATURNINUS.

What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAMORA.

Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbid  
I should be author to dishonour you!  
But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—  
[*aside to SATURNINUS*] My lord, be ruled by  
me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—  
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—  
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Androni-  
cus,—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SATURNINUS.

Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in  
me.

TAMORA.

Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have past  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[MARCUS, LAVINIA, and the SONS of  
TITUS kneel.

LUCIUS.

We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

SATURNINUS.

Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

TAMORA.

Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

SATURNINUS.

Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

[*Stand up.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace  
*bonjour.*

SATURNINUS.

Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter AARON alone.

AARON.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;  
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora:

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph  
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.  
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—  
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, *braving.*

DEMETRIUS.

Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wit wants edge,  
And manners, to intrude where I am graced;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHIRON.

Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:  
I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON [*aside*].

Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the  
peace.

DEMETRIUS.

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown to threat your  
friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath  
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHIRON.

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMETRIUS.

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? *[They draw.]*

AARON *[coming forward]*.

Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:  
I would not for a million of gold  
The cause were known to them it most concerns;  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

DEMETRIUS.

Not I, till I have sheathed  
My rapier in his bosom, and withal  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his  
throat

That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

CHIRON.

For that I am prepared and full resolved,—  
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

AARON.

Away, I say!—

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This pretty brabble will undo us all.—  
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?  
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware! an should the empress  
know  
This discord's ground, the music would not  
please.

CHIRON.

I care not, I, knew she and all the world:  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS.

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
choice;

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON.

Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

CHIRON.

Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON.

To achieve her!—how?

DEMETRIUS.

Why makest thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON *[aside]*.

Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMETRIUS.

Then why should he despair that knows to court  
it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON.

Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

CHIRON.

Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS.

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON.

Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you, then,  
That both should speed?

CHIRON.

Faith, not me.

DEMETRIUS.

Nor me, so I were one.

AARON.

For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:  
'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve,  
That what you cannot as you would achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest-walks are wide and spacious;  
And many unfrequented plots there are  
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:  
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and  
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your  
turns;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's  
eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHIRON.

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEMETRIUS.

*Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

*A forest near Rome.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS and his three SONS, making a noise with hounds and horns; and MARCUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay, [green:  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,  
LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and their  
ATTENDANTS.

Many good morrows to your majesty;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good:—  
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

SATURNINUS.

And you have rung it lustily, my lords;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BASSIANUS.

Lavinia, how say you?

LAVINIA.

I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SATURNINUS.

Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport.—[to TAMORA] Madam, now  
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMETRIUS.

Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON alone, with a bag of gold.

AARON.

HE that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA to the MOOR.

TAMORA.

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chant melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;  
And—after conflict such as was supposed  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surprised,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping care—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious  
birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

AARON.

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine:  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now curls  
Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venerated signs:  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul, [thee,—  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—  
Now question me no more,—we are espied;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAMORA.

Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON.

No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:  
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

BASSIANUS.

Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnisht of her well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAMORA.

Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAVINIA.

Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASSIANUS.

Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA.

And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS.

The king my brother shall have note of this.

LAVINIA.

Ay, for thee slips have made him noted long:  
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAMORA.

Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

DEMETRIUS.

How now, dear sovereign and our gracious  
mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAMORA.

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:—  
A barren detested vale you see it is;  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:  
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—  
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body hearing it  
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me they would bind me  
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death:  
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect:  
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed.  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMETRIUS.

This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

CHIRON.

And this for me, struck home to show my  
strength. [*Stabs* BASSIANUS, *who dies.*

LAVINIA.

Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,  
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

TAMORA.

Give me the poniard;—you shall know, my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
wrong.

DEMETRIUS.

Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;  
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:  
This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted hope she braves your  
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHIRON.

An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAMORA.

But when ye have the honey ye desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHIRON.

I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAVINIA.

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

TAMORA.

I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAVINIA.

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMETRIUS.

Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAVINIA.

When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;  
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to  
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[*To* CHIRON] Do thou entreat her show a woman  
pity.

CHIRON.

What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bas-  
tard?

LAVINIA.

'Tis true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—  
The lion, moved with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws pared all away:  
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAMORA.

I know not what it means.—Away with her!

LAVINIA.

O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have  
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAMORA.

Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you  
will;

The worse to her, the better loved of me.

LAVINIA.

O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAMORA.

What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

LAVINIA.

'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAMORA.

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAVINIA.

No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!  
The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall—

CHIRON.

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her  
husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSIANUS into the pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA.]

TAMORA.

Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed  
Till all the Andronici be made away.  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r.

[Exit.]

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

AARON.

Come on, my lords, the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINTUS.

My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes.

MARTIUS.

And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.]

QUINTUS.

What, art thou faln?—What subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing  
briers,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood  
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me.—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the  
fall?

MARTIUS.

O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

AARON [aside].

Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess  
How these were they that made away his brother.  
[Exit.]

MARTIUS.

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUINTUS.

I am surprised with an uncouth fear;  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MARTIUS.

To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINTUS.

Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

MARTIUS.

Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINTUS.

If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MARTIUS.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—  
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUINTUS.

Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluckt into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MARTIUS.

Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINTUS.

Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.

[Falls in.]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON the Moor.

SATURNINUS.

Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MARTIUS.

The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SATURNINUS.

My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:  
He and his lady both are at the lodge  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

MARTIUS.

We know not where you left them all alive;  
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with ATTENDANTS; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

TAMORA.

Where is my lord the king?

SATURNINUS.

Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

TAMORA.

Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SATURNINUS.

Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAMORA.

Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

*[Giving a letter to SATURNINUS.]*

The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SATURNINUS *[reads]*.

'An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:  
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'—

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AARON.

My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*[Showing it.]*

SATURNINUS *[to TITUS]*

Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—  
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:  
There let them bide until we have devised  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAMORA.

What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!  
How easily murder is discovered!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

High emperor, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—  
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

SATURNINUS.

If it be proved! you see it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAMORA.

Andronicus himself did take it up.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;  
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow  
They shall be ready at your highness' will  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SATURNINUS.

Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow  
me.—

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-  
derers:

Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

TAMORA.

Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter the Empress' SONS, DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravisht.*

DEMETRIUS.

SO, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravisht thee.

CHIRON.

Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,  
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMETRIUS.

See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHIRON.

Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEMETRIUS.

She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHIRON.

An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

DEMETRIUS.

If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

*[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]*

*Wind horns. Enter MARCUS from hunting to*

LAVINIA.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake  
me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopt and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to  
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy  
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!—

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:



But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
 He would not, then, have toucht them for his life!  
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Rome. A street.*

*Enter JUDGES, SENATORS, and TRIBUNES, with  
 TITUS' two SONS, MARTIUS and QUINTUS,  
 bound, passing on the stage to the place of execu-  
 tion; TITUS going before, pleading.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

**H**EAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht;  
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.  
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write  
 [*Lieth down, and the JUDGES pass by him,  
 and exeunt.*]

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and  
 blush.

[*Exeunt SENATORS, &c., with the PRI-  
 SONERS.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;  
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
 And let me say, that never wept before,  
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUCIUS.

O noble father, you lament in vain:  
 The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—  
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

LUCIUS.

My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
 They would not mark me; or if they did mark,  
 They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:  
 And bootless unto them. . . .  
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,  
 For that they will not intercept my tale:  
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than  
 stones;  
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to  
 death.— [*Rises.*]  
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
 drawn?

LUCIUS.

To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
 For which attempt the judges have pronounced  
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
 But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
 From these devourers to be banished!—  
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:  
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

This was thy daughter.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUCIUS.

Ay me, this object kills me!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—  
 Speak, Lavinia, what accused hand  
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
 What fool hath added water to the sea,  
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
 My grief was at the height before thou camest;  
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;  
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
 And they have served me to effectless use:  
 Now all the service I require of them  
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
 For hands, to do Rome service, is but vain.

LUCIUS.

Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUCIUS.

O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath received some unrequiring wound.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banisht man;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have madd'd me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, like meadows, yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUCIUS.

Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine  
own.

LUCIUS.

Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—  
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

*Enter AARON the Moor alone.*

AARON.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy  
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUCIUS.

Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON.

Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

My hand shall go.

LUCIUS.

By heaven, it shall not go!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUCIUS.

Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

And, for our father's sake and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUCIUS.

Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.  
But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON [*aside*].

If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS' hand.]

*Enter* LUCIUS and MARCUS again.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch.  
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited,—that let it have.  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchased at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON.

I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—  
[*aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit*.]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call!—[*to* LAVINIA] What, wouldst  
thou kneel with me? [*prayers*;  
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O brother, speak with possibility,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes: [*flow*?  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter* a MESSENGER, with two heads and a hand.

MESSENGER.

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—  
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit*.]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Now let hot Aetna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some  
deal;

But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

LUCIUS.

Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS.]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see; thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears:  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear.—  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.—

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:

And, if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

LUCIUS.

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—  
The woeful'st man that ever lived in Rome:  
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*A room in TITUS' house. A banquet set out.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SO, so; now sit: and look you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in  
us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our  
hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down.—

*[to LAVINIA]* Thou map of woe, that thus dost  
talk in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beat-  
ing,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
What violent hands can she lay on her life?—  
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of  
hands;—

To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still that we have none.—  
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,—  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she  
says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, masht upon her  
cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to  
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,  
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:  
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

*[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy  
knife?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death done on the innocent  
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;  
I see thou art not for my company.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

But how, if that fly had a father and mother?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!  
Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd  
him.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
Ah, sirrah!

As yet, I think, we are not brought so low  
But that between us we can kill a fly  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Rome. The garden of TITUS' house.

Enter YOUNG LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, and the BOY flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

HELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.— Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her. Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons than she hath read to thee Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

YOUNG LUCIUS.

My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,— Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over with her stumps the books which LUCIUS has let fall.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see. Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd: Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.— Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact; ay, more there was; Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

YOUNG LUCIUS.

Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses; My mother gave it me.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!

Help her:

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,

Ravisht and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy

woods?—

See, see:—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—

O, had we never, never hunted there!—

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here!—look here, Lavinia:

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.

Curst be that heart that forced us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge:

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—

'Stuprator, Chiron, Demetrius.'

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Magni dominator poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.  
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad  
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say  
you?

YOUNG LUCIUS.

I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both:  
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
not?

YOUNG LUCIUS.

Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—  
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and YOUNG  
LUCIUS.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?—  
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—  
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, *at one door; at another door* YOUNG LUCIUS, and ANOTHER, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

CHIRON.

DEMETRIUS, here 's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON.

Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-  
father.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—  
[*aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you  
both!

DEMETRIUS.

Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

YOUNG LUCIUS [*aside*].

That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,  
For villains markt with rape.—May it please  
you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well:  
And so I leave you both,—[*aside*] like bloody  
villains.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LUCIUS and ATTENDANT.

DEMETRIUS.

What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?  
Let's see:—

[*Reads*] *Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

CHIRON.

O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON.

Ay, just,—a verse in Horace;—right, you have  
it.—

[*aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found  
their guilt;

And sends them weapons wrapt about with lines  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.  
But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—  
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace-gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMETRIUS.

But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AARON.

Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMETRIUS.

I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHIRON.

A charitable wish and full of love.

AARON.

Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

CHIRON.

And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMETRIUS.

Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON.  
Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.  
[*Flourish within.*]

DEMETRIUS.  
Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHIRON.  
Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMETRIUS.  
Soft! who comes here?  
*Enter a NURSE, with a blackamoor CHILD.*

NURSE.  
Good morrow, lords:  
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON.  
Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE.  
O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON.  
Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE.  
O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—

She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.  
AARON.

To whom?  
NURSE.  
I mean, she is brought a-bed.

AARON.  
Well, God give her good rest. What hath he sent her?

NURSE.  
A devil.  
AARON.  
Why, then she is the devil's dam;  
A joyful issue.

NURSE.  
A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON.  
'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS.  
Villain, what hast thou done?  
AARON.

That which thou canst not undo.  
CHIRON.

Thou hast undone our mother.  
AARON.

Villain, I have done thy mother.  
DEMETRIUS.  
And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurst the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHIRON.  
It shall not live.

AARON.  
It shall not die.

NURSE.  
Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.  
AARON.

What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS.  
I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AARON.  
Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
[*Takes the CHILD from the NURSE, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

DEMETRIUS.  
Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?  
AARON.

My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—  
The vigour and the picture of my youth:  
This before all the world do I prefer;  
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smother for it in Rome.

DEMETRIUS.  
By this our mother is for ever shamed.

CHIRON.  
Rome will despise her for this foul escape.  
NURSE.

The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.  
CHIRON.

I blush to think upon this ignomy.  
AARON.  
Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blush-  
ing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'  
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed  
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;  
And from that womb where you imprison'd were  
He is enfranchised and come to light:  
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE.  
Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?  
DEMETRIUS.

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,



And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON.

Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*]

DEMETRIUS.

How many women saw this child of his?

AARON.

Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,  
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But say, again, how many saw the child?

NURSE.

Cornelia the midwife and myself;  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON.

The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—  
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to th' spit.

DEMETRIUS.

What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou  
this?

AARON.

O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—  
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far one Muliteus, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanced,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the NURSE.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHIRON.

Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

DEMETRIUS.

For this care of Tamora,  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.  
[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off the dead NURSE.*]

AARON.

Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
Come on, you thick-lipt slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A public place.*

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, and other GENTLEMEN (PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS), with bows; and TITUS bears the arrows with letters at the end of them.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

COME, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the  
way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there  
straight.—

*Terras Astrææ reliquit:*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's  
fied.—

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may catch her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition;  
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearcht:  
This wicked emperor may have shipt her hence;  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

PUBLIUS.

Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns  
By day and night t' attend him carefully,  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitudo,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What  
Have you met with her?

PUBLIUS.

No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,  
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere  
else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,

No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back, [bear:  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can  
And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—  
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer,

Marcus; [He gives them the arrows.  
*Ad Jovem*, that's for you:—here, *Ad Apollinem*:—  
*Ad Martem*, that's for myself:—  
Here, boy, *To Pallas*:—here, *To Mercury*:—  
*To Saturn*, Caius, not to Saturnine;  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—  
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—  
Of my word, I have written to effect;  
There's not a god left unsolicited.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.  
Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—O, well said,  
Lucius!—

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.  
MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ha, ha!  
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.  
MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,  
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the  
court; [villain?  
And who should find them but the empress?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not  
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!  
*Enter a CLOWN, with a basket, and two pigeons  
in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is  
come.—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

CLOWN.  
Ho, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken  
them down again, for the man must not be  
hang'd till the next week.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLOWN.  
Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with  
him in all my life.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLOWN.

Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, didst thou not come from heaven?  
CLOWN.  
From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God  
forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in  
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons

to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl  
betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.  
Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your  
oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the  
emperor from you.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-  
peror with a grace?

CLOWN.  
Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my  
life.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy  
charges.—

Give me pen and ink.—  
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?  
CLOWN.

Ay, sir.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Then here is a supplication for you. And when  
you come to him, at the first approach you must  
kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your  
pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at  
hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

CLOWN.  
I warrant you, sir; let me alone.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—  
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN.  
God be with you, sir; I will. [Exit.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,  
CHIRON, LORDS, and others; the EMPEROR  
brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at  
him.*

SATURNINUS.  
WHY, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever  
seen  
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath past,  
But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
See, here's *To Jove*, and this *To Mercury*;  
This *To Apollo*; this *To the god of war*;—  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice every where?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
But he and his shall know that justice lives  
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA.

My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, [heart;  
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his  
And rather comfort his distressed plight  
Than prosecute the meanest or the best [become  
For these contempts.—[aside] Why, thus it shall  
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:  
But, Titus, I have toucht thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?  
CLOWN.

Yea, forsooth, an your mister-ship be emperial.

TAMORA.

Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN.

'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden:  
I have brought you a letter and a couple of  
pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.

SATURNINUS.

Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN.

How much money must I have?

TAMORA.

Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

CLOWN.

Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck  
to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

SATURNINUS.

Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?  
I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that brag'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter AEMILIUS.

What news with thee, Aemilius?

AEMILIUS.

Arm, my lords,—Rome never had more cause!  
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as e'er Coriolanus did.

SATURNINUS.

Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with  
storms:

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often heard them say—  
When I have walked like a private man—  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wisht that Lucius were their  
emperor.

TAMORA.

Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

SATURNINUS.

Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him.

TAMORA.

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

SATURNINUS.

But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA.

If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises; that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
[to AEMILIUS] Go thou before, be our ambassador:  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

SATURNINUS.

Aemilius, do this message honourably;  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

AEMILIUS.

Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

TAMORA.

Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SATURNINUS.

Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of GOTHs,  
with drum and colours.

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Romc,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

FIRST GOTH.

Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our  
comfort;

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flow' red fields,—  
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

GOTHS.

And as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUCIUS.

I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a GOTH, leading of AARON with his CHILD  
in his arms.*

SECOND GOTH.

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:  
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the  
babe,

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rusht upon him,  
Surprised him suddenly; and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUCIUS.

O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;  
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou  
convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON.

Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS.

Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—  
Get me a ladder.

*[A ladder brought, which AARON is made  
to ascend.]*

AARON.

Lucius, save the child,  
And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

LUCIUS.

Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish.

AARON.

An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:  
And this shall all be buried in my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS.

Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON.

Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS.

Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON.

What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,  
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

LUCIUS.

Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON.

First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUCIUS.

O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

AARON.

Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou  
saw'st.

LUCIUS.

O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AARON.

Why, she was washt, and cut, and trimm'd; and  
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUCIUS.

O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON.

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:  
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set;  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—  
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart, [laughter:  
And almost broke my heart with extreme  
I pried me through the crevice of a wall  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

FIRST GOTH.

What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

AARON.

Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS.

Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON.

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS.

Bring down the devil; for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[AARON is brought down from the ladder.

AARON.

If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUCIUS.

Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a GOTH.

THIRD GOTH.

My lord, there is a messenger from Rome  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUCIUS.

Let him come near.

Enter AEMILIUS.

Welcome, Aemilius: what's the news from Rome?

AEMILIUS.

Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;

And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

FIRST GOTH.

What says our general?

LUCIUS.

Aemilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March, away!

[Flourish. Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Rome. Before TITUS' house.

Enter TAMORA and her two SONS, DEMETRIUS  
and CHIRON, disguised.

TAMORA.

THUS, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock and TITUS opens his study door.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceived: for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

TAMORA.

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAMORA.

If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with  
me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these  
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA.

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's  
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:  
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—  
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA.

I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;  
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,  
And find our murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea:  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

TAMORA.

These are my ministers, and come with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAMORA.

Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
And you, the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

TAMORA.

This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter TITUS, below.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:  
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—  
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil:  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAMORA.

What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMETRIUS.

Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHIRON.

Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

TAMORA.

Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;  
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee:  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;  
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAMORA.

Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike  
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house;  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter MARCUS.*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
Tell him the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

TAMORA.

Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;  
Or else I'll call my brother back again.  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAMORA [*aside to DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]  
What say you, boys? will you abide with him,  
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor  
How I have govern'd our determined jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him  
fair,  
And tarry with him till I turn again.

TITUS ANDRONICUS [*aside*].

I know them all, though they suppose me mad,  
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

DEMETRIUS [*aside to TAMORA*].  
Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

TAMORA.

Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

CHIRON.

Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, and VALENTINE.*

PUBLIUS.

What is your will?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Know you these two?

PUBLIUS.

The empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived.—

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*]

[*PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

CHIRON.

Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

PUBLIUS.

And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a

word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Enter TITUS, with a knife, and LAVINIA, with a basin.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to

me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd

with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mixt.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more

dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be revenged:

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So:—now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

### SCENE III.

*Court of TITUS' house: tables set out.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and GOTHs, with  
AARON prisoner.*

LUCIUS.

UNCLE Marcus, since it is my father's mind  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

FIRST GOTH.

And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

LUCIUS.

Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong;

I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON.

Some devil whisper curses in my ear,

And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUCIUS.

Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt some GOTHs with AARON. Flourish within.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with  
AEMILIUS, TRIBUNES, SENATORS, and others.*

SATURNINUS.

What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUCIUS.

What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your

places.

SATURNINUS.

Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys. A table brought in.*]



Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and LAVINIA with a veil over her face, YOUNG LUCIUS, and others.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

SATURNINUS.

Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness and your empress.

TAMORA.

We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

SATURNINUS.

It was, Andronicus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Your reason, mighty lord?

SATURNINUS.

Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills her.

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

SATURNINUS.

What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it now is done.

SATURNINUS.

What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

TAMORA.

Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SATURNINUS.

Go fetch them hither to us presently.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[He stabs the EMPRESS.

SATURNINUS.

Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[Kills TITUS.

LUCIUS.

Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and others go up into a gallery.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

[to LUCIUS] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear

The story of that baleful-burning night

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's

Troy,—

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitcht our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil

wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

And force you to commiseration.

Here's Rome's young captain, let him tell the

tale;

While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.

LUCIUS.

Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you

That Chiron and the damn'd Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it were that ravish'd our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,

Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel

out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend:

I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,

That have preserved her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.

But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the CHILD in the arms of an ATTENDANT.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,  
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us plead-  
ing,

The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

AEMILIUS.

Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for well I know  
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

ROMANS.

Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS [*to ATTENDANTS*].

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,  
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudged some direful-slaughtering  
death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some ATTENDANTS.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c., *descend.*

ROMANS.

Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

LUCIUS.

Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—  
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kissing TITUS.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd  
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

LUCIUS.

Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee  
well:

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a story hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

YOUNG LUCIUS.

O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter ATTENDANTS with AARON.*

AEMILIUS.

You sad Andronici, have done with woes:  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUCIUS.

Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;  
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON.

O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUCIUS.

Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave:  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household monument.  
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]



Dispersed those vapours that offended us;  
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,  
 The seas waxt calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us,  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;  
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

AEGEON.

O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
 Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seized on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrackt  
 guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their  
 course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What have befall'n of them and thee till now.

AEGEON.

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importuned me  
 That his attendant—so his case was like,  
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I loved  
 Five summers have I spent in furthes. Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Hapless Aegeon, whom the fates have markt  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudg'd to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can.  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
 To seek thy life by beneficial help:  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOLER.

I will, my lord.

AEGEON.

Hopeless and helpless doth Aegeon wend,  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

### The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO  
 OF SYRACUSE, and FIRST MERCHANT.

FIRST MERCHANT.

THEREfore give out you are of Epidamnum,  
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
 This very day a Syracusian merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life,  
 According to the statute of the town,  
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
 There is your money that I had to keep.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
 Get thee away.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Many a man would take you at your word,  
 And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,  
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
 What, will you walk with me about the town,  
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

FIRST MERCHANT.

I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,  
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time:  
 My present business calls me from you now.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
 And wander up and down to view the city.

FIRST MERCHANT.

Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

He that commends me to mine own content  
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
 I to the world am like a drop of water,  
 That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—  
Here comes the almanack of my true date.

*Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.*

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Return'd so soon! rather approach too late:  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,—  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—  
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I am not in a sportive humour now:  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:  
I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,  
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

My charge was but to fetch you from the mart  
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:  
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.  
*[Beating him.]*

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. *[Exit.]*

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Upon my life, by some device or other  
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such-like liberties of sin:  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:  
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *[Exit.]*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before the house of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADRIANA.

**N**EITHER my husband nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUCIANA.

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master; and when they see time,  
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA.

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIANA.

Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADRIANA.

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUCIANA.

O, know he is the bride of your will.

ADRIANA.

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIANA.

Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe.  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIANA.

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA.

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADRIANA.

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUCIANA.

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADRIANA.

How if your husband start some other where?

LUCIANA.

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADRIANA.

Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;  
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience would relieve me;  
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUCIANA.

Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—

Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.*

ADRIANA.

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA.

Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUCIANA.

Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

ADRIANA.

But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADRIANA.

Horn-mad, thou villain!

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I mean not cuckold-mad;

But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner.

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he;

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd,' 'My gold,' quoth he:

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

LUCIANA.

Quoth who?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Quoth my master:

[tress.]

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mis-

So that my arrant, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADRIANA.

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Go back again, and be new beaten home!

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADRIANA.

Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADRIANA.

Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in

leather.

[Exit.]

LUCIANA.

Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

ADRIANA.

His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault,—he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

LUCIANA.

Self-harming jealousy,—fie, beat it hence!

ADRIANA.

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see the jewel best enamell'd

Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still

The tester's touch, yet often-touching will

Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUCIANA.

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The Mart.**Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

THE gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first  
 I sent him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

*Enter* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
 My house was at the Phenix? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?  
 ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.  
 DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell  
 me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?  
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and  
 that. *[Beats DROMIO.]*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earn-  
 est:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Because that I familiarly sometimes  
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
 Your sauciness will jet upon my love,  
 And make a common of my serious hours.  
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,  
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.  
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering,  
 I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows  
 long, I must get a sconce for my head, and en-  
 sconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my  
 shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Dost thou not know?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Shall I tell you why?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why  
 hath a wherefore.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-  
 For urging it the second time to me. *[fore,—*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of  
 season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither  
 rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Thank me, sir! for what?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me  
 for nothing.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing  
 for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

In good time, sir; what's that?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Your reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me an-  
 other dry basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time  
 for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I durst have denied that, before you were so  
 choleric.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

By what rule, sir?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate  
 of father Time himself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Let's hear it.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

There's no time for a man to recover his hair that  
 grows bald by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the  
 lost hair of another man.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it  
 is, so plentiful an excrement?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts:  
 and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath  
 given them in wit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than  
 wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his  
 hair.



ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain-dealers without wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

For what reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

For two; and sound ones too.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Sure ones, then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Certain ones, then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Name them.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:

But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADRIANA.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unstain'd, thou undishonour'd.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA.

Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

By Dromio!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

By me!

ADRIANA.

By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I never spake with her in all my life.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

How can she thus, then, call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

ADRIANA.

How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE [*aside*].

To me she speaks; she moves me for her

theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

LUCIANA.

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!—  
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:  
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUCIANA.

Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I am transformed, master, am not I?  
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I think thou art in mind, and so am I.  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.  
Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.  
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.  
Thou hast thine own form.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No, I am an ape.

LUCIANA.

If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.  
'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADRIANA.

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to  
scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE [*aside*].

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?  
ADRIANA.

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA.

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

GOOD Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;  
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:  
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop  
To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain that would face me down  
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house.—  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by  
this?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;  
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand  
to show:  
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you  
gave were ink,  
Your own handwriting would tell you what I  
think.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I think thou art an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Marry, so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kickt; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an  
ass.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our  
cheer  
May answer my good will and your good welcome  
here!

BALTHAZAR.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome  
dear.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty  
dish.

BALTHAZAR.

Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl  
affords.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

And welcome more common; for that's nothing  
but words.

BALTHAZAR.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry  
feast.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good  
part:  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better  
heart.  
But, soft! my door is lockt.—Go bid them let us  
in.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,  
patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the  
hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st  
for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the  
door.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

What patch is made our porter?—My master  
stays in the street.

- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Who talks within there? ho, open the door!
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
- LUCE [*within*].  
What a coil is there, Dromio! who are those at the gate?
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
Let my master in, Luce.
- LUCE [*within*].  
Faith, no; he comes too late;
- And so tell your master.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
O Lord, I must laugh!—  
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?
- LUCE [*within*].  
Have at you with another; that's, —When? can you tell?
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
- LUCE [*within*].  
I thought to have askt you.
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
And you said no.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
So, come, help;—well struck! there was blow for blow.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Thou baggage, let me in.
- LUCE [*within*].  
Can you tell for whose sake?
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
Master, knock the door hard.
- LUCE [*within*].  
Let him knock till it ache.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
- LUCE [*within*].  
What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
- ADRIANA [*within*].  
Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
- ADRIANA [*within*].  
Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
- ANGELO.  
Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
- BALTHAZAR.  
In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.  
Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:  
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;  
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.
- DROMIO OF SYRACUSE [*within*].  
Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.
- DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.  
A crow without feather,—master, mean you so?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
- ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.  
Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

BALTHAZAR.

Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!  
 Herein you war against your reputation,  
 And draw within the compass of suspect  
 Th' unviolated honour of your wife.  
 Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.  
 Be ruled by me: depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;  
 And about evening come yourself alone  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it,  
 And that supposed by the common rout  
 Against your yet ungalleged estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;  
 For slander lives upon succession,  
 For ever housed where it gets possession.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:  
 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
 My wife—but, I protest, without desert—  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:  
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;  
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—  
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—  
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANGELO.

I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

LUCIANA.

AND may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more  
 kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of  
 blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger; [tainted;  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret—false: what need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attainment?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers  
 strife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know  
 not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show  
 notThan our earth's wonder; more than earth div-  
 ine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll  
 yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

LUCIANA.

What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

LUCIANA.

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCIANA.

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your  
 sight.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUCIANA.

Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Thy sister's sister.

LUCIANA.

That's my sister.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUCIANA.

All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.  
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA.

O, soft, sir! hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say 'sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What complexion is she of?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

That's a fault that water will mend.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bags.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where Scotland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where France?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where England?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where Spain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where America, the Indies?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Go lie thee presently post to the road:—

An if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night:—

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
Possess with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

ANGELO.

Master Antipholus,—

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO.

I know it well, sir:—lo, here's the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:  
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANGELO.

What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

ANGELO.

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.  
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANGELO.

You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

[Exit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What I should think of this, I cannot tell:  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:  
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A public place.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

SECOND MERCHANT.

YOU know since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importuned you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANGELO.

Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
Is growing to me by Antipholus;  
And in the instant that I met with you  
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock  
I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

OFFICER.

That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO  
OF EPHEBUS from the COURTEZAN'S.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's-end: that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But, soft! I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[Exit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

A man is well help up that trusts to you:  
You understood your presence and the chain;  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.  
Belike you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came  
not.

ANGELO.

Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost  
carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you, see him presently discharged,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANGELO.

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

ANGELO.

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
Or else you may return without your money.

ANGELO.

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

SECOND MERCHANT.

The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

ANGELO.

You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!—

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

ANGELO.

Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.  
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

SECOND MERCHANT.

My business cannot brook this dalliance.  
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no:  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I answer you! what should I answer you?

ANGELO.

The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANGELO.

You know I gave it you half an hour since.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO.

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

OFFICER.

I do;—

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

ANGELO.

This touches me in reputation.—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

ANGELO.

Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

OFFICER.

I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANGELO.

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE from the Bay.*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I will debate this matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO,  
OFFICER, and ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

To Adriana! that is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The house of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADRIANA.

AH, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation madest thou, in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUCIANA.

First he denied you had in him no right.

ADRIANA.

He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

LUCIANA.

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADRIANA.

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

LUCIANA.

Then pleaded I for you.

ADRIANA.

And what said he?

LUCIANA.

That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

ADRIANA.

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUCIANA.

With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

ADRIANA.

Didst speak him fair?

LUCIANA.

Have patience, I beseech.

ADRIANA.

I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUCIANA.

Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.



ADRIANA.

Ah, but I think him better than I say,  
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.  
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: [curse.  
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do

*Enter* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make  
 haste.

LUCIANA.

How hast thou lost thy breath?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

By running fast.

ADRIANA.

Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.  
 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;  
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;  
 A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that  
 countermands  
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;  
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-  
 foot well;  
 One that, before the judgement, carries poor  
 souls to hell.

ADRIANA.

Why, man, what is the matter?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the  
 case.

ADRIANA.

What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;  
 But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can  
 I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the  
 money in his desk?

ADRIANA.

Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

*[Exit* LUCIANA.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—  
 Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—  
 A chain, a chain:—do you not hear it ring?

ADRIANA.

What, the chain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No, no, the bell:—'tis time that I were gone:  
 It was two ere I left him, and now the clock  
 strikes one.

ADRIANA.

The hours come back! that did I never hear.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back  
 for very fear.

ADRIANA.

As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou  
 reason!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's  
 worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,  
 That Time comes stealing on by night and day?  
 If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in  
 the way,  
 Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a  
 day?

*Enter* LUCIANA with the purse.

ADRIANA.

Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;  
 And bring thy master home immediately.—  
 Come, sister: I am prest down with conceit,—  
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury. *[Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A public place.**Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

**T**HERE'S not a man I meet but doth salute me  
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
 And every one doth call me by my name.  
 Some tender money to me; some invite me;  
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
 Some offer me commodities to buy;—  
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
 And therewithal took measure of my body.  
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What,  
 have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new-  
 apparell'd?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that  
 Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the  
 calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that  
 came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid  
 you forsake your liberty.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I understand thee not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a  
 base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that,  
 when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and  
 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decay'd  
 men, and gives them suits of durance; he that  
 sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace  
 than a morris-pike.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

What, thou mean'st an officer?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings  
 any man to answer it that breaks his band; one  
 that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,  
 'God give you good rest!'

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any  
 ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that  
 the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then  
 were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry fo-

the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions:  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a COURTEZAN.*

COURTEZAN.

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:  
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

It is the devil.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

COURTEZAN.

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Why, Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

COURTEZAN.

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;  
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise: an if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COURTEZAN.

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:  
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

*[Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.]*

COURTEZAN.

Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promised me a chain:

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,—

Besides this present instance of his rage,—

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away. This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*A street.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and the OFFICER.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

**F**EAR me not, man; I will not break away:  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. *[money,*  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,  
And will not lightly trust the messenger:  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—  
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

*Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS with a rope's-end.*  
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

But where's the money?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

*[Beating him.]*

OFFICER.

Good sir, be patient.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

OFFICER.

Good, now, hold thy tongue.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN, and a schoolmaster call'd PINCH.*

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Mistress, *respite finem*, respect your end;—or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's-end.'

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*]

## COURTEZAN.

How say you now? is not your husband mad?

## ADRIANA.

His incivility confirms no less.—  
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

## LUCIANA.

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

## COURTEZAN.

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

## PINCH.

Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[*Striking him.*]

## PINCH.

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

## ADRIANA.

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

You minion, you, are these your customers?  
Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

## ADRIANA.

O husband, God doth know you dined at home;  
Where would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Dined at home!—Thou villain, what sayest thou?

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Were not my doors lockt up, and I shut out?

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Perdy, your doors were lockt, and you shut out.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

And did not she herself revile me there?

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd ye.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,  
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

## ADRIANA.

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

## PINCH.

It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

## ADRIANA.

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Money by me! heart and good-will you might;  
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

## ADRIANA.

He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

## LUCIANA.

And I am witness with her that she did.

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

God and the rope-maker bear me witness  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PINCH [*aside to ADRIANA*].

Mistress, both man and master is possess;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day—  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

## ADRIANA.

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

## DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

And, gentle master, I received no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lockt out.

## ADRIANA.

Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

## ADRIANA.

O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

## PINCH.

More company!—The fiend is strong within him.

## LUCIANA.

Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!  
*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him; he strives.*

## ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

What, will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,  
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

OFFICER.

Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH.

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*They bind* DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

ADRIANA.

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

OFFICER.

He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.

ADRIANA.

I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay  
it.—

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

O most unhappy strumpet!

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad  
me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good  
master; cry, 'The devil!'

LUCIANA.

God help, poor souls, how ill do they talk!

ADRIANA.

Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt* PINCH and ASSISTANTS, withANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and DRO-  
MIO OF EPHEBUS.

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

OFFICER.

One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

ADRIANA.

I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

OFFICER.

Two hundred ducats.

ADRIANA.

Say, how grows it due?

OFFICER.

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADRIANA.

He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

COURTEZAN.

Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADRIANA.

It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE with his  
rapier drawn, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

LUCIANA.

God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADRIANA.

[*help,*And come with naked swords. Let's call more  
To have them bound again.

OFFICER.

Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, &c., as fast as may be,  
frighted.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I see these witches are afraid of swords.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us

no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold:

methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but

for the mountain of mad flesh that claims mar-  
riage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here

still, and turn witch.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Before an abbey.

[*Enter* SECOND MERCHANT and ANGELO.

ANGELO.

I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT.

How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

ANGELO.

Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly beloved,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

[*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO

OF SYRACUSE.

ANGELO.

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and

trouble;

And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I think I had; I never did deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

SECOND MERCHANT.

These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest

To walk where any honest men resort.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

SECOND MERCHANT.

I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*]

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN,  
and others.

ADRIANA.

Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—  
Some get within him, take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!  
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and  
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE to the abbey.

*Enter* LADY ABBESS.

ABBESS.

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

ADRIANA.

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

ANGELO.

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

SECOND MERCHANT.

I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

ABBESS.

How long hath this possession held the man?

ADRIANA.

This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;  
But till this afternoon his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

ABBESS.

Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love,—  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADRIANA.

To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love that drew him off from home.

ABBESS.

You should for that have reprehended him.

ADRIANA.

Why, so I did.

ABBESS.

Ay, but not rough enough.

ADRIANA.

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

ABBESS.

Haply, in private.

ADRIANA.

And in assemblies too.

ABBESS.

Ay, but not enough.

ADRIANA.

It was the copy of our conference:  
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company I often glanced it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

ABBESS.

And thereof came it that the man was mad:  
The venom-clamours of a jealous woman  
Poisons more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:  
And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy up-  
braidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy  
brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:  
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

LUCIANA.

She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough-rude and  
wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

ADRIANA.

She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

ABBESS.

No, not a creature enters in my house.

ADRIANA.

Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

ABBESS.

Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

ADRIANA.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

ABBESS.

Be patient; for I will not let him stir  
Till I have used the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order.  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADRIANA.

I will not hence, and leave my husband here:  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness  
To separate the husband and the wife.

ABBESS.

Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

LUCIANA.

Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

ADRIANA.

Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

[*Exit.*]

## SECOND MERCHANT.

By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANGELO.

Upon what cause?

## SECOND MERCHANT.

To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Behewed publicly for his offence.

ANGELO.

See where they come: we will behold his death.

LUCIANA.

Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; AEGEON bareheaded; with  
the HEADSMAN and OTHER OFFICERS.*

DUKE.

Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADRIANA.

Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbeſs!

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADRIANA.

May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—

Who I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desp'rately he hurried through the  
street,—

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—  
Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
And both his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,  
We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
And here the abbeſs shuts the gates on us,  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Long since thy husband served me in my wars;  
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me.—  
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of  
fire;

And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
My master preaches patience to him, and the  
while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;  
And sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADRIANA.

Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;  
And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERVANT.

Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*]

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—Guard with halberds!

ADRIANA.

Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human  
reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO  
OF EPHEBUS.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

AEGEON.

Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!  
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me  
Even in the strength and height of injury:  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADRIANA.

No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul  
As this is false he burdens me withal!

LUCIANA.

Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

ANGELO.

O perjured woman!—They are both forsworn:  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

My liege, I am advised what I say;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lockt me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with  
her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,  
And in his company that gentleman.  
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down  
That I this day of him received the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which  
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer  
To go in person with me to my house.

By th' way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates. Along with them [villain,  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess. Then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

ANGELO.

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he dined not at home, but was lockt out.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

But had he such a chain of thee or no?

ANGELO.

He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart:  
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I never came within these abbey-walls;  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false you burden me withal!

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you housed him, here he would have  
been;

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—  
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

COURTEZAN.

He did; and from my finger snatcht that ring.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

COURTEZAN.

As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbes  
hither.— [Exit one to the ABBESS.

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

AEGEON.

Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:  
Haply I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

AEGEON.

Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:  
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

AEGEON.

I am sure you both of you remember me.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

AEGEON.

Why look you strange on me? you know me  
well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I never saw you in my life till now.

AEGEON.

O, grief hath changed me since you saw me  
last,

And careful hours with Time's deformed hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Neither.

AEGEON.

Dromio, nor thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

No, trust me, sir, nor I.

AEGEON.

I am sure thou dost.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever  
a man denies, you are now bound to believe  
him.

AEGEON.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,



Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor  
tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?  
Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—  
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I never saw my father in my life.

AGEON.

But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,  
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,  
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so:  
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:  
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE  
and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.*

ABBESS.

Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.  
[*All gather to see them.*]

ADRIANA.

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these. Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Aegeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

ABBESS.

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty.—  
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:  
O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Aemilia!

AGEON.

If I dream not, thou art Aemilia:  
If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

ABBESS.

By men of Epidamnum he and I  
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;  
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.  
What then became of them I cannot tell;  
I to this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Why, here begins his morning story right:  
These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—  
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.—  
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

And I with him.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Brought to this town by that most famous  
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADRIANA.

Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I, gentle mistress.

ADRIANA.

And are not you my husband?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

No; I say nay to that.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

And so do I; yet did she call me so:  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother.—[*to LUCIANA*] What I told  
you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANGELO.

That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANGELO.

I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADRIANA.

I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

No, none by me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

This purse of ducats I received from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me.  
I see we still did meet each other's man;  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;  
And thereupon these errors are arose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

COURTEZAN.

Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

There, take it; and much thanks for my good  
cheer.

ABBESS.

Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;—  
 And all that are assembled in this place,  
 That by this sympathized one day's error  
 Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,  
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
 Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,  
 My heavy burden ne'er delivered.—  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me;  
 After so long grief, such felicity!

DUKE OF EPHEBUS.

With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ABBESS, AEGEON, COUR-  
 TEZAN, SECOND MERCHANT, AN-  
 GELO, *and* ATTENDANTS.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?  
 ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarkt?  
 DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.  
 ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
 Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and*  
 ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, ADRIANA  
*and* LUCIANA.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:  
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:  
 I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.  
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

That's a question: how shall we try it?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou  
 first.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Nay, then, thus:—

We came into the world like brother and brother;  
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before  
 another. [*Exeunt.*

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*  
 VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*  
 PROTEUS, }  
 ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*  
 THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*  
 EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*  
 SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*  
 LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*  
 PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges.*  
 OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*  
 SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*  
 LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

SERVANTS, MUSICIANS.

SCENE—*Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Verona. An open place.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

VALENTINE.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus:  
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
 I rather would entreat thy company  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
 Than, living dully sluggardized at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
 But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,  
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PROTEUS.

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!  
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st  
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness, [danger,  
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

And on a love-book pray for my success?

PROTEUS.

Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

VALENTINE.

That's on some shallow story of deep love;  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

PROTEUS.

That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

VALENTINE.

'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

PROTEUS.

Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

VALENTINE.

No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

PROTEUS.

What?

VALENTINE.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with  
 groans; [moment's mirth  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
 However, but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

PROTEUS.

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE.

So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PROTEUS.

'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

VALENTINE.

Love is your master, for he masters you:  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

PROTEUS.

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

VALENTINE.

And writers say, as the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
 Even so by love the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
 That art a votary to fond desire?  
 Once more adieu! my father at the road  
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

PROTEUS.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.  
 To Milan let me hear from thee by letters  
 Of thy success in love, and what news else  
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;  
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PROTEUS.

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VALENTINE.

As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [Exit.

PROTEUS.

He after honour hunts, I after love:  
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more;  
 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with  
thought.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED.

Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PROTEUS.

But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

SPEED.

Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,  
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

PROTEUS.

Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

SPEED.

You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,  
and I a sheep?

PROTEUS.

I do.

SPEED.

Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I  
wake or sleep.

PROTEUS.

A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED.

This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS.

True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED.

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PROTEUS.

It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED.

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep  
the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my  
master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

PROTEUS.

The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,  
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep;  
thou for wages followest thy master, thy master  
for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a  
sheep.

SPEED.

Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

PROTEUS.

But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED.

Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a  
laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a  
lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PROTEUS.

Here's too small a pasture for such store of mut-  
tons.

SPEED.

If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick  
her.

PROTEUS.

Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

SPEED.

Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for  
carrying your letter.

PROTEUS.

You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

SPEED.

From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your  
lover.

PROTEUS.

But what said she?

SPEED [noddng].

Ay.

PROTEUS.

Nod, Ay?—why, that's noddy.

SPEED.

You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask  
me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

PROTEUS.

And that set together is—noddly.

SPEED.

Now you have taken the pains to set it together  
take it for your pains.

PROTEUS.

No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED.

Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PROTEUS.

Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED.

Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing  
but the word 'noddly' for my pains.

PROTEUS.

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS.

Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said  
she?

SPEED.

Open your purse, that the money and the  
matter may be both at once deliver'd.

PROTEUS.

Well, sir, here is for your pains [*Giving him  
money*]. What said she?

SPEED.

Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PROTEUS.

Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED.

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no,  
not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter:  
and being so hard to me that brought your mind,  
I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your  
mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as  
hard as steel.

PROTEUS.

What, said she nothing?

SPEED.

No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.'  
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have  
testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth  
carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll com-  
mend you to my master.

PROTEUS.

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

[Exit SPEED.]

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.* JULIA'S garden.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

JULIA.

**B**UT say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

LUCETTA.

Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA.

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA.

Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA.

As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA.

Well of his wealth; but of himself, so-so.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA.

Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

JULIA.

How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA.

Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA.

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUCETTA.

Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

JULIA.

Your reason?

LUCETTA.

I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

JULIA.

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUCETTA.

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA.

Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.

LUCETTA.

Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JULIA.

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA.

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA.

O, they love least that let men know their love.

JULIA.

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA.

Peruse this paper, madam.

JULIA [*reads*].

*To Julia.*—Say, from whom?

LUCETTA.

That the contents will show.

JULIA.

Say, say, who gave it thee?

LUCETTA.

Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from  
Proteus. [*way*]

He would have given it you; but I, being in the  
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I  
pray.

JULIA.

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!  
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?  
To whisper and conspire against my youth?  
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,  
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd;  
Or else return no more into my sight.

LUCETTA.

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA.

Will ye be gone?

LUCETTA.

That you may ruminate. [*Exit*.]

JULIA.

And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:  
It were a shame to call her back again,  
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,  
And would not force the letter to my view,—  
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe  
'Ay'!

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
When willingly I would have had her here!  
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,  
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!  
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,  
And ask remission for my folly past.—  
What, ho! Lucetta!

*Enter LUCETTA.*

LUCETTA.

What would your ladyship?

JULIA.

Is 't near dinner-time?

LUCETTA.

I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

JULIA.

What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA.

Nothing.

JULIA.

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA.

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA.

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA.

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA.

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA.  
Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.  
JULIA.  
Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.  
LUCETTA.  
That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.  
JULIA.  
As little by such toys as may be possible.  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.  
LUCETTA.  
It is too heavy for so light a tune.  
JULIA.  
Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?  
LUCETTA.  
Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.  
JULIA.  
And why not you?  
LUCETTA.  
I cannot reach so high.  
JULIA.  
Let's see your song [*Taking the letter*]. How now,  
minion!  
LUCETTA.  
Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.  
JULIA.  
You do not?  
LUCETTA.  
No, madam; 'tis too sharp.  
JULIA.  
You, minion, are too saucy.  
LUCETTA.  
Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:  
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.  
JULIA.  
The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.  
LUCETTA.  
Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.  
JULIA.  
This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—  
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter*.]  
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.  
LUCETTA.  
She makes it strange; but she would be best  
pleased  
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit*.]  
JULIA.  
Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ—'kind Julia:—unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus:—  
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly  
heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down:—  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind  
bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!—  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
'To the sweet Julia:—that I'll tear away;—  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one upon another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Enter* LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JULIA.

Well, let us go.

LUCETTA.

What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

JULIA.

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA.

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

JULIA.

I see you have a month's mind to them.

LUCETTA.

Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

JULIA.

Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt*.]

### SCENE III.

*The same.* ANTONIO'S house.

*Enter* ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

ANTONIO.

TELL me, Panthino, what sad talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the  
cloister?

PANTHINO.

'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO.

Why, what of him?

PANTHINO.

He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus your son was meet;  
And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his  
age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

ANTONIO.

Nor need'st thou much importune me that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achieved,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PANTHINO.

I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

ANTONIO.

I know it well.

PANTHINO.

'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him  
thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANTONIO.

I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANTHINO.

To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

ANTONIO.

Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
And,—in good time:—now will we break with  
him.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

PROTEUS.

Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!

ANTONIO.

How now! what letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS.

May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANTONIO.

Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PROTEUS.

There is no news, my lord; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well beloved,  
And daily graced by the emperor;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

PROTEUS.

As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANTONIO.

My will is something sorted with his wish.  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go:  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS.

My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO.

Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:  
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—  
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and PANTHINO.]

PROTEUS.

Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*Enter* PANTHINO.

PANTHINO.

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:  
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

PROTEUS.

Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,  
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Milan. The DUKE's palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE and SPEED.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.

VALENTINE.

Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED.

Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

VALENTINE.

Ha, let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!  
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

SPEED.

Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!

VALENTINE.

How now, sirrah!

SPEED.

She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE.

Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED.

Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VALENTINE.

Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED.

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE.

Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

SPEED.

She that your worship loves?

VALENTINE.

Why, how know you that I am in love?



SPEED.

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VALENTINE.

Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED.

They are all perceived without ye.

VALENTINE.

Without me! they cannot.

SPEED.

Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an ural, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VALENTINE.

But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED.

She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

VALENTINE.

Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

SPEED.

Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE.

Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

SPEED.

Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

VALENTINE.

Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

SPEED.

Sir, I know that well enough.

VALENTINE.

What dost thou know?

SPEED.

That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

VALENTINE.

I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED.

That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VALENTINE.

How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED.

Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VALENTINE.

How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED.

You never saw her since she was deform'd.

VALENTINE.

How long hath she been deform'd?

SPEED.

Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE.

I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED.

If you love her, you cannot see her.

VALENTINE.

Why?

SPEED.

Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going un-garter'd!

VALENTINE.

What should I see then?

SPEED.

Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VALENTINE.

Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED.

True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VALENTINE.

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED.

I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

VALENTINE.

Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED.

And have you?

VALENTINE.

I have.

SPEED.

Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE.

No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

SPEED [aside].

O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

VALENTINE.

Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows!

SPEED [aside].

O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

SILVIA.

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

SPEED [aside].

He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VALENTINE.

As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

SILVIA.

I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

VALENTINE.

Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SILVIA.

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE.

No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much:  
And yet,—

SILVIA.

A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;  
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—  
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED (*aside*).

And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

VALENTINE.

What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SILVIA.

Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:  
But since unwillingly, take them again;  
Nay, take them.

VALENTINE.

Madam, they are for you.

SILVIA.

Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;  
But I will none of them; they are for you:  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VALENTINE.

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SILVIA.

And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:  
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VALENTINE.

If it please me, madam! what then?

SILVIA.

Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:  
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

SPEED.

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a  
steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her  
suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should  
write the letter?

VALENTINE.

How now, sir! what are you reasoning with your-  
self?

SPEED.

Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

VALENTINE.

To do what?

SPEED.

To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

VALENTINE.

To whom?

SPEED.

To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

VALENTINE.

What figure?

SPEED.

By a letter, I should say.

VALENTINE.

Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED.

What need she, when she hath made you write to  
yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VALENTINE.

No, believe me.

SPEED.

No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you per-  
ceive her earnest?

VALENTINE.

She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED.

Why, she hath given you a letter.

VALENTINE.

That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED.

And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an  
end.

VALENTINE.

I would it were no worse.

SPEED.

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in  
modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again  
reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her  
mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto  
her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

VALENTINE.

I have dined.

SPEED.

Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love  
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by  
my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not  
like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Verona. JULIA's garden.**Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

PROTEUS.

HAVE patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA.

I must, where is no remedy.

PROTEUS.

When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA.

If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Gives him a ring.*]

PROTEUS.

Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you  
this. [*Gives her another.*]

JULIA.

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PROTEUS.

Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
 Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!  
 My father stays my coming; answer not;  
 The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;  
 That tide will stay me longer than I should:  
 Julia, farewell! [Exit JULIA.]

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace  
 it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PANTHINO.

Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PROTEUS.

Go; I come, I come:—

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb!

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading his dog.

LAUNCE.

NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worsor sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing!' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PANTHINO.

Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE.

It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANTHINO.

What's the unkindest tide?

LAUNCE.

Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

PANTHINO.

Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUNCE.

For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANTHINO.

Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE.

In thy tale.

PANTHINO.

In thy tail!

LAUNCE.

Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PANTHINO.

Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

LAUNCE.

Sir, call me what thou darest.

PANTHINO.

Wilt thou go?

LAUNCE.

Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.

Milan. The DUKE'S palace.

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

SILVIA.

SERVANT,—

VALENTINE.

Mistress?

SPEED.

Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VALENTINE.

Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED.

Not of you.

VALENTINE.

Of my mistress, then.

SPEED.

'Twere good you knock'd him.

SILVIA.

Servant, you are sad.

VALENTINE.

Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THURIO.

Seem you that you are not?

VALENTINE.

Haply I do.

THURIO.

So do counterfeits.

VALENTINE.

So do you.

THURIO.  
What seem I that I am not?  
Wise.

VALENTINE.  
THURIO.  
What instance of the contrary?  
Your folly.

THURIO.  
And how quote you my folly?  
I quote it in your jerkin.

THURIO.  
My jerkin is a doublet.

VALENTINE.  
Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THURIO.  
How!

SILVIA.  
What, angry, Sir Thuriol do you change colour?  
Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

THURIO.  
That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

VALENTINE.  
You have said, sir.

THURIO.  
Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

VALENTINE.  
I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

SILVIA.  
A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

VALENTINE.  
'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SILVIA.  
Who is that, servant?

VALENTINE.  
Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THURIO.  
Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VALENTINE.  
I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

SILVIA.  
No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

*Enter DUKE.*  
DUKE OF MILAN.  
Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—  
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news?

VALENTINE.  
My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE OF MILAN.  
Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

VALENTINE.  
Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth and worthy estimation,  
And not without desert so well reputed.

DUKE OF MILAN.  
Hath he not a son?

VALENTINE.  
Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE OF MILAN.  
You know him well?

VALENTINE.  
I know him as myself; for from our infancy  
We have conversed and spent our hours together:  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth  
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,—  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE OF MILAN.  
Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile:  
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VALENTINE.  
Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

DUKE OF MILAN.  
Welcome him, then, according to his worth;  
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—  
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:  
I will send him hither to you presently. *[Exit.]*

VALENTINE.  
This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

SILVIA.  
Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VALENTINE.  
Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

SILVIA.  
Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you?

VALENTINE.  
Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

THURIO.  
They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

VALENTINE.  
To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:  
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

SILVIA.  
Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Enter PROTEUS.*  
VALENTINE.  
Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech  
you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SILVIA.  
His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

VALENTINE.  
Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SILVIA.  
Too low a mistress for so high a servant.  
PROTEUS.

Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VALENTINE.  
Leave off discourse of disability:—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.  
PROTEUS.

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

SILVIA.  
And duty never yet did want his meed:  
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PROTEUS.  
I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

SILVIA.  
That you are welcome?

PROTEUS.  
That you are worthless.

*Enter a SERVANT.*  
SERVANT.

Madam, my lord your father would speak with  
you.

SILVIA.  
I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Come, Sir Thurio,  
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:  
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;  
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PROTEUS.  
We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA and THURIO.*]  
VALENTINE.

Now, tell me, how do all from whence you  
came?

PROTEUS.  
Your friends are well, and have them much com-  
mended.

VALENTINE.  
And how do yours?

PROTEUS.  
I left them all in health.

VALENTINE.  
How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

PROTEUS.  
My tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

VALENTINE.  
Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.  
I have done penance for contemning Love,  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd  
me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled  
eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's  
sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

PROTEUS.  
Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

VALENTINE.  
Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PROTEUS.  
No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE.  
Call her divine.

PROTEUS.  
I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE.  
O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS.  
When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;  
And I must minister the like to you.

VALENTINE.  
Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PROTEUS.  
Except my mistress.

VALENTINE.  
Sweet, except not any;  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

PROTEUS.  
Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE.  
And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swalling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

PROTEUS.  
Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

VALENTINE.  
Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies noth-  
ing;  
She is alone.

PROTEUS.  
Then let her alone.

VALENTINE.  
Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PROTEUS.  
But she loves you?

VALENTINE.  
Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our mar-  
riage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determined of; how I must climb her window,  
The ladder made of cords; and all the means  
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PROTEUS.

Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:  
I must unto the road, to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use;  
And then I'll presently attend you.

VALENTINE.

Will you make haste?

PROTEUS.

I will. [*Exeunt VALENTINE and SPEED.*  
Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont:  
O, but I love his lady too-too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her!  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*The same. A street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.*

SPEED.

LAUNCE! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!  
Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not  
welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is  
never undone till he be hang'd; nor never wel-  
come to a place till some certain shot be paid, and  
the hostess say, 'Welcome.'

SPEED.

Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with  
you presently; where, for one shot of five pence,  
thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But,  
sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam  
Julia?

LAUNCE.

Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted  
very fairly in jest.

SPEED.

But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE.

No.

SPEED.

How, then? shall he marry her?

LAUNCE.

No, neither.

SPEED.

What, are they broken?

LAUNCE.

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED.

Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUNCE.

Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it  
stands well with her.

SPEED.

What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE.

What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My  
staff understands me.

SPEED.

What thou say'st?

LAUNCE.

Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and  
my staff understands me.

SPEED.

It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUNCE.

Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED.

But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUNCE.

Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no,  
it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it  
will.

SPEED.

The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE.

Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but  
by a parable.

SPEED.

'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how  
say'st thou, that my master is become a notable  
lover?

LAUNCE.

I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED.

Than how?

LAUNCE.

A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED.

Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUNCE.

Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPEED.

I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUNCE.

Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn him-  
self in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-  
house; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not  
worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED.

Why?

LAUNCE.

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee  
as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou  
go?

SPEED.

At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*The same. The DUKE's palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

PROTEUS.

TO leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my  
oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:  
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:  
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun:  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;  
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,—  
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself;  
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her  
fair!—  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
Without some treachery used to Valentine.  
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;  
Myself in counsel his competitor:  
Now presently I'll give her father notice  
Of their disguising and pretended flight;  
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,  
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Verona. JULIA's house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

JULIA.

COUNSEL, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;  
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—  
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly character'd and engraved,—  
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA.

Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

JULIA.

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

LUCETTA.

Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JULIA.

O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's  
food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time,  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

LUCETTA.

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

JULIA.

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth  
rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with th'enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wide ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

LUCETTA.

But in what habit will you go along?

JULIA.

Not like a woman; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men;  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may bescem some well-reputed page.

LUCETTA.

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA.

No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

LUCETTA.

What fashion, madam, shall I make your  
breeches?

JULIA.

That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'  
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

LUCETTA.

You must needs have them with a codpiece,  
madam.

JULIA.

Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

LUCETTA.

A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.



JULIA.

Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstead a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

LUCETTA.

If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JULIA.

Nay, that I will not.

LUCETTA.

Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.!

JULIA.

That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUCETTA.

All these are servants to deceitful men.

JULIA.

Base men, that use them to so base effect!  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

LUCETTA.

Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

JULIA.

Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:  
Only deserve my love by loving him;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.  
Come, answer not, but to it presently;  
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Milan. An ante-room in the DUKE's palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

DUKE OF MILAN.

SIR THURIO, give us leave, I pray, awhile;  
We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit THURIO.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?  
PROTEUS.

My gracious lord, that which I would discover  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;  
But when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,  
This night intends to steal away your daughter;  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know you have determined to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;  
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevailed, to your timeless grave.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;  
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court:  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,  
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—  
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PROTEUS.

Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly  
That my discovery be not aimed at;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

PROTEUS.

Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VALENTINE.

Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Be they of much import?

VALENTINE.

The tenour of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VALENTINE.

I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE OF MILAN.

No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;  
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like  
duty,

I now am full resolved to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in:  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VALENTINE.

What would your grace have me to do in this?

DUKE OF MILAN.

There is a lady of Verona here  
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,  
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—  
For long ago I have forgot to court;  
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's  
mind.

DUKE OF MILAN.

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VALENTINE.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents  
her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels'  
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

DUKE OF MILAN.

But she I mean is promised by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

VALENTINE.

Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VALENTINE.

What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE OF MILAN.

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VALENTINE.

Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VALENTINE.

When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE OF MILAN.

This very night; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VALENTINE.

By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE OF MILAN.

But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VALENTINE.

It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

DUKE OF MILAN.

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VALENTINE.

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

VALENTINE.

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE OF MILAN.

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same? What's here?—'To  
Silvia!'

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia  
nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them  
flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge where senseless they  
are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest  
them;

While I, their king, that thither them im-  
portune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath  
blest them,

Because myself do want my servants' for-  
tune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord  
would be.'

What's here?

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on  
thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from  
hence.

VALENTINE.

And why not death, rather than living torment?  
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon:  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

PROTEUS.

Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUNCE.

So-ho, so-ho!

PROTEUS.

What see'st thou?

LAUNCE.

Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head  
but 'tis a Valentine.

PROTEUS.

Valentine!

VALENTINE.

No.

PROTEUS.

Who then? his spirit?

VALENTINE.

Neither.

PROTEUS.

What then?

VALENTINE.

Nothing.

LAUNCE.

Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

PROTEUS.

Who wouldst thou strike?

LAUNCE.

Nothing.

PROTEUS.

Villain, forbear.

LAUNCE.

Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

PROTEUS.

Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a  
word.

VALENTINE.

My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess them.

PROTEUS.

Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

VALENTINE.

Is Silvia dead?

PROTEUS.

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
Hath she forsworn me?

PROTEUS.

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
What is your news?

LAUNCE.

Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

PROTEUS.

That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

VALENTINE.

O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

PROTEUS.

Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—  
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became  
them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there.

VALENTINE.

No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life:  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PROTEUS.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
The time now serves not to expostulate:  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.  
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VALENTINE.

I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-  
gate.

PROTEUS.

Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE.  
O my dear Silvia!—Hapless Valentine!  
[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*  
LAUNCE.

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item, She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE.  
With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.  
SPEED.

Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE.  
The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.  
SPEED.

Why, man, how black?

LAUNCE.  
Why, as black as ink.  
SPEED.

Let me read them.

LAUNCE.  
Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.  
SPEED.

Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE.  
I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?  
SPEED.

Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE.  
O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED.  
Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAUNCE.  
There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!  
SPEED [*reads*].

'Imprimis, She can milk.'

LAUNCE.  
Ay, that she can.

SPEED.  
'Item, She brews good ale.'

LAUNCE.  
And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

SPEED.  
'Item, She can sew.'

LAUNCE.  
That's as much as to say, Can she so?  
SPEED.

'Item, She can knit.'

LAUNCE.  
What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED.  
'Item, She can wash and scour.'

LAUNCE.  
A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

SPEED.  
'Item, She can spin.'

LAUNCE.  
Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED.  
'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.'

LAUNCE.  
That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED.  
'Here follow her vices.'

LAUNCE.  
Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED.  
'Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.'

LAUNCE.  
Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

SPEED.  
'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'

LAUNCE.  
That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED.  
'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

LAUNCE.  
It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED.  
'Item, She is slow in words.'

LAUNCE.  
O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED.  
'Item, She is proud.'

LAUNCE.  
Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED.  
'Item, She hath no teeth.'

LAUNCE.  
I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED.  
'Item, she is curst.'

LAUNCE.  
Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED.  
'Item, She will often praise her liquor.'

LAUNCE.  
If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED.

'Item, She is too liberal.'

LAUNCE.

Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED.

'Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

LAUNCE.

Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

SPEED.

'Item, She hath more hair than wit;—'

LAUNCE.

More hair than wit,—it may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED.

'And more faults than hairs;—'

LAUNCE.

That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED.

'And more wealth than faults.'

LAUNCE.

Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED.

What then?

LAUNCE.

Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

SPEED.

For me!

LAUNCE.

For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

SPEED.

And must I go to him?

LAUNCE.

Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED.

Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

LAUNCE.

Now will he be swunged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The DUKE's palace.**Enter DUKE and THURIO.*

DUKE OF MILAN.

SIR Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THURIO.

Since his exile she hath despised me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE OF MILAN.

This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

PROTEUS.

Gone, my good lord.

DUKE OF MILAN.

My daughter takes his going grievously.

PROTEUS.

A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE OF MILAN.

So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee— For thou hast shown some sign of good desert— Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PROTEUS.

Longer than I prove loyal to your grace Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

PROTEUS.

I do, my lord.

DUKE OF MILAN.

And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

PROTEUS.

She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

PROTEUS.

The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,— Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

PROTEUS.

Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Then you must undertake to slander him.

PROTEUS.

And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, Especially against his very friend.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Where your good word cannot advantage him, Your slander never can endamage him; Therefore the office is indifferent, Being entreated to it by your friend.

PROTEUS.

You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But say this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

THURIO.

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me;  
Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

DUKE OF MILAN.

And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already Love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

PROTEUS.

As much as I can do, I will effect:—  
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;  
You must lay lime to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Ay,  
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PROTEUS.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:  
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity:  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet consort; to their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet-complaining  
grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

DUKE OF MILAN.

This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THURIO.

And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently  
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE OF MILAN.

About it, gentlemen.

PROTEUS.

We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A forest.*

*Enter certain OUTLAWS.*

FIRST OUTLAW.

FELLOWS, stand fast; I see a passenger.

SECOND OUTLAW.

If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

THIRD OUTLAW.

Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:  
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

SPEED.

Sir, we are undone! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

VALENTINE.

My friends,—

FIRST OUTLAW.

That's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Peace! we'll hear him.

THIRD OUTLAW.

Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

VALENTINE.

Then know that I have little wealth to lose;  
A man I am cross'd with adversity:  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Whither travel you?

VALENTINE.

To Verona.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Whence came you?

VALENTINE.

From Milan.

THIRD OUTLAW.

Have you long sojourn'd there?

VALENTINE.

Some sixteen months; and longer might have  
stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

FIRST OUTLAW.

What, were you banish'd thence?

VALENTINE.

I was.

SECOND OUTLAW.

For what offence?

VALENTINE.

For that which now torments me to rehearse:  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage or base treachery.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VALENTINE.

I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Have you the tongues?

VALENTINE.

My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had been miserable.

THIRD OUTLAW.

By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

FIRST OUTLAW.

We'll have him:—sirs, a word.

SPEED.

Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind  
of thievery.

VALENTINE.

Peace, villain!

## SECOND OUTLAW.

Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

VALENTINE.

Nothing but my fortune.

## THIRD OUTLAW.

Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men:  
Myself was from Verona banished  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

## SECOND OUTLAW.

And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

## FIRST OUTLAW.

And I for such-like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;  
And partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape, and by your own report  
A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
As we do in our quality much want,—

## SECOND OUTLAW.

Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:  
Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

## THIRD OUTLAW.

What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:  
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

## FIRST OUTLAW.

But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

## SECOND OUTLAW.

Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VALENTINE.

I take your offer, and will live with you,  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women or poor passengers.

## THIRD OUTLAW.

No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,  
And show thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Milan. The court of the DUKE'S palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PROTEUS.

ALREADY have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer:  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her  
window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and MUSICIANS.

THURIO.

How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

PROTEUS.

Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

THURIO.

Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PROTEUS.

Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THURIO.

Who? Silvia?

PROTEUS.

Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

THURIO.

I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, HOST, and JULIA in boy's  
clothes.

HOST.

Now, my young guest,—methinks you're alli-  
choly: I pray you, why is it?

JULIA.

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

HOST.

Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where  
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that  
you ask'd for.

JULIA.

But shall I hear him speak?

HOST.

Ay, that you shall.

JULIA.

That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

HOST.

Hark, hark!

JULIA.

Is he among these?

HOST.

Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—  
For beauty lives with kindness?  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.



HOST.  
How now! are you sadder than you were before?  
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

JULIA.  
You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST.  
Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA.  
He plays false, father.

HOST.  
How? out of tune on the strings?

JULIA.  
Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

HOST.  
You have a quick ear.

JULIA.  
Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

HOST.  
I perceive you delight not in music.

JULIA.  
Not a whit, when it jars so.

HOST.  
Hark, what fine change is in the music!

JULIA.  
Ay, that change is the spite.

HOST.  
You would have them always play but one thing?

JULIA.  
I would always have one play but one thing.  
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST.  
I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

JULIA.  
Where is Launce?

HOST.  
Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JULIA.  
Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

PROTEUS.  
Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,  
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THURIO.  
Where meet we?

PROTEUS.  
At Saint Gregory's well.  
THURIO.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt THURIO and MUSICIANS.*]

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

PROTEUS.  
Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SILVIA.  
I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
Who is that that spake?

PROTEUS.  
One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SILVIA.  
Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PROTEUS.  
Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SILVIA.  
What is your will?

PROTEUS.  
That I may compass yours.  
SILVIA.

You have your wish; my will is even this,—  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PROTEUS.  
I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
But she is dead.

JULIA [*aside*].  
'Twere false, if I should speak it;  
For I am sure she is not buried.

SILVIA.  
Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend  
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

PROTEUS.  
I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.  
SILVIA.

And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.

PROTEUS.  
Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
SILVIA.

Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

JULIA [*aside*].  
He heard not that.

PROTEUS.  
Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:  
For since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

JULIA [*aside*].  
If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive  
it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
SILVIA.

I am very loth to be your idol, sir;  
But since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:  
And so good rest.

PROTEUS.  
As wretches have o'ernight  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS, and SILVIA above.*]  
JULIA.

Host, will you go?

HOST.  
By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

JULIA.  
Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

HOST.  
Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

JULIA.  
Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

EGLAMOUR.

**T**HIS is the hour that Madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call and know her mind:  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam!

*SILVIA above, at her window.*

SILVIA.

Who calls?

EGLAMOUR.

Your servant and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

SILVIA.

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGLAMOUR.

As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose,  
I am thus early come to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SILVIA.

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not)  
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.  
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with  
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company, and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGLAMOUR.

Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,

I give consent to go along with you;  
Recking as little what betideth me  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

SILVIA.

This evening coming.

EGLAMOUR.

Where shall I meet you?

SILVIA.

At Friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

EGLAMOUR.

I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,  
Gentle lady.

SILVIA.

Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt EGLAMOUR, and SILVIA above.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

LAUNCE.

**W**HEN a man's servant shall play the cur with  
him, look you, it goes hard: one that I  
brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from  
drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers  
and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one  
would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.'  
I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress  
Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into  
the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,  
and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing  
when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies!  
I would have, as one should say, one that takes  
upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a  
dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than  
he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think  
verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he  
had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me  
himself into the company of three or four gentle-  
manlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not  
been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but  
all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,'  
says one; 'What cur is that?' says another; 'Whip  
him out,' says the third; 'Hang him up,' says the  
duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell  
before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fel-  
low that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you  
mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth  
he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I;  
''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me  
no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber.  
How many masters would do this for his servant?  
Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for  
puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been  
executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he  
hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't.—Thou  
think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the  
trick you served me when I took my leave of  
Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me,  
and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up  
my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's  
farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a  
trick?

*Enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

PROTEUS.

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA.

In what you please: I will do what I can.

PROTEUS.

I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE.

Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PROTEUS.

And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUNCE.

Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PROTEUS.

But she received my dog?

LAUNCE.

No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PROTEUS.

What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUNCE.

Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PROTEUS.

Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!

[Exit LAUNCE.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;  
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,  
Which—if my augury deceive me not—  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,  
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

JULIA.

It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.  
She is dead, belike?

PROTEUS.

Not so; I think she lives.

JULIA.

Alas!

PROTEUS.

Why dost thou cry, 'Alas'?

JULIA.

I cannot choose

But pity her.

PROTEUS.

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JULIA.

Because methinks that she loved you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;  
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'Alas!'

PROTEUS.

Well: give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter:—that's her chamber:—tell my lady  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit.]

JULIA.

How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:—

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I—unhappy messenger—

To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith which I would have dis-  
praised.

I am my master's true—confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SILVIA.

What would you with her, if that I be she?

JULIA.

If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SILVIA.

From whom?

JULIA.

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SILVIA.

O,—he sends you for a picture?

JULIA.

Ay, madam.

SILVIA.

Ursula, bring my picture there.—

Go give your master this: tell him, from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JULIA.

Madam, please you peruse this letter:—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.

SILVIA.

I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JULIA.

It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

SILVIA.

There, hold:—

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are stuf with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

JULIA.

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SILVIA.

The more shame for him that he sends it me;  
For I have heard him say a thousand times  
His Julia gave it him at his departure.  
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,  
Mine shall not do his JULIA so much wrong.

JULIA.

She thanks you.

SILVIA.

What say'st thou?

JULIA.

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.  
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

SILVIA.

Dost thou know her?

JULIA.

Almost as well as I do know myself:  
To think upon her woes I do protest  
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SILVIA.

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JULIA.

I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SILVIA.

Is she not passing fair?

JULIA.

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:  
When she did think my master loved her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

SILVIA.

How tall was she?

JULIA.

About my stature: for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
And at that time I made her weep a-good,  
For I did play a lamentable part;  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SILVIA.

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.  
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!  
I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest  
her.

Farewell.

JULIA.

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know  
her. [Exit SILVIA, attended.]  
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!  
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:  
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:  
If that be all the difference in his love,  
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.  
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:  
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.  
What should it be that he respects in her,  
But I can make respective in myself,  
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?  
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and  
adored!  
And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
My substance should be statue in thy stead.  
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
I should have made scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Milan. An abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky;  
And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet  
me.

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time;  
So much they spur their expedition.  
See where she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

Lady, a happy evening!

SILVIA.

Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,  
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

EGLAMOUR.

Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;  
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The DUKE's palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

THURIO.

SIR PROTEUS, what says Silvia to my suit?  
PROTEUS.  
O, sir, I find her milder than she was;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO.

What, that my leg is too long?

PROTEUS.

No; that it is too little.

THURIO.

I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA [aside].

But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

THURIO.  
What says she to my face?  
PROTEUS.  
She says it is a fair one.  
THURIO.  
Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.  
PROTEUS.  
But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.  
JULIA *[aside]*.  
'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;  
For I had rather wink than look on them.  
THURIO.  
How likes she my discourse?  
PROTEUS.  
Ill, when you talk of war.  
THURIO.  
But well, when I discourse of love and peace?  
JULIA *[aside]*.  
But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.  
THURIO.  
What says she to my valour?  
PROTEUS.  
O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.  
JULIA *[aside]*.  
She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.  
THURIO.  
What says she to my birth?  
PROTEUS.  
That you are well derived.  
JULIA *[aside]*.  
True; from a gentleman to a fool.  
THURIO.  
Considers she my possessions?  
PROTEUS.  
O, ay; and pities them.  
THURIO.  
Wherefore?  
JULIA *[aside]*.  
That such an ass should owe them.  
PROTEUS.  
That they are out by lease.  
JULIA.  
Here comes the duke.  
*Enter DUKE OF MILAN.*  
DUKE OF MILAN.  
How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!  
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?  
THURIO.  
Not I.  
PROTEUS.  
Nor I.  
DUKE OF MILAN.  
Saw you my daughter?  
PROTEUS.  
Neither.  
DUKE OF MILAN.  
Why, then,  
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;  
And Eglamour is in her company.  
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:  
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. *[Exit.]*

THURIO.  
Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. *[Exit.]*

PROTEUS.  
And I will follow, more for Silvia's love  
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. *[Exit.]*

JULIA.  
And I will follow, more to cross that love  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.

*The forest.**Enter OUTLAWS with SILVIA.*

FIRST OUTLAW.

COME, come;  
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

SILVIA.

A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Come, bring her away.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUTLAW.

Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's  
fled;

The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:  
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SILVIA.

O Valentine, this I endure for thee! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Another part of the forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

VALENTINE.

HOW use doth breed a habit in a man!  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

*[Noise within.]*

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their  
law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:  
They love me well; yet I have much to do  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.—  
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?  
[Retires.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA in boy's  
clothes.

PROTEUS.

Madam, this service I have done for you,—  
Though you respect not aught your servant  
doth,—

To hazard life, and rescue you from him!  
That would have forced your honour and your  
love:

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VALENTINE [aside].

How like a dream is this I see and hear!  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

SILVIA.

O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PROTEUS.

Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.

SILVIA.

By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

JULIA [aside].

And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

SILVIA.

Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;  
And full as much—for more there cannot be—  
I do detest false perjured Proteus!  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PROTEUS.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look.  
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,  
When women cannot love where they're beloved!

SILVIA.

When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy  
faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury, to love me.  
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst  
two,

And that's far worse than none; better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PROTEUS.

In love

Who respects friend?

SILVIA.

All men but Proteus.

PROTEUS.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,

I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

SILVIA.

O heaven!

PROTEUS.

I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VALENTINE [coming forward].

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—  
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PROTEUS.

Valentine!

VALENTINE.

Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,  
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!  
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine  
eye

Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say  
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.  
Who should be trusted now, when one's right  
hand

Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest: O time most  
accurst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

PROTEUS.

My shame and guilt confounds me.

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.

VALENTINE.

Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.  
Who by repentance is not satisfied  
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;  
By penitence th' Eternal wrath's appeased:  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JULIA.

O me unhappy!

[Faints.]

PROTEUS.

Look to the boy.

VALENTINE.

Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the  
matter?

Look up; speak.

JULIA.

O good sir, my master charged me  
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;  
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PROTEUS.

Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA.

Here 'tis; this is it. [Gives a ring.]

PROTEUS.

How! let me see:—

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA.

O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.]

PROTEUS.

But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart  
I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA.  
And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PROTEUS.

How! Julia!

JULIA.  
Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,  
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:  
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!  
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live  
In a disguise of love:  
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their  
minds.

PROTEUS.

Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were  
man

But constant, he were perfect! that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all  
th' sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VALENTINE.

Come, come, a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close;  
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PROTEUS.

Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

JULIA.

And I mine.

*Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.*

OUTLAWS.

A prize, a prize, a prize!

VALENTINE.

Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,  
Banished Valentine.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Sir Valentine!

THURIO.

Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

VALENTINE.

Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:  
Take but possession of her with a touch;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

THURIO.

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE OF MILAN.

The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:  
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved  
her.

VALENTINE.

I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

DUKE OF MILAN.

I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VALENTINE.

These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities:  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile:  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE OF MILAN.

Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:  
Dispose of them as thou know'st their de-  
serts.—

Come, let us go: we will include all jars  
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

VALENTINE.

And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.  
What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE OF MILAN.

I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

VALENTINE.

I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

DUKE OF MILAN.

What mean you by that saying?

VALENTINE.

Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.  
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear  
The story of your loves discovered:  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]



# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*  
BEROWNE,  
LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*  
DUMAINE, }  
BOYET, } *lords attending on the Princes of*  
MERCADÉ, } *France.*  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*  
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*  
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*  
DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*  
MOTH, *page to Armado.*  
A FORESTER.  
PRINCESS OF FRANCE.  
ROSALINE, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*  
MARIA, }  
KATHERINE, }  
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*  
LORDS, ATTENDANTS, &c.  
SCENE—*Navarre.*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Navarre. A park with a palace in it.*

*Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*

KING.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen  
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your  
names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

LONGAVILLE.

I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

DUMAINE.

My loving lord, Dumaine is mortify'd:  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.

BEROWNE.

I can but say their protestation over;  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances:  
As, not to see a woman in that term,—  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;

And one day in a week to touch no food,  
And but one meal on every day beside,—  
The which I hope is not enrolled there;  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day),—  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,—  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

KING.

Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BEROWNE.

Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:  
I only swore to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years'  
space.

LONGAVILLE.

You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

BEROWNE.

By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—  
What is the end of study? let me know.

KING.

Why, that to know, which else we should not  
know.

BEROWNE.

Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common  
sense?

KING.

Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

BEROWNE.

Come on, then; I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know  
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid;  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

KING.

These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

BEROWNE.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit  
pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they  
are.

Too much to know, is to know naught but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

KING.

How well he's read, to reason against reading!

DUMAINE.

Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONGAVILLE.

He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

BEROWNE.

The spring is near, when green geese are a-breed-  
ing.

DUMAINE.

How follows that?

BEROWNE.

Fit in his place and time.

DUMAINE.

In reason nothing.

BEROWNE.

Something, then, in rime.

KING.

Berowne is like an envious-sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BEROWNE.

Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled carth;  
But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you—to study now it is too late—  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

KING.

Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: adieu.

BEROWNE.

No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with  
you:

And though I have for barbarism spoke more  
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,  
And bide the penance of each three years' day.  
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

KING.

How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BEROWNE [reads].

\* Item, That no woman shall come within a mile  
of my court,—Hath this been proclaim'd?

LONGAVILLE.

Four days ago.

BEROWNE.

Let's see the penalty.—[reads] 'on pain of losing  
her tongue.'—Who devised this penalty?

LONGAVILLE.

Marry, that did I.

BEROWNE.

Sweet lord, and why?

LONGAVILLE.

To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BEROWNE.

A dangerous law against gentility!

[Reads] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a  
woman within the term of three years, he shall en-  
dure such public shame as the rest of the court can  
possibly devise.'

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter with yourself to  
speak,—

A maid of grace and complete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,  
Or vainly comes th'admired princess hither.

KING.

What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

BEROWNE.

So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should;  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost.

KING.

We must of force dispense with this decree;  
She must lie here on mere necessity.

BEROWNE.

Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'  
space;

For every man with his affects is born,  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in atraiter of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to other as to me;  
But I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation granted?

KING.

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado high,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a

knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

BEROWNE.

Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

LONGAVILLE.

Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.*

DULL.

Which is the duke's own person?

BEROWNE.

This, fellow: what wouldst?

DULL.

I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his  
Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own per-  
son in flesh and blood.

BEROWNE.

This is he.

DULL.

Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's  
villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

COSTARD.

Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING.

A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BEROWNE.

How low soever the matter, I hope in God for  
high words.

LONGAVILLE.

A high hope for a low having: God grant us pa-  
tience!

BEROWNE.

To hear? or forbear laughing?

LONGAVILLE.

To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to  
forbear both.

BEROWNE.

Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to  
climb in the merriness.

COSTARD.

The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaque-  
netta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the  
manner.

BEROWNE.

In what manner?

COSTARD.

In manner and form following, sir; all those three:  
I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting  
with her upon the form, and taken following her  
into the park; which, put together, is in manner and  
form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is  
the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the  
form,—in some form.

BEROWNE.

For the following, sir?

COSTARD.

As it shall follow in my correction: and God de-  
fend the right!

KING.

Will you hear this letter with attention?

BEROWNE.

As we would hear an oracle.

COSTARD.

Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the  
flesh.

KING [reads].

Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole  
dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god and  
body's fostering patron,—

COSTARD.

Not a word of Costard yet.

KING [reads].

So it is,—

COSTARD.

It may be so: but if he says it is so, he is, in telling  
true, but so—

KING.

Peace!

COSTARD.

Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING.

No words!

COSTARD.

Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING [reads].

So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd me-  
lancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing  
humour to the most wholesome physic of thy  
health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, be-  
took myself to walk. The time when? About the  
sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best  
peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which  
is call'd supper; so much for the time when. Now  
for the ground which; which, I mean, I walkt upon:  
it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where;  
where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and  
most preposterous event, that draweth from my  
snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which  
here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest:  
but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-  
east and by east from the west corner of thy  
curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-  
spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—

COSTARD.

Me?

KING [reads].

that unletter'd small-knowing soul,—

COSTARD.

Me?

KING [reads].

that shallow vassal,—

COSTARD.

Still me?

KING [reads].

which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

COSTARD.

O, me!

KING [reads].

sorted and consorted, contrary to thy estab-  
lish'd proclaim'd edict and continent canon,  
with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to  
say wherewith,—

COSTARD.

With a wench.

KING [reads].

with a child of our grandmother Eve, a fe-  
male; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a  
woman. Him I—as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks

me on—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

DULL.

Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING [*reads*].

For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel call'd which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

BEROWNE.

This is not so well as I look't for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING.

Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

COSTARD.

Sir, I confess the wench.

KING.

Did you hear the proclamation?

COSTARD.

I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

KING.

It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

COSTARD.

I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

KING.

Well, it was proclaim'd damsel.

COSTARD.

This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

KING.

It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd virgin.

COSTARD.

If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

KING.

This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD.

This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING.

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

COSTARD.

I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING.

And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er:—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.

BEROWNE.

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—  
Sirrah, come on.

COSTARD.

I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and

therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt*.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* ARMADO and MOTH, his Page.

ARMADO.

BOY, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH.

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARMADO.

Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.

MOTH.

No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

ARMADO.

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH.

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

ARMADO.

Why tough signior? why tough signior?

MOTH.

Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARMADO.

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH.

And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARMADO.

Pretty and apt.

MOTH.

How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARMADO.

Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH.

Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARMADO.

And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH.

Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARMADO.

In thy condign praise.

MOTH.

I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARMADO.

What, that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH.

That an eel is quick.

ARMADO.

I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH.

I am answered, sir.

ARMADO.

I love not to be crost.

MOTH [*aside*].

He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.

ARMADO.  
I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH.  
You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO.  
Impossible.

MOTH.  
How many is one thrice told?

ARMADO.  
I am ill at reck'ning,—it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH.  
You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARMADO.  
I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH.  
Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARMADO.  
It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH.  
Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARMADO.  
True.

MOTH.  
Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARMADO.  
A most fine figure!

MOTH [*aside*].  
To prove you a cipher.

ARMADO.  
I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

MOTH.  
Hercules, master.

ARMADO.  
Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH.  
Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

ARMADO.  
O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too:—who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH.  
A woman, master.

ARMADO.  
Of what complexion?

MOTH.  
Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARMADO.  
Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH.  
Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARMADO.  
Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH.  
As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

ARMADO.  
Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

MOTH.  
It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARMADO.  
My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH.  
Most maculate thoughts, master, are maskt under such colours.

ARMADO.  
Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH.  
My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

ARMADO.  
Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

MOTH.  
If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known;  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale white shown:  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know;  
For still her cheeks possess the same,  
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARMADO.  
Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

MOTH.  
The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

ARMADO.  
I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

MOTH [*aside*].  
To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

ARMADO.  
Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH.  
And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARMADO.  
I say, sing.

MOTH.  
Forbear till this company be past.  
*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

DULL.  
Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no

penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

ARMADO.

I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid,—

JAQUENETTA.

Man.

ARMADO.

I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA.

That's hereby.

ARMADO.

I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA.

Lord, how wise you are!

ARMADO.

I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA.

With that face?

ARMADO.

I love thee.

JAQUENETTA.

So I heard you say.

ARMADO.

And so, farewell.

JAQUENETTA.

Fair weather after you!

DULL.

Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt* DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

ARMADO.

Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COSTARD.

Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARMADO.

Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COSTARD.

I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARMADO.

Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH.

Come, you transgressing slave; away!

COSTARD.

Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

MOTH.

No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COSTARD.

Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH.

What shall some see?

COSTARD.

Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

ARMADO.

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which

is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely at tempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted,—and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,—and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS, and other ATTENDANTS.*

BOYET.

**N**OW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitaine,—a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRINCESS.

Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker:—good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:  
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,  
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

BOYET.

Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRINCESS.

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit* BOYET.]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

FIRST LORD.

Lord Longaville is one.

PRINCESS.

Know you the man?

MARIA.

I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,  
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well-fitted in arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—  
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still  
wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

PRINCESS.

Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MARIA.

They say so most that most his humours know.

PRINCESS.

Such short-lived wits do winn as they grow.

Who are the rest?

KATHARINE.

The young Dumaine, a well-accomplisht youth,  
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROSALINE.

Another of these students at that time

Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRINCESS.

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

FIRST LORD.

Here comes Boyet.

Enter BOYET.

PRINCESS.

Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET.

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,—

He rather means to lodge you in the field,

Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

[The Ladies mask.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE,  
BEROWNE, and ATTENDANTS.

KING.

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS.

'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have  
not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be  
yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to  
be mine.

KING.

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRINCESS.

I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

KING.

Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

PRINCESS.

Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

KING.

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRINCESS.

Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

KING.

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS.

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:

To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming.

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.

KING.

Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRINCESS.

You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

BEROWNE.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE.

I know you did.

ROSALINE.

How needless was it, then, to ask the question!

BEROWNE.

You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE.

'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE.

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROSALINE.

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE.

What time o' day?

ROSALINE.

The hour that fools should ask.

BEROWNE.

Now fair befall your mask!

ROSALINE.

Fair fall the face it covers!



BEROWNE.

And send you many lovers!

ROSALINE.

Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE.

Nay, then will I be gone.

KING.

Madam, your father here doth intimate  
 The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
 Being but th' one-half of an entire sum  
 Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
 But say that he or we—as neither have—  
 Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
 A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
 One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,  
 Although not valued to the money's worth.  
 If, then, the king your father will restore  
 But that one-half which is unsatisfied,  
 We will give up our right in Aquitaine,  
 And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.  
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
 For here he doth demand to have repaid  
 A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
 To have his title live in Aquitaine,  
 Which we much rather had depart withal,  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

PRINCESS.

You do the king my father too much wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseemingly to confess receipt  
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING.

I do protest I never heard of it;  
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRINCESS.

We arrest your word.—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances  
 For such a sum from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

KING.

Satisfy me so.

BOYET.

So please your grace, the packet is not come,  
 Where that and other specialties are bound:  
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING.

It shall suffice me: at which interview  
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
 As honour, without breach of honour, may  
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
 You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
 But here without you shall be so received  
 As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,  
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRINCESS.

Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

KING.

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exit KING attended.]

BEROWNE.

Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

ROSALINE.

Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad  
 to see it.

BEROWNE.

I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE.

Is the fool sick?

BEROWNE.

Sick at the heart.

ROSALINE.

Alack, let it blood.

BEROWNE.

Would that do it good?

ROSALINE.

My physic says ay.

BEROWNE.

Will you prick't with your eye?

ROSALINE.

No point, with my knife.

BEROWNE.

Now, God save thy life!

ROSALINE.

And yours from long living!

BEROWNE.

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[Retiring.]

DUMAINE.

Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

BOYET.

The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

DUMAINE.

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

LONGAVILLE.

I beseech you, a word: what is she in the white?

BOYET.

A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

LONGAVILLE.

Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

BOYET.

She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a  
 shame.

LONGAVILLE.

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET.

Her mother's, I have heard.

LONGAVILLE.

God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET.

Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONGAVILLE.

Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET.

Not unlike, sir, that may be.

[Exit LONGAVILLE.]

BEROWNE.

What's her name in the cap?

BOYET.

Rosaline, by good hap.

BEROWNE.

Is she wedded or no?

BOYET.

To her will, sir, or so.

BEROWNE.

You are welcome, sir: adieu.

BOYET.

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

*[Exit BEROWNE. Ladies unmask.]*

MARIA.

That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord:  
Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET.

And every jest but a word.

PRINCESS.

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

BOYET.

I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

MARIA.

Two hot sheeps, marry.

BOYET.

And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your  
lips.

MARIA.

You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

BOYET.

So you grant pasture for me. *[Offering to kiss her.]*

MARIA.

Not so, gentle beast:

My lips are no common, though several they be.

BOYET.

Belonging to whom?

MARIA.

To my fortunes and me.

PRINCESS.

Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:  
This civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis  
abused.

BOYET.

If my observation,—which very seldom lies,—  
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRINCESS.

With what?

BOYET.

With that which we lovers entitle affected.

PRINCESS.

Your reason?

BOYET.

Why, all his behaviours did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print imprest,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:  
Methought all his senses were lockt in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tendering their own worth from where they  
were glass'd,  
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:  
His face's own margent did cote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRINCESS.

Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

BOYET.

But to speak that in words which his eye hath dis-  
closed:I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

ROSALINE.

Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skil-  
fully.

MARIA.

He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of  
him.

ROSALINE.

Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is  
but grim.

BOYET.

Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MARIA.

No.

BOYET.

What then? do you see?

ROSALINE.

Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET.

You are too hard for me.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense  
o' hearing.

MOTH.

*Concolinel—**[Singing.]*

ARMADO.

Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key,  
give enlargement to the swain, bring him festi-  
nately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my  
love.

MOTH.

Master, will you win your love with a French  
brawl?

ARMADO.

How meanest thou? brawling in French?

MOTH.

No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at  
the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, hu-  
mour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note  
and sing a note,—sometime through the throat, as  
if you swallow'd love with singing love,—some-  
time through the nose, as if you snuff up love by  
smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er  
the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on  
your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or  
your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old  
painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a  
snip and away. These are complements, these are  
humours; these betray nice wenches,—that would  
be betrayed without these; and make them men of  
note—do you note me?—that most are affected to  
these.

ARMADO.

How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH.  
By my penny of observation.

ARMADO.  
But O,—but O,—

MOTH.  
"The hobby-horse is forgot."

ARMADO.  
Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

MOTH.  
No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARMADO.  
Almost I had.

MOTH.  
Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARMADO.  
By heart and in heart, boy.

MOTH.  
And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

ARMADO.  
What wilt thou prove?

MOTH.  
A man, if I live;—and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARMADO.  
I am all these three.

MOTH.  
And three times as much more,—and yet nothing at all.

ARMADO.  
Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

MOTH.  
A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARMADO.  
Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH.  
Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

ARMADO.  
The way is but short: away!

MOTH.  
As swift as lead, sir.

ARMADO.  
Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH.  
*Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARMADO.  
I say lead is slow.

MOTH.  
You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARMADO.  
Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's he:—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH.  
Thump, then, and I flee.

[Exit.

ARMADO.  
A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!—  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:—  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.—  
My herald is return'd.

Enter MOTH with COSTARD.

MOTH.  
A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

ARMADO.  
Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

COSTARD.  
No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

ARMADO.  
By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling,—O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

MOTH.  
Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

ARMADO.  
No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.  
I will example it:  
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.  
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

MOTH.  
I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

ARMADO.  
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH.  
Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.  
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

ARMADO.  
Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH.  
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

COSTARD.  
The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.—  
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:  
Let me see—a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARMADO.  
Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

MOTH.  
By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

COSTARD.

True, and I for a plaitain: thus came your argument in; [bought;  
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you  
And he ended the market.

ARMADO.

But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

MOTH.

I will tell you sensibly.

COSTARD.

Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARMADO.

We will talk no more of this matter.

COSTARD.

Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARMADO.

Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

COSTARD.

O, marry me to one Frances:—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

ARMADO.

By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person: thou wert immured, restrain'd, captivated, bound.

COSTARD.

True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

ARMADO.

I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving money*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit*.

MOTH.

Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

COSTARD.

My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy Jew!—  
[*Exit* MOTH.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'A penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BEROWNE.

BEROWNE.

O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

COSTARD.

Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BEROWNE.

What is a remuneration?

COSTARD.

Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BEROWNE.

O, why, then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

COSTARD.

I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

BEROWNE.

O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COSTARD.

When would you have it done, sir?

BEROWNE.

O, this afternoon.

COSTARD.

Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

BEROWNE.

O, thou knowest not what it is.

COSTARD.

I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BEROWNE.

Why, villain, thou must know first.

COSTARD.

I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BEROWNE.

It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady; [name,  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.  
[*Giving money*.]

COSTARD.

Gardon,—O sweet garden! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet garden!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit*.]

BEROWNE.

O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been  
love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!  
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
This signior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,  
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great general  
Of trotting paritors:—O my little heart!—  
And I to be a corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman, that is like a German clock,  
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:  
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit*.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, and a FORESTER.*

PRINCESS.

**W**AS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET.

I know not; but I think it was not he.

PRINCESS.

Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:  
On Saturday we will return to France.—  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FORESTER.

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRINCESS.

I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

FORESTER.

Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRINCESS.

What, what? first praise me, and again say no?  
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

FORESTER.

Yes, madam, fair.

PRINCESS.

Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:

*[Giving him money.]*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FORESTER.

Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

PRINCESS.

See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.  
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,—  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward  
part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;  
As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no  
ill.

BOYET.

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

PRINCESS.

Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

BOYET.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Enter COSTARD.*

COSTARD.

God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head  
lady?

PRINCESS.

Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have  
no heads.

COSTARD.

Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRINCESS.

The thickest and the tallest.

COSTARD.

The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.  
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should  
be fit. [here.]

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

PRINCESS.

What's your will, sir? what's your will?

COSTARD.

I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one  
Lady Rosaline.

PRINCESS.

O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:  
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

BOYET.

I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRINCESS.

We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET *[reads]*.

By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible;  
true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that  
thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful  
than beautiful, truer than truth itself, have com-  
miseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnani-  
mous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye  
upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zene-  
lophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni,  
vidi, vici*; which to annothize in the vulgar,—O  
base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, He came, saw,  
and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame,  
three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to  
see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came  
he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who  
overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victo-  
ry: on whose side? the king's. The captive is en-  
riched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastro-  
phe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's,—no, on  
both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so  
stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so wit-  
nessest thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love?  
I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I en-  
treat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for  
rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me.  
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on  
thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on  
thy every part.—Thine, in the dearest design of  
industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRINCESS.

What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear  
better?

BOYET.

I am much deceived but I remember the style.

PRINCESS.

Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET.

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps herein court;  
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
To the prince and his book-mates.

PRINCESS.

Thou fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

COSTARD.

I told you; my lord.

PRINCESS.

To whom shouldst thou give it?

COSTARD.

From my lord to my lady.

PRINCESS.

From which lord to which lady?

COSTARD.

From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

PRINCESS.

Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords,  
away.—

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another  
day.

[Exit PRINCESS attended.

BOYET.

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

ROSALINE.

Shall I teach you to know?

BOYET.

Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROSALINE.

Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

BOYET.

My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
Finely put on!

ROSALINE.

Well, then, I am the shooter.

BOYET.

And who is your deer?

ROSALINE.

If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.  
Finely put on, indeed!

MARIA.

You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes  
at the brow.

BOYET.

But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

ROSALINE.

Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that  
was a man when King Pepin of France was a little  
boy, as touching the hit it?

BOYET.

So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a  
woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a  
little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROSALINE.

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

BOYET.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE.

COSTARD.

By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

MARIA.

A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit  
it.

BOYET.

A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my  
lady!

[be.

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may

MARIA.

Wide o' th' bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

COSTARD.

Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the  
clout.

BOYET.

An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

COSTARD.

Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

MARIA.

Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

COSTARD.

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her  
to bowl.

BOYET.

I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.

COSTARD.

By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him  
down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar  
wit!

[were, so fit.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it  
Armado o' th' one side;—O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'  
will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetic nit!

Sola, sola! [Shout within. Exit COSTARD, running.

## SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and  
DULL.

SIR NATHANIEL.

VERY reverend sport, truly; and done in the  
testimony of a good conscience.

HOLOFERNES.

The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;  
ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel  
in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the  
heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of  
*terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

SIR NATHANIEL.

Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly  
varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure  
ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOLOFERNES.

Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

DULL.

'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES.

Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere* as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undrest, unpolisht, uneducated, unpruned, untrain'd, or, rather, unletter'd, or, ratherest, unconfirm'd fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DULL.

I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES.

Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

SIR NATHANIEL.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenisht; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be—

Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school; [mind,—

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's 'Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.'

DULL.

You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit what was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOLOFERNES.

Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna, Goodman Dull.

DULL.

What is Dictynna?

SIR NATHANIEL.

A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOLOFERNES.

The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, and raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

Th'allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL.

'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOLOFERNES.

God comfort thy capacity! I say, th'allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL.

And I say, the collusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

HOLOFERNES.

Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ig-

norant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd a pricket.

SIR NATHANIEL.

*Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOLOFERNES.

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preylful princess pierced and prickt a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put *l* to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then *l* to sore makes fifty sores: O sore!

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more *l*.

SIR NATHANIEL.

A rare talent!

DULL [*aside*].

If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

HOLOFERNES.

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourisht in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

SIR NATHANIEL.

Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOLOFERNES.

*Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

JAQUENETTA.

God give you good morrow, master person.

HOLOFERNES.

Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COSTARD.

Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshhead.

HOLOFERNES.

Of piercing a hogshhead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQUENETTA.

Good master person, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

HOLOFERNES.

*Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;



—*Venetia, Venetia,*

*Chi non te vede, non ti pretia.*

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

SIR NATHANIEL.

Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOLOFERNES.

Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

SIR NATHANIEL *[reads]*.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—

[*mire:*

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts ad Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong, That sings heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

HOLOFERNES.

You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQUENETTA.

Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

HOLOFERNES.

I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne.'—Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

JAQUENETTA.

Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

COSTARD.

Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]

SIR NATHANIEL.

Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

HOLOFERNES.

Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

SIR NATHANIEL.

Marvellous well for the pen.

HOLOFERNES.

I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

SIR NATHANIEL.

And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

HOLOFERNES.

And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*to DULL*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter* BEROWNE, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*  
BEROWNE.

THE king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholy; and here is part of my rime, and here my mallicholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*He stands aside.*]

*The KING ent' rath.*

KING.

Ay me!

BEROWNE *[aside]*.

Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!

KING [reads].

'So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal  
tell.'—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the  
paper:—  
Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here?  
[Steps aside.]

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BEROWNE [aside].

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE.

LONGAVILLE.

Ay me, I am forsworn!

BEROWNE [aside].

Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

KING [aside].

In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

BEROWNE [aside].

One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONGAVILLE.

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

BEROWNE [aside].

I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I  
know:

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of  
society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-  
plicity.

LONGAVILLE.

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!—

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BEROWNE [aside].

O, rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his shop.

LONGAVILLE.

This same shall go.—

[Reads.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world can not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost  
shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

BEROWNE [aside].

This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a  
deity,

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry,  
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' th'  
way.

LONGAVILLE.

By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Steps aside.]

BEROWNE [aside].

All hid, all hid, an old infant play.  
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my  
wish!

Enter DUMAINE.

Dumaine transform'd! four woodcocks in a  
dish!

DUMAINE.

O most divine Kate!

BEROWNE [aside].

O most profane coxcomb!

DUMAINE.

By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BEROWNE [aside].

By earth she is not, corporal: there you lie.

DUMAINE.

Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BEROWNE [aside].

An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

DUMAINE.

As upright as the cedar.

BEROWNE [aside].

Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

DUMAINE.

As fair as day.

BEROWNE [aside].

Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

DUMAINE.

O, that I had my wish!

LONGAVILLE [aside].

And I had mine!

KING [aside].

And I mine too, good Lord!

BEROWNE [aside].

Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

DUMAINE.

I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

BEROWNE [aside].

A fever in your blood! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

DUMAINE.

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BEROWNE [aside].

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

DUMAINE [reads].

'On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, can passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wisht himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alack, my hand is sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee;  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.  
 O, would the king, Berowne, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;  
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONGAVILLE [*advancing*].

Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'st society:  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

KING [*advancing*]:

Come, sir, you blush: as his your case is such;  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
 You do not love Maria? Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,  
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!  
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush:  
 I heard your guilty rimes, observed your fashion,  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your pas-  
 sion:

Ay me! says one: O Jove! the other cries;  
 One her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To LONGAVILLE.*]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAINE.*]

What will Berowne say when that he shall hear  
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

BEROWNE.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [*Advancing.*]  
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!  
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears  
 There is no certain princess that appears;  
 You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;  
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!  
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?  
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of tean!  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!  
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

KING.

Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BEROWNE.

Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:  
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With men like you, men of inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?—

KING.

Soft! whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief that gallops so?

BEROWNE.

I post from love: good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

JAQUENETTA.

God bless the king!

KING.

What present hast thou there?

COSTARD.

Some certain treason.

KING.

What makes treason here?

COSTARD.

Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING.

If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

JAQUENETTA.

I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:  
 Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

KING.

Berowne, read it over.

[*Giving him the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

JAQUENETTA.

Of Costard.

KING.

Where hadst thou it?

COSTARD.

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*BEROWNE tears the letter.*]

KING.

How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

BEROWNE.

A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

LONGAVILLE.

It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear  
 it.

DUMAINE.

It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*]

BEROWNE [to COSTARD].

Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

KING.

What?

BEROWNE.

That you three fools lackt me fool to make up the mess:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUMAINE.

Now the number is even.

BEROWNE.

True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

KING.

Hence, sirs; away!

COSTARD.

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

BEROWNE.

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING.

What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

BEROWNE.

Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

KING.

What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BEROWNE.

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,

Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

KING.

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BEROWNE.

Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

KING.

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the stole of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

BEROWNE.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

DUMAINE.

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

LONGAVILLE.

And since her time are colliers counted bright.

KING.

And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

DUMAINE.

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

BEROWNE.

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be washt away.

KING.

'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain;

I'll find a fairer face not washt to-day.

BEROWNE.

I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

KING.

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUMAINE.

I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONGAVILLE.

Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

BEROWNE.

O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

DUMAINE.

O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walkt overhead.

KING.

But what of this? are we not all in love?

BEROWNE.

Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

KING.

Then leave this chat; and, good Berowne, now

prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

DUMAINE.

Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

LONGAVILLE.

O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

DUMAINE.

Some salve for perjury.

BEROWNE.

'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.

Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;  
 And abstinence engenders maladies.  
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,  
 Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?  
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
 Have found the ground of study's excellence  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
 [From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;  
 They are the ground, the books, the academes  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean  
 fire.]

Why, universal plodding poisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
 As motion and long-during action tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
 And study too, the causer of your vow;  
 For where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself  
 And where we are our learning likewise is:  
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books.  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;  
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt:  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:  
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:  
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain and nourish all the world:  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,  
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,  
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,  
 For charity itself fulfils the law,  
 And who can sever love from charity?

KING.

Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!  
 BEROWNE.

Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;  
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

LONGAVILLE.

Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:  
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING.

And win them too: therefore let us devise  
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BEROWNE.

First, from the park let us conduct them thither;  
 Then homeward every man attach the hand  
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
 For revels, dances, masks and merry hours  
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

KING.

Away, away! no time shall be omitted  
 That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

BEROWNE.

Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;  
 And justice always whirls in equal measure:  
 Light wenchas may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and  
 DULL.

HOLOFERNES.

SATIS *quod sufficit.*

SIR NATHANIEL.

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner  
 have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without  
 scurrility, witty without affection, audacious with-  
 out impudency, learned without opinion, and  
 strange without heresy. I did converse this quon-  
 dam day with a companion of the king's, who is  
 intitled, nominated, or call'd, Don Adriano de  
 Armado.

HOLOFERNES.

*Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his  
 discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye  
 ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general be-  
 haviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too  
 pickt, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were,  
 too peregrinate, as I may call it.

SIR NATHANIEL.

A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.]

HOLOFERNES.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer

than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insouciant and point-device companions; such rakers of orthography, as to speak dour, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

SIR NATHANIEL.

*Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

HOLOFERNES.

*Bone?—bone for bene!* Priscian a little scratch, 'twill serve.

SIR NATHANIEL.

*Videsne quis venit?*

HOLOFERNES.

*Video, et gaudeo.*

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

ARMADO.

Chirrah!

HOLOFERNES.

[To MOTH.

*Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

ARMADO.

Men of peace, well encounter'd.

HOLOFERNES.

Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH [*aside* to COSTARD].

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

COSTARD.

O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

MOTH.

Peace! the peal begins.

ARMADO [*to* HOLOFERNES].

Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

MOTH.

Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

HOLOFERNES.

Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

MOTH.

Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

HOLOFERNES.

*Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH.

The last of the five vowels, if You repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOLOFERNES.

I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

MOTH.

The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

ARMADO.

Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

MOTH.

Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOLOFERNES.

What is the figure? what is the figure?

Horns.

MOTH.

HOLOFERNES.

Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH.

Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

COSTARD.

An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOLOFERNES.

O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARMADO.

Arts-man, *præambula*, we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

HOLOFERNES.

Or *mons*, the hill.

ARMADO.

At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOLOFERNES.

I do, sans question.

ARMADO.

Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

HOLOFERNES.

The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARMADO.

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

HOLOFERNES.

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment

of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance, the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

SIR NATHANIEL.

Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

HOLOFERNES.

Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

ARMADO.

Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOLOFERNES.

Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH.

An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

ARMADO.

For the rest of the Worthies?—

HOLOFERNES.

I will play three myself.

MOTH.

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARMADO.

Shall I tell you a thing?

HOLOFERNES.

We attend.

ARMADO.

We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

HOLOFERNES.

Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL.

Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOLOFERNES.

Allons! we will employ thee.

DULL.

I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOLOFERNES.

Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before the Princess's pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

PRINCESS.

SWEET hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in: A lady wall'd about with diamonds! Look you what I have from the loving king.

ROSALINE.

Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRINCESS.

Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rime As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ o' both sides the leaf, margin and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

ROSALINE.

That was the way to make his godhead wax, For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATHARINE.

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

ROSALINE.

You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

KATHARINE.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might ha' been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

ROSALINE.

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

KATHARINE.

A light condition in a beauty dark.

ROSALINE.

We need more light to find your meaning out.

KATHARINE.

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff; Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

ROSALINE.

Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

KATHARINE.

So do not you, for you are a light wench.

ROSALINE.

Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

KATHARINE.

You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

ROSALINE.

Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

PRINCESS.

Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

ROSALINE.

I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this. Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne: The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too, I were the fairest goddess on the ground: I am compared to twenty thousand fairs. O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRINCESS.

Any thing like?

ROSALINE.

Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

PRINCESS.

Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

KATHARINE.

Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

ROSALINE.

'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor, My red dominical, my golden letter: O that your face were not so full of O's!

PRINCESS.

A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.



But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair  
Dumaine?

KATHARINE.

Madam, this glove.

PRINCESS.

Did he not send you twain?

KATHARINE.

Yes, madam, and moreover  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

MARIA.

This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRINCESS.

I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart  
The chain were longer and the letter short?

MARIA.

Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

PRINCESS.

We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

ROSALINE.

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go:  
O that I knew he were but in by th' week!  
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek  
And wait the season and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes,  
And shape his service wholly to my hests,  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his state  
That he should be my fool and I his fate.

PRINCESS.

None are so surely caught, when they are caught,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatcht,  
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

ROSALINE.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MARIA.

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

PRINCESS.

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

BOYET.

O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her Grace?

PRINCESS.

Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET.

Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,  
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:  
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

PRINCESS.

Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

BOYET.

Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicker by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear':  
And ever and anon they made a doubt  
Presence majestic would put him out;  
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'  
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'  
With that, all laugh and clapt him on the  
shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:  
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before;  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;  
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well';  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

PRINCESS.

But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET.

They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,  
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know  
By favours several which they did bestow.

PRINCESS.

And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;  
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

ROSALINE.

Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

KATHARINE.

But in this changing what is your intent?

PRINCESS.

The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

ROSALINE.

But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

PRINCESS.

No, to the death, we will not move a foot;  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,  
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

BOYET.

Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

PRINCESS.

Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,  
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mockt, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.]

BOYET.

The trumpet sounds: be maskt; the maskers come.  
[The Ladies mask.]

Enter BLACKAMOORS with music; MOTH with a  
speech; the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and  
DUMAINE, disguised as Russians.

MOTH.

All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

BOYET.

Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

MOTH.

A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

BEROWNE [aside to MOTH].

Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

MOTH.

That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—  
Out—

BOYET.

True; out indeed.

MOTH.

Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold—

BEROWNE [aside to MOTH].

Once to behold, rogue.

MOTH.

Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

BOYET.

They will not answer to that epithet;  
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

MOTH.

They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BEROWNE.

Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

[Exit MOTH.]

ROSALINE.

What would these strangers? know their minds,  
Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:  
Know what they would.

BOYET.

What would you with the princess?

BEROWNE.

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROSALINE.

What would they, say they?

BOYET.

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROSALINE.

Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET.

She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

KING.

Say to her, we have measured many miles  
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET.

They say, that they have measured many a mile  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

ROSALINE.

It is not so. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET.

If to come hither you have measured miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell  
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

BEROWNE.

Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET.

She hears herself.

ROSALINE.

How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BEROWNE.

We number nothing that we spend for you:  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

ROSALINE.

My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING.

Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to  
shine,  
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

ROSALINE.

O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.

KING.

Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one  
change.

Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

ROSALINE.

Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.

[Music plays.]

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

KING.

Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

ROSALINE.

You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

KING.

Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROSALINE.

Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING.

But your legs should do it.

ROSALINE.

Since you are strangers and come here by  
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

KING.

Why take we hands, then?

ROSALINE.

Only to part friends:  
Courtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

KING.  
More measure of this measure; be not nice.

ROSALINE.  
We can afford no more at such a price.

KING.  
Price you yourselves: what buys your company?

ROSALINE.  
Your absence only.

KING.  
That can never be.

ROSALINE.  
Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

KING.  
If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

ROSALINE.  
In private, then.

KING.  
I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

BEROWNE.  
White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRINCESS.  
Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

BEROWNE.  
Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!  
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

PRINCESS.  
Seventh sweet, adieu:

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BEROWNE.  
One word in secret.

PRINCESS.  
Let it not be sweet.

BEROWNE.  
Thou grievest my gall.

PRINCESS.  
Gall! bitter.

BEROWNE.  
Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

DUMAINE.  
Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

MARIA.  
Name it.

DUMAINE.  
Fair lady,—

MARIA.  
Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

DUMAINE.  
Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

KATHARINE.  
What, was your visard made without a tongue?

LONGAVILLE.  
I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATHARINE.  
O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

LONGAVILLE.  
You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visard half.

KATHARINE.  
Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

LONGAVILLE.  
A calf, fair lady!

KATHARINE.  
No, a fair lord calf.

LONGAVILLE.  
Let's part the word.

KATHARINE.  
No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

LONGAVILLE.  
Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!  
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

KATHARINE.  
Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LONGAVILLE.  
One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATHARINE.  
Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

BOYET.  
The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,  
Above the sense of sense; so sensible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

ROSALINE.  
Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

BEROWNE.  
By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

KING.  
Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

PRINCESS.  
Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt KING, LORDS, and BLACKAMOORS.*]

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

BOYET.  
Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.

ROSALINE.  
Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRINCESS.  
O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?  
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces?  
This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.

ROSALINE.  
O, they were all in lamentable cases!  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRINCESS.  
Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

MARIA.  
Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:  
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

KATHARINE.  
Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;  
And trow you what he call'd me?

PRINCESS.  
Qualm, perhaps.

KATHARINE.  
Yes, in good faith.

PRINCESS.  
Go, sickness as thou art!

ROSALINE.  
Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.  
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

PRINCESS.

And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

KATHARINE.

And Longaville was for my service born.

MARIA.

Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET.

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRINCESS.

Will they return?

BOYET.

They will, they will, God knows.

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRINCESS.

How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

BOYET.

Fair ladies maskt are roses in their bud;  
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

PRINCESS.

Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROSALINE.

Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,  
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
And wonder what they were and to what end  
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET.

Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

PRINCESS.

Whip to our tents, as roes runs o'er land.

[*Exit* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA.

*Enter* the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in their proper habits.

KING.

Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

BOYET.

Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?

KING.

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET.

I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

BEROWNE.

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,  
And utters it again when God doth please:  
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;  
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he  
That kist his hand away in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms: nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly; and in ushering  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whales bone;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING.

A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part!

BEROWNE.

See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou  
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou  
now?

*Enter* the PRINCESS, usher'd by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE.

KING.

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

PRINCESS.

'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

KING.

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRINCESS.

Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

KING.

We came to visit you, and purpose now  
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

PRINCESS.

This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

KING.

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:  
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRINCESS.

You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;  
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING.

O, you have lived in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRINCESS.

Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;  
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING.

How, madam! Russians!

PRINCESS.

Ay, in truth, my lord;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

ROSALINE.

Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:  
My lady, to the manner of the days,  
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.  
We four indeed confronted were with four  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talkt apace; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have  
drink.

BEROWNE.

This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,  
Your wits makes wise things foolish: when we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light: your capacity  
Is of that nature that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

ROSALINE.

This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

BEROWNE.

I am a fool, and full of poverty.

ROSALINE.

But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BEROWNE.

O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

ROSALINE.

All the fool mine?

BEROWNE.

I cannot give you less.

ROSALINE.

Which of the visards was it that you wore?

BEROWNE.

Where? when? what visard? why demand you this?

ROSALINE.

There, then, that visard; that superfluous case  
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

KING.

We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

DUMAINE.

Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

PRINCESS.

Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

ROSALINE.

Help, hold his brows! he'll swound! Why look you  
pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BEROWNE.

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in visard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of inaggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove,—how white the hand, God

knows!—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

ROSALINE.

Sans sans, I pray you.

BEROWNE.

Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:  
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;  
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;  
These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

PRINCESS.

No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BEROWNE.

Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

ROSALINE.

It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

BEROWNE.

Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

ROSALINE.

Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BEROWNE.

Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

KING.

Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgres-  
sion

Some fair excuse.

PRINCESS.

The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguised?

KING.

Madam, I was.

PRINCESS.

And were you well advised?

KING.

I was, fair madam.

PRINCESS.

When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING.

That more than all the world I did respect her.

PRINCESS.

When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

KING.

Upon mine honour, no.

PRINCESS.

Peace, peace! forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

KING.

Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

PRINCESS.

I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

ROSALINE.

Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

PRINCESS.

God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

KING.

What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROSALINE.

By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

KING.

My faith and this the princess I did give:

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

PRINCESS.

Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

BEROWNE.

Neither of either; I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight  
zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some  
Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,  
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,  
The ladies did change favours: and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is: and might not you [to BOYET.  
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.  
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

BEROWNE.

Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COSTARD.

O Lord, sir, they would know  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

BEROWNE.

What, are there but three?

COSTARD.

No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

BEROWNE.

And three times thrice is nine.

COSTARD.

Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.  
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we  
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

BEROWNE.

—Is not nine.

COSTARD.

Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth  
amount.

BEROWNE.

By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COSTARD.

O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living  
by reck'ning, sir.

BEROWNE.

How much is it?

COSTARD.

O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,

will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine  
own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man  
in one poor man, Pompey the Great, sir.

BEROWNE.

Art thou one of the Worthies?

COSTARD.

It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the  
Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of  
the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

BEROWNE.

Go, bid them prepare.

COSTARD.

We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.  
[Exit.

KING.

Berowne, they will shame us: let them not ap-  
proach.

BEROWNE.

We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy  
To have one show worse than the king's and his  
company.

KING.

I say they shall not come.

PRINCESS.

Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:  
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BEROWNE.

A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

ARMADO.

Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal  
sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the KING, and de-  
livers him a paper.

PRINCESS.

Doth this man serve God?

BEROWNE.

Why ask you?

PRINCESS.

A' speaks not like a man of God his making.

ARMADO.

That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for,  
I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantasti-  
cal; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as  
they say, to fortune de la guerra. I wish you the  
peace of mind, most royal complement! [Exit.

KING.

Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He  
presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the  
Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's  
page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:  
And if these four Worthies in their first show  
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the  
other five.

BEROWNE.

There is five in the first show.

KING.

You are deceived; 'tis not so.

BEROWNE.

The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the  
fool and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again  
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING.

The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter COSTARD, for POMPEY.*

COSTARD.

I Pompey am,—

BOYET.

You lie, you are not he.

COSTARD.

I Pompey am,—

BOYET.

With libbard's head on knee.

BEROWNE.

Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends  
with thee.

COSTARD.

I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

DUMAINE.

The Great.

COSTARD.

It is 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make  
my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by  
chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass  
of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I  
had done.

PRINCESS.

Great thanks, great Pompey.

COSTARD.

'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect:  
I made a little fault in 'Great.'

BEROWNE.

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best  
Worthy.

*Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for ALEXANDER.*

SIR NATHANIEL.

When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-  
mander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-  
quering might:

Myscutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

BOYET.

Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too  
right.

BEROWNE.

Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling  
knight.

PRINCESS.

The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexan-  
ander.

SIR NATHANIEL.

When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-  
mander.

BOYET.

Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

BEROWNE.

Pompey the Great,—

COSTARD.

Your servant, and Costard.

BEROWNE.

Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COSTARD [*to SIR NATHANIEL*].

O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the con-  
queror! You will be scraped out of the painted  
cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe  
sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he  
will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid  
to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*SIR  
NATHANIEL retires.*] There, an't shall please  
you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you,  
and soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neigh-  
bour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Ali-  
sander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'er-  
parted. But there are Worthies a-coming will  
speak their mind in some other sort.

PRINCESS.

Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, for JUDAS; and MOTH, for  
HERCULES.*

HOLOFERNES.

Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed  
canis;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology.

—Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*MOTH retires.*]

Judas I am,—

DUMAINE.

A Judas!

HOLOFERNES.

Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, yclipped Maccabæus.

DUMAINE.

Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

BEROWNE.

A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

HOLOFERNES.

Judas I am,—

DUMAINE.

The more shame for you, Judas.

HOLOFERNES.

What mean you, sir?

BOYET.

To make Judas hang himself.

HOLOFERNES.

Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BEROWNE.

Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

HOLOFERNES.

I will not be put out of countenance.

BEROWNE.

Because thou hast no face.

HOLOFERNES.

What is this?

BOYET.

A cittern-head.

DUMAINE.

The head of a bodkin.

BEROWNE.

A Death's face in a ring.

LONGAVILLE.

The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET.

The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.



DUMAINE.

The carved-bone face on a flask.

BEROWNE.

Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUMAINE.

Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BEROWNE.

Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

HOLOFERNES.

You have put me out of countenance.

BEROWNE.

False; we have given thee faces.

HOLOFERNES.

But you have out-faced them all.

BEROWNE.

An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

BOYET.

Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

DUMAINE.

For the latter end of his name.

BEROWNE.

For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!

HOLOFERNES.

This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

BOYET.

A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [HOLOFERNES retires.]

PRINCESS.

Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter ARMADO, for HECTOR.*

BEROWNE.

Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

DUMAINE.

Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING.

Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

BOYET.

But is this Hector?

KING.

I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

LONGAVILLE.

His leg is too big for Hector's.

DUMAINE.

More calf, certain.

BOYET.

No; he is best indued in the small.

BEROWNE.

This cannot be Hector.

DUMAINE.

He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

ARMADO.

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,—

DUMAINE.

A gilt nutmeg.

BEROWNE.

A lemon.

LONGAVILLE.

Stuck with cloves.

DUMAINE.

No, cloven.

ARMADO.

Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Iliion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

DUMAINE.

That mint.

LONGAVILLE.

That columbine.

ARMADO.

Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONGAVILLE.

I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

DUMAINE.

Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARMADO.

The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the PRINCESS] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BEROWNE steps forth.]

PRINCESS.

Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

ARMADO.

I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

BOYET [aside to DUMAINE].

Loves her by the foot.

DUMAINE [aside to BOYET].

He may not by the yard.

ARMADO.

This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

COSTARD.

The party is gone.

Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARMADO.

What meanest thou?

COSTARD.

Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

ARMADO.

Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COSTARD.

Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUMAINE.

Most rare Pompey!

BOYET.

Renowned Pompey!

BEROWNE.

Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!  
Pompey the Huge!

DUMAINE.

Hector trembles.

BEROWNE.

Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

DUMAINE.

Hector will challenge him.

BEROWNE.

Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

ARMADO.

By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COSTARD.

I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I betray you, let me borrow my arms again.

DUMAINE.

Room for the incensed Worthies!

COSTARD.

I'll do it in my shirt.

DUMAINE.

Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH.

Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

ARMADO.

Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUMAINE.

You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARMADO.

Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BEROWNE.

What reason have you for't?

ARMADO.

The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

BOYET

True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter a Messenger, MONSIEUR MERCADÉ.*

MERCADÉ.

God save you, madam!

PRINCESS.

Welcome, Mercadé;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MERCADÉ.

I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRINCESS.

Dead, for my life!

MERCADÉ.

Even so; my tale is told.

BEROWNE.

Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

ARMADO.

For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

*[Exeunt WORTHIES.]*

KING.

How fares your majesty?

PRINCESS.

Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

KING.

Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

PRINCESS.

Prepare, I say, I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide The liberal opposition of our spirits, If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath: your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING.

The extreme pace of time extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed, And often at his very loose decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince, Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost Is not by much so wholesome-profitable As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRINCESS.

I understand you not: my griefs are double.

BEROWNE.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief; And by these badges understand the king. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,— As love is full of unbefitting strains, All wanton as a child, skipping and vain, Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye, Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms, Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll To every varied object in his glance: Which parti-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults, Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false, By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you: And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

PRINCESS.

We have received your letters full of love; Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy, As bombast and as liming to the time: But more devout than this in our respects Have we not been; and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUMAINE.

Out letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONGAVILLE.

So did our looks.

ROSALINE.

We did not cote them so.

KING.

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

PRINCESS.

A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,  
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—  
If for my love, as there is no such cause,  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and till that instant shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

KING.

If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast.

[BEROWNE.

And what to me, my love? and what to me?

ROSALINE.

You must be purged too, your sins are rackt,  
You are attaint with faults and perjury:  
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

DUMAINE.

But what to me, my love? but what to me?

KATHARINE.

A wife?—A beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUMAINE.

O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATHARINE.

Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers  
say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come;  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUMAINE.

I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATHARINE.

Yet swear not, lest ye be forsown again.

LONGAVILLE.

What says Maria?

MARIA.

At the twelvemonth's end  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONGAVILLE.

I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

MARIA.

The liker you; few taller are so young.

BEROWNE.

Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there:  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

ROSALINE.

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,  
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will execute  
That lie within the mercy of your wit.  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And therewithal to win me, if you please,  
Without the which I am not to be won,  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BEROWNE.

To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROSALINE.

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you and that fault withal;  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

BEROWNE.

A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRINCESS [to the KING].

Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

KING.

No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

BEROWNE.

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING.

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

BEROWNE.

'That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

ARMADO.

Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

PRINCESS.

Was not that Hector?

DUMAINE.

The worthy knight of Troy.

ARMADO.

I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.  
I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold  
the plough for her sweet love three years. But,

most esteem'd greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have follow'd in the end of our show.

KING.

Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

ARMADO.

Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, MOTH,  
COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

*The Song.*

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then on every tree  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARMADO.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [*Exeunt.*]

# ROMEO AND JULIET

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with*  
CAPULET, } *each other.*

AN OLD MAN, *of the Capulet family.*

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*  
GREGORY, }

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*

AN APOTHECARY.

THREE MUSICIANS.

PAGE *to Paris; another PAGE; an OFFICER.*

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

NURSE *to Juliet.*

CITIZENS *of Verona; KINSFOLK of both houses;*  
MASKERS, GUARDS, WATCHMEN, *and AT-*  
TENDANTS. CHORUS.

SCENE—*Verona; once, in the fifth act, at Mantua.*

### PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHORUS.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, naught could re-  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage; [move,  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.  
[Exit.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Verona. A public place.*

*Enter* SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *of the house of*  
CAPULET, *with swords and bucklers.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY.

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON.

I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY.

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' th' collar.

SAMPSON.

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY.

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON.

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY.

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:  
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON.

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will  
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY.

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest  
goes to the wall.

SAMPSON.

'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker  
vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I  
will push Montague's men from the wall, and  
thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY.

The quarrel is between our masters and us their  
men.

SAMPSON.

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I  
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the  
maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY.

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON.

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;  
take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY.

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON.

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and  
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY.

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou  
hadst been Poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here  
comes two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter* ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR, *two SERVING-*  
*MEN of the MONTAGUES.*

SAMPSON.

My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back  
thee.

GREGORY.

How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON.

Fear me not.

GREGORY.

No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON.

Let us take the law of our sides; let them be-  
gin.

GREGORY.

I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as  
they list.

SAMPSON.

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;  
which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABRAHAM.  
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
SAMPSON.  
I do bite my thumb, sir.  
ABRAHAM.  
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
SAMPSON [*aside to GREGORY*].  
Is the law of our side, if I say ay?  
GREGORY [*aside to SAMPSON*].  
No.  
SAMPSON.  
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.  
GREGORY.  
Do you quarrel, sir?  
ABRAHAM.  
Quarrel, sir! no, sir.  
SAMPSON.  
If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.  
ABRAHAM.  
No better.  
SAMPSON.  
Well, sir.  
GREGORY [*aside to SAMPSON*].  
Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.  
SAMPSON.  
Yes, better, sir.  
ABRAHAM.  
You lie.  
SAMPSON.  
Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]  
Enter BENVOLIO.  
Part, fools! [*Beats down their swords.*]  
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.  
Enter TYBALT.  
TYBALT.  
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  
BENVOLIO.  
I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.  
TYBALT.  
What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]  
Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter three or four CITIZENS with clubs.  
CITIZENS.  
Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! [*guess!*]  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montague!  
Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and  
LADY CAPULET.  
CAPULET.  
What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!  
LADY CAPULET.  
A crutch, a crutch!—why call you for a sword?  
CAPULET.  
My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.  
Enter old MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

MONTAGUE.  
Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.  
LADY MONTAGUE.  
Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.  
Enter PRINCE ESCALUS with his TRAIN.  
PRINCE ESCALUS.  
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast-by their grave be seeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:—  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Freetown, our common judgement-place.—  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.  
[*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.*]  
MONTAGUE.  
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?  
BENVOLIO.  
Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them: in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hist him in scorn:  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.  
LADY MONTAGUE.  
O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—  
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.  
BENVOLIO.  
Madam, an hour before the worshipt sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where—underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side—  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
Which then most sought where most might not  
be found,  
Being one too many by my weary self,  
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE.

Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself;  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night:  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO.

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE.

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO.

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE.

Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
 Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 O: dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows  
 grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter ROMEO.*

BENVOLIO.

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE.

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

*[Exit MONTAGUE and LADY.]*

BENVOLIO.

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO.

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO.

But new struck nine.

ROMEO.

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO.

It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO.

Not having that, which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO.

In love?

ROMEO.

Out—

BENVOLIO.

Of love?

ROMEO.

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO.

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO.

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
 Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:  
 Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
 O any thing, of nothing first create!  
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick  
 health!  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO.

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO.

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO.

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO.

Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast  
 shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
 Being vext, a sea nourisht with lovers' tears:  
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—  
 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO.

Soft! I will go along:

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO.

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO.

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO.

What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

BENVOLIO.

Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO.

Bid a sick man in sadne-s make his will,—

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO.

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO.

A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO.

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO.

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit  
 With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;  
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
 From love's weak childish bow she lives un-  
 harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.



ROMEO.

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again. *[Kissing her again.]*

JULIET.

You kiss by th' book.

NURSE.

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO.

What is her mother?

NURSE.

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO.

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO.

Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO.

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET.

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—  
More torches here!—Come on, then, let's to bed.  
*[to SECOND CAPULET]* Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it  
waxes late:

I'll to my rest.

*[Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.]*

JULIET.

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE.

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET.

What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE.

Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JULIET.

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE.

I know not.

JULIET.

Go, ask his name:—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

NURSE.

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET.

My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE.

What's this? what's this?

JULIET.

A rime I learn'd even now

Of one I danced withal.

*[One calls within, Juliet.]*

NURSE.

Anon, anon!—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

*Enter CHORUS.*

CHORUS.

NOW old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would  
die,

With tender Juliet matcht, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful  
hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to  
meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

*Verona. CAPULET'S orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO, alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
*[He leaps the orchard-wall.]*

*Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.*

BENVOLIO.

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO.

He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stoln him home to bed.

BENVOLIO.

He ran this way, and leapt this orchard-wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO.

Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rime, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and  
'dove';

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO.

As if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO.

This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation