

The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death
of the Good Duke Humfrey. from Mr. William
Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.
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The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scna Prima

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke and Beau ford on the one side.

The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

rem

remSuffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, Toures,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuier vp my Title in the Queene

*To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.*

rem

remKing.

*Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.*

rem

remQueen.

*Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.*

rem

remKing.

*Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.*

rem

remAll

kneel.

Long liue Queene¹ Margaret, Englands happines.

rem

remQueene.

We thanke you all.

Florish

rem

remSuf.

¹Qu.

*My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eighteene moneths concluded by consent.*

*rem
remGlo.*

Reads.

Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King² Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Am bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, shall be released and deliuered to the King her father.

*rem
remKing.*

Vnkle, how now?

*rem
remGlo.*

Pardon me gracious Lord,

*Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.*

*rem
remKing.*

Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

*rem
remWin.*

Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.

*rem
remKing.*

They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,

*We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.*

*We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide*

²K.

To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

rem

remGlo.

*Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
An ink mark follows the end of this line.
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Haue you your selues, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue Yorke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwicke,
Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle Beauford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.*

rem

remCar.

*Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preroration with such circumstance:*

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

rem

remGlo.

I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,

Hath giuen the Dutchy of Aniou and Mayne,

Vnto the poore King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.

rem

remSal.

Now by the death of him that dyed for all, An ink mark follows the end of this line.

These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:

But wherefore weepes Warwicke, my valiant sonne?

rem

remWar.

For greefe that they are past recouerie.

For were there hope to conquer them againe,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.

Aniou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:

Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,

And are the Citties that I got with wounds,

Deliuier'd vp againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu.

rem

remYorke.

For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:

France should haue torne and rent my very hart,

Before I would haue yeelded to this League.

I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had

Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,

And our King Henry giues away his owne,

To match with her that brings no vantages.

rem

remHum.

A proper iest, and neuer heard before,

That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,

For Costs and Charges in transporting her:

She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France

Before

rem

remCar.

*My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.
rem*

remHum.

*My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: 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 Humfrey.

rem

remCar.

*So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humfrey:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.*

rem

remBuc.

*Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke Humfrey from his seat.*

rem

remCar.

*This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently.*

Exit Cardinall.

rem

remSom.

*Cosin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.*

rem

remBuc.

*Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinall.*

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

rem

remSal.

*Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Commonweale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy housekeeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,*

*In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckingham's Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.*

rem

rem War.

*So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.*

rem

rem Yor.

*And so says Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.*

rem

rem Salisbury.

*Then lets make hast away,
And looke vnto the maine.*

rem

rem Warwicke.

Vnto the maine?

*Oh Father, Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:
Mainchance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.*

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

rem

rem Yorke.

*Aniou and Maine are giuen to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,*

*And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatall brand Altha burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Calidon:
Aniou and Maine both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuils parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humfrey,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Churchlike humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still awhile, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till Henrie surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And Humfrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the MilkewhiteRose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.*

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

rem

remElia.

Why droopes my Lord like ouerripen'd Corn,

*Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which feemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henries Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
An ink mark follows the end of this line.
And neuer more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.*

rem

remHum.

*O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.*

rem

remEli.

*What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?*

rem

remHum.

*Me thought this staffe mine Officebadge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.*

rem

remEli.

*Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.*

*But list to me my Humfrey, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.*

rem

remHum.

Nay Elinor, then must I chide outright:

*Presumptuous Dame, illnurter'd Elianor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces fete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.*

rem

remElia.

*What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With Elianor, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.*

rem

remHum.

Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

rem

remMess.

*My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto Saint³ Albons,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.*

rem

remHu.

I go. Come Nel thou wilt ride with vs?

Ex. Hum

rem

remEli.

³S.

*Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir Iohn; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.*

Enter Hume.

*rem
remHume.*

Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.

*rem
remElia.*

What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.

*rem
remHume.*

*But by the grace of God, and Humes aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.*

*rem
remElia.*

*What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With Margerie Iordane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bollingbrooke the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?*

*rem
remHume.*

*This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,
That shall make answeere to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.*

*rem
remElianor.*

*It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Qestions:
When from Saint Albones we doe make returne,
Wee'le see these things effected to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.*

Exit Elianor.

rem

remHume.

*Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and Shall: but how now, Sir Iohn Hume?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
Dame Elianor giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and newmade Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Elianors aspiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vndermine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be Humphreyes fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.*

Exit

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

rem

rem1. Pet.

My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

rem

rem2. Pet.

Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

rem

remPeter.

Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure.

rem

rem2. Pet.

Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke, and not my Lord Protector.

rem

remSuff.

How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

rem

rem1. Pet.

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

rem

remQueene.

To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

rem

rem1. Pet.

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

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

rem2. Pet.

Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

rem

remPeter.

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

rem

remQueene.

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

rem

remPeter.

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

rem

remSuff.

Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse uant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King.

Exit.

rem

remQueene.

And as for you that loue to be protected

Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,

Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: Suffolke let them goe.

rem

remAll.

Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

rem

remQueene.

My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?

Is this the Gouvernment of Brittaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of Albions King?

What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,

Vnder the surly Glosters Gouvernance?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?

I tell thee Poole, when in the Citie Tours

Thou ran'st atilt in honor of my Loue,

And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;

I thought King Henry had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number AueMaries on his Beades:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,

His Studie is his Tiltyard, and his Loues

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

rem

remSuff.

Madame be patient: as I was cause

Your Highnesse came to England, so will I

In England worke your Graces full content.

rem

remQueene.

Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we Beauford

The imperious Churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling Yorke: and not the least of these,

But can doe more in England then the King.

rem

remSuff.

*And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Neuils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple Peeres.*

rem

remQueene.

*Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreyes Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous baseborne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolke gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.*

rem

remSuff.

*Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme.*

Exit.

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking ham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

rem

remKing.

*For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, at Yorke, all's one to me.*

rem

remYorke.

*If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regentship.*

rem

remSom.

*If Somerset be vnworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.*

rem

remWarw.

*Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer.*

rem

remCard.

Ambitious Warwicke, let thy betters speake.

rem

remWarw.

The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

rem

remBuck.

All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke.

rem

remWarw.

Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

rem

remSalisb.

*Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this?*

rem

remQueene.

Because the King forsooth will haue it so.

rem

remHumf.

*Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.*

rem

remQueene.

*If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?*

rem

remHumf.

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

rem

remSuff.

Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.

Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?

The Commonwealth hath dayly run to wrack,

The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme

Haue beene as Bondmen to thy Soueraigntie.

rem

remCard.

The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags

Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

rem

remSom.

Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre

Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie.

rem

remBuck.

Thy Crueltie in execution

Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

rem

remQueene.

Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,

If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

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

She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

rem

remDuch.

Was't I? yea, I it was, proude Frenchwoman:

Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,

I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

rem

remKing.

Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

rem

remDuch.

Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,

Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Elianor vnreung'd.

Exit Elianor.

rem

remBuck.

*Lord Cardinall, I will follow Elianor,
And listen after Humfrey, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.*

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

rem

remHumf.

*Now Lords, my Choller being ouerblowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Commonwealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.*

rem

remSuff.

*Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.*

rem

remYorke.

*Ile tell thee, Suffolke, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.*

rem

remWarw.

*That can I witenesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.*

rem

remSuff.

Peace headstrong Warwicke.

rem

remWarw.

Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

rem

remSuff.

*Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.*

rem

remYorke.

Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

rem

remKing.

What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?

rem

remSuff.

Please it your Maiestie, this is the man

That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;

His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,

Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,

And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

rem

remKing.

Say man, were these thy words?

rem

remArmorer.

*And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd nor thought any such matter: God is
my witenesse, I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine.*

rem

remPeter.

*By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night,
as wee were scow ring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.*

rem

remYorke.

Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,

Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:

I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,

Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

rem

*rem*Armorer.

Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer 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 vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witesse of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

rem

*rem*King.

Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

rem

*rem*Humf.

This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:

Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,

Because in Yorke this breedes suspition;

And let these haue a day appointed them

For single Combat, in conuenient place,

For he hath witesse of his seruants malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke Humfreyes doome.

rem

*rem*Som.

I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.

rem

*rem*Armorer.

And I accept the Combat willingly.

rem

*rem*Peter.

Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pittie my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

rem

*rem*Humf.

Sirra, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

rem

*rem*King.

Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of. the. next moneth. Come Somerset, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

rem

*rem*Hume.

Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex pects performance of your promises.

rem

*rem*Bulling.

Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

rem

remHume.

I, what else? feare you not her courage.

rem

remBulling.

I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother Iordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the Earth; Iohn Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

rem

remElianor.

Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better.

rem

remBullin.

Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:

Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,

The time when Screechowles cry, and Bandogs howle,

And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;

That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.

Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,

Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades; Coniouro te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.

rem

remSpirit.

Ad sum.

rem

remWitch.

Asmath, by the eternall God,

Whose name and power thou tremblest at,

Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,

Thou shalt not passe from hence.

rem

remSpirit.

Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.

rem

remBulling.

First of the King: What shall of him be come?

rem

remSpirit.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him outliue, and dye a violent death.

rem

remBulling.

What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

rem

remSpirit.

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

rem

remBulling.

What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

rem

remSpirit.

Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

rem

remBulling.

Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: False fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and
breake in.*

rem

remYorke.

Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:

Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.

What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale

Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

rem

remElianor.

Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,

Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

rem

remBuck.

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

Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,

*And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forthcomming.
All away.*

Exit.

rem

remYorke.

*Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.
What haue we here?*

Reades.

*The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him outliue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iust, Aio acida Romanos vincere posso.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shunne Castles,
Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderstood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as Horse can carry them:
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.*

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remYorke.

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

Enter a Seruingman.

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

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallow-
ing.*

rem

remQueene.

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

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

remGlost.

*My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore.*

rem

remCard.

I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Cloud.

rem

remGlost.

*I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?*

rem

remKing.

The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

rem

remCard.

*Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,*

That Smooth'st it so with King and Commonweale.

rem

remGlost.

What, Cardinall?

Is your Priesthood growne peremptorie?

Tantne animis Clestibus ir, Churchmen so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

rem

remSuff.

No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

rem

remGlost.

As who, my Lord?

rem

remSuff.

Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

rem

remGlost.

Why Suffolke, England knowes thine insolence.

rem

remQueene.

And thy Ambition, Gloster.

rem

remKing.

I prythee peace, good Queene,

And whet not on these furious Peeres,

For blessed are the Peacemakers on Earth.

rem

remCard.

Let me be blessed for the Peace I make

Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

rem

remGlost.

Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

rem

remCard.

Marry, when thou dar'st.

rem

remGlost.

Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

rem

remCard.

*I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Euening,
On the East side of the Groue.*

rem

remKing.

How now, my Lords?

rem

remCard.

*Beleeue me, Cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.
Come with thy twohand Sword.*

rem

remGlost.

*True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?
The East side of the Groue:
Cardinall, I am with you.*

rem

remKing.

Why how now, Vnckle Gloster?

rem

remGlost.

*Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
Ile shaue your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall fayle.*

rem

remCard.

Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

rem

remKing.

*The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.*

Enter one crying a Miracle.

rem

remGlost.

What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

rem

remOne.

A Miracle, a Miracle.

rem

remSuffolke.

Come to the King, and tell him what Mi racle.

rem

remOne.

Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine,

Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,

A man that ne're saw in his life before.

rem

remKing.

Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules

Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two
in a Chayre.*

rem

remCard.

Here comes the Townesmen, on Procession,

To present your Highnesse with the man.

rem

remKing.

Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

rem

remGlost.

Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

rem

remKing.

Goodfellow, tell vs here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

rem

remSimp.

Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

rem

remWife.

I indeede was he.

rem

remSuff.

What Woman is this?

rem

remWife.

His Wife, and't like your Worship.

rem

remGlost.

Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue better told.

rem

remKing.

Where wert thou borne?

rem

remSimp.

At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

rem

remKing.

Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:

Let neuer Day nor Night unhallowed passe,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

rem

remQueene.

Tell me, goodfellow,

Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,

To this holy Shrine?

rem

remSimp.

God knowes of pure Deuotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,

In my sleep, by good Saint Albon:

Who said; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

rem

remWife.

Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,

To call him so.

rem

remCard.

What, art thou lame?

rem

remSimp.

I, God Almighty helpe me.

rem

remSuff.

How cam'st thou so?

rem

remSimp.

A fall off of a Tree.

rem

remWife.

A Plumtree, Master.

rem

remGlost.

How long hast thou beene blinde?

rem

remSimp.

O borne so, Master.

rem

remGlost.

What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

rem

remSimp.

But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

rem

remWife.

Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

rem

remGlost.

'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

rem

remSimp.

Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

rem

remGlost.

A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:

Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

rem

remSimp.

Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones.

rem

remGlost.

Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

rem

remSimp.

Red Master, Red as Blood.

rem

remGlost.

Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

rem

remSimp.

Black forsooth, CoaleBlack, as Iet.

rem

remKing.

Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

rem

remSuff.

And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

rem

remGlost.

But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

rem

remWife.

Neuer before this day, in all his life.

rem

remGlost.

Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

rem

remSimp.

Alas Master, I know not.

rem

remGlost.

What's his Name?

rem

remSimp.

I know not.

rem

remGlost.

Nor his?

rem

remSimp.

No indeede, Master.

rem

remGlost.

What's thine owne Name?

rem

remSimp.

Saunder Simpcox, and if it please you, Master.

rem

remGlost.

Then Saunder, sit there,

The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadst beene borne blinde,

Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

rem

remSimp.

O Master, that you could?

rem

remGlost.

My Masters of Saint Albones,

Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

rem

remMaior.

Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

rem

remGlost.

Then send for one presently.

rem

remMaior.

Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

rem

remGlost.

Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by. Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip ping, leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

rem

remSimp.

Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

rem

remGlost.

Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

rem

remBeadle.

I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

rem

remSimp.

Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away:
and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.*

rem

remKing.

O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

rem

remQueene.

It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

rem

remGlost.

Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

rem

remWife.

Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

rem

remGlost.

Let them⁴ be whipt through euery Market Towne,

Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

rem

remCard.

Duke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day.

rem

remSuff.

True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

rem

remGlost.

But you haue done more Miracles then I:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

rem

remKing.

What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

rem

remBuck.

Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:

A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elianor, the Protectors Wife,

The Ringleader and Head of all this Rout,

⁴th

*Haue practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raising vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King Henries Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.*

rem

remCard.

*And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forthcomming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.*

rem

remGlost.

*Ambitious Churchman, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grieffe haue vanquisht all my powers;
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.*

rem

remKing.

*O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.*

rem

remQueene.

*Gloster, see here the Taincture of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.*

rem

remGlost.

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

rem

remKing.

Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:

*To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.*

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

rem

rem Yorke.

*Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.*

rem

rem Salisb.

My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

rem

rem Warw.

*Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The Neuills are thy Subiects to command.*

rem

rem Yorke.

Then thus:

*Edward the third, my Lords, had Seuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the BlackPrince, Prince of Wales;
The second, Wiliam of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.
Edward the BlackPrince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of Iohn of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,*

*And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse Richard was murdered traiterously.*

rem

rem Warw.

Father, the Duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

rem

rem Yorke.

Which now they hold by force, and not by right:

For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,

The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

rem

rem Salisb.

But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

rem

rem Yorke.

The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,

From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,

Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,

Who marryed Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:

Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;

Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor.

rem

rem Salisb.

This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,

As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,

And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King;

Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.

But, to the rest.

rem

rem Yorke.

His eldest Sister, Anne,

My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,

Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,

Who was to Edmond Langley,

Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;

By her I clayme the Kingdome:

She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,

Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,

Who marryed Phillip, sole Daughter

Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne

Succeed before the younger, I am King.

rem

remWarw.

What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth clayme the Crowne from Iohn of Gaunt,

The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:

Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,

And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,

And in this priuate Plot be we the first,

That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne

With honor of his Birthright to the Crowne.

rem

remBoth.

Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

rem

remYorke.

We thanke you Lords:

But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,

And that my Sword be stayn'd

With heartblood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,

Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,

At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,

That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:

'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,

Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophecie.

rem

remSalisb.

My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

rem

remWarw.

My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

rem

remYorke.

And Newill, this I doe assure my selfe,

*Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.*

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.
rem

remKing.

*stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:*

*In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir Iohn Stanly, in the Ile of Man.*

rem

remElianor.

Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

rem

remGlost.

*Elianor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.*

rem

remKing.

*stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,*

Then when thou wert Protetor to thy King.

rem

remQueene.

*I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.*

rem

remGlost.

*My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.*

Exit Gloster.

rem

remQueene.

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

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

remYorke.

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

rem

remQueene.

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

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remYorke.

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

*Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much,
that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his staffe, with
a Sandbagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and
Sandbagge, and Prentices drinking to him.*

rem

rem1. Neighbor.

*Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor,
you shall doe well enough.*

rem

rem2. Neighbor.

And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

rem

rem3. Neighbor.

And here's a Pot of good DoubleBeere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

rem

remArmorer.

Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

rem

rem1. Prent.

Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a fraid.

rem

rem2. Prent.

Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

rem

remPeter.

*I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my
last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and
Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I haue.
O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much sence already.*

rem

remSalisb.

Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. SIRRHA, what's thy Name?

rem

remPeter.

Peter forsooth.

rem

remSalisb.

Peter? what more?

rem

remPeter.

Thumpe.

rem

remSalisb.

Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

rem

remArmorer.

Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a downeright blow.

rem

remYorke.

Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

rem

remArmorer.

Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea son.

rem

remYorke.

Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

rem

remPeter.

O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

rem

remKing.

Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,

For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,

And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.

Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

rem

remGlost.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:

*And after Summer, euermore succeedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?*

rem

remSeru.

Tenne, my Lord.

rem

remGlost.

*Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:
Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tenderfeeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud ChariotWheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My tearestayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.*

*Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the
Sherife and Officers.*

rem

remSeru.

So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

rem

remGloster.

No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe by.

rem

remElianor.

*Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.*

rem

remGlost.

Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grieffe.

rem

remElianor.

Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe:

*For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To see my teares, and heare my deepeset groanes.
The ruthlesse flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduised how I treade.*

*Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfreyes Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
To euery idle Rascall follower.*

*But be thou milde and blush not at my shame,
Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolke, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And Yorke, and impious Beauford, that false Priest,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.*

rem

remGlost.

Ah Nell, forbear: thou aymest all awry.

*I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?*

*Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will Be quickly worne:*

Enter a Herald.

rem

remHer.

*I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.*

rem

remGlost.

*And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.*

rem

remSh.

*And't please your Grace, here my Commission staves:
And Sir Iohn Stanly is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.*

rem

remGlost.

Must you, Sir Iohn, protect my Lady here?

rem

remStanly.

So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

rem

remGlost.

*Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir Iohn, farewell.*

rem

remElianor.

What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare well?

rem

remGlost.

Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

rem

remElianor.

*Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.*

rem

remStanley.

*Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.*

rem

remElianor.

*That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?*

rem

remStanley.

*Like to a Duchesse, and Duke Humfreyes Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.*

rem

remElianor.

*Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.*

rem

remSherife.

It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

rem

remElianor.

*I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come Stanley, shall we goe?*

rem

remStanley.

*Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.*

rem

remElianor.

*My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.*

Exeunt

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

rem

remKing.

I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

What e're occasion keepes him from vs now.

rem

remQueene.

Can you not see? or will ye not obserue

The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.

We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farreoff Looke,

Immediately he was vpon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.

But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,

When euery one will giue the time of day,

He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,

And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee,

Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curses are not regarded when they grynne,

But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,

And Humfrey is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in discent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,

Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,

And his aduantage following your decease,

That he should come about your Royall Person,

Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne 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 shallowrooted,

Suffer them now, and they'le o'regrow the Garden,

And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

*If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuell.*

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

remCard.

*Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?*

rem

remYorke.

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

rem

remBuck.

*Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humfrey.*

rem

remKing.

*My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,*

*Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman Gloster is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.*

rem

remQu.

*Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauē.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,
For hee's enclin'd as is the rauēnous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a Shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.*

Enter Somerset.

rem

remSom.

All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

rem

remKing.

Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

rem

remSom.

*That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.*

rem

remKing.

Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

rem

remYorke.

*Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.*

Enter Gloucester.

rem

remGlost.

All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:

Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

rem

remSuff.

Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,

Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:

I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

rem

remGlost.

Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A Heart vnsported, is not easily daunted.

The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,

As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

rem

remYorke.'

Tis thought, my Lord,

That you tooke Bribes of France,

And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,

By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

rem

remGlost.

Is it but thought so?

What are they that thinke it?

I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,

Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.

So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,

I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.

That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,

Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,

Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,

Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,

Haue I dispursed to the Garrisons,

And neuer ask'd for restitution.

rem

remCard.

It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

rem

remGlost.

I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

rem

remYorke.

*In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.*

rem

remGlost.

*Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
About the Felon, or what Trespas else.*

rem

remSuff.

*My Lord these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.*

rem

remKing.

*My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.*

rem

remGlost.

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

*Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Suffolks cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham unburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Yorke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouerweening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnessse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.*

rem

remCard.

My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.

*If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.*

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

remQu.

But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.

rem

remGlost.

*Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.*

rem

remBuck.

Hee'le wrest the Sence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

rem

remCard.

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

rem

remGlost.

Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,

Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.

Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy Side,

And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;

For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.

rem

remKing.

My Lords, what to your wisdomes Seemeth best,

Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

rem

remQueene.

What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia ment?

rem

remKing.

I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,

Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;

My Body round engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent?

Ah Vnckle Humfrey, in thy face I see

The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:

And yet, good Humfrey, is the houre to come,

That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?

That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,

Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.

Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:

And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,

And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody Slaughterhouse;

Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:

And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,

Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,

*And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
Euen so my selfe bewayles good Glosters case
With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? Gloster he is none.*

Exit.

rem

remQueene.

Free Lords:

*Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie: and Glosters shew
Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowering Banke,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Gloster should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.*

rem

remCard.

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

rem

remSuff.

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

rem

remYorke.

So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

rem

remSuff.

Ah Yorke, no man aliue, so faine as I.

rem

remYorke.

'Tis Yorke that hath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,

Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:

Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,

To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,

As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protector?

rem

remQueene.

So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

rem

remSuff.

Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,

To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?

Who being accu1'd a craftie Murtherer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,

By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,

Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,

As Humfrey prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.

And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:

Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,

Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead; for that is good deceit,

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

rem

remQueene.

Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke.

rem

remSuff.

Not resolute, except so much were done,

For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,

Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

rem

remCard.

But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,

*Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile provide his Executioner,
I tender to the safetie of my Liege.*

rem

remSuff.

Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

rem

remQueene.

And so say I.

rem

remYorke.

*And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.*

Enter a Poste.

rem

remPost.

*Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow uncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.*

rem

remCard.

*A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?*

rem

remYorke.

*That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler he imploy'd,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.*

rem

remSom.

*If Yorke, with all his farreset pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neur would haue stay'd in France so long.*

rem

remYorke.

*No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.*

*Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne.*

rem

remQu.

*Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Yorke; sweet Somerset be still.
Thy fortune, Yorke, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.*

rem

remYorke.

What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame take all.

rem

remSomerset.

And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

rem

remCard.

*My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?*

rem

remYorke.

I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

rem

remSuff.

*Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes:
Then, Noble Yorke, take thou this Taske in hand.*

rem

remYorke.

*I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.*

rem

remSuff.

*A charge, Lord Yorke, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke Humfrey.*

rem

remCard.

*No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,*

Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that event.

rem

rem Yorke.

My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes

At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,

For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

rem

rem Suff.

Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke.

Exeunt.

Manet Yorke.

rem

rem Yorke.

Now Yorke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution;

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;

Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enyoying:

Let palefac't feare, keepe with the meaneborne man,

And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster them⁵ Springtime showres, comes thoght on thoght,

And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.

My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,

Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,

To send me packing with an Hoast of men:

I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,

Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lakt, and you will giue them me;

I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,

You put sharpe Weapons in a madmans hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,

I will stirre up in England some black storme,

Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:

And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,

Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,

Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,

Doe calme the furie of this madbred Flawe.

And for a minister of my intent,

⁵th

*I haue seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
 Iohn Cade of Ashford,
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Vnder the Title of Iohn Mortimer.
 In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne Cade
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
 Were almost like a sharpequill'd Porpentine:
 And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
 Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shaghayr'd craftie Kerne,
 Hath he conuersed with the Enemye,
 And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
 And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
 This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
 For that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
 How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke.
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
 Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
 Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
 For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart: the next for me.*

Exit.

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

rem

rem1.

Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know

We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

rem

rem2.

Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?

Didst euer heare a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolke.

rem

rem1.

Here comes my Lord.

rem

remSuff.

Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

rem

rem1.

I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

rem

remSuff.

Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,

I will reward you for this venturous deed:

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,

According as I gaue directions?

rem

rem1.

'Tis, my good Lord.

rem

remSuff.

Away, begone.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

rem

remKing.

Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

rem

remSuff.

Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.

Exit.

rem

remKing.

Lords take your places: and I pray you all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle Gloster,

Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,

He be approu'd in practise culpable.

rem
remQueene.

God forbid any Malice should preuayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.

rem
remKing.

I thanke thee Nell, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

rem
remSuff.

Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Gloster is dead.

rem
remQueene.

Marry God forfend.

rem
remCard.

Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

rem
remQu.

How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

rem
remSom.

Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.

rem
remQu.

Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry ope thine eyes.

rem
remSuff.

He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

rem
remKing.

Oh Heauenly God.

rem
remQu.

How fares my gracious Lord?

rem
remSuff.

Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry com fort.

rem
remKing.

*What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chafe away the firstconceiued sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my fight:
Vpon thy eyeballs, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.*

rem

remQueene.

*Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christianlike laments his death:
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heartoffending groanes,
Or bloodconsuming sighes recall his Life;
I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Primrose with blooddrinking sighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.*

rem

remKing.

Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

rem

remQueen.

Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.

*What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy ioy.
Erect his statue, and worship it,
And make my Image but an Alehouse signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well forewarning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
Or turne our sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet olus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish Elianor.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earnestgapingsight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,*

*For loosing ken of Albions wished Coast.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Elinor,
For Henry weepes, that thou dost liue so long.*

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

rem

remWar.

*It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is muredred
By Suffolke and the Cardinall Beaufords meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.*

rem

remKing.

*That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
And comment then vpon his sodaine death.*

rem

remWar.

*That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.*

rem

remKing.

*O thou that iudgest all things, stay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life:
If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunk,*

*And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,*

Bed put forth.

*And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?*

rem

remWarw.

Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

rem

remKing.

*That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.*

rem

remWar.

*As surely as my soule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I do beleeeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thricefamed Duke.*

rem

remSuf.

*A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.*

rem

remWar.

*See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft haue I seene a timelyparted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eyballes further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,*

*His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was mured heere,
The least of all these signes were probable.*

rem

remSuf.

*Why Warwicke, who should do the Duke⁶ to death?
My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,
And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.*

rem

remWar.

*But both of you were vowed Duke⁷ Humfries foes,
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would nor feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.*

rem

remQueen.

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

rem

remWarw.

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

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remSuff.

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

⁶D.

⁷D.

rem

rem Warw.

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolke dare him?

rem

rem Qu.

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

rem

rem Warw.

*Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.*

rem

rem Suff.

*Bluntwitted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crabtree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the Neuils Noble Race.*

rem

rem Warw.

*But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deathsman of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.*

rem

rem Suff.

*Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.*

rem

rem Warw.

*Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke Humfreyes Ghost.*

Exeunt.

rem

remKing.

*What stronger Brestplate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.*

A noyse within.

rem

remQueene.

What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

rem

remKing.

*Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?*

rem

remSuff.

*The trayt'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.*

Enter Salisbury.

rem

remSalisb.

*Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord Suffolke straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,*

*And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards yours Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false Suffolke is;
With whose inuenomed and fatall string,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.*

Commons within.

An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

rem

remSuff.

*'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.*

Within.

An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

rem

remKing.

*Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe houely prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farrevnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.*

rem

remQu.

Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke.

rem

remKing.

Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke.

No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,

Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.

Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;

But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:

If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,

On any ground that I am Ruler of,

The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.

Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with mee,

I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit.

rem

remQu.

Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,

Hearts Discontent, and soure Affliction,

Be playfellowes to keepe you companie:

There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,

And threefold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

rem

remSuff.

Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,

And let thy Suffolke take his heauie leaue.

rem

remQueen.

Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

rem

remSuf.

A plague vpon them: wherefore should I cursse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,

I would inuent as bitter searching termes,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,

Deliuier'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signes of deadly hate,

As leanefac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,

Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:

*I, every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading ScreechOwles, make the Consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell*

rem

remQ.

*Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouercharged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.*

rem

remSuf.

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

rem

remQu.

*Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,*

*Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.*

rem

remSuf.

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

Enter Vaux.

rem

remQueene.

Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I prethee?

rem

remVaux.

*To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouercharged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.*

rem

remQu.

Go tell this heauy Message to the King.

Exit

*Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?*

*Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.*

rem

remSuf.

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

rem

remQueen.

*Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.*

rem

remSuf.

I go.

rem

remQu.

And take my heart with thee.

rem

remSuf.

*A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.*

rem

remQu.

This way for me.

Exeunt

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

rem

remKing.

How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy Soueraigne.

rem

remCa.

*If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.*

rem

remKing.

*Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.*

rem

remWar.

Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

rem

remBeau.

Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.

Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?

Can I make men liue where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,

Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,

Like Limetwigs set to catch my winged soule:

Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie

Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

rem

remKing.

*Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie meddling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.*

rem

remWar.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

rem

remSal.

Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

rem

remKing.

Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.

Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,

Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him.

rem

remWar.

So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

rem

remKing.

Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.

Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,

And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

rem

remLieu.

The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,

Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud houling Wolues arouse the Iades

That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:

Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings

Cleape deadmens graues, and from their misty Iawes,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make theit their ransome on the sand,

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

rem

rem1. Gent.

What is my ransome Master, let me know.

rem

remMa.

A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

rem

remMate.

And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.

rem

remLieu.

What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,

Be counterpoys'd with such a pettie summe.

rem

rem1. Gent.

Ile giue it sir, and therefore spare my life.

rem

rem2. Gent.

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

rem

remWhitm.

I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,

And so should these, if I might haue my will.

rem

remLieu.

Be not so rash, take ransome, let him liue.

rem

remSuf.

Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,

Rate meat what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

rem

remWhit.

And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

rem

remSuf.

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloodyminded,

Thy name is guiltier, being rightly founded.

rem

remWhit.

Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,

Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,

*But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchantlike I sell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.*

*rem
remSuf.*

*Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole.*

*rem
remWhit.*

The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?

*rem
remSuf.*

I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

*rem
remLieu.*

*But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King Henries blood.*

*rem
remSuf.*

The honourable blood of Lancaster

*Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bareheaded plodded by my footcloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue, fested with Queene Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crestfalne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.*

*rem
remWhit.*

Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.

*rem
remLieu.*

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

*rem
remSuf.*

Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

rem

remLieu.

*Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head.*

rem

remSuf.

Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

rem

remLieu.

Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,

*I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humfries death,
Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Haggess of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouergorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Motherbleeding heart.
By thee Aniou and Maine were sold to France.
The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie
Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the Newils all,
Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Aduance our halfejac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;
Vnder the which is writ, Iunitis nubibus.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,*

And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

rem

remSuf.

*O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Beehiues:
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.*

rem

remLieu.

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

rem

remSuf.

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

rem

remWal.

Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

rem

rem1. Gent.

My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

rem

remSuf.

Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

rem

remLieu.

Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

rem

remSuf.

That this my death may neuer be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet Tully. Brutu Brutus Bastard hand

Stab'd Iulius Csar. Sauage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

rem

remLieu.

And as for these whose ransome we haue set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

rem

remWal.

There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it.

Exit Walter.

rem

rem1. Gent.

O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

rem

remBeuis.

Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

rem

remHol.

They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

rem

remBeuis.

I tell thee, Iacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Commonwealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

rem

remHol.

So he had need, for 'tis thredbare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

rem

remBeuis.

O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handycrafts men.

rem

remHol.

The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

rem

remBeuis.

Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good Workemen.

rem

remHol.

True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati on: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la bouring men; and therefore should we be Magistrates.

rem

remBeuis.

Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

rem

remHol.

I see them, I see them: There's Bests Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

rem

remBeuis.

Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

rem

remHol.

And Dicke the Butcher.

rem

remBeuis.

Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and ini quities throate cut like a Calfe.

rem

remHol.

And Smith the Weauer.

rem

remBeu.

Argo, their thred of life is spun.

rem

remHol.

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

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

rem

remCade.

Wee Iohn Cade, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa ther.

rem

remBut.

Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

rem

remCade.

For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com mand silence.

rem

remBut.

Silence.

rem

remCade.

My Father was a Mortimer.

rem

remBut.

He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

rem

remCade.

My mother a Plantagenet.

rem

remButch.

I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

rem

remCade.

My wife descended of the Lacies.

rem

remBut.

She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

rem

remWeauer.

But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

rem

remCade.

Therefore am I of an honorable house.

rem

remBut.

I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

rem

remCade.

Valiant I am.

rem

remWeauer.

A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

rem

remCade.

I am able to endure much.

rem

remBut.

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

rem

remCade.

I feare neither sword, nor fire.

rem

remWea.

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

rem

remBut.

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

rem

remCade.

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

rem

remAll.

God saue your Maiesty.

rem

remCade.

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

rem

remBut.

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

rem

remCade.

Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clarke.

rem

remWeauer.

The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

rem

remCade.

O monstrous.

rem

remWea.

We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

rem

remCade.

Here's a Villaine.

rem

remWea.

Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

rem

remCade.

Nay then he is a Coniurer.

rem

remBut.

Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

rem

remCade.

I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

rem

remClearke.

Emanuell.

rem

remBut.

They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

rem

remCade.

Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a make to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea ling man?

rem

remClearke.

Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

rem

remAll.

He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

rem

remCade.

Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inkehorne about his necke.

Exit one wth the Clearke

Enter Michael.

rem

remMich.

Where's our Generall?

rem

remCade.

Heere I am thou particular fellow.

rem

remMich.

Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

rem

remCade.

Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

rem

remMich.

No.

rem

remCade.

To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre sently; Rise vp Sir Iohn Mortimer. Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

rem

remStaff.

Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,

Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

rem

remBro.

But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

rem

remCade.

As for these silkencoated slaues I passe not,

It is to you good people, that I speake,

Ouer whom (in time to come)I hope to raigne:

For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

rem

remStaff.

Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,

And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

rem

remCade.

And Adam was a Gardiner.

rem

remBro.

And what of that?

rem

remCade.

Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

rem

remStaff.

I sir.

rem

remCade.

By her he had two children at one birth.

rem

remBro.

That's false.

rem

remCade.

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

The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a beggerwoman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

rem

remBut.

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

rem

remWea.

Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house,⁸ & the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

rem

remStaf.

And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what.

rem

remAll.

I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

rem

remBro.

Iacke Cade, the Duke⁸ of York hath taught you this.

rem

remCade.

He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Hen ry the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Spancounter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

rem

remButcher.

⁸D.

And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord Sayes head, for selling the Dukedome of Maine.

rem

remCade

And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. FellowKings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

rem

remStaf.

O grosse and miserable ignorance.

rem

remCade.

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

rem

remAll.

No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

rem

remBro.

*Well, seeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Assaile them with the Army of the King.*

rem

remStaf.

*Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade,
That those which flye before the battell ends.
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.*

Exit.

rem

remCade.

And you that loue the Commons, follow me:

Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

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

rem

remBut.

They are all in order, and march toward vs.

rem

remCade.

But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

rem

remCade.

Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

rem

remBut.

Heere sir.

rem

remCade.

They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughterhouse: Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

rem

remBut.

I desire no more.

rem

remCade.

And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo dies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be fore vs.

rem

remBut.

If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

rem

remCade.

Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Exeunt.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suf folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

rem

remQueene.

Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,

Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.

But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.

Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:

But where's the body that I should imbrace?

rem

remBuc.

What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?

rem

remKing.

Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:

*For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with Iacke Cade their Generall.
But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.*

rem

remQu.

*Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.*

rem

remKing.

Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath sworne to huae haue thy head.

rem

remSay.

I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

rem

remKing.

How now Madam?

*Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.*

rem

remQu.

No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remKing.

How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

rem

remMes.

The Rebels are in Southwatke Southwarke : Fly my Lord:

*Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence house,
And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercilesse:*

*Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.*

rem

remKin.

Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

rem

remBuck.

My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,

Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

rem

remQu.

Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,

These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

rem

remKing.

Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee,

Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

rem

remSay.

So might your Graces person be in danger:

The sight of me is odious in their eyes:

And therefore in this Citty will I stay,

And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

rem

remMess.

Iacke Cade hath gotten Londonbridge.

The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:

The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,

Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare

To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

rem

remBuc.

Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

rem

remKing.

Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.

rem

remQu.

My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

rem

remKing.

Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

rem

remBuc.

Trust no body for feare you betraid.

rem

remSay.

The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

rem

remScales.

How now? Is Iacke Cade slaine?

rem

rem1. Cit.

No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:

For they haue wonne the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:

The Lord⁹ Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower

To defend the City from the Rebels.

rem

remScales.

Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,

The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe.

Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,

And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone.

rem

remCade.

Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,

And heere sitting vpon London Stone,

I charge and command, that of the Cities cost

The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine

⁹L.

*This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer.*

Enter a Soldier running.

*rem
remSoul.
Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.
rem
remCade.
Knocke him downe there.*

They kill him.

*rem
remBut.
If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee Iacke Cade more, I thinke he hath a very
faire warning.*

*rem
remDicke.
My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.
rem
remCade.*

*Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.*

Exeunt omnes.

*Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his
Company.*

*rem
remCade.
So sirs: now go some and pull down the Sauoy: Others to'th Innes of Court, downe
with them all.*

*rem
remBut.
I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.*

*rem
remCade.
Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that word.*

*rem
remBut.
Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.
rem*

remJohn.

Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

rem

remSmith.

Nay John, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath stinkes with eating toasted cheese.

rem

remCade.

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

rem

remJohn.

Then we are like to haue biting Statutes

Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

rem

remCade.

And henceforward all things shall be in Com mon.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remMes.

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

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

rem

remCade.

Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within pointblanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where as before, our Forefathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a PaperMill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin ted Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a footcloth, dost thou not?

rem

remSay.

What of that?

rem

remCade.

Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

rem

remDicke.

And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex ample, that am a butcher.

rem

remSay.

You men of Kent.

rem

remDic.

What say you of Kent.

rem

remSay.

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

rem

remCade.

Away with him, away with him, he speaks La tine.

rem

remSay.

Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Csar writ,

Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle:

Sweet is the Covntry, because ful of Riches,

The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,

Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie,

Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,

Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.

When haue I ought exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,

Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,

Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.

And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.

Vnlesse you be possess with diuellish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murther me:

This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings

For your behoofe.

rem

remCade.

Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

rem

remSay.

Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck

Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

rem

remGeo.

O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

rem

remSay.

These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

rem

remCade.

Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

rem

remSay.

Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,

Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

rem

remCade.

Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

rem

remDicke.

Why dost thou quiuer man?

rem

remSay.

The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

rem

remCade.

Nay, he noddés at vs, as who should say, Ile be euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

rem

remSay.

Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue.

rem

remCade.

I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar vn der his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir Iames Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

rem

remAll.

It shall be done.

rem

remSay.

*Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate as your selues:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.*

rem

remCade.

Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden head ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

rem

remDicke.

My Lord, When shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodi ties vpon our billes?

rem

remCade.

Marry presently.

rem

remAll.

O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

rem

remCade.

But is not this brauer:

*Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giuing vp
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kisse. Away.*

Exit

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

rem

remCade.

Vp Fishstreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

rem

remBuc.

I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:

Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King

Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,

And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,

That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

rem

remClif.

What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent

And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,

Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.

Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,

Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.

Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,

Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,

Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

rem

remAll.

God saue the King, God saue the King.

rem

remCade.

What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leaue me at the Whiteheart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til you had recouered your ancient Fteedome Freedome . But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before

your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you all.

rem

remAll.

Wee'l follow Cade,

Wee'l follow Cade.

rem

remClif.

Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,

That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:

Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,

Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.

Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,

The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished

Should make a start oreseas, and vanquish you?

Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,

I see them Lording it in London streets,

Crying Villiago vnto all they meete.

Better ten thousand baseborne Cades miscarry,

Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:

Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:

Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:

God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

rem

remAll.

A Clifford, a Clifford,

Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

rem

remCade.

Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, As this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haes them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee de solate.

I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no wan to resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles.

Exit

rem

remBuck.

*What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.*

Exeunt some of them.

*Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.*

Exeunt omnes.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

rem

remKing.

*Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.*

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

rem

remBuc.

Health and glad tidings to your Maiesty.

rem

remKin.

*Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?*

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

rem

remClif.

*He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.*

rem

remKing.

*Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey;
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,*

*Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.*

rem

remAll.

God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remMes.

*Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.*

rem

remKing.

*Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distrest,
Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.*

rem

remSomerset.

My Lord,

*Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.*

rem

remKing.

*In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.*

rem

remBuc.

*I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.*

rem

remKing.

*Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.*

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter Cade.

rem

remCade.

Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fye daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my brainepan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely mar ching, it hath serued me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

rem

remIden.

*Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.*

rem

remCade.

Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Feesimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

rem

remIden.

*Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,*

*And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these saucie termes?*

rem

remCade.

Braue thee? I by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

rem

remIden.

*Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digged already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.*

rem

remCade.

By my Valour: the most compleate Champi on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turned to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of Cade is fled.

rem

remIden.

*Is't Cade that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.*

rem

remCade.

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

Dyes.

rem

remId.

*How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for Crowes to feed upon.*

Exit.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

rem

remYor.

*From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head.
Ring Belles aloud, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah Santa Maiestas! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile tesse the FleuredeLuce of France.*

Enter Buckingham.

*Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.*

rem

remBuc.

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

rem

remYor.

Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

rem

remBuc.

A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,

To know the reason of these Armes in peace.

Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,

Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,

Should raise so great a power without his leaue?

Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

rem

remYor.

Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.

Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,

I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.

And now like Aiax Telamonius,

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.

I am farre better borne then is the king:

More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.

But I must make faire weather yet a while,

Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,

That I haue giuen no answer all this while:

My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.

The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,

Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

rem

remBuc.

That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy Armes be to no other end,

The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

rem

remYorke.

Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

rem

remBuck.

Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

rem

remYorke.

Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.

*Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in Saint¹⁰ Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.*

rem

remBuc.

*Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.*

Enter King and Attendants.

rem

remKing.

*Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?*

rem

remYorke.

*In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.*

rem

remK.

Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

rem

remYor.

*To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.*

Enter Iden with Cades head.

rem

remIden.

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

rem

remKing.

The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?

¹⁰S.

*Oh 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?*

rem

remIden.

I was, an't like your Maiesty.

rem

remKing.

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

rem

remIden.

Alexander Iden, that's my name,

A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

rem

remBuc.

So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse

He were created Knight for his good seruice.

rem

remKing.

Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:

We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,

And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

rem

remIden.

May Iden liue to merit such a bountie,

And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

rem

remK.

See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,

Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

rem

remQu.

For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

rem

remYor.

How now? is Somerset at libertie?

Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:

*Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.*

rem

remSom.

*O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.*

rem

remYork.

*Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.*

rem

remQu.

*Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.*

rem

remYorke.

*O bloodbespotted Neopolitan,
Outcast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.*

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

rem

remQu.

And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

rem

remClif.

Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

rem

remYor.

I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

rem

remClif.

This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

rem

remKing.

I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

rem

remClif.

He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

rem

remQu.

He is atrested arrested , but will not obey:

His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

rem

remYor.

Will you not Sonnes?

rem

remEdw.

I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

rem

remRich.

And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.

rem

remClif.

Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

rem

remYorke.

Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a falseheart Traitor:

Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,

*That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these felllurking Currees,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.*

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

rem

remClif.

*Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.*

rem

remRich.

*Oft haue I seene a hot oreweening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was withheld,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,
If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.*

rem

remClif.

*Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.*

rem

remYor.

Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

rem

remClif.

Take heede least by your heate you burne your selues:

rem

remKing.

*Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy deathbed play the Russian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,*

That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

rem

remSal.

*My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall feate.*

rem

remKing.

Hast thou not sworne Allegeance vnto me?

rem

remSal.

I haue.

rem

remKi.

Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?

rem

remSal.

It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

*But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reauce the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?*

rem

remQu.

A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

rem

remKing.

Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

rem

remYorke.

*Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.*

rem

remOld Clif.

The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true

rem

remWar.

*You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.*

rem

remOld Clif.

*I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.*

rem

remWar.

*Now by my Fathers badge, old Neuils Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues inspight of any storme,
Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.*

rem

remOld Clif.

*And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.*

rem

remYo. Clif.

*And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.*

rem

remRich.

*Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.*

rem

remYo Clif.

Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou canst tell.

rem

remRic.

If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

Exeunt

Enter Warwicke.

rem

remWar.

*Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,*

*Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.*

Enter Yorke.

rem

remWar.

How now my Noble Lord? What all afoot.

rem

remYor.

The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed:

*But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.*

Enter Clifford.

rem

remWar.

Of one or both of vs the time is come.

rem

remYor.

Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace

For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

rem

remWar.

Than nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:

As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,

It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd.

Exit War.

rem

remClif.

What seest thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

rem

remYorke.

With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,

But that thou art so fast mine enemie.

rem

remClif.

Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,

But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

rem

remYorke.

So let it helpe me now against thy sword,

As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

rem

remClif.

My soule and bodie on the action both.

rem

remYor.

A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

rem

remClif.

La fin Corrone les eumenes.

rem

remYor.

*Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for yu art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.*

Enter yong Clifford.

rem

remClif.

*Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truely dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfeloue: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chairedayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares;
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:*

*Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pittie.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde Medea yong Absirtis did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did neas old Anchyses beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
But then neas bare a liuing loade;
Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.*

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

rem

remRich.

So lye thou there:

*For vnderneath an Alehouse paltry signe,
An ink mark follows the end of this line.
The Castle in Saint¹¹ Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.*

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

rem

remQu.

Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

rem

remKing.

Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

rem

remQu.

*What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To1giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.*

Alarum a farre off.

*If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,*

¹¹S.

*(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.*

Enter Clifford.

rem

remClif.

*But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.*

Exeunt

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

rem

remYorke.

*Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.*

rem

remRich.

My Noble Father:

*Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded 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, looke where he comes.
An ink mark follows the end of this line.*

Enter Salisbury.

rem

remSal.

*Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature.*

rem

remYorke.

*I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?*

rem

remWar.

*After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.